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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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IN THE PARK

By Mabel Dwight

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Harpers Magazine

GOD AND MY FATHER

A CHRONICLE IN TWO PARTS

BY CLARENCE DAY

Part I

IN MY boyhood I never had a doubt that the beliefs they taught me were true. The difficulty was to live up to them, and to love God. Most of the time I was too busy to think of such things; but then a problem of conduct would face me, or a duty I had forgotten, or my own private feelings at night after saying my prayers, and at such times religion would confront me like a Sphinx in the landscape. I would stand before it like a hypnotized bird before some great ageless serpent, unable to think of or feel any way of escape.

I believed in the Bible. Creation, to me, meant a Creator. And since there was someone so great and powerful that He had created us all, I felt I had better learn His wishes. They were supposed to be good. I wanted to live in harmony with Him—no battle of wills. Yet I also wished greatly to get away and live as I liked.

If I could have been sure that the Creator was my ally or friend, that would have been a great comfort in those days. It would not only have saved me from worry; it would have set me free to go about my business with confidence, both in Him and myself. Or if I could have surrendered myself to His rather bleak guidance, that again might have been a relief to me. But—I couldn't do it. I didn't quite trust Him or love Him enough to do that.

I thought of God as a strangely emotional being. He was powerful; He was forgiving yet obdurate, full of wrath and affection. Both His wrath and affection were fitful; they came and

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they went, and I couldn't count on either to continue, although they both always did. In short, God was much such a being as my father himself.

What was the relation between them, I wondered—these two puzzling deities?

MY FATHER'S RELIGION

My father's ideas of religion seemed straightforward and simple. He had noticed when he was a boy that there were buildings called churches; he had accepted them as a natural part of the surroundings in which he had been born. He would never have invented such things himself. Nevertheless, they were here. As he grew up he regarded them as unquestioningly as he did banks. They were substantial old structures, they were respectable, decent, and venerable. They were frequented by the right sort of people. Well, that was enough.

On the other hand he never allowed churches—or banks—to dictate to him. He gave each the respect that was due to it, from his point of view; but he also expected from each of them the respect he felt due to him.

As to creeds, he knew nothing about them, and cared nothing either; yet he seemed to know which sect he belonged with. It had to be a sect with the minimum of nonsense about it; no total immersion, no exhorters, no holy confession. He would have been a Unitarian, naturally, if he'd lived in Boston. Since he was a respectable New Yorker, he belonged in the Episcopal Church.

As to living a spiritual life, he never tackled that problem. Some men who accept spiritual beliefs try to live up to them daily; other men, who reject such beliefs, try sometimes to smash them. My father would have disagreed with both kinds entirely. He took a more distant attitude. It disgusted him when atheists attacked religion: he thought they were vulgar. But he also objected to have religion make demands upon him—he felt that religion, too, was vulgar when it tried to stir up men's feelings. It had its own proper field of activity, and it was all right there, of course; but there was one place religion should let alone, and that was a man's soul. He especially loathed any talk of walking hand in hand with his Saviour. And if he had ever found the Holy Ghost trying to soften his heart, he would have regarded Its behavior as distinctly uncalled for; even ungentlemanly.

The only religious leader or prophet I can think of who might have suited my father was Confucius—though even Confucius would have struck him as addled. Confucius was an advocate of peace, and of finding the path; and he enjoined the Golden Rule on his followers long before Christ. My father would not have been his follower in any of these. Finding "the path"? Not even Confucius could have made him see what that meant. He was too busy for that, too hot-tempered for peace, and the Golden Rule he regarded as claptrap; how could things work both ways? Whatever he did unto others he was sure was all right, but that didn't mean that he would have allowed them to do the same things to him. He saw other men as disorderly troops, and himself as a general; and the Golden Rule was plainly too mushy to apply in such circumstances. He disciplined himself quite as firmly as he tried to discipline others, but it wasn't necessarily by any means the same kind of discipline. There was one saying of Confucius', however, with which he would have agreed: "Respect spiritual beings—if there are any—but keep aloof from them." My father would have regarded that principle as thoroughly sound.

When Confucius was asked about the rule to return good for evil, he said, "What then will you return for good? No: return good for good; for evil, return justice." If my father had been asked to return good for evil he would have been even more pithy—his response would have consisted of a hearty and full-throated "Bah!"

If he had been let alone, he would have brought up his sons in this spirit. But my mother's feelings and teachings were different, and this complicated things for us. Like my father, she had accepted religion without any doubtings, but she had accepted more of it. She was far more devout. And she loved best the kind of faith that comforted her and sweetened her thoughts. My father didn't object to this at all—it was all right enough—for a woman: but it led to her giving us instructions that battled with his.

They both insisted strongly, for example, on our going to church, but they didn't agree in their reasons. It was the right thing to do, Father said. "But why do we have to go, Father?" "Because I wish to bring you up properly. Men who neglect going to church are a lazy, disreputable lot." A few might be good fellows, he would admit, but they were the exceptions. As a rule, non-church-goers were not solid, respectable citizens. All respectable citizens owed it to themselves to attend.

My mother put it differently to us. She said we owed it to God. Church to her was a place where you worshiped, and learned to be good. My father never dreamed of attending for any such reason. In his moral instructions to us he never once mentioned God. What he dwelt on was integrity. My mother once wrote in my plush-covered autograph album, "Fear God and keep His commandments"; but the motto that Father had written on the preceding page, over his bolder signature, was: "Do your duty and fear no one." And nobody could tell him his duty—he knew it without that, it seemed. It wasn't written down in any book, certainly not in the Bible, but it was a perfectly definite and indisputable thing, nevertheless. It was a code, a tradition. It was to be upright and fearless and honorable, and to brush your clothes properly; and in general always to do the right thing in every department of life. The right thing to do for religion was to go to some good church on Sundays.

When Father went to church and sat in his pew he felt he was doing enough. Any further spiritual work ought to be done by the clergy.

When hymns were sung he sometimes joined in mechanically, for the mere sake of singing; but usually he stood as silent as an eagle among canaries and doves, leaving others to abase themselves in sentiments that he didn't share. The hymns inculcated meekness and submission, and dependence on God; but Father was quick to resent an injury, and he had no meekness in him.

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the nearer waters roll,
> While the tempest still is nigh.

How could Father sing that? He had no desire to fly to that bosom.

> Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
> Till the storm of life be past;
> Safe into the haven guide,
> Oh receive my soul at last . . .
> All my trust on thee is stayed;
> All my help from thee I bring;
> Cover my defenseless head
> With the shadow of thy wing.

But Father's head was far from defenseless, and he would have scorned to hide or ask shelter. As he stood there, looking critically about him, high-spirited, resolute, I could imagine him marching with that same independ-

ence through space—a tiny speck masterfully dealing with death and infinity.

When our rector talked of imitating the saints, it seemed drivel to Father. What! imitate persons who gave their whole lives to religion, and took only a perfunctory interest in the affairs of this world? Father regarded himself as a more all-round man than the saints. From his point of view they had neglected nine-tenths of their duties—they had no business connections, no families, they hadn't even paid taxes. In a word, saints were freaks. If a freak spent an abnormal amount of time being religious, what of it?

The clergy were a kind of freaks also. A queer lot. Father liked Bishop Greer and a few others, but he hadn't much respect for the rest of them. He thougnt of most clergymen as any busy man of action thinks of philosophers, or of those scholars who discuss the fourth dimension, which is beyond human knowing. He regarded the self-alleged intimacy of our rector with that fourth dimension most skeptically. He himself neither was nor wished to be intimate with a thing of that sort. But this didn't mean that he doubted the existence of God. On the contrary, God and Father had somehow contrived to achieve a serene and harmonious relation that the clergy themselves might have envied.

How did Father think God felt towards my mother? Why, about the way he did. God probably knew she had faults, but He saw she was lovely and good; and—in spite of some mistaken ideas that she had about money—He doubtless looked on her most affectionately. Father didn't expect God to regard *him* affectionately—they stood up man to man—but naturally God loved my mother, as everyone must. At the gate of Heaven, if there was any misunderstanding about his own ticket, Father counted on Mother to get him in. That was her affair.

This idea runs far back, or down, into old human thoughts. "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife." (First Corinthians, vii, 14.) Medical missionaries report that to-day, in some primitive tribes, a healthy woman will propose to swallow medicine in behalf of her sick husband. This plan seems to her husband quite reasonable. It seemed so—in religion—to Father.

As to his mental picture of God, I suppose that Father was vague, but in a general way he seemed to envisage a God in his own image. A God who had small use for emotionalism and who prized strength and dignity. A God who probably found the clergy as hard to bear as did Father himself. In short, Father and God, as I said, usually saw eye to eye. They seldom met, or even sought a meeting, their spheres were so different; but they had perfect confidence in each other—at least at most moments. The only exceptions were when God seemed to be neglecting his job—Father's confidence in Him was then withdrawn, instantly. But I'll come to this later.

As to the nature of God's sphere, namely Heaven, compared to Father's, the earth, Heaven wasn't nearly so solid and substantial. Father had all the best of it. Life here on earth was trying, but it shouldn't be—it was all right intrinsically—he felt it was only people's damn carelessness that upset things so much. Heaven, on the other hand, had a more serious and fundamental defect: the whole place was thin and peculiar. It didn't inspire much confidence. Father saw glumly that the time would come when he'd have to go there, but he didn't at all relish the prospect. He clung to his own battered realm.

Yet its faults and stupidities weighed on his spirit at times: all the chuckle-

headed talk and rascality in business and politics. He was always getting indignant about them, and demanding that they be stamped out; and when he saw them continually spreading everywhere, it was maddening. Nature, too, though in general sound and wholesome, had a treacherous streak. He hated and resented decay and failing powers. He hated to see little children or animals suffer. His own aches and pains were an outrage; he faced them with anger. And aside from these treacheries, there was a spirit of rebellion in things. He would come in from a walk over his fields—which to me had seemed pleasant—oppressed by the balky disposition both of his fields and his farmer. He would get up from an inspection of his account books with the same irritation: there were always some bonds in his box that hadn't behaved as they should. And twice a day, regularly, he would have a collision, or bout, with the newspaper: it was hard to see why God had made so many damn fools and Democrats.

I would try to persuade him sometimes—in my argumentative years—that it would be better for him to accept the world as it was and adapt himself to it, since he could scarcely expect to make the planet over, and change the whole earth single-handed. Father listened to this talk with suspicion, as to an *advocatus diaboli*. If he ever was tempted to give in, it was only in his weak moments; a minute later he was again on the warpath, like a materialistic Don Quixote.

There was one kind of depression that afflicted Mother which Father was free from: he never once had any moments of feeling "unworthy." This was a puzzle to Mother, and it made her look at Father with a mixture of awe and annoyance. Other people went to church to be made better, she told him. Why didn't he? He replied in astonishment that he had no need to be better—he was all right as he was. Mother couldn't get over his taking this stand, but she never could get him to see what the matter was with it. It wasn't at all easy for Father to see that he had any faults; and if he did, it didn't even occur to him to ask God to forgive them. He forgave them himself. In his moments of prayer, when he and God tried to commune with each other, it wasn't his own shortcomings that were brought on the carpet, but God's.

He expected a good deal of God, apparently. Not that he wanted God's help, of course; or far less His guidance. No, but it seemed that God—like the rest of us—spoiled Father's plans. He, Father, was always trying to bring this or that good thing to pass, only to find that there were obstacles in the way. These of course roused his wrath. He would call God's attention to such things. They should not have been there. He didn't actually accuse God of gross inefficiency, but when he prayed his tone was loud and angry, like that of a dissatisfied guest in a carelessly managed hotel.

I never saw Father kneel in supplication on such occasions. On the contrary, he usually talked with God lying in bed. My room was just above Father's, and he could easily be heard through the floor. On those rare nights when he failed to sleep well, the sound of damns would float up—at first deep and tragic and low, then more loud and exasperated. Fragments of thoughts and strong feelings came next, or meditations on current bothers. At the peak of these, God would be summoned. I would hear him call "Oh, God?" over and over, with a rising inflection, as though he were demanding that God should present himself instantly, and sit in the fat green chair in the corner, and be duly admonished. Then when Father seemed to feel that God was

listening, he would begin to expostulate. He would moan in a discouraged but strong voice, "Oh, God, it's too much. Amen. . . . I say it's too damned much. . . . No, no, I can't stand it. Amen." After a pause, if he didn't feel better, he would seem to suspect that God might be trying to sneak back to Heaven without doing anything, and I would hear him shout warningly, "Oh, God! I *won't* stand it! Amen. Oh damnation! A-a-men." Sometimes he would ferociously bark a few extra Amens, and then, soothed and satisfied, peacefully go back to sleep. . . . And one night in the country, when the caretaker of our house in town telephoned to Father that the rain was pouring in through a hole in the roof, I heard so much noise that I got out of bed and looked over the banisters, and saw Father standing alone in the hall, shaking his fist at the ceiling, and shouting in hot indignation to Heaven, "What next?"

But Father was patient with God after all. If he didn't forgive, he forgot. His wrath didn't last—he had other things to think of—and he was genial at heart. The very next Sunday after an outburst he would be back in church. Not perhaps as a worshiper or a devotee, but at least as a patron.

MY FATHER AND HIS PASTORS

A man who accepts a religion without being religious lets himself in for more hardships than one would suppose. My father persisted most manfully in going to church; and he usually started around there at peace with the world, and settled himself down contentedly in his end seat; but somehow before very long his expression would darken, as his hopes of hearing a sensible service little by little were dashed; and he came out in an inflamed state of mind that could not have been good for him.

The Episcopal service in general he didn't criticize—it was stately and quiet; but the sermon, being different every Sunday, was a very bad gamble. And once in a while there would be an impromptu prayer that he would take great offense at. Sometimes he disliked its subject or sentiments—if he chanced to be listening. Sometimes he decided it was too long or its tone too lugubrious. I remember seeing him so restive during a prayer of that kind, that—although the entire congregation was kneeling in reverence—he suddenly gave a loud snort, sat up straight in his pew, and glared at the minister's back as though planning to kick it.

I glanced over at Mother. She had been sailing along devoutly, as best she could, in the full tide of prayer, with the lovely rapt look that would come at such times on her face; but she had also begun to watch Father out of one eye—for whenever a prayer was longer than usual she feared its effect on him—and now here he was sitting up, and she had to stop praying and turn away from God to this obstinate, obstinate man. "Put your head down," she whispered fiercely; and then, when he wouldn't, she felt so furious at him, and so impotent, and so guilty for having such feelings, and so torn between her yearning to sink back again into the sweet peace of prayer and her hot determination to make the bad boy in Father behave, that she sent him a look like a flash of lightning, shooting out through quick tears; indignant to the very roots of her red hair, and as hurt as a child. This sank into him. He never would at any time kneel in church—she had given up struggling for that—but at last with a deep angry growl he once more bent stiffly down.

Toward the latter part of his life Father found a minister whose sermons he liked. This was the Reverend Mr. Henshaw of Rye, where he lived in the summer. Mr. Henshaw wasn't "one of these pious fellows," Father said,

with approval—though why piety was so unsuited to the clergy he never explained. And some years before this, one summer on the Hudson near Tarrytown, there was a Mr. Wenke, an earnest young cleric, who also found favor. But this was mostly because one of the vestry, old Mr. John Rutland, was very strict with Mr. Wenke about the length of his sermons. Mr. Rutland had got it into his head that all sermons should end at twelve, sharp; and if he saw Mr. Wenke being carried away by his own eloquence, he would take out his watch and stare ominously, first at him, then at it. Pretty soon Mr. Wenke's roving eye would be caught and held by this sight. He would falter or sometimes almost choke in the midst of his flow, then lamely end his remarks, and get out of the pulpit.

In the city at this same later period Father went to St. Bartholomew's, and there too the various clergymen suited him, though not quite so well. He liked St. Bartholomew's. The church itself was comfortable, and the congregation were all the right sort. There was Mr. Edward J. Stuyvesant, who was president of three different coal mines, and Admiral Prentice who had commanded the Fleet, and old Mr. Johns of the *Times;* and bank directors and doctors and judges—solid men of affairs. The place was like a good club. And the sermon was like a strong editorial in a conservative newspaper. It did not nag at Father, it attacked the opposition instead; it gave all wrong-headed persons a sound trouncing, just the way Father would have.

Mother didn't enjoy these attacks. Denunciations upset her. She took almost all denouncing personally, as directed at her, and it made her feel so full of faults that she trembled inside, though she looked straight back up at the preacher, round-eyed and scared but defiant. She preferred something healing, and restful, some dear old tale from the Bible. But denunciations satisfied Father. He liked something vigorous. And in general he instinctively took to the Established Church pattern—a church managed like a department of a gentleman's government. He liked such a church's strong tory flavor, and its recognition of castes. He liked its deference to sound able persons who knew how to run things and its confidence in their integrity and right point of view. In effect, it put such men on their honor, without foolishly saying so. No other approach would have found a way into their hearts.

But nothing is perfect. After Father had made himself at home in this reliable temple he discovered too late that even here a man wasn't safe. The rector began talking about the need for what he called a New Edifice. He said the church had a leak in the roof, and the neighborhood was changing to business, and that they had received a good offer for the property and had better move elsewhere. This gave Father an unsettled feeling. He wished to stay put. But the rector kept stirring things up until he at last got his way.

Committees were appointed, and active teams of workers were organized, who began to collect large subscriptions from every parishioner. Father paid no attention to all this. It was no plan of his. If they insisted on having better quarters, he would try to enjoy them, but except from this effort the rest of it was not his affair. It was only when he was made to see that he, too, would have to subscribe, that Father became roused and startled. This had never occurred to him. He said he might have known it was just a damn scheme to get money.

He was still more upset when Mother told him what sum was expected of

him. He had imagined that they would want fifty dollars, or even a hundred; and that was enough to depress him. But she said that, since he had bought a good pew, they would expect him to give several thousand. This was like an earthquake. Father in fact took it as some wild cataclysm of nature, some unheard-of violent destruction of an honest citizen's peace. After roaring out that the rector and his Christian workers could all go to hell, he barricaded himself every evening in his cyclone cellar—the library—and declared he wouldn't see any callers. This lasted a week. Then when he had cooled down a little, Mother had a long talk with him and told him who were on the committee—some men whom he liked. She said he would really have to subscribe. He'd at least have to see them.

He waited, fretful and uneasy, for the attack to begin. One night when Mother was sitting in her room there were sounds of talk in the library. She hurried down the passageway, clutching her needle and mending, and listened at the door. Father was doing all the talking, it seemed. He was stating his sentiments in his usual round tones, strong and full. He got more and more shouty. Mother began to fear the committee mightn't like being scolded. But when she opened the door on a crack and peeked in, there was no one in there but Father. He was in his easy chair, talking away, with his face all puckered up, and he was thumping his hand with a hammer-like beat on his newspaper. "In ordinary circumstances," he was saying to the imaginary committeemen, "in ordinary circumstances I should have expected to subscribe to this project. But during the past few years my investments" (thump, thump, on the newspaper) "have shown me heavy losses." Here he thought of the New Haven Railroad and groaned. "*Damned* heavy losses!" he roared, and flung the paper aside. "Who the devil's that? Oh, it's you, Vinnie. Come in, dear Vinnie. I'm lonely."

I don't recall how much he gave in the end, but I think it was a thousand dollars. The reason Mother thought that he would probably have to give more, was that our pew was way up in front; it was—so to speak—in a fine section. All our neighbors were prominent. There may have been plenty of ordinary Christians in other parts of the building, but I did not see them. Furthermore this pew, though a small one, had cost Father five thousand dollars, and parishioners were being asked to give as much as the cost of their pews. Father had hated to invest all that money in a mere place to sit, but he could sell out again some day, and meanwhile he had a good pew. He rented the one in Rye for a hundred and twenty dollars a year; but a family that wanted a good pew at St. Bartholomew's in those old days used to buy it. They went to the sexton or somebody, and told him what size and so forth, and after a while he would negotiate a purchase for them from some other parishioner. Pews were like seats on the stock exchange. Nobody speculated in pews, of course, and they rarely changed hands; but they went up and down in price, naturally, as the demand rose or fell; and after Father had bought his—most unwillingly—from old Mr. Baggs, he used to ask Mother periodically for the current quotation. Mother disliked to get this. It obliged her to ask the sexton, who was dignified, and who didn't like to quote pews; and another objection was that after Father bought they went down in value. When she came home with the news that the last sale had been for thirty-two hundred, Father said she had led him into this against his own better judgment, and now the bottom was dropping out of

the market, and he never would get his money back. "Old Baggs, *he* knew. He was a shrewd one," he declared. "Egad, yes! He knew when to sell." And he swore that if that damn pew ever went up again he would unload it on somebody.

When the church moved away from its old quarters, Father wouldn't go with them. After having had to help build a New Edifice which he had not wanted, he felt he'd had enough of such experiences and needed a rest; and he stopped going to church altogether, except in the country.

All during my childhood, before our St. Bartholomew period started, we went to a more homelike church that was less rich and fashionable. It was squeezed in between some old houses on Fifth Avenue near Tyson's Market, and it had a choir of men and boys in surplices, who sang mellow chants, and a narrow but high vaulted roof that rang with the organ music, and stained glass with deep colors; and best of all I thought was Mr. Dryden, the sexton, who had extraordinarily long pointed whiskers that waved in the air when he was in a hurry—a pair of thin curly streamers. He nearly always was in a hurry, and I liked attending this church.

Nowadays there is an office building there, as tall as a dozen such churches, the air is full of gasoline, and the avenue is shut in and darkened; and the powerful traffic throbs by with a tense, roaring hum. But when I was a boy the low houses were set back from broad sidewalks; there was fresh air and plenty of room and window-boxes of flowers, and a bit of green here and there, trees or ivy, and a wide field of sky.

I suppose that the reason we went to this church that I speak of, the Church of the Peace Everlasting, was because it stood near our home. Its name, at least so far as Father was concerned, was a mockery, for he suffered most cruelly there. Yet he went there for years. Yes, and he kept right on going without any question of changing. He disliked change more than he did suffering. In the end he burst out and bought his liberty along with Mr. Baggs' pew—so the latter was cheap after all: but he lost the best years of his life at the Peace Everlasting.

The clergyman there was the Reverend Dr. Owen Lloyd Garden. He was a plump, bustling man, very goodhearted and pleasant; though in spite of his goodheartedness and kindness I never felt at ease with him. He never seemed to speak to me personally, but to a thing called My Child. He was more at home speaking to a large audience than to a small boy, however. He had warm and sympathetic feelings toward people *en masse.* The congregation responded to this quality in him and liked him; and he not only kept the pews filled but he sometimes attracted such crowds that Mr. Dryden would scurry by, with his whiskers flying straight out behind him, putting chairs in the aisle.

Doctor Garden had come over to New York from England, but by descent he was Welsh. He had a broad red face, thick black hair, and a square blue-black beard. His robes were red, black, and white. His strong English accent was a point in his favor in an Episcopal church; it seemed to go well with the service. But owing, we understood, to his Welsh descent, he was very emotional, and he used to plead with us at times in his sermons in a sort of high mellow howl. My father disliked this. In the first place he heartily detested having anyone plead with him; in the second place Doctor Garden seldom could plead without crying. It wasn't put on at all; he was deeply moved by his own words. The atmosphere became tense

and still when he leaned from his pulpit and stretched out his arms yearningly to us and sobbed, "Oh, my people." The whole church was hushed. At such moments Father would testily stir in his seat. "The damned Welshman, there he goes sniveling again," he would mutter.

This would horrify Mother. From her end of the pew she would signal him that he must stop. If he didn't notice she would tell my small brothers to pass word along to me that I must make Father keep still. It was like expecting a boy to make the jungle behave. The most I felt up to was to get him to see Mother's signals, and that meant that I had to pull myself together and poke him. This was nervous work. He was a muscular, full-barreled man; there was nothing soft in him to poke; and he had a fiery way even of sitting still. It was like poking a stallion. When he became aware that he was being prodded by my small, timid finger, he would turn fiercely upon me, and I would hastily gesture toward Mother. Mother would whisper, "Clare! You mustn't!" and he would reply, "Bah!"

"Oh, Clare!"

"I know, Vinnie; but I can't stand that damned—"

"Sh—sh! Oh, hush!"

Another thing he detested was the picture Doctor Garden drew, sometimes, of a business man sitting in his office at the close of his day. Doctor Garden didn't cry over this, to be sure, but he grew gentle and solemn—he spoke as though he himself were standing at that business man's side, like an unseen Presence, a loving Good Influence, evoking the man's better self. He apparently had only the haziest ideas of a business office, but he drew on his imagination freely to fill in the picture. He would describe how this hard-headed man sat there, surrounded by ledgers, and how after studying them closely and harshly for hours he would chance to look out of his window at the light in God's sky, and then it would come to him that money and ledgers were dross. Whereat, as the gathering twilight spread over the city, this strange waxwork figure of a business man would bow his head, and with streaming eyes resolve to devote his life to Far Higher Things.

"Oh, damn," Father would burst out, so explosively that the man across the aisle jumped, and I would hear old Mrs. Tillotson, in the second pew behind, titter.

Aside from the wild untruth of such pictures of business, from Father's point of view the whole attitude involved was pernicious. Anyone dreamy enough to think of money as "dross" was bound to get himself in hot water; that went without saying; it was a sign both of ignorance of, and of disrespect for, finance. Father had more respect for finance than he had for the church. When he left the financial district behind him to visit the church, he felt as I suppose Moses felt coming down from the mountain. Moses found people blind to his mountain and worshiping a calf idiotically, and Father found Doctor Garden capering around something he called Higher Things. Well, let him caper if he wanted to—that was all he was good for. My father was a more charitable Moses who expected no better. But this flighty parson went farther—he wanted Moses to join him! Betray finance for this stuff and nonsense! It was enough to make a man sick.

It was Father's custom to put one dollar in the contribution plate weekly, no more and no less. When Mr. Gregg brought the plate to our pew, Father would first pass it on to us, and we boys would each thump in a nickel, trying to produce a loud ringing sound, as though it were a quarter; and

Mother would quietly slip in her offering in a tight little roll; more than she could afford to give probably, and saved up God knows how. Then Father would hand the plate back to Mr. Gregg, who would patiently wait while Father took out and unfolded a crisp new dollar bill, and drew it through his fingers so as to make a little crease in it, lengthwise, and laid it out flat on top of everything else, large or small.

This dollar was apt to become the subject of a debate on our way home. Mother felt there were Sundays when such a sum was not enough. It bothered her dreadfully after a sermon that had described some great need to see Father, absolutely unmoved, put in only his dollar.

Father's first gun in reply was that a dollar was a good handsome sum, and that it would be better for Mother if she could learn this. He had a great deal to say on this point. His second gun, which he would then fire off at her with still more enjoyment, was that any money he gave to the church would be wasted—it would be spent by a pack of visionary enthusiasts in some crazy way. "Sending red-flannel weskits and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the heathen," he quoted.

But after a while Mother found a counter-argument which actually beat both of his: she made him feel that it was beneath his own dignity not to put in more, sometimes. Even then he didn't surrender; he compromised instead on this method: before starting for church he put his usual dollar in his right-hand waistcoat pocket, but in the left-hand pocket he put a new five-dollar bill; and he stated that from now on he would make a handsome offer to Garden: let him preach a decent sermon for once, and he would give him the five.

This made every sermon a sporting event in our pew. When Doctor Garden entered the pulpit we boys watched with a thrill, as though he were a racehorse at the barrier, jockeying for a good start. He looked rather fat for a racehorse, but he was impressive and confident, and it was kind of awe-inspiring to see him go down every time to defeat. He always either robbed himself of the prize in the very first lap by getting off on the wrong foot—a wrong key of some sort—or else, in spite of a blameless beginning, he would fail later on: he would, as it were, run clear off the course that Father had in silence marked out for him, and gallop away steadily and unconsciously in some other direction. It gave a boy a sobering sense of the grimness of fate.

"I don't see what the matter was to-day," Mother would declare, going home. "You should have given more than a dollar to-day, Clare. It was a very nice sermon." But Father would merely say with a twinkle that Garden ought to get a new barrelful.

The only time I saw Father tested was one Sunday in Lent. It was remarkable enough that he should have been present that Sunday, for the one thing he always gave up in Lent was going to church. Doctor Garden's flow of grief in that season was more than he could stomach. But on this particular morning, to our surprise, Father went without question. It turned out afterward he didn't know it was Lent—he had "thought the damn thing was over." And as luck would have it, Doctor Garden was absent, ill in bed with a cold; and the substitute clergyman who took his place won Father's approval. He was a man who showed no emotions, he was plain and matter of fact, and his subject was the needs of some lumber country in the Northwest. He had worked there, he knew the men, knew the business, and he described it in detail. I listened a while, but there were no bears in it

or cowboys; it was mostly business statistics; and I was studying a picture on the wall of an angel who looked like Mr. Gregg—a large, droopy angel with wrinkled garments, only he had no mustache—when my brother George secretly nudged me and pointed at Father. Father was listening closely. We glued our eyes on him. His face was keen and set; he had his arms folded; he was taking in every word. But we couldn't tell whether he liked it. The sermon went on a few minutes; and then, before we thought the man was half through, he stopped. He had finished.

The organist began playing the offertory. There was a rustling of skirts, a stray cough. Imagine our excitement as we waited for the plate to come round. It seemed to take Mr. Gregg hours to get up the aisle, he stood so long, stooping and bulgy, at the end of each pew. "He wouldn't even hurry to see a fire-engine," George whispered indignantly. At last he got to the Hamiltons' pew in front of us—and then he stood at ours. We were all watching Father. But he hardly noticed Mr. Gregg, he was thinking about something else, and his thumb and finger slid automatically into his one-dollar pocket.

We let out our breaths and relaxed from the strain, disappointed. But just as we were slumping dejectedly down, Father paused; he put the one-dollar bill back, and decisively took out the five.

We could barely help cheering aloud at that substitute clergyman's triumph. And yet he himself never realized what he had done—he stepped quietly out of the pulpit and went back to obscurity. This man had won a victory that none of his profession had gained, but nobody knew it except the Recording Angel and the four little Day boys.

(To be concluded)



THE MYTH OF RUGGED AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"THE House of Bishops would be as much at sea in Minneapolis as at Atlantic City." This bit of delicious humor, all too rare in America's solemn assemblies, sparkled at a tense moment in the late conference of the Episcopalian magnates at Denver when the respective merits of the two cities as future meeting places were under debate. But the real cause of the caustic comment seems to have been a heated discussion, led by the Honorable George W. Wickersham, over a dangerous proposal to modify, not the Volstead Act, but the sacred creed of rugged American individualism.

That contest had been precipitated by the report of a special commission in which occurred these highly inflammatory words: "It is becoming increasingly evident that the conception of society as made up of autonomous, independent individuals is as faulty from the point of view of economic realism as it is from the standpoint of Christian idealism. Our fundamental philosophy of rugged individualism must be modified to meet the needs of a co-operative age." This frightful conclusion flowed from a fact statement which the commission summarized in the following language: "Side by side with such misery and idleness, there are warehouses bursting with goods which cannot be bought; elevators full of wheat while bread lines haunt our cities; carefully protected machinery lying idle, while jobless men throng our streets; money in the banks available at low rates."

These shocking passages Mr. Wickersham read to the assembled delegates with considerable indignation, and denied their truth. Then he added an illuminating exposition all his own: "I think this is an expression of a social philosophy that is expressed by the Soviet Government of Russia. It is a negation of the whole concept of American civilization. I think it would be a sad day when the American people abandon the principles on which they have grown to greatness." Coming to specifications, he particularly attacked a point in the report, that "compulsory unemployment insurance is feasible." Realizing that Mr. Wickersham was a specialist in individualism, since he was the chief author of a collective report from which each individual signer apparently dissented, the congregated deputies at Denver voted down the proposal that the commission's statement should be taken as "representing the mind of the Church," and substituted a mere pious recommendation that it should be given "careful consideration" by members of the Church. Such, at least, is the story reported in the press.

This is only one of many straws in the wind indicating a movement to exalt rugged individualism into a national taboo beyond the reach of

inquiring minds. From day to day it becomes increasingly evident that some of our economic leaders (by no means all of them) are using the phrase as an excuse for avoiding responsibility, for laying the present depression on "government interference," and for seeking to escape from certain forms of taxation and regulation which they do not find to their interest. If a smoke screen big enough can be laid on the land, our commercial prestidigitators may work wonders—for themselves.

Still more direct evidence confirms this view. For example, in the autumn of 1930, a New York bank published, as a kind of revelation from on high, a slashing attack on "government interference with business," written by that stanch English Whig, Macaulay, a hundred years ago; and a few weeks later one of the leading advertising firms took a whole page in the *New York Times* to blazon forth the creed anew under the captivating head: "Cheer Up! Our Best Times Are Still Ahead of Us!" And the whole gospel was summed up in these words from Macaulay: "Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the people by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties—by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment—by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this—the people will assuredly do the rest." In other words, here was put forth in the name of American business, with all the pontifical assurance that characterized Macaulay's shallowest sophistry, the pure creed of historic individualism, and here was served on the Government and people of the United States a warning revelation of confident expectations.

A year later, in a release to the press, Mr. Otto Kahn discussed the subject of planning and intimated that the fortunate position of France to-day is to be ascribed to the fact that the French government interferes less with business than does the government of Germany or Great Britain, with the implication that the United States might profit from this experience. About the same time the Honorable Newton D. Baker made a long address at Williamstown which was evidently designed to show that nothing important could be done in the present crisis by the Federal Government, except perhaps in the way of tariff reduction by international agreement. And now comes from Chicago the announcement that a number of rugged business men are forming a national association to combat government in business, to break up this unholy alliance. There is not a professional lunching-and-dining fellowship in America that is not now applauding to the echo such ringing cries as "Let Us Alone," "Take Government Out of Business," "Hands off," "Unburden Capital." With an eye on such straws in the wind, President Hoover publicly states that all notions about planned economy come out of Russia, thus placing such distinguished men as Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young under the horrible Red ban. As one of the high-powered utility propagandists recently explained, the best way to discredit an opponent is to pin a Red tag on him—without reference to his deserts, of course.

II

Hence it is important to ask, calmly and without reference to election heats, just what all this means. In what way is the Government "in business" and how did it get there? Here we

climb down out of the muggy atmosphere of controversy and face a few stubborn facts. They are entered in the indubitable records of the Government of the United States and are as evident as the hills to them that have eyes to see. Let us catalogue a few of them *seriatim* for the first time in the history of this adventure in logomachy.

1. Government Regulation of Railways, from 1887 to the last Act of Congress. How did the Government get into this business? The general cause was the conduct of railway corporations under the rule of rugged individualism—rebates, pools, stock watering, bankruptcy-juggling, all the traffic will bear, savage rate slashing, merciless competition, and the rest of it. If anyone wants to know the facts, let him read the history of railroading in the sixties, seventies, and early eighties, or, if time is limited, the charming illustrations presented in Charles Francis Adams' "A Chapter of Erie." And what was the immediate cause of the Government's intervention? The insistence of business men, that is, shippers, who were harassed and sometimes ruined by railway tactics, and of farmers, the most rugged of all the rugged individualists the broad land of America has produced. And the result? Let the gentle reader compare the disastrous railway bankruptcies that flowed from the panic of 1873, including bloodshed and arson, with the plight of railways now, bad as it is. Government regulation is not a utopian success, but it is doubtful whether any of our great business men would like to get the Government entirely out of this business and return to the magnificent anarchy of Jay Gould's age. President Hoover has not even suggested it.

2. Waterways. Since its foundation the Government has poured hundreds of millions into rivers, harbors, canals, and other internal improvements. It is still pouring in millions. Some of our best economists have denounced it as wasteful and have demonstrated that most of it does not pay in any sense of the word. But President Hoover, instead of leaving this work to private enterprise, insists on projecting and executing the most elaborate undertakings, in spite of the fact that some of them are unfair if not ruinous to railways. Who is back of all this? Business men and farmers who want lower freight rates. There is not a chamber of commerce on any Buck Creek in America that will not cheer until tonsils are cracked any proposal to make the said creek navigable. Dredging companies want the good work to go on, and so do the concerns that make dredging machinery. Farmers are for it also and they are, as already said, the ruggedest of rugged individuals—so rugged in fact that the vigorous efforts of the Farm Board to instill co-operative reason into them have been almost as water on a duck's back.

3. The United States Barge Corporation. Who got the Government into the job of running barges on some of its improved waterways? Certainly not the socialists, but good Republicans and Democrats speaking for the gentlemen listed under 2 above.

4. The Shipping Business. The World War was the occasion, but not the cause of this departure. For more than half a century the politicians of America fought ship subsidies against business men engaged in the shipbuilding and allied industries. At last, under the cover of war necessities, the Government went into the shipping business, with cheers from business. Who is back of the huge expenditures for the merchant marine? Business men. Who supports huge subsidies under the guise of "lucrative mail contracts," making a deficit in postal finances to be used as proof that the

Government cannot run any business? Business men clamor for these mail subsidies and receive them. Who put the Government into the business of providing cheap money for ship building? Business men did it. Those who are curious to know how these things were done may profitably read the sworn testimony presented during the investigation of W. B. Shearer's patriotic labors on behalf of the shipbuilding interests, especially the exhibits showing how money was spent like water "educating" politicians. Who wants navy officers on half pay to serve on privately owned ships? Business men. Who wants the Government to keep on operating ships on "pioneer" lines that do not pay? Business men. And when the United States Senate gets around to investigating this branch of business, it will find more entertainment than the Trade Commission has found in the utility inquest.

5. Aviation. The Government is "in" this business. It provides costly airway services free of charge and subsidizes air mail. Who is behind this form of Government enterprise? Gentlemen engaged in aviation and the manufacture of planes and dirigibles. Then the Government helps by buying planes for national defense. Who is opposed to air mail subsidies? A few despised "politicians."

6. Canals. Who zealously supported the construction of the Panama Canal? Shippers on the Pacific Coast who did not like the railway rates. Also certain important shipping interests on both coasts—all controlled by business men. Who insisted that the Government should buy the Cape Cod Canal? The business men who put their money into the enterprise and found that it did not pay. Then they rejoiced to see the burden placed on the broad back of our dear Uncle Sam.

7. Highway Building. Who has supported Federal highway aid—the expenditures of hundreds of millions on roads, involving the taxation of railways to pay for ruinous competition? Everybody apparently, but specifically business men engaged in the manufacture and sale of automobiles and trucks. Who proposes to cut off every cent of that outlay? Echoes do not answer.

8. The Department of Commerce, its magnificent mansion near the Treasury Department, and its army of hustlers scouting for business at the uttermost ends of the earth. Who is responsible for loading on the Government the job of big drummer at large for business? Why shouldn't these rugged individualists do their own drumming instead of asking the taxpayers to do it for them? Business men have been behind this enormous expansion, and Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, outdid every predecessor in the range of his activities and the expenditure of public money. Who proposes to take the Government out of the business of hunting business for men who ought to know their own business?

9. The Big Pork Barrel—appropriations for public buildings, navy yards, and army posts. An interesting enterprise for the United States Chamber of Commerce would be to discover a single piece of pork in a hundred years that has not been approved by local business men as beneficiaries. When Ben Tillman shouted in the Senate that he intended to steal a hog every time a Yankee got a ham, he knew for whom the speaking was done.

10. The Bureau of Standards. Besides its general services, it renders valuable aid to business undertakings. Why shouldn't they do their own investigating at their own expense, instead of turning to the Government?

11. The Federal Trade Commission. Who runs there for rulings on "fair practices"? Weary consumers? Not often. Principally, business men who

do not like to be outwitted or cheated by their competitors. If we are rugged individualists, why not let every individualist do as he pleases, without invoking government intervention at public expense?

12. The Anti-trust Acts. Business men are complaining against these laws on the ground that they cannot do any large-scale planning without incurring the risk of prosecution. The contention is sound, but who put these laws on the books and on what theory were they based? They were the product of a clamor on the part of farmers and business men against the practices of great corporations. Farmers wanted lower prices. Business men of the smaller variety objected to being undersold, beaten by clever tricks, or crushed to the wall by competitors with immense capital. And what was the philosophy behind the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act? Individualism, pure and undefiled, "The New Freedom" as President Wilson phrased it in literary language. "Break up the trusts and let each tub stand on its own bottom." That was the cry among little business men. As lawyers put it in their somber way, "the natural person's liberty should not be destroyed by artificial persons known as corporations created under the auspices of the State." Whether any particular business man is for or against the anti-trust laws depends upon his particular business and the state of its earnings.

13. The Tariff. On this tender subject it is scarcely possible to speak soberly. It seems safe to say, however, that if all the business men who demand this kind of "interference"—with the right of capital to find its most lucrative course, industry and intelligence their natural reward, commodities their fair price, and idleness and folly their natural punishment—were to withdraw their support for protection, cease their insistence on it, then the politicians would probably reduce the levy or go over to free trade; with what effect on business no one can correctly predict. At all events there are thousands of business men who want to keep the Government in the business of protecting their business against foreign competition. If competition is good, why not stand up and take it?

14. The Federal Farm Board. This collectivist institution is the product of agrarian agitation, on the part of our most stalwart individualists, the free and independent farmers; but President Hoover sponsored it and signed the bill that created it. Now what is its avowed purpose as demonstrated by the language of the statute, the publications of the Farm Board, and the activities carried out under its auspices? It is primarily and fundamentally intended to stabilize prices and production through co-operative methods. And what has the Board done? It has encouraged the development of co-operation as distinguished from individualism among farmers; it has financed co-operative associations; it has denounced individualistic farmers who insist on growing as much as they please, and has tried to get them to increase their earnings by a common limitation of production. If the Agricultural Marketing Act means anything, if the procedure of the Farm Board is not a delusion, then co-operation is to be substituted for individualism in agricultural production and marketing. If there is ever to be a rational adjustment of supply to demand in this field, the spirit and letter of President Hoover's measure must be realized through organized action by millions of farmers under federal auspices. The other alternative is simon-pure individualism: let each farmer produce what he likes, as much of it as he likes, and sell it at any price he can

get. But under the happy title "Grow Less—Get More," the Farm Board has given instructions to farmers: "One thing the successful manufacturers learned long ago was that they could not make money when they produced more than they could sell at a profit." The obvious moral is for farmers to get together under Government leadership or hang separately.

15. The Moratorium and Frozen Assets. The latest form of government interference with "the natural course" of economy is the suspension of payments due the United States from foreign powers on account of lawful debts and the proposal to give public support to "frozen assets." What was the source of inspiration here? American investment bankers having got themselves into a jam in their efforts to make easy money now demand government assistance. In 1927 one of the most distinguished German economists told the writer of this article that the great game in his country, as in other parts of Europe, was to borrow billions from private bankers in the United States, so that it would ultimately be impossible to pay reparations, the debts due the Federal Government, *and* then the debts owed to private parties. The expected result? American bankers would then force their Government to forego its claims for the benefit of private operators who wanted to make bankers' commissions and eight or ten per cent on their money. Well, the game worked. American taxpayers are to be soaked and American bankers are to collect—perhaps.

And what is a "frozen asset"? It is a gaudy name for a piece of paper representing a transaction in which the holder expected to get a larger return than was possible on a prudent, rock-bottom investment. A Hartford, Connecticut, municipal four is not frozen; a holder can get better than par in the present dark hour of Wall Street's sorrows. A seven per cent Western farm mortgage is frozen tight—and ought to be, and the holder frozen with it. So is a Bolivian seven. Why should there be Federal interference to save investors from reaping the fruits of their folly and greed? No reason, except that the latter want the Government to bring home their cake so that they can eat it. The trouble is that American capital, in finding "its most lucrative course," has fallen into a slough, and if it gets out with its gains intact the Government must bring a derrick to hoist it.

III

In this survey of a few leading economic activities of the Federal Government the emphasis is not critical; so far as the present argument is concerned, any or all of these functions may be justified with respect to national interest. Indeed it is difficult to find any undertaking of the Government which is not supported by some business men on the ground of national defense. In the early days of our history even those statesmen who generally espoused free trade or low tariffs were willing to concede the importance of making the nation independent in the manufacture of munitions of war. And in the latest hour, subsidies to the merchant marine, to aviation, and to waterways development are stoutly defended in the name of preparedness. Transforming a creek into a river navigable by outboard motor boats can be supported by military engineers on the theory that it gives them practice in their art. No; the emphasis here is not critical. The point is that the Federal Government does not operate in a vacuum, but under impulsion from without; and all of the measures which put the Government into business have been supported

by rugged individualists—business men or farmers or both. The current tendency to describe the Government as a meddling busybody, prying around and regulating for the mere pleasure of taking the joy out of somebody's life, betrays an ignorance of the facts in the case. The Government of the United States operates continually in the midst of the most powerful assembly of lobbyists the world has ever seen—the representatives of every business interest that has risen above the level of a corner grocery; and there is not a single form of government interference with business that does not have the approval of one or more of these interests—except perhaps the taxation of incomes for the purpose, among other things, of paying the expenses of subsidizing and regulating business.

For forty years or more there has not been a President, Republican or Democrat, who has not talked against government interference and then supported measures adding more interference to the huge collection already accumulated. Take, for instance, President Wilson. He made his campaign in 1912 on the classical doctrine of individualism; he blew mighty blasts in the name of his new freedom against the control of the Government by corporate wealth and promised to separate business and government, thus setting little fellows free to make money out of little business. The heir of the Jeffersonian tradition, he decried paternalism of every kind. Yet look at the statutes enacted under his benign administration: the trainmen's law virtually fixing wages on interstate railways for certain classes of employees; the shipping board law; the farm loan act; federal aid for highway construction; the Alaskan railway; the federal reserve act; the water power act; and all the rest of the bills passed during his regime. Only the Clayton anti-trust law can be called individualistic. No wonder Mr. E. L. Doheny exclaimed to Mr. C. W. Barron that President Wilson was a college professor gone Bolshevist! And why did Democrats who had been saying "the less government the better" operate on the theory that the more government the better? Simply because their mouths were worked by ancient memories and their actions were shaped by inexorable realities.

Then the Republicans came along in 1921 and informed the country that they were going back to normalcy, were determined to take the Government out of business. Well, did they repeal a single one of the important measures enacted during the eight years of President Wilson's rule? It would be entertaining to see the sanhedrim of the United States Chamber of Commerce trying to make out a list of laws repealed in the name of normalcy and still more entertaining to watch that august body compiling a list of additional laws interfering with "the natural course of business" enacted since 1921. Heirs of the Hamiltonian tradition, the Republicans were not entitled to talk about separating the Government from business. Their great spiritual teacher, Daniel Webster, a pupil of Hamilton, had spoken truly when he said that one of the great reasons for framing the Constitution was the creation of a government that could regulate commerce. They came honestly by subsidies, bounties, internal improvements, tariffs, and other aids to business. What was the trouble with them in the age of normalcy? Nothing; they just wanted their kind of government intervention in the "natural course of industry." Evidently, then, there is some confusion on this subject of individualism, and it ought to be examined dispassionately in the light of its history with a view to discovering its significance and its

limitations; for there is moral danger in saying one thing and doing another—at all events too long.

IV

Historically speaking, there are two schools of individualism: one American, associated with the name of Jefferson, and the other English, associated with the name of Cobden. The former was agrarian in interest, the latter capitalist. Jefferson wanted America to be a land of free, upstanding farmers with just enough government to keep order among them; his creed was an agrarian creed nicely fitted to a civilization of sailing ships, ox carts, stagecoaches, wooden plows, tallow dips, and home-made bacon and sausages; and since most of the people in the United States, during the first century of their independence, were engaged in agriculture, they thought highly of Jefferson's praise of agriculture and his doctrine of anarchy plus the police constable. Cobden's individualism was adapted to capitalist England at the middle of the nineteenth century—early industrial England. At that moment his country was the workshop of the world, was mistress of the world market in manufactured commodities, and feared no competition from any foreign country. English capitalists thus needed no protective tariffs and subsidies and, therefore, wanted none. Hence they exalted free trade to the level of a Mosaic law, fixed and eternal. They wanted to employ labor on their own terms and turn working people out to starve when no profitable business was at hand; so they quite naturally believed that any government interference with their right to do as they pleased was "bad." Their literary apologist, Macaulay, clothed their articles of faith in such magnificent rhetoric that even the tiredest business man could keep awake reading it at night.

Closely examined, what is this creed of individualism? Macaulay defines it beautifully in the passage which the New York bank and our happy advertising agency quoted so joyously. Let the Government maintain peace, defend property, reduce the cost of litigation, and observe economy in expenditure—that is all. Do American business men want peace all the time, in Nicaragua, for instance, when their undertakings are disturbed? Or in Haiti or Santo Domingo? Property must be defended, of course. But whose property? And what about the cost of litigation and economy in expenditures? If they would tell their hired men in law offices to cut the costs of law, something might happen. As for expenditures, do they really mean to abolish subsidies, bounties, and appropriations-in-aid from which they benefit? Speaking brutally, they do not. That is not the kind of economy in expenditures which they demand; they prefer to cut off a few dollars from the Children's Bureau.

Then comes Macaulay's system of private economy: let capital find its most lucrative course alone, unaided: no government tariffs, subsidies, bounties, and special privileges. That is the first item. Do American business men who shout for individualism believe in that? Certainly not. So that much is blown out of the water. Macaulay's next item is: let commodities find their fair price. Do the gentlemen who consolidate, merge, and make price understandings want to allow prices to take their "natural course"? By no means; they are trying to effect combinations that will hold prices up to the point of the largest possible profit. Macaulay's third item is: let industry and intelligence receive their natural reward. Whose industry and intelligence and what industry and intelligence? When these questions are asked all that was clear and simple dissolves in mist.

Then there is Macaulay's last item: let idleness and folly reap their natural punishment. That was a fundamental specification in the bill of Manchesterism. Malthus made it a law for the economists: the poor are poor because they have so many babies and are improvident; nothing can be done about it, at least by any government, even though it enforces drastic measures against the spread of information on birth control. Darwin made a natural science of it: biology sanctified the tooth and claw struggle of business by proclaiming the eternal tooth and claw struggle of the jungle. If the government will do nothing whatever, all people will rise or sink to the level which their industry or idleness, their intelligence or folly commands. No distinction was made between those who were idle because they could find no work and those who just loved idleness for its own sake—either in slums or mansions. Those who hit bottom and starved simply deserved it. That is the good, sound, logical creed of simon-pure individualism which Herbert Spencer embedded in fifty pounds of printed matter. To him and all his devotees, even public schools and public libraries were anathema: let the poor educate themselves at their own expense; to educate them at public expense is robbery of the taxpayer—that industrious, intelligent, provident person who is entitled to keep his "natural reward."

Do any stalwart individualists believe that simple creed now? Not in England, where Liberals, professing to carry on the Cobden-Bright tradition, vote doles for unemployed working people. Why not let idleness and folly get their natural punishment? Why not, indeed? There must be a reason. Either the individualists betray their own faith, or, as some wag has suggested, they are afraid that they might find themselves hanging to a lantern if they let the idle and the foolish starve, that is, reap the natural punishment prescribed by Macaulay. Nor do American individualists propose to let nature take her course in this country. There is no danger of revolution here; as Mr. Coolidge has said, "we have had our revolution"; yet business men agree with the politicians on feeding the hungry. It is true that they seem to be trying to obscure the issues and the facts by talking about the beneficence of private charity while getting most of the dole from public treasuries; but that is a detail. Although our rugged individualists advertise Macaulay's creed, their faith in it appears to be shaky or their courage is not equal to their hopes. Then why should they try to delude themselves and the public?

There is another side to this stalwart individualism that also deserves consideration. Great things have been done in its name, no doubt, and it will always have its place in any reasoned scheme of thinking. Individual initiative and energy are absolutely indispensable to the successful conduct of any enterprise, and there is ample ground for fearing the tyranny and ineptitude of governments. In the days of pioneering industry in England, in our pioneering days when forests were to be cut and mountain fastnesses explored, individualism was the great dynamic which drove enterprise forward. But on other pages of the doom book other entries must be made. In the minds of most people who shout for individualism vociferously, the creed, stripped of all flashy rhetoric, means getting money, simply that and nothing more. And to this creed may be laid most of the shame that has cursed our cities and most of the scandals that have smirched our Federal Government.

That prince of bosses, Croker, put the individualist creed in its bare logical

form when he said that he was working for his own pocket all the time, just as "every man in New York is working for his pocket." Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair were all splendid individualists; they explained that they hoped to make money out of their transactions, even while they covered their operations with the mantle of patriotism—national defense. Tammany judges, Connolly and his iron pipe, Doyle with his split fees, and policemen growing rich on vice are all individualists of the purest brand. W. B. Shearer collecting money from ship building concerns to make a naval scare so that they might increase their profits belongs to the same school. Britten, bringing a fleet to Montauk Point to boom real estate in which he is interested, does nothing reprehensible under the Manchester creed; his capital is finding "its most lucrative course." Wilder and Bardo, representing shipping interests, when they spend money in Washington "educating" members of Congress, are following the law of the game. They are perfect individualists. The ruinous chaos in coal and oil is to be attributed to the same Darwinian morality. Finally, Al Capone, with his private enterprise in racketeering, is a supreme individualist: he wants no government interference with his business, not even the collection of income taxes; if he is "let alone" he will take care of himself and give some money to soup kitchens besides.

The cold truth is that the individualist creed of everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost is principally responsible for the distress in which Western civilization finds itself —with investment racketeering at one end and labor racketeering at the other. Whatever merits the creed may have had in days of primitive agriculture and industry, it is not applicable in an age of technology, science, and rationalized economy. Once useful, it has become a danger to society. Every thoughtful business man who is engaged in management as distinguished from stock speculation knows that stabilization, planning, orderly procedure, prudence, and the adjustment of production to demand are necessary to keep the economic machine running steadily and efficiently. Some of our most distinguished citizens—Owen D. Young, Gerard Swope, Nicholas Murray Butler, and Otto Kahn, for example—have, in effect, warned the country that only by planning can industry avoid the kind of disaster from which we are now suffering; on all sides are signs of its coming—perhaps soon, perhaps late, but inevitably.

And all of them know that this means severe restraints on the anarchy celebrated in the name of individualism. The task before us, then, is not to furbish up an old slogan, but to get rid of it, to discover how much planning is necessary, by whom it can best be done, and what limitations must be imposed on the historic doctrine of Manchesterism. And to paraphrase Milton, methinks puissant America, mewing her mighty youth, will yet kindle her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purge and unscale her long abused sight, while timorous and flocking birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

THE DESTINATION

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

MORRIS thought at first that he was the only passenger in the boat to Bal-dan. He was glad, because he wished to enjoy in solitude his luxurious skill in looking forward—a gift that gave this gently misanthropic man the only rapture he knew. Now he was going back to his home from a world that fretted him, and his mind's eye could so exactly visualize his arrival that it was like memory the wrong way round. With the same immediate excitement as that which attaches itself to certain memories of isolated doings in childhood, he experienced—in this region of combined memory and anticipation—the joy of a first actual sight of the gnarled old banyan trees on the waterfront and the distant glimpse of the half-naked shabby-gaudy coolies shuffling smoothly along under burdens, from sun to shade and from shade to sun again.

"Nothing can prevent it now," he thought. "My next step on land must be upon the crooked dank steps of the wharf at Bal-dan. Old Ah-Ki will meet me, and I shall see his splay feet, one with a missing toe, clamped on to the slimy lower steps, like a snail's foot. He'll smile that split smile as he tosses my suitcase on his shoulder, and then he'll lead the way along the waterfront, under the banyans, till we come to The Turning."

Nothing could prevent him now from seeing that turning again—the narrow cobbled alley lined with bright yellow plaster walls, blind except for one rain-streaked sun-faded green door; the copper-colored bougainvillea would be out now—a reticent dark auburn wave of blossom with a green spray of leaves, checked in the act of breaking over the top of the wall. Morris could see every squirming line of the old tree that shaded the well at the end of the alley—a tree that his mind labeled as a "strong idiot tree," of stunted eccentric stature but lateral abundance. It was an evergreen tree; it took no notice of the seasons except to tip in springtime its very green tufts with very, very green tassels. On the border of the pool of shadow cast by this tree—a dark delicious pool in which the wet stones of the well-head glistened like rocks at low tide—Morris's foreseeing eye saw the Chinese temple gate under square crimped-dolphin-trimmed eaves. This was the smugglers' temple, and most of the mottoes splashed on vertical boards in golden ideographs dealt with the sea and with sea-dangers. The one nearest the door was as legible to Morris's mind's eye as though the actual writing were before his body's eyes. It implored Kwan-yin, Goddess of Mercy, to "Show a compassion to shipping that should extend even to ferryboats." Morris's projected ghost walked in between two stone lions under the temple's eaves,

for across the courtyard of the outer pavilion was the final stone stairway that led to his home.

At this point he was obliged to become aware that he had, after all, two fellow-passengers in the boat which was carrying him towards his happiness. He broke off his dream and observed them sourly. They were not traveling together; on the contrary, each very obviously was repelled by the look of the other. Each separately, therefore, had silently fixed on Morris as a recipient of the inevitable travelers' commonplaces. It was this unspoken attraction that had really awakened him from his vision. To him neither of his companions seemed very promising —or rather, one seemed to promise too much and the other too little. The woman was of the superabundant type; she seemed to Morris to occupy about twenty square feet of deck-space—not with her body, for it was not stout, but with rich gorgeous scarves, cloak, tassels, hand-bag, and skirt, the blowing of which filled the air about her. The male fellow-passenger, on the other hand, was very ostentatiously enclosed—especially against the woman; he was slyly locked up in a tightly buttoned coat, his collar turned up. His staring eyes slid sidelong glances along the deck towards Morris —furtive glances designed to avoid the eye of the woman, looks slinking down the deck as a cat slinks from ambush to ambush. It was evident at once that few on board would escape being talked to by the woman-passenger. She walked up and down the deck in her mist of rainbow appendages, humming self-consciously, her eyes seeking the eyes of everyone she met; even the Chinese sailors, to their surprise, were asked about the weather prospects or congratulated on the deliciousness of the sea air. The buttoned-up man's spine froze ostentatiously every time she passed behind him, but Morris, though irascible, looked more defenseless; so very soon the woman's elbows were on the rail beside his.

"Drifting . . . drifting . . ." she said to him in a deep contralto. "A sea voyage suggests itself to one, doesn't it, as an allegory of life—this drifting through unknown waters to an unknown destination."

"No question of drifting," said Morris. "This ship is mechanically propelled with reasonable efficiency towards the port of Bal-dan, a destination that the captain knows perfectly well."

The woman sighed an unexpectedly natural sigh, and Morris's heart softened. She said, "I mean, of course, that as far as one is oneself concerned, a voyage, like life itself, is a drifting. Somewhere behind the mechanism of the ship—somewhere behind the mechanism of life—there is a Captain, I admit, who knows all destinations perfectly—who has all one's wayward comings and goings under control."

It was Morris's turn to sigh. He had a prejudice against egoists who dare not use the candid word "I," but cower behind an ambiguous "one." Besides, she had interrupted his vision just as his feet were set on the lowest step of the stair that led home. "Nothing can stop me now," he had thought; but this woman could stop his eyes from flying forward, as perhaps Mrs. Noah may have jealously tried to check the dove as it took flight from the first homesick exile's breast. Yet could this woman really paralyze a dream?

Even as she drew breath to say something more, Morris found his faraway self on the tiny terrace of his house, looking down on the glistening corrugated green roof of the temple. He stood in the house doorway. The dark blue rug on the dark red-brick floor was striped with low sunlight; some of these sunlight stripes were dappled with the

quivering shadows of the leaves of the ginko tree outside. On the table, Joao, Morris's Eurasian servant, had put a bowl of dark brick-colored nasturtiums. Morris *knew* that those flowers were there on his table forty miles away, as certainly as he knew that there was a red-sailed junk sowing a furrow of fishing-nets within a few hundred yards of the ship in which his body traveled. "Nothing can stop my seeing those nasturtiums on that table now," he thought sensuously. "In a few hours I shall put out my hand and touch them." And he tested his prophetic accuracy, even noticing rapturously that there was a spider's web across one corner of the window. At this instant the woman by his side began speaking, and he realized that this last phase of his anticipating memory had been compressed into a second's time.

"One must agree with you, of course," she said ardently, "that everything is planned. One drifts from horizon to horizon without aim, without compass; yet some invisible thread draws sympathetic souls together—antipathetic souls apart. . . . And we have the insolence to call it coincidence."

"I really didn't mean to imply all that," Morris began, but the implacably sweet expression of the woman's lips—obviously silent only for the shortest possible space politeness allowed for his remark—warned him that he must now hear the story of her life. He was right.

"One is oneself an example of what one maintains," she said. "One has reasons for knowing that there is no such thing as coincidence. Coincidence is the silly name one gives to the Deliberate Plans of the Great Planmaker—"

("*God* is evidently almost as embarrassing a word as *I*," thought Morris.)

"Can you imagine," continued his companion intensely, "the position of a *feeling*, *living*, *throbbing* woman, brought up by adored and adoring parents to know the Great Truth that life is not life unless it is all-giving —all-receiving—emotionally? While still a mere child, this woman is tied by law to a mean-hearted old man, whose whole mind is given to the making of money in dusty cities, whose whole idea of giving involves cold, heartless stones —diamonds—emeralds. . . . Could you apply the mean moral judgment of a puritanic world to such a woman if she should break away from her gilded prison—like a butterfly from a cocoon —to spread her God-given colored wings in the colored free sunshine of life?"

"No, but—"

"Yet, once free, where would you advise such a fragile fugitive to fly to?" continued the determined autobiographer. "Must she—lacking a man who legally owns her—for that reason lock within herself that heart that is so ready to *give* simply because once its gift was so meanly received?"

Morris trembled and made no reply. He industriously imagined the butterflies among his rambler roses at home. "Nothing can prevent my pruning those roses to-night, after an early supper," he thought; and the smell of earth and the dazzle and lilt of butterflies deliciously shocked his prophetic senses.

"Everywhere she must go seeking . . . seeking . . . a giver seeking for a receiver. And as she wanders over the wide cold world, suddenly *coincidence* (so-called) intervenes—in other words, the mystic hint of a Purpose is revealed to her. Imagine her sitting, lonely among crowds, in a hotel in a strange land; imagine, suddenly, dark Oriental eyes looking into hers, a quiet alien voice drawing her from her reverie, thin brown fingers opening a fairy window of delicate color before her

eyes. Only a Chinese pedlar, you might say, trying to sell a tourist a book of Chinese pictures. But wait. Idly at first, one turned the exquisite pages—less and less casually as one went on. . . ."

Her voice and her acting fingers grew fevered. Morris watched her in uneasy amazement. In a moment every muscle of her body seemed busy with the presentation of her story.

"One had a growing feeling that the thread of the story expressed in the pictures drew one on, like the thread spun by the fates. The first picture showed simply a lonely gorgeous figure —a prince, one supposed, marching bravely alone in a strange land; in the next there was a new figure dawning—a drop of distilled dawn, might one say? —far off on a cloud above questioning hills. In all the succeeding pictures this primrose-pale thing—a fairy princess blown on a breeze of romance—drew closer and closer, closer still while still elusive . . . Oh, one can't describe this kind of art that says so much more than words. *There was meaning* in that book of exquisite colored suggestions, and one followed the meaning as a lost traveler follows a far beacon light. . . . When suddenly—a break —the beacon extinguished—the traveler lost once more. *The book was only half a book.* A jagged emptiness was all that met one's eyes as one turned the page that showed the fairy princess just about to set foot among the flowers of the human world—about to fulfil her destiny and *give* at last—her prince's awed hands outstretched to *receive.* The light in one's imagination was blown out. 'What—nothing more?' one's heart cried. 'Only half a book?' And saying that, one looked suddenly up into the strange pedlar's inscrutable eyes, and one knew that the words he was about to utter were a message from—well, from the Planner of Coincidences. . . . '*The Master* has the other half of this book. One half for Lady—one half for *The Master.*' 'Where is *The Master?*' one asked as though speaking in a dream. 'Bal-dan,' he said. 'Master say *Go to Bal-dan.*' One said nothing. One was speechless. For here was the crux of the coincidence (if you can still call it coincidence). One had already—acting on wayward idle impulse—booked one's passage to Bal-dan that very afternoon. And here one is. . . ."

She looked at him very intensely.

Morris, a naturally good-natured man, though unused to polite society, found it difficult to understand the wave of furious irritation that swept over him. He felt impelled to spoil her story. "My dear madam, you grossly overrate the thing. *Master* is a perfectly ordinary word from a Chinese of the servant class referring to a superior, when speaking in English. The fellow was simply making an extra dollar or two by selling one book as two."

The woman looked at him with a wide poignant gaze of disappointment. She hesitated for a moment and then said in a low voice, "I beg your pardon. I have been speaking to unhearing ears. Forgive me for my intrusion." She waited for another moment, beaming upon him bravely, obviously hoping that this frozen listener would thaw into a fountain of understanding words under the penitent warmth of her look. But Morris—still angry—said nothing, so with a sigh she turned away. Her attention was now necessarily concentrated on the buttoned-up man, and it amused Morris to see how quickly the stranger realized his danger. No sooner had the woman begun again her pacings of the deck—pacings which brought her at every lap a little nearer to the only Master now available—than the stranger straightened his back and quite frankly strode to Morris's side for protection.

"I'm scared stiff of that dame," he said, and Morris realized that he was one of those semi-Levantine wanderers who apparently are not native anywhere but always seem to have visited the United States. "I'd feel safer in a defensive alliance, I guess. And anyway I wanted to ask you aren't you the Mr. Morris who's got the old bungalow behind the smugglers' temple in Bal-dan?"

"Yes," said Morris, and added exultantly—and quite unnecessarily, since the ship touched at no other port—"I'm on my way home there now."

"I hear you've got a fine collection of curios there," continued the stranger. "And I wondered if you'd care to look at a few liddle things I've picked up."

Morris was on the point of shouting, "Oh, for God's sake, everybody, leave me alone—" when a sudden twinge of rather spiteful curiosity made him say, "What have you got? Any Chinese books or pictures?"

"Come and see," said the man happily.

On the settee in the ship's little saloon he opened a suitcase. "Talk about books and pictures," he said, "here's a liddle bit of all right." Sure enough, here it was—half a book—the latter half. Morris turned over a few pages moodily, not surprised but rather sickened by what he saw. The primrose-pale fairy had certainly come down to earth in earnest. "Hardly pictures for a lady's boudwaw, eh? It's all the one story, you see—about some kind of historical dame, I understand; but she knew a thing or two outside history, I'll tell the world. Looky here at this one, and this one. . . . Well, well, it's love that makes the world go round, they say. . . . The Chink that sold me that said he'd divided the book into two, so he could sell one half to a missisy and the other half to a master—ha-ha-ha. I'll let you have it dirt cheap, for I'll admit it's not everybody's choice. You could just take it out of the safe when you felt lonesome or blue—eh? No? Aw well—how about this little piece of ivory—no dooble-ontong about that anyway—or this swell little piece of Ming for an ash tray? . . ."

Morris, who had for a moment contemplated buying a little present for his house, as a returning husband might buy a ring for his wife, felt suddenly tired of the man and, refusing everything, returned to the deck. He was none too soon. Already the darling skyline of Bal-dan was in sight. His outer eyes flew instantly to the green dome of the old tree above the temple; temple, well, alley, bungalow, terrace—all were still invisible, but Morris's inner eyes saw Joao squatting on the terrace, fanning himself as he watched the horizon; his mind's sharp hearing registered the shout of joy that Joao gave as the ship was identified. "He's coming—he's coming. . . ." "And nothing on earth can stop my coming now," thought Morris, reassuring the far-away Joao. "I knew it would be just like this. All this has not been merely on its way to me—it's been mine already—it always will be mine till I die."

He felt so happy that he even left that distant tree unwatched for a moment, and turned to the woman fellow-passenger, who stood rather forlornly near him. Suddenly eloquent with happiness he said, "I'm afraid I was abrupt just now; you were talking of coincidence, and especially of that coincidence that gave you a feeling of being led to Bal-dan. Don't expect too much of coincidences; you see, coincidences are really just as remarkable if they *just don't* come off as if they *just do.* A miss by a hairbreadth is not as good as a mile at all—it's as extraordinary as a hit by a hairbreadth. If there is a god of coincidences, he has it both ways. Coincidences are poor

paths anyway—whether you follow them with a Mystic Purpose or stumble on them by mistake. It's much safer to make a thing yourself, and know it absolutely perfectly—to know its past and, above all, its future—to make it for ever and come back to it *for certain* again and again till you die. Leaving a destination to chance—to God—to coincidence—is too dangerous; there might be nothing at the end—nothing but a blank or a ruin. You *must* be able to look forward as surely as you can look back."

To his utter amazement, the woman interrupted him with a high and piercing scream. At the same instant the whole ship was most oddly agitated; a creaking of all her parts filled the air, exactly like the creaking of an immense rocking-horse. Morris looked across the sea at Bal-dan and saw the old stone wharf suddenly hump itself like a caterpillar; he saw the front of the hotel fall into the harbor and two trees swoon into each other's arms. Then everything, from waterline to skyline, was swallowed up in black dust; dust was built in three impenetrable and fearful domes between sea and sky. A flame awoke like an opening window, near the base of this appalling edifice. The rising roar of destruction and screams from ten thousand throats flew out of the blackness across the sea.

SONG PROVING NOTHING

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

IF I could learn
And be content,
That life is drab
And color blent
Into an intricate design,
Greater peace might then be mine.

Knowing that,
I need not wail
Lest the pattern
Ever fail;
Yet how dull the days would go,
Trusting higher powers so.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY STUART CHASE

WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident: that there is an intelligent minority in the United States capable of holding its own with any similar group on earth; that the age of the pioneer is over; that it is time we behaved as the civilized adults we are; that industry has its place, and an important one it is, but that the dominant ideals and philosophy of the business community are fragile, impermanent, and incapable of supporting a great nation.

Happily these truths—particularly the last—may now be stated without the circumspection necessary in the days of the Great Bull Market. Business is not the colossal Buddha it was three years ago; the mouths of the prosperity chorus are full of sawdust, and no sane man the Republic over retains his faith in the slogans or the leadership of business über alles. The civilized minority is free at last to worship where it pleases without pausing, every ten paces, to genuflect to Wall Street.

The depression has its credits as well as its searing debits, and one of them certainly is the collapse of the American formula which all but blotted out the sun as the last decade marched. On the economic side, that formula was compounded of mass production, huge volume, high wages, high interest rates, high-pressure selling, installment purchasing, soaring stock prices, brokers' loans, investment trusts, corporate mergers, boom towns, subdivisions, four-dimensional speed, riotous destruction of natural resources, the virtue of rapid obsolescence, gathering technological unemployment, the complete disregard of the farmer, emphasis on luxuries as against necessities, the duty of spending rather than saving, the extension of leisure only on the distinct understanding that the margin be devoted to the consumption of more leisure-time goods. That this formula had its intelligent aspects in such matters as high wages, short hours, and a magnificent engineering technic is not to be denied, but that its total impact was either inspiring or practical from the human point of view is now only too forcibly proven to be false.

Some of us were in revolt even in its flood tide, our voices drowned in the screaming of headlines, the clacking of tickers, the roars of loud speakers. To-day a growing battalion has realized that a nation devoted to the exclusive cultivation of such things as these is a nation lost in the wilderness. In the last few months a hundred college boys have written to me or come in person to voice this realization. They are done with the American formula before they start.

Many Europeans believe that our insidious formula is destined to make Babbitts of them also, though not without bitter lamentations. Mr. Joad's book *The Babbitt Warren* stands for a whole school of Jeremiahs filled with equal parts of scorn and dread.

These prophets may now cease their wailing, since the menace is largely withdrawn, and our claims to a bumptious superiority silenced. But the civilized minority here at home was never very vocal about these claims. On the contrary, it tended to reflect the alien's scorn and devote itself to more or less servile imitation of Europeans, who, as most of us have maintained on occasion, "know how to live."

My declaration of independence is therefore a double-barreled one—from our commercial and material formula of wealth and happiness on the one hand, and from our self-depreciation and imported æsthetics on the other. We are not superior to the rest of the world nor inferior either. With nations as with persons these are two sides of the same attitude. We propose to stand on our own feet and live in the way that best suits us. Perhaps never before has any kindred group had such freedom of choice in ways of living. We have thirty-odd slaves of mechanical energy apiece, according to the learned computers. To date the slaves have been chiefly engaged in hustling us around. How about hustling them around for a change? Modern methods of transportation allow us to spend our leisure at a radius of fifty to a hundred miles from our homes. Household machinery gives us more leisure to spend. Mechanical servants can, if we choose, free us from a large part of the planning, the dependence, the ambiguous personal relations with human servants, who share our homes, destroy our privacy, and suffer themselves a manifest loss of human dignity. For the first time in history we have the freedom for a new degree of leisure and simplicity. We have not taken it. We let our mechanical servants exhaust us under the caption of amusement, and we devote our leisure to complicating existence still further with conspicuous consumption.

We ought to be ready to cease acquiring and start using—and choosing. Our goal must be one of action, not acquisition. To a scientist, say, engaged in research so absorbing that it is an end in itself, the machinery of life falls into its proper place. Such a scientist—one who has enough means and leisure to consider how he wishes to live—has what I mean by a goal of action and the independence I am here declaring. Psychology recognizes three goals for the normal individual—satisfying work, love, and social relations. These being attained or in process, the background of leisure activity and property falls into its proper emphasis. But so far only occasional individuals have reached this balance. Our national ambition is still the amassing of property.

II

I speak to you, the intelligent minority. The mass of our fellow-citizens—on a family income averaging some two thousand dollars—can hardly be expected to hear the call. The mass has tasted blood, and will not learn that the meat is rotten until it has devoured the carcass. It will, alas, continue to absorb gadgets indiscriminately, in those years when gadgets are obtainable, for some little time to come. Only slowly will it discover that the American formula, while reasonably rich in gadgets during boom periods, offers no permanent economic security, no guarantees against unemployment or overproduction, no values which make life more worth the living. Business can throw off vast quantities of luxury goods in fits and starts, train millions to fabricate the same, and then, as the financial cycle whirls downward, throw off the millions, with even more velocity, into the street. Such is the program before the eager

common man, until, in due course, he tires of it.

I am tired of it, and so I hope, kind reader, are you. I am tired of "service," tired of conferences, tired of arrogant and mischievous advertisers, of breasting the Joneses, of football crowds, of the ugliness and congestion of the Albany Post Road, of imperious long-distance telephone calls, of "technical adjustments," subways, gin parties, wisecracks, of manifestoes from Messrs. Ford, Schwab, and Julius Klein, of being frantically and enervatingly busy doing nothing. A good friend and a sound scholar reported to me recently that ideas never come to him when he drives a car, whereas they come flooding in when he walks along country lanes. When I go to Mexico or Europe I catch my stride as a human being; here, with the American formula after me like a very hound of the Baskervilles, I seldom have time to catch it.

Well, I am resolved to attempt its capture in this my native land. So I say, down with the American formula, and down with American business until it professionalizes itself and proves a far more reliable instrument of civilization than has hitherto been the case. I am bound to admit, however, that I know one big "butter-and-egg-man" who is a pretty good painter. He copied a Matisse on a bet and completely fooled a New York art dealer. When big butter-and-egg-men can paint to the confusion of art dealers there is a rift in the overcast sky and hope for the Republic.

America has been nourished on the doctrine of means rather than ends. The logical reasons for this doctrine ceased with the pioneer. We, the civilized minority, propose to cultivate ends hereafter. Our sophistication in respect to material things has been enormously in advance of the sophistication of our philosophy of life. The two have been almost as seriously out of step as the engineer and the banker. We are clever about stuff—clothes, interior decoration, country house appointments—but we tend to be imitative, indolent, and second rate about ideas. In a sense our houses are too good for us. Our only body of bold thinking is in the field of engineering and scientific research. Save for a few lonely voices, the arts, philosophy, criticism are inaudible in any compact sense. Meanwhile America and Russia are the two most portentous nations on earth, and from their loins presently might spring, and for all I know *must* spring, an art to interpret and dignify these portents.

III

My program is admittedly a grim one. Part of it I am already following, and part, I must confess, is only determined aspiration. Here it is, for your comments, modifications, and amendments. I am no Jefferson to pen a declaration in immortal form.

We refuse flatly to keep on keeping up with the Joneses. After all the Joneses are only trying to keep up with the supersalesmen. This is a labor of Sisyphus and no occupation for a civilized adult. We wish the Joneses well in their immortal travail, but we propose to have the kind of a house which pleases our own conceptions of comfort and design, the kind of service or lack of it which our pleasure and our pocket-books warrant, the kind of recreations which we genuinely enjoy; and the arrangement of our knives and forks is nobody's business but our own. Henceforth the sole criterion which we shall consider before investing in mechanical gadgets will be whether they simplify living, and in luxuries whether they genuinely expand the soul.

We propose to cultivate sales resistance as an exact science. Were it not

immodest to suggest it, I would suggest that we learn the several bulletins of Consumers' Research by heart. In respect to the goods which we buy—particularly those with decorative value—we shall make an earnest study of the handicrafts of our region. White Mexicans for four hundred years have imported their household goods from Europe and lately from America—much of it ornate trash of honorific value only—while neglecting entirely the just and lovely Indian handicrafts for sale at a few centavos in every village market. It is true that we have no such store to draw on north of the Rio Grande; but for all we know there may be a struggling potter or iron-worker or weaver in the neighborhood, trying without much aid and comfort to revive or to establish a local art. In this search we shall pass by the Antique Shoppes, seeking for the quick and not the dead. Some of us will start local handicrafts and industries ourselves. One of us, Mrs. Ralph Borsodi, has already started. These articles we shall buy and make, not in competition with legitimate mass production—electrical equipment, bathroom fixtures, and the like—but solely for the convenience, uniqueness, and joy they may bring us.

We are resolved to lessen our tempo, to cultivate something of the Mexican mañana attitude, which means that to-morrow is time enough, or perhaps an endless series of to-morrows. We shall deny the necessity of tumultuous hurry, bustle, spinning about in circles. This catching trains by an eyelid, flying three hundred miles to save an hour and thirteen minutes, this being pumped back and forth in subway pipes, these obscene spurts in outboard motors, these four hundred and sixteen miles torn from the speedometer between dawn and dusk, these utterly devastating week-ends where one rushes in turn through air, water, carbon monoxide, jazz, and alcohol, are not pastimes for civilized adults. We shall be profoundly suspicious of the amusement value to be achieved by sheer speed. For a decade, America has been a nation of children, shrieking down a roller-coaster. This applies not only to aircraft, motor cars, and speed boats, but to stock markets, mergers, skyscrapers, and salesmanship. Here and there in country retreats we shall begin disconnecting telephones, and if we have a radio at all it will be equipped with earphones, and so noiseless save for the single listener. To rouse the loud speaker will cost one dollar each time. In more comfortable circles, five dollars. The boycott of made to order telegraphic messages will be total. Dictated letters from friend to friend will be regarded with suspicion, and one may even hope for a revival of the art of leisurely, long-hand correspondence. Nobody writes letters any more; one punches things, keys or telephone hooks. Indeed as the tempo mounts, one ceases to have friends at all in the rich and leisurely sense.

First and last we shall do a good deal of resigning. Many a club, association, board, committee, fraternity, society, to which our purses have responded but our human interest never, will see us (normally thirty-five minutes late) no more. We shall join no clubs which fail to make life more interesting or to fulfill a genuine civic obligation for which we have ample time.

We are about done with gin and jazz parties, and turn to give our devoted encouragement to wine and conversation parties. The art of conversation, which has nothing in common with the art of wisecracking, is practically unknown in the Republic. Place seven of your most intelligent friends in a room, give them a live topic to develop carefully and thoroughly, and watch

the project go to pieces in not more than twenty minutes. Yet for a civilized folk there is nothing more thrilling, and I use the word advisedly, than the give and take of real conversation.

Some of us, not wedded to the game, will stop playing golf for a time. Once an ancient and honorable sport, like boxing it has fallen into crass and ignoble hands. When it became the official game of American business it ceased to be a recreation and turned into an outdoor annex to the salesroom, when it was not an outdoor annex to the stock exchange. The odor of contracts, profitable speculation, backslapping, yessing the boss and the customer is all over the links. We shall indeed give up all games played for reasons of business, fashion, or prestige. We shall largely cease to employ young gladiators to do our playing for us—which will save us something in coonskin coats and large pocket flasks. Our recreation we shall take straight for the love of the game or not at all. We have an unknown and fascinating world to explore—the world of leisure. Few Americans in the last generation have ever entered this world, or known what to do if they did enter it. I stumbled into it one day on a sunny beach some twenty years ago. Whatever worthwhile work I have done since, I lay in great part to the fact that I learned then to be a sunbathing loafer.

We shall be much more suspicious of fashions in medicine, particularly operations engineered by the split-fee fraternity, than we have been in the past. I suspect we shall call with increasing vehemence for Mr. Evans Clark's group medical attention, where prevention takes the place of the expensive and not too dependable cure. We shall be much more suspicious of fashions in education, and the psychological, physiological, and pathological problems of Joan and Donald, which have kept us both impoverished and watchful for nights on end, will creep back into some sort of due human proportion. Nor will Joan and Donald necessarily usurp the center of the universe, the living room, and the dinner-table conversation.

Thus a standard of family living which is barely met on fifteen thousand dollars a year or more will be enormously reduced. We shall find it a more rewarding standard when all is said and done. This may well be the more apropos in that the years immediately before us promise to be exceedingly troublesome from the economic and political points of view. The economic mechanism is jammed, and none can foretell when essential repairs will be either inaugurated or completed. We may be forced to a Spartan way of life whether we desire it or no.

We shall declare forthwith unremitting warfare upon the whole breed of censors. Our law-breaking will be belligerent in respect to all censorships of art whether in the form of literature, drama, moving pictures, or the graphic arts. Some of us will go cheerfully to jail in this devoted cause. We also propose to dress or to undress—when the sun is high and the beach is broad and lonely—with far more disregard of Mrs. Grundy than has hitherto obtained. Organized movements for "dress reform" we shall view with alarm and attend no dinners therefor; but if it pleases us, we shall reform our own dress, with due regard for comeliness, and none for the panjandrums of the cloak and suit trade.

We shall be equally belligerent, some of us, in respect to noises and messes. No genuine civilization, we hold, can be carried on to the cacophony of unserviced motor trucks, riveters, trolley car wheels, elevated railroad trains (1886 model), fire engine sirens, airplane motors at close

range, fog horns, automobile horns, pneumatic drills, outboard motors, and factory whistles; nor yet in the middle of signboards, dumps, floating garbage, motor car corpses, hot dog stands, oil refuse, decaying woodpulp, tin cans, and old tires.

IV

Our attitude towards our jobs will be drastically revised. Heretofore even the most intelligent of us have surrendered repeatedly and disastrously before that axiom of the American formula which placed ten thousand dollars a year and upward as the supreme good. In pursuit of this ideal, numberless members of our fraternity with sound poetry, swinging prose, good music, competent painting, a gift for philosophy or criticism implicit in their personalities, have tortured these talents with jobs in advertising agencies, newspaper columns, Hollywood, and the production of synthetic Broadway revues, hoping with a fatuous hope to make their pile and then devote themselves to their chosen arts. The difficulties in this program are two. Either one makes his pile only to find that his gifts have been drained out of him in the process, and life holds nothing beyond white knickers, a flair for modern furniture, and a villa at Westport, Connecticut, or one's mental metabolism becomes so confounded between the poem in one's head and the paint and varnish copy in one's typewriter that sooner or later Nature rebels, and one's hoped-for pile has melted into a serious neurosis. Too many of our artists have been committing suicide.

It is time that the intelligent minority should realize that it cannot serve God and Mammon. The conflicts engendered in the attempt are too deep-seated to warrant any conclusion save disaster in the majority of cases. This does not necessarily mean that we propose to starve to death in the service of art, but only that we shall pick our bread-and-butter jobs hereafter not with the idea of cleaning up but solely with the idea of bread and butter. It were much better, for instance, that a writer, pending the time when he can live from honest letters, should take a job on the highways than in the cloistered cubicle of a publicity establishment. Swinging a pick would not build up inner conflicts. This, of course, is putting the matter crudely in order to make the point. There are many bread-and-butter jobs which need neither conflict seriously with one's art nor reduce one to the pick-and-shovel level. I found such a job some years ago. It fed me and at the same time drilled me in the kind of research which my writing was presently to demand. There was never a possibility that I could make more than seventy-five dollars a week at this; I accepted it gladly as a non-treacherous stepping-stone to the work I really wanted to do. Had I taken some of the more glittering proposals which presented themselves as the last prosperity epoch began, I should doubtless to-day be walloping a golf ball and trying fruitlessly to sell a suburban estate, bowed down with implacable overhead costs. I should be cramming my recreation into week-ends, hurling myself through space to a beach or a mountain which I should have no time to enjoy before I hurled myself back again. Between the demands of my inflated budget and the pressure to appear always to be working with the safety valve tied down, I should rarely get away from New York for as much as two weeks.

Even the very rich in this distraught republic are driven by inner compulsion to make motions of a commercial nature. A certain hunting set of my reasonably distant acquaintance, to a man takes the 8:49 to town; and heaven

knows what most of them do when they get to town. They imitate the British leisure class in everything but leisure. If the clock-punching standard thus compels our plutocrats, is it any wonder that those of us who have a living to earn dare not ask the boss for leave of absence to go to Europe?

Those of us who write and those of us who paint and those of us who compose music will refrain from imitating the Hollywood technic in writing down to twelve-year-old levels. We will clothe our ideas in suitable raiment, fabricated of the soundest materials of which we are capable. The theory of debasing standards for popular consumption is mischievous and corrupting. What the country needs is a sharp elevation of standards; nor do I, for one, fear that popular taste will not be benefited thereby in the long run. We will speak as intelligent men to intelligent men, letting whosoever will listen to the discourse. It is my contention that an increasing number of our fellow-citizens, not hitherto classed as intellectual giants, will listen.

Furthermore, brothers, we should draw somewhat closer together, and if not organize an actual guild of artists —the word artist being very broadly defined—at least establish a community of interest, which would permit us to exchange information, profit by one another's experience, and generally to maintain a united front in this quest for intellectual independence. An unofficial labor exchange and a revolving fund for the succor of genius or talent temporarily overwhelmed with mundane problems might well be in order.

There has been a good deal of earnest thought devoted to the organization of the working man and to the organization of the capitalist and business man. You—the third estate—the writers, scientists, artists, engineers, physicians, philosophers, creative thinkers, have never organized as a solidified social group. Most of you wait humbly at the table of the capitalist, a few, equally humbly, at the table of organized labor, never conscious of your own class or the essential importance and dignity of your class. Yet so far as there is meaning in the word civilization, beyond the gross definition of city dwelling, you have provided it; so far as there is a torch of human progress, your hands have carried it. Here and there an industrialist has seen eye to eye with you and strengthened your hands; but without you, literature, learning, science, art would simply cease to be; the light of the nation would go out. I leave this thought not to excite your ego, but to give you courage to fight.

Most of us have been in revolt, albeit circumspectly, against the whole hierarchy of business and commercial values. We propose to be less quiet in the future. To applied science as exhibited in industrial research laboratories, to the engineering technic of the balanced load with its elimination of waste and muddle, to sound movements toward industrial co-ordination, stabilization, and planning, to certain aspects even of standardization and mass production we can only lend our respect and approval. But for business as "the nearest approach to something for nothing," for speculation, profitable enclosures against a future public need, for rugged individualism in the purely commercial sense, for the pecuniary standard as the test of a man's or a community's worth we shall have little but loathing. We shall seek to sharpen the line which Thorstein Veblen once drew between industry and business, between applied science as an economic agent and profitable speculation, between the economies of planned abundance and the economies of manipulated scarcity. Perhaps the majority of our member-

ships will be in industry as thus defined, and serve it gladly. Perhaps there is no more important and exciting work for the intelligent minority to-day than in the serving of industry as thus defined. In making this point you will observe that I have no quarrel with modern industry, nor am I arguing for a return to ivory towers. From now on industry must become an art.

Some of us are going into politics. The notion that political office in America is the last refuge of a scoundrel has reaped its awful harvest—specifically and particularly in the reign of the racketeer. From 1776 onward for a generation, a gentleman turned more naturally to statesmanship than to any other profession. But from the days of the covered wagon to date, gentlemen have all but ceased to act as public servants, leaving the field to third-rate, fourth-rate, tenth-rate men. The appalling results are before us. What would Jefferson or Hamilton make of a Warren Gamaliel Harding, or even of a Calvin Coolidge? The intelligent minority has kept its skirts clear of politics for a hundred years—among other reasons because there was a great virgin continent to explore, and exploit. The virgin is one no longer, and it is time and more than time that intelligent and honorable men aspired to statesmanship here even as they do in England. Business, with a single-minded aim in view, has actively nourished and promoted a government of fifth-raters. In our general offensive against business we shall do our best to puncture the mischievous notion that government is by nature the proper recipient for weaklings, and our best to introduce honor and competence into public office at a time when they are needed quite as urgently as in 1776 or 1861.

V

America is too fine a land to be longer drugged by the infantile slogans and dazzled by the glittering gadgets of shoddy speculators. It deserves a civilization as great as its majestic distances, its rolling prairies, its mighty rivers, and massed sierras. We have seen glimpses of its potentiality in an engineering bolder than any ever attempted by mankind. We have seen it in a dawning devotion to science in a hundred laboratories. We have seen it in Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, Abraham Lincoln, Thorstein Veblen, Simon Patten, Charles Steinmetz, William James, E. B. Wilson, Willard Gibbs, Charles W. Eliot, Theodore Dreiser, John Dewey, Willa Cather, Justice Holmes, Justice Cardozo, Richard C. Tolman, Franz Boas, Eugene O'Neill, Winslow Homer, Theodore Thomas, Maurice Sterne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Frank Lloyd Wright. Compared with a France, a Germany, an England, this may be a modest beginning, but—by the eternal!—it is a beginning. Our job is to cut back the jungle that more of this breed may mature. And, incidentally, win a chance to live for ourselves.

HOW EFFICIENT ARE THE RUSSIANS?

BY WALTER POLAKOV

In collaboration with Theodor Swanson

THE Russian "experiment" is a thing of the past; the Russian economic system has become a living reality, and the nations of the world now face the realization that Soviet Russia is here to stay, with far-reaching consequences that only the future can reveal.

The planned program of nation-building now in progress is being achieved more or less in accordance with the objectives. There is probably no question but that the Five-Year Plan will be completed on schedule, or before, as far as construction work and machine installation are concerned.

But the adequate utilization of these productive facilities to meet Russia's needs is an entirely different matter. In seeking to achieve economic self-sufficiency almost over night, Russia is confronted with almost a total lack of industrial background. This is the greatest challenge to the fulfillment of her hopes.

It remains to be seen whether, having successfully imposed the superstructure of an industrial civilization on the ruins of the old empire, she can under the same forced draft, so speed her social evolution as to acquire habits of industry, technical skill, and knowledge of scientific management—the very life blood of an industrial civilization.

It has been my privilege to learn at first hand during nearly two years in Russia that this is the most acute of her problems. As a consulting management engineer to the Supreme Economic Council, it was my task to analyze the shortcomings and deficiencies in several Russian factories and to apply the corrective methods of scientific management as a remedy.

Any comparison of present Russian standards of efficiency with American standards must be made with reservations. Forty years ago we were no wiser than the Soviets in respect to management and mass production. We made the same mistakes, only on a smaller scale. The Russians have only just begun. As they are seeking to duplicate our achievements rather than our beginnings, their difficulties are many times greater than were ours. Where the ratio of enlightened executives to workers was 1 to 75 in the infant industries of Detroit, in Russia to-day that ratio is more nearly 1 to 7,500.

There is another contrast between Russia and the United States, however, that is even more significant. The Russian system of national planning of production and consumption, embracing new construction, distribution, exports, price-fixing, and cultural activities, progresses as a whole with noteworthy precision. On the other hand, as a curious paradox, she is thus far admittedly unsuccessful in applying the same principles of planning within

each industry to its shop problems. Consequently the uneven flow of production makes it more difficult to carry out the national program of transportation and distribution.

We in the United States, on the other hand, have developed and perfected to an unparalleled degree the scientific method of shop management based on planning, scheduling, and dispatching; but we are handicapped at every turn in large-scale planning by our economic system and the laws of the land.

One of the reasons for Russia's difficulties is that her national plan is administered by a few thoroughly able men, while the management of her various industries suffers from a lack of equally competent executives.

There is a popular joke in Russia which goes, "After the Five-Year Plan, what?" The answer, of course is, "Another plan; any number of plans that may be necessary." But the Soviet worker laughs cheerfully, even though the joke is on him. The Five-Year Plan is as vitally a part of his life as our jobs and our homes are a part of our lives—even more so. It is his security, his future, the living symbol of the new order. It guarantees him steady work and a chance for self-advancement. It provides him with a place to sleep, with food, with insurance against sickness and old age. It touches him every hour of the day; his entire life is molded by its influence. He perceives more or less clearly, according to his intelligence, that the Five-Year Plan is not to be regarded as a fixed thing, subject to the verdict of success or failure when the time period is up, but rather that it is only the first stage in a continuous program of progress. Just as the American sales manager sets up a quota in order to organize and promote his work more efficiently, so has Russia set up a quota for social and industrial achievement. It is a goal in the midst of flux, subject to any necessary modifications but, nevertheless, a goal.

The difference between the American and Soviet conception of planning, however, is as great as the gap between capitalism and socialism. Whereas our industrial planning is devoted to an individualistic pursuit of profit through the production and sale of goods, Soviet planning embraces all aspects of the national life in aiming to provide the highest possible standard of living for all within a given period of time.

Thus a decision to erect a steel plant follows the realization that rails are needed for a railroad line to serve a certain agricultural area. To operate the steel plant, a thousand workers will be needed; to feed these workers a given quantity of food will be required; to provide this food the cultivation of definite areas of land must be ordered. This, in turn, means so many tractors, such and such an output from the oil fields, etc. The same thousand workers must also be clothed and housed. Provision is, therefore, made for the production of suits and shoes and so on, in an endless circle that finally embraces the organization of the entire economic and social life.

Soviet planning sometimes works out with surprising results. Only a few months ago, walking along the streets of Moscow, I found my attention arrested by a shop window in which shotguns were displayed for the price of 34 rubles (about $17). This was perplexing inasmuch as I happened to know that the actual manufacturing cost of this gun was over 100 rubles. It seemed worth an investigation, and so entering the shop, I presented my credentials and inquired of the shopkeeper, "How is it that you can sell this gun for 34 rubles when it costs over 100 rubles to make it? Do you call that good business?"

With a look of profound pity for my

ignorance, the shopkeeper responded, "And you call yourself an American expert and you cannot understand why this is profitable? Well, I'll tell you. A year ago we tried to sell these shotguns for what they cost; but could we sell them? No! So what happened? The farmers who might have purchased these guns to use in hunting couldn't afford them, and as a result our exports in game fell off heavily. So we reduced the price of the guns. Now we are selling them, and we can afford to because we are making so much more money from the game we sell abroad."

This amusing incident should not be misinterpreted, however. As a general rule, of course, each plant in Russia, just as in Kankakee or Oskaloosa, U. S. A., must show a profitable balance.

II

In a little town about two hundred miles from Moscow is a factory employing nearly five thousand workers, devoted to the manufacture of precision machine tools. I was assigned to visit this plant and to consult with the management in an attempt to learn why production was running behind schedule and, further, to devise whatever remedies might be necessary. The conditions found there, and my experience both with management and workers, are typical of other plants throughout Russia and reveal the handicaps under which Russia labors.

A survey indicated at once the reasons for the plant's difficulties. In the assembly rooms were large supplies of some parts and an acute shortage of others, making any steady flow of production impossible. Foremen complained of a shortage of tools for use in their various departments; inspectors' benches were piled high with accumulations of finished work. Everywhere in the plant there was a great stir and bustle, but there were few signs of smoothly organized production. Workers stood about in little groups, talking, while others busied themselves spasmodically at their tasks. There was a complete absence of co-ordinated activity, of systematized routing and planning of work.

During the course of six months of consultations, held at intervals, standardized and simplified management methods were applied in co-operation with the plant directors. Routing and control of all operations through the various departments to final assembly was charted to secure a uniform flow of materials. Quotas for each department and for each worker were fixed on a time basis. Each man and each department had a clear picture of the job to be done and a day-to-day record of accomplishment. Requisition of tools and other material was automatically assured by the use of other charts. At the end of half a year the management was able to report an economy of a million rubles and an increase of over four hundred per cent in production, and to accept for the next year's quota four times as much as before.

Simple as all this seems in the light of scientific management principles, it was less simple in practice. Engineers and executives were suspicious of any innovations that revealed their shortcomings and resorted to all kinds of excuses to explain their deficiencies, until they finally realized that if they co-operated they would have no need of excuses. "That may work all right in your bourgeois America, but it is no good here," was their favorite argument.

Improperly adjusted piece-work rates were another obstacle. (Over seventy-five per cent of all Russian factory workers are now paid on a piece-rate basis.) Because certain types of work are paid at a rate out of all proportion

to others, workers will often insist on being given the highest paid assignments, regardless of the work called for by the production schedule.

For instance, Comrade Ivanoff will demand from the foreman fifty parts with a high piece rate. He will retire to his bench and speedily finish them up according to specifications. Then he will carefully hide them away in his locker to provide against the rainy day when he will have to work twice as hard and twice as long on jobs that pay less. In this way a fortune in inventory is tied up in workers' lockers throughout Russia, of which there is no record and over which there is no control.

There is only one remedy for this absurd state of affairs. The foreman or the shop manager will hesitate to bring the worker to account. He reports to the Workers' Committee, which in turn may call a general mass meeting of all the workers in the plant. At this meeting the situation will be discussed, the workers will be lectured by the leaders, and finally Comrade Ivanoff will confess. Then lockers throughout the plant will be broken open for final proof, and eventually a stern edict will be drawn up denouncing and outlawing such practices, in effect a reprimand by the workers addressed to themselves!

Such extraordinary methods of maintaining discipline seem totally incomprehensible to us, but become clear when we analyze the difference in the status of the Russian and of the American worker.

The Russian worker, both in theory and in fact, is a part owner, along with his fellows, in all of Russia's industry. Without actually having any stock certificates to show for it, his position is the same as the American stockholder's. In other words, the working class is the boss, the judge of its general conduct, subject only to the collective decisions of the workers. The executive is working for them and is held strictly accountable for all his actions.

The lack of discipline among workers and the avoidance of responsibility often encountered among engineers diminish the efficiency of the whole Soviet industrial system. Coupled with a lack of clearly defined authority throughout the administrative scheme, it makes quick action on vital policies rather difficult. To correct this situation, every effort is now being exerted to strengthen the regime of individual leadership with a strict personal authority and responsibility.

I found that usually the best way to get results in inaugurating a new factory policy was to take it to the workers themselves. The engineers often would refuse to take any initiative, knowing from experience that any decisions they made might be subject to a lengthy series of controversies among the men in the shop and at the headquarters.

In every factory is a "Red Corner," a room where workers and their leaders gather daily to discuss their problems. Here there is a different attitude toward suggestions for improvement. They are debated earnestly and eagerly, but once an agreement is reached, it becomes practice forthwith. It is a good deal like going to the Board of Directors of an American concern, when a policy that represents an innovation in management and upsets precedent is blocked by the executive personnel.

Thus, for example, in one factory I visited I found a tremendous spoilage in connection with the manufacture of a certain part. I discovered that in the course of fourteen operations, which were necessary to reduce a simple little piece of metal to a precise measurement, fourteen separate inspections were given, one after each operation.

It had never occurred to the management that inaccuracies or defects which cropped out after operation No. 2

would disappear in the course of the next ten refining operations. Such "defective" pieces were being junked. Furthermore, hundreds of other pieces were being discarded because they became dented and damaged during the many inspections and handlings.

When I suggested that the number of inspections could be reduced, the plant executives refused to take any action. They were afraid to take a chance, afraid that the idea wouldn't work, that lower standards would result, and that they would be criticized. They foresaw, too, that fewer inspections would reduce the number of inspectors required and throw men out of work. No—it was too big a risk! So I took my suggestion to the shop committee, where it met with immediate enthusiasm. "Of course, just the thing. We have had something of the sort in mind all the time!" An order was issued and the number of inspections cut from fourteen to two, reducing the loss from spoilage to a minimum.

A similar experience concerns a conscientious and hard-working Bolshevik, whose name, amusingly enough, is Romanoff.

In the factory where Romanoff worked an important metal-stamping operation was being accomplished with three times more difficulty than their facilities required. Three separate processes were being used, while standing idle nearby was a battery of presses from Brooklyn that would do the same job in one. All that was needed was the right kind of die.

I suggested as much to the plant manager. "I know nothing about it," he informed me. "See the engineer."

So I approached the engineer. "Of course, of course," he said. "I have had the idea for a long time. You don't have to tell me and try to take credit for it."

I insisted on seeing a model of the die and learned that a worker, Comrade Romanoff, had indeed invented just the kind of die that was required, but neither the manager nor the engineer had done anything about it. Nor could I get any action until I took the matter to the workers' committee.

It may seem at this point that there is a great disparity between what has been said and the reports published in America concerning the Russian worker's restricted freedom, the tyranny of the Communist Party, and the subjugation of all individualism to a common denominator. It is true that Russia is under a kind of economic "martial law" which permits of no violation without the most drastic penalties. The attempts to strengthen the industrial discipline also take the form of social pressure to discourage the mobility of labor and the large turnover so detrimental to production. But then, it must be remembered that Russia is engaged in a stupendous undertaking; is faced with only one alternative to the success of her objectives—chaos and disaster.

The lack of discipline which is so noticeable in Russian industry is not due, then, to any lack of rules and regulations, or to their non-enforcement; it is an inner self-discipline that is wanting. The average Russian worker's background is agricultural. His habits of work, his attitude of mind have been shaped on the farm and inherited from generations of peasants. Thus he is accustomed to working hard in the summer, when the crops must be cared for, and of hibernating in the winter. He has no predisposition for the regularity of effort, for the sustained, co-operative labor which is a part of an industrial system. Transplanted to a factory community, he must be stimulated by mass meetings, by bands and speeches, and by every device of propaganda. In fact, the frequent "pep meetings" held at Russian plants to stimulate production remind the American ob-

server of college football rallies, or even of our Liberty Loan drives during the War! Following such a mass meeting, plant production usually shows a great increase. Everybody works with tremendous energy. But then inevitably comes the reaction. "Well, there!" say the workers in effect, "we have worked hard enough for a while. Now we'll take it easy!"

It is evident now why the lack of skilled workmen is often cited as one of Russia's most serious handicaps. But great as this obstacle is, and long as it may take to develop an industrial-minded army of workers from a predominantly agricultural population, it is not insurmountable. Russia is already aggressively, and with increasing success, finding a remedy for its skilled labor shortage through an intensive and unique system of workers' training. She faces a much graver problem, however, in a lack of personnel trained not only in theory but by practical experience in administration and management.

The average factory director is a conscientious and overworked and usually able man, risen from the ranks. Previous to the Revolution he may have been skilled in the use of hand tools, a craftsman of the old school, capable of working wonders with a chisel and a file, but unfamiliar with the high-speed, specialized machinery now placed in his charge. He has only a faint conception of the problems of mass production and even less of the methods of co-ordinating men and machines into an efficient, large-scale unit. He has risen to authority because of his services to the Revolution and possibly because of his skill as an organizer and for his personal popularity.

Comrade D, newly appointed Red Director of a large and important factory, was a man of this type. He had previously been at the head of a trust, a group of factories, which had been merged with another trust, and he had been transferred. Visiting him not long after he had taken charge of the factory, I inquired how he was getting along.

"Splendidly," he said. "I have succeeded in stamping out all bureaucracy in the plant administration."

When I admitted that this was indeed commendable and asked how he had accomplished it, his answer was a classic.

"I have put an end to all pencil-pushing," he declared with great self-satisfaction. "Every day I make a practice of walking through the factory, and whenever I see a foreman writing anything, I take it away from him and tear it up. That has put a stop to it!"

"But my dear fellow," I protested, "how can you keep track of production without records?"

"That's easy enough," he said. "I get a pretty good idea from walking through the shop."

It took me a long time to convince this extraordinary "executive" that he didn't get a good idea of production in this way and that scientific record-keeping was fundamental to any kind of good management.

There was something to be said for his drastic methods at that, even though he had gone to ridiculous extremes. I well remember the day when, having asked to see a sample of each of the various forms used at one factory, they arrived *via* taxi, in a heavily loaded suitcase, together with an apologetic note to the effect that there were a lot more, not then available, which would be sent along later.

III

Russia's great construction program, however, goes on with redoubled energy despite all difficulties. Organized often under the direction of for-

eign engineers, factory after factory is completed and put into operation. But as the "Five-Year-in-Four Plan" progresses triumphantly toward the achievement of its building program, and even though emphasis is placed on developing capable executives, the lag between plant and available personnel to make the most of it is still great.

The really competent executives consequently find themselves with more and more work to do. And yet under the almost inhuman strain of eighteen-hour days these leaders make no complaints and ask for no praise.

An unforgettable incident comes to my mind in this connection. A Soviet official, suffering from a serious illness which required an immediate operation, had delayed for weeks going to the hospital because "there was so much work to be done." At last he collapsed under the strain and, as he lay waiting for the ambulance that was to take him to the hospital, he sent for me.

"Polakov," he said, "I just want to make sure that you are going through with your plan. The doctor tells me I probably won't get over this, but I want to make sure that this project will be carried out."

And when I said to him, "But heavens, man! Why haven't you gone to the hospital before?" he only shrugged his shoulders and replied, "There was too much work. It had to be done."

He never came back.

That such self-sacrifice and heroic devotion to a cause are accepted as a matter of course, and not as subject for special comment or praise, gives us another insight into the Soviet temper. The special case quoted here is typical in so far as throughout Soviet industry there is scarcely such a thing as commendation for a job well done; no friendly pats on the back. It is all taken for granted.

Instead there is the Soviet practice of "self-criticism." Every mistake and shortcoming is subject to a merciless cross-fire in the newspapers, on factory bulletin boards, and in workers' mass meetings.

Often these admonitions are personal and amusing, as for instance these two which I copied from bulletin boards:

"It would be a good idea if Comrade Petronov got himself some ammonia. He is drinking too much for his own good and for the good of the Communist Party."

And this one:

"In the finishing department Mechanic Kokorev during working hours gathers workmen around him and tells them jokes. We suggest that, if he insists on being such a story teller, he go and join the gypsies. Such a change will be more profitable to him and less of a strain on the factory."

The Soviet newspaper, a unique institution in itself, is also made up in large part of disclosures of deficiencies among workers, criticism of management, and demands for improvement.

The following quotation from a typical four-page factory newspaper (the nearest approach in Russia to the American house organ) is rather milder than usual:

> On May 8, the shop committee of the assembly department was informed by Foreman Hahin that his work is held up because the machine shop does not furnish him with Parts 78 and 74. The committee has investigated and found that this is due to a shortage of taps in the machine shop.
>
> They also found that in the tool room, 250 taps are available. They inquired why these were not sent to the machine shop and were informed that yesterday ten had been sent. But they were never received.
>
> Further investigation revealed that Engineer Abramoff had never sent the parts after all. The factory management must pay serious attention to such a careless attitude which has made the assembly department idle for 20 hours.

There then follows a resolution, reading in part. "The Bureau of the Party Cell (the Red Corner) resolves:

"That because inexcusable and slipshod carelessness in the tool department has resulted in a 20-hour loss of time, the Communist members of the management are hereby requested to discipline the guilty party."

The resolution then continues with detailed provisions for preventing a recurrence of the difficulty.

Nothing could better illustrate than this one example the constant practice of the Soviets in factory administration of trying to correct undesirable conditions by adopting elaborate measures which are only palliatives. Instead of taking a cue from their national planning method, they fail to get at the root of their troubles. In this particular instance—a matter of elementary management—a change in shop methods which should have been effected by systematic routing and control of parts, was delegated to two workers as a special responsibility.

IV

The personal-profit incentive, without which we cannot visualize a successful and progressive civilization, is not neglected in the Soviet scheme, although it takes a different form.

"Why should a Soviet worker work, and what does he understand by success?" is one way of asking a question about which many Americans are curious.

It is a mistake to assume that in Russia workers lack opportunity for self-advancement. They have more opportunities than workers do in America, subject to the restrictions of the Soviet system. True, they cannot amass capital or operate any enterprises for personal profit, but they can advance to positions of trust and responsibility in industry and in the government, limited only by their own abilities.

Not only are there different "categories" of work in the shop routine, with wage-rates in proportion to the class of work, but there is also an institution known as "Workers' Promotion." Unfortunately, it frequently happens that men chosen by the shop committee for advancement to minor executive jobs, or to be sent to the headquarters of the particular industry in question for training as executives, are chosen because of their efficiency as workers and for their devotion to the Communist cause, irrespective of their capacity for learning.

The fostering of workers' inventions is also an important part of the Soviet incentive plan. Suggestions for improved shop methods and new devices are studied by a committee, then referred to an experimental shop, and finally, if successful, are put into practice in the factory. Recognition for such achievement is generous, and there are several types of rewards: promotion, money awards up to ten thousand rubles (about five thousand dollars), or the coveted distinction of the Order of Lenin. A recipient of this badge of merit becomes a personage in his town and it means more to him in terms of social prestige and actual privilege than does the Garter to an English Lord.

That such incentives are very real and productive of results is illustrated by this typical news item.

"In the Electrosila plant (electrical factory) a campaign was started for the elimination of waste. During the first two weeks, 3,988 suggestions were received, of which 800 were accepted. Bonuses were paid to 643. The total saving resulting from the campaign was 300,000 rubles."

Competition between factories is encouraged to promote the general efficiency. Plants will challenge one another to make the best showing in respect to such matters as absenteeism, tardiness, spoilage, total tonnage—

and, significantly, the number of political meetings held! The names of the winning plants are posted publicly on a bulletin board, known as the Red Board—a real honor. Factories that set a high rate of efficiency are rewarded also by a reduction of working hours, from the eight-hour to the seven-hour day. The basis for this privilege is to set a standard whereby they can produce as much in a seven-hour day as other factories doing the same kind of work can produce in eight.

Finally the Soviet worker is provided with every means to self-advancement as well as with the opportunity. Attached to every factory are schools where instruction in all industrial crafts is provided and where the apprentice may learn to master a trade. He attends school while he works and is paid for both. Attendance at such schools is practically compulsory because the development of skilled workers is recognized as vital to the welfare of the State.

For workers who show fitness for executive positions there are the Red Academies where higher training is given in business administration and management and from which they graduate to responsible jobs as Red directors of industry.

But after all, we ask, why should a worker make the effort "to succeed," to become a leader, when he can never become rich? Here again we must recognize that the standards of success in a socialistic society cannot be judged in our own terms.

The American works to amass wealth for a number of reasons. He wants money to invest, that as the owner or part owner in a business he may be "financially independent." By that he means that he wants to be protected in his old age, that he wants to leave a generous inheritance to care for his dependents. Money, furthermore, is power; it brings him luxuries to enjoy and social distinction.

The Russian, on the other hand, has no need to accumulate capital because it is impossible for him to profit by individual enterprise. He has no worries for the future because the State will care for him in his old age or in the event of illness or accident. There is no point in amassing a surplus for his heirs, because they are automatically taken care of by the State. Therefore, he may spend his income freely, but beyond a certain point his salary is of little importance to him, because as his salary increases so does his income tax, which may go as high as sixty per cent. Even then he has more than enough for his immediate needs. He secures the fundamental necessities for himself and his family in the way of food and housing, according to the share allotted him by the State. He still has enough to buy luxuries at advanced prices, but at the present time, there is a limit to the luxuries available, and even under the most favorable conditions there is a natural limit to the luxuries any human being can enjoy.

Other considerations, then, are more important to him than money. Social standing and advancement in the Communist Party are his goals and his rewards. And by social standing, there is no implication of superiority over the factory worker, but rather the recognition of the value of his services to the community. It is the prestige that results from notable accomplishment in his particular field which he seeks. He works for the satisfaction of such recognition and in proportion to his services in the Communist Party becomes a man of distinction and influence. Just so, indeed, do many American business men look to appointments as ambassadors or to cabinet positions as the crowning achievement of their careers, irrespective of pecuniary returns.

V

To one who has lived and worked in Russia all impressions and experiences, all reactions, favorable or otherwise, soon are fused into a deep-seated conviction that no forces either within Russia or without can halt the forward march of this nation toward her destiny. She has tremendous problems in abundance, but it seems only fair to assume that she will overcome them with that same ruthless vigor, that same intentness of purpose, with which she is now forging the foundations of a new civilization.

She presents a united front, not alone in overcoming the hazards of her great industrial enterprise but in the task of winning the confidence of other nations. With an active army of two million members of the Communist Party massed in support of her leaders' policies, with twelve million workers who have everything to gain by their loyalty, and with four million of her youth organized as shock troops on the industrial front, eighteen millions of Russia's population are massed in a solid phalanx that leads the rest of the nation.

In the meantime, with growing consciousness of the Soviet challenge, American business men question the wisdom of developing our Russian trade. Does it represent a menace or an opportunity? Germany, Italy, and England have already been quick to take advantage of this great export market, and while we hesitate, Germany herself, as one example, exports more than half a million dollars' worth of goods to Russia a day. And while the United States is diminishing its sales to Russia, it indirectly helps Germany get the Soviet trade by means of long-term loans.

These nations recognize that for the present, at least, Russian trade is not a menace. In fact, generations must pass before Russia will be in a position to compete in the world markets. The present generation has still before it the task of establishing Russia's heavy and fundamental industries on a firm basis. Another generation will be required before Russia's productive machine will have reached the maturity where it will be able to supply a population of one hundred and fifty million with all their needs. Furthermore, the faster Russia progresses, the larger market will she offer the older nations.

In the meantime we may trust that the rest of the industrial world will not be idle. While Russia is putting her house in order we may go on, so improving our productive machinery that it need fear no rival. Moreover, it is more than likely that in the interim a "national specialization" will, of economic necessity, develop to a degree which will preclude the present wasteful competition that results from the duplication of the same industries in different countries.

Yet this in itself will not be sufficient. Through the atmosphere of international discussion to-day new winds are blowing—and they are blowing westward from the east. Europe is involved in the most momentous crisis in her history, with implications that jeopardize the future security of the world. The economic debacle of two years ago has engulfed all nations, and the necessity for international co-operation in planning production and distribution becomes more pressing every day.

The trend is unmistakable, and in it lies our greatest assurance for peace and prosperity. That the representatives of leading nations can gather as they did at Geneva, to organize the world production of wheat, seeking, however unsuccessfully, to restrict nationalistic individualism in the interest of the common good, is of epoch-making significance. More and more

do we read of "economic planning on a world scale" as the voices of far-seeing observers and experts are raised in international conference.

In the United States we are getting bold enough to disregard individual property rights in order to curtail the production of cotton, oil, and coal. We maintain, to be sure, that the price of oil must be kept at one dollar a barrel, but actually we mean that heedless, economically unsound production, production that results in the waste of our national wealth must be stopped—and State troops are called out to enforce the mandate.

The recent proposal by Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, is a vivid indication of the trend of our times. Mr. Swope's plan, outlining a concrete program for industrial co-operation in respect to co-ordination of production and consumption, and recognizing industry's social responsibilities in providing for unemployment insurance, old age, and disability, heralds a new era in our national life, whatever its ultimate results.

Mr. Swope says that his plan is not borrowed from Russia but is an extension of the American trade association idea. But origins are less important in this case than the fundamental similarity of method and purpose. Without doubt, in seeking intelligently to adopt a new method for the management of our industries, Russia's work in national planning must command our closest scrutiny, because Russia is the only country in the world with experience in this field.

It has been stated that the world is large enough to hold two radically different economic systems. Yet, as the world finds the solution to its difficulties, it will also find that the gap between Soviet Russia and other nations has grown narrower. We shall discover perhaps that, while we have come by different roads, we have all arrived at the same place—a commonwealth of nations with a common goal—the highest possible welfare for all people.



MAGUIRE, BUILDER OF MEN

A STUDY OF AN AMERICAN TYPE

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

THE room was thick with the smoke of three hundred and eighty-six cigars and cigarettes, noisy with the hum of conversation, the scraping of chairs on the floor, and the banging of china, when the toastmaster arose. He was a fattish gentleman with a red face made somewhat redder from the exertion of breaking the eighteenth amendment. The noise and conversation abated only slightly as he stood up; with difficulty could his words be heard:

". . . my great pleasure . . . to-night . . . who needs no introduction . . . the greatest football coach of the year . . . whose name is on everyone's lips . . . whose marvellous teams have swept the country . . . my privilege this evening . . . William J. . . . Doc Maguire, Builder of Men."

Thunders of applause swept the room. Then a strong head appeared above them, and there was instant silence. The diners stretched in their seats to see him, miraculously the noise died away, the clatter of plates stopped, two waiters in the rear with trays of dishes in their hands turned around to look at Maguire. He stood there before them, a stocky figure in a plain business suit, a square face with an Irish jaw, a face tanned by exposure to a thousand suns, the face of an outdoor man who loved the outdoors. It was a strong face surmounted by a crop of bristling hair, as provocative, that hair, as his chin, which was the chin of a fighter. For some seconds he stood there, surveying and surveyed, master of himself, master of the situation, Maguire, Builder of Men. He looked slowly around, from one side to the other. Then he extended his arms in a dramatic gesture.

"Brothers in sport." . . . His voice was the voice of power, the voice of a strong man, not the voice of a college professor but the voice of a man used to command and used also to being instantly obeyed. He spoke in a low, heavy tone, but every word was audible in the distant corners of the banquet hall. "Brothers in sport, I come here this evening to speak to you about intercollegiate football. This great American game needs no defense, least of all to you men here to-night. And if it did, I should be the first to defend it. Because I love it." The words came slowly, quietly: "I love it." No mistaking the man's sincerity. "Yes, I love football. And so should all of us. Gentleman, football has made our nation college-conscious. It is the most effective antidote we possess to-day in the United States to the softening up of our American youth which is taking place on every hand. It is the one great antidote to the sorority teas and to the biggest problem faced by the American college, the week-end parties in the nearby city." Now his voice became slightly raised. "Gentlemen,

I tell you that Chatto Theory was won in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, the Argonne was won upon the playing fields of Michigan and Noter Dame." This was the stuff his listeners had come for. Doc, they felt, was now getting into his stride. They leaned forward eagerly, hoping that he was off on an attack against the football reformers. When he struck he hit with all his Irish courage and belligerency.

"For, gentlemen, I tell you that intercollegiate football is democracy—democracy boiled down to the last degree. It is what we stand for in this great land of ours. When the whistle blows"—Doc paused momentarily, and under the spell of his magic three hundred and eighty-six men were transported to the green turf of the Rose Bowl at Pasadena—"when the whistle blows out there"—his right arm was outflung and a single finger pointed dramatically toward a bunch of waiters gathered about the screen which hid the entrance to the serving pantry and the kitchens—"when the whistle blows out there, and one of my boys takes the field . . . gentlemen, he's on his own." Now he leaned forward intently over the table; one felt the strength and force of his rich personality, the ringing truth of his words. "Out there he has only himself to depend on. Out there family don't help. Money don't help. Nothing helps that boy, only his own courage and character. That's intercollegiate football, gentlemen. And it's pretty good Americanism, too."

He paused while the burst of applause that he expected swept over the tables, over the speaker and the red-faced toastmaster and the three hundred and eighty-six listeners and the knot of waiters by the entrance to the serving pantries. Maguire was off, and soon the sparks would fly. Fly they did. Now his face became animated. His arms flung wide, he turned with intense face from one side of the room to the other; not a soul in that entire hall but was drawn by the force of his personality. He had interested them, then attracted them, then subjugated them, and he knew it; they were his to work on, to do with as he desired. His thick body was tilted forward; like an animal in the jungle, he leaped upon his prey.

"Some people are always talking about over-emphasis on athletics." What scorn, what vitriol he managed to pour into those words. "Over-emphasis!" You pitied the weak-kneed professors, the reformers and interferers from the Carnegie Foundation, the snoopers and meddlers who had dared to suggest that all was not right with football. One after the other Maguire pounced upon these detractors of healthy outdoor sport, and slew them with witty invective, to the delight of the big room. "What do those fellows want, anyhow? I suppose they'd like us to play tag football and stop for tea between every quarter. Thirty days in jail for any boy caught throwing a forward pass!" Ah, this was the real, the great Maguire. The room vibrated in sympathy with him as his voice rose. Now he was fairly shouting. "Over-emphasis. The wail of the disappointed. The whine of the defeated."

II

The career of William J. (Doc) Maguire is merely another example of the heights to which a poor unknown American boy unaided except by his own intelligence and initiative can rise. Twenty-eight years ago Bill Maguire, as he was then known to the boys in Public School 160 on the East Side of New York, was a freckle-faced Irish lad with an ability for games played on the pavements of Manhattan. To-day he is not only Doc Maguire, *the* Doc Maguire, most famous of football coaches, originator of the Maguire

System which is copied and imitated wherever football is played; he is also one of the few real celebrities of the United States. Recently a professor in a Western university asked the teachers in six Junior High schools in his State to get their boys and girls to name the twenty-five great Americans of history. Among the leaders in the final count were Lincoln, 22,345; Washington, 22,294; Edison, 20,627; Coolidge, 19,598; Maguire, 18,326; Ford, 17,563; and Babe Ruth, 16,458. That's how Maguire stands with the youth of this country!

Unlike most football coaches, Maguire never went to college. He left school to find work and help his widowed mother; Saturdays and Sundays he used to play professional football with a team that was tough and rough over in Newark. Here he made a connection that led to his first permanent job; the trainer and manager of the team also ran a so-called "gymnasium" on First Avenue for New York business men. There Maguire worked several years and acquired his nickname Doc. As a conditioner of the masculine sex he had no equal; moreover his pleasing wit made him many friends and acquaintances who grew fond of the laughing young Irishman. One afternoon the head coach of a small Southern college dropped in to work off the effects of a Manhattan New Year's party. Maguire helped him. They became friends, and the next fall the boy was officially appointed trainer at Milligan University in southern Georgia.

The Doc's rivals will tell you that he has had luck. Yes, of course. But he also had brains and energy enough to seize a situation and capitalize it to the limit. Right in the middle of the second season at Milligan, the head coach died of a sudden attack of heart trouble. Doc took hold of the squad the next afternoon without being asked, and brought them along at the peak to their Saturday game. His ringing appeal to the boys to beat the champions of the South for the sake of their coach who had died is still quoted at Milligan. Their victory that afternoon over the University of Georgia surprised everyone except the Doc. He ended the season with two more victories; naturally he stayed on. At twenty-six he was almost the youngest head coach in the country.

Success counts. From Milligan he went at double the salary to Clemson, and then after three years he got a big raise to go with the Chameleons—Fulton, in case you don't know—and so to South Dakota State, where he made his remarkable record of four years without the loss of a single game. Then to Marquette and thence to the position he now occupies—as originator of the Maguire System, the man who brought forth intercollegiate champions three years in succession, who coached Maguire's Tearing Tornadoes, as the sports writers called them. He produced such superstars as "All America Eddie" O'Brien in 1926, Dutch Yablowich in 1928, "Four Yard Bill" Devine in 1929, and Jake "Hardcrusher" Yiswonski, in 1930. It was during last season, you remember, that he turned out an unscored-on eleven in thirteen games including two intersectional contests, which prompted Grantland Rice to christen his team "Maguire's Marvels." The name stuck. Among lovers of the game this masterful eleven will always be spoken of reverently as "Maguire's Marvels" whenever football is discussed.

But it was not always success and triumph for Doc. In his early days at Milligan and Fulton he was coach, trainer, manager, rubber, general fixer, and everything else. Money was scarce down there, and his equipment in those days consisted of uniforms that were hand-me-downs, bought second-hand

from castoffs at the State University. His footballs—all three—were patched and mended by the local shoemaker more than once in a season; winning a game was a lucky break because it gave them another football and a new one. His medicinal resources were a bucket of water, a large bottle of iodine, and a small roll of tape. More than once Doc had to rip some of that precious tape from a healing shoulder or ankle and slap it onto another man with a fresh injury. He used to say that he did everything in those days, including blowing up the footballs. Funny, all that seems now. Yes, but it wasn't so funny to the Doc at the time. For the odds were against him, the cards were stacked, he had to win—or lose his job. He possessed no reputation, no country-wide fame as he does at present; in those days the stern, strong face of Maguire, Builder of Men, thrown upon a movie screen, did not bring instant applause as it does in 1931. Then he was unknown, and victory was necessary, not merely desirable. After all, as Doc says to his teams, and he is only preaching what he himself practices, "It's results that count in life." Just occasionally he does relax a bit and become sentimental in private over his early struggles. It was in such a moment that he made this remark about his profession:

"One defeat a season is good for the coach's soul. Two defeats are bad for his contract."

III

Maguire's friends among the coaching fraternity, who do not always look with enthusiasm upon his progress either in the fields of sport or the fields of commerce, say to one another that he is a "hound for publicity." How untrue this is, only those close to the great man can testify. It is of course a fact that publicity has been showered upon him, that he is better known than anyone else in university life. But to say that Doc sought publicity is unfair and false. When interviewed by newspapermen (whom he always tried to help in every possible manner) he would say, "Leave me outa your story, Jim, leave me out. Give the credit to the team. Forget all that stuff about me—it's the boys that count." But, with the sympathy so characteristic of the man, he is always glad to help any reporter on assignment, always willing to discuss the team's chances or pose for a picture whenever desired. That's Doc all over.

The sports writers realize this and respond by giving the Doc the best of the breaks. Two things make him good copy, the fact that he and his teams are colorful, and his Irish sense of humor. He refuses to take things too seriously. In victory or defeat he is forever ready with a flip remark. More often perhaps in victory than defeat, but then . . . Once when he had openly predicted that his team would be defeated by two touchdowns, they actually won 14–0. Taxed afterward with being a bad prophet, he replied, "The Maguire System is based on deception!"

Doc is a great believer in getting all the fun out of life you can, and at the start of the season he always impresses on his squad that "fun goes hand in hand with good sportsmanship." This is why Maguire's teams are talking teams; they are kidders in even the toughest of matches. In fact the tougher the match the more intense their kidding. Strangely enough, some of their opponents take it wrong and seem to get really upset by it, but this only shows that some people have no sense of humor. Sometimes it helps pave the way to victory, this harmless backchat. In an important moment of a big game a quick-witted end on a Maguire team asked his opponent, who happened to be from the

same town, "Say, how's that good-looking sister of yours?" The other end relaxed for a minute to consider a reply, and like a flash Maguire's man had blocked him off successfully. The play went for a thirty-two yard gain and a touchdown on the next shot. Smartness of this kind often brings Doc's team to victory.

That particular incident caused the Builder of Men considerable annoyance, however. Dear old Professor Jenkinson of the Greek department happened to learn of the maneuver, and asked timidly at a faculty meeting whether it was in this spirit that young minds entrusted to the supervision of the university were to be prepared to join the fellowship of educated men? No one on the faculty actually dared protest openly, but news of the remark reached Maguire's ears. "What's the old geezer talking about, anyhow?" he retorted. The next time he encountered the learned scholar walking across the campus with his green cloth bag, Doc stopped him. "Hey there, Perfesser." And hauling forth from his pocket the 1931 Football Guide, he pulled out his rule book and proved to the old man that there was nothing in it against what he had done. And, therefore, it was perfectly okay, wasn't it?

It was Doc who invented the phrase, "Downtown Quarterbacks," for the second guessers who sat in the stands and explained what was wrong with the way the team was being run. To an All American center of his who was being outplayed by an aggressive opponent, he declared between the halves, "Trouble is, Mike, he don't know how good you are. Take your clippings out and show him this half!" And once when he was disciplining one of his star men for an infraction of training rules, he read the starting line-up in the dressing room just before the kickoff, and then remarked, "Friedman, I'll need you after all." The boy jumped up, convinced that the Doc couldn't get along without his help in a big game. "Want you to go up in the press box and help that man there identify the players."

Maguire is a conservative, but a thoughtful and resourceful conservative; he can take a radical step and stand the ensuing criticism without flinching. Doc was the first head coach to abolish the position of captain on the eleven. Fraternity politics forced this for the good of the squad; now a new leader is appointed for each game. By the Doc. But there is no permanent captain. Naturally some silly talk arose about the players being simply chessmen under his directions; but he paid no attention to slurs of this kind, for usually his men are no more chessmen than are the players of any other college. The difference is simply that Doc is honest enough to admit openly that the captain is a figurehead, something most head coaches lack the moral courage to do.

Doc doesn't exactly dominate his teams, but no one has ever yet heard of any of his boys disobeying his pre-game instructions. He explains to his quarterback beforehand how the strategy of the contest shall be conducted, and then leaves the actual tactics to the boy, except when things go wrong or the boy makes a mistake or misses the gaining play, in which case Doc shoots a substitute in without delay. He has been known also to jest with the boys on occasion. Once they were in a terrific battle with Northwestern, backed up to their own goal, opponent's ball on the four-yard line, third down and three to go, and the score nothing to nothing. A substitute came charging in. After the next play time was called. The eleven crowded about the newcomer. "What'd he say, what'd he say?" they asked.

"He says hold 'em," was the reply.

When a crisis does arise requiring his intervention, Doc's methods of communicating with the quarterback are often subtle and devious. In an important intersectional contest his team's running attack stalled close to the opponent's goal. The winning play, a sure-fire gainer, had apparently been overlooked by the man on the field. So Doc sent a substitute running along the sidelines, supposedly warming up. On his back was 68, the number of the play. The quarterback caught on immediately, so did a lot of other people, including the officials; but how could you stop it? You couldn't. The play scored. Smart, heads-up football!

Of course Doc doesn't do this often; luckily it isn't often necessary. And, besides, he believes in letting the boys run their own game as much as possible. The idea of giving football back to the players entirely, however, is something that upsets his composure. "Give the game back to the players! That don't mean nothing, that's just a slogan," he insists. "Lemme tell you one thing, the day you give football back to the players, you'll give racing back to the horses!"

One of Doc's really original contributions to the game was the changing of costumes. He'd start his first eleven in red uniforms with blue stripes and throw in his second team in the next half with blue uniforms and red stripes, while the following Saturday the uniforms would be reversed so that his opponents never knew exactly which team they were facing. Or he'd confuse them still further by putting all his men in plain blue uniforms and starting his second-string backfield behind his first-string line. Sometimes he would put in four different elevens on the field before a game, each one in a different-colored get-up. Not only did it mystify the opposition; more important still it always got the crowd. And Doc knew well the value of having the crowd with him. This changing of raiment was an old trick of Doc's; through it came the name "Chameleons," a name that stuck to his team wherever they went. Even in defeat his squad was so colorful that the "Chameleons" invariably stole the show.

"Maguire football," it came to be known whenever Doc outguessed some nationally known team. There was the Curley incident. Curley was a first-string end who was removed from the field by the officials in the Pittsburgh game, the final contest of the season. It was the only time a Maguire-coached player had ever been sent off the field in disgrace, and naturally considerable comment ensued. The inside story was that Doc's team, weakened by a costly victory the previous week over California, was threatened with the loss of its first game in years, to Pittsburgh, a strong team built around an All American back named Davison. Davison was the star of the year, the most dangerous back in football. Maguire saw this, knew Pittsburgh would be helpless without him, and instructed his end, Curley, to pick a fight with Davison early in the contest. Soon the two men were rolling on the ground, pummeling each other. The officials promptly separated them and sent each to the sidelines for the remainder of the game. Maguire had two substitute ends as good as Curley; but Pittsburgh without Davison was a second-rate eleven.

This story of how Maguire outsmarted the Panthers got out because an untrustworthy newspaperman, who had received the story confidentially, decided to print it. Again the Builder of Men found himself in difficulty with the faculty, and this time they were so aroused that Doc was called before them to explain his actions. He came into that bunch of misguided idealists with his rule book in hand. In a few

well-chosen and impressive words he showed those soft-hearted saps conclusively that Maguire played the game, that what he had done was against no football rule and, therefore, perfectly legal. An unanswerable argument. But the trouble caused him after that to keep his quick thinking to himself.

Once in a big intersectional contest in California the only touchdown was scored by having an end limp badly after a certain play. Instantly Maguire came rushing on to the field with outstretched hand and, kneeling down, felt the boy's leg carefully. With a shake of his head betokening despair, he called for tape and bound it up. But on the next play the end limped worse than ever, so badly that he could hardly keep up with the game, and the crowd began to call on Maguire to take him out. On one line-up the end was left dismally hopping about way over at one side of the field. Suddenly the back with the ball turned and shot him a perfect forward pass. Like a winged Mercury the damaged player galloped to the goal line, his injury completely forgotten.

Thus does the Builder of Men prove that something besides brute strength counts in football. As he replied to a small boy (Doc answers all his fan mail personally) who had written him after the California game: "Brains will always win over brawn and there's a lot of satisfaction in that for all of us."

IV

Doc's detractors like to call him hard-boiled. So he is, too, at times. But not always. Connected with the college are various deans, assistant deans, faculty advisers, professors, and instructors, yet it is to the blue-eyed Irishman and not to any of these officials that the undergraduates in trouble always turn. Not only the men he knows, the members of his squad, but any boy can call on Doc for help or advice and be sure of a sympathetic listener and be sure also of coming away from that office with courage in his heart to face life once more.

There are those who avow that this love of young men is a pose. The same thing has been suggested about his love of football; they say that he is merely in it for what he can get out of it, for money. Doc himself never stoops to contradict these impressions; his intimates know better. There is money in coaching for Doc just as there would have been money for him in whatever profession he might have chosen; but he would go on coaching football and enjoy it to the full if he made only a thousand dollars a year. Happily he will never be put to the test. The fact is that the financial rewards of coaching were his almost before he was aware of it; one moment he was an unknown Yankee teaching football to a bunch of cottonseeds in a tiny college in Georgia, the next moment he was Maguire, the great Doc, the man who put over Maguire's Marvels. The rewards of success, that's all.

He is simply reaping the harvest. All his life he has insisted that victory is an important part of every game and that if you do not care about winning you might as well not play. He wanted winning teams and he wanted to be associated with winners only; to Doc a loser was a quitter, and he impressed this upon his men—so well that they usually won. America loves a winner. Doc was a winner, and the country took him to its heart.

What he gathered, therefore, were merely the guerdons of success. After all, one can hardly blame him for this. For instance, his public speaking developed by imperceptible degrees. Some of his old players who had heard his fight talks remembered him as a powerful emotional talker with some-

thing real to say. One of them requested his help at a Y. M. C. A. banquet, and Doc, always anxious to assist his boys, responded and was the hit of the evening. Then it was someone else who wanted him for a Lions' luncheon. Soon demands upon his time were such that to protect himself he was forced to make a fixed rule never to speak anywhere for less than fifty dollars and expenses. Immediately the requests doubled. Then it was a hundred and expenses. But once you had heard Maguire, Builder of Men, you were not likely to forget him; before long the invitations had doubled again. Now he is regularly attached to a speaking bureau in New York, gets five hundred for each appearance, and earns every bit of it.

This is only part of his income. Curiously enough the smallest fraction comes from coaching. Believe it or not, Doc gets only six thousand a year from the college, exactly the sum a full professor receives. This is frequently mentioned by the college authorities when someone outside twits them about the Doc and his somewhat commercial activities. Alas, says the President, we are a poor college, we cannot pay more. What he neglects to mention is the fact that the Doc also gets a share of the annual football profits when these amount to more than a hundred thousand dollars. Last season they were slightly above half a million. No one except the Doc, the Athletic Manager, and the President knows of this agreement, and none of the three is likely to discuss it.

Doc is also versatile, and before long he discovered that what could be spoken could also be transposed to paper. "If we talked less in the press and more among ourselves we would do better," he once remarked sagaciously at an annual coach's meeting in New York, but this was before he himself became an author, before his football dope began to be syndicated extensively every year by the four hundred and sixty newspapers of the Morgan-Booth Syndicate throughout the country. Naturally, as a member of the All America Board of Coaches, a mythical body which was a figment of the constructive imagination of the head of the syndicate, his name carried weight and his opinion on the game was worth money. Don't imagine that Doc does not write all his own stuff. He does, every word. And a dreadful time he had of it with his novel, *Held at the Goal Line*, a work upon which he spent over two years. He was disappointed in the results from this effort, at which some of the bolshevistic sports writers were tempted to poke fun, and the sale was something less than the effort warranted. However, the movie rights ran well up into four figures, so Doc's faith in the power of the written word was finally restored. He only regrets that he cannot put over with the movies his recent textbook, *Maguire On Football*, a volume which is read, discussed, quoted, and argued over wherever the game is played.

For brother coaches who stoop to sell their names to the newspapers, who permit ghost writers to compose their signed articles, he has nothing but open contempt. "Dishonest commercialists, betraying the good name of football," was his comment upon this in one of his most biting speeches, in which he defended the game yet at the same time admitting the abuses with which it was threatened. His scorn was equally great for his rival Rockne who sold his name endorsing products. To coaches who do this sort of thing to make money, Doc is bitter and hard. Of course, he makes money out of the game but, as he explains, he makes money honestly, writes his own stuff, and "don't allow nothin' phoney." One summer he gave up his entire vacation to work carefully on a series of

movie films to be shown every week during the following season. These films portrayed him in coaching togs on the gridiron with his boys, and in addition to explaining, elucidating, and popularizing the game itself, they gave him a chance to do some real constructive work by shooting home in his talk some of his rugged philosophy warning against the evils of "softening up" and setting forth good clean amateur sport, and football especially, as the natural remedy.

V

If he desired to do so, Doc has the income to live in one of those magnificent new brick mansions with surrounding gardens in Mansfield Avenue on the Heights, but he is an unpretentious soul and still prefers the two-story wooden frame house he has occupied ever since he came to Collegeville. It is a small, white-painted affair, no better than the home of the average professor, and many strangers to town can hardly believe that the great Maguire actually lives so modestly.

But he does. And what is more, he likes it. Essentially a family man, he would rather stay at home than anywhere else; unfortunately his job, especially during the football season, keeps him on the move. At least two nights a week he is speaking. Meetings of the Coaches' Association drag him away from home; so do out-of-town games, frequently to his annoyance. For above everything he is a family man, and asks nothing better than to have his picture taken washing dishes with his wife after dinner or sitting on the porch of his little home surrounded by the "Old Lady" and the "kiddies."

Doc's daily routine is characteristic of the man. It is a model of the speed which he demands when his eleven takes the field. Up at seven o'clock, from nine until noon he is at the Administration Building dictating letters, articles, speeches, or radio talks, and from time to time answering the telephone or seeing some boy who has come to him in trouble. Lunch he eats with the squad; then follows an hour and a half of classroom drill in football tactics and science. He goes back to the office to sign mail and greet several callers, answers four or five long-distance telephone calls, submits to a couple of interviews by newspapermen, and rushes off to dress for practice at three. Doc is never late, and no player with respect for his job is late, either. Five o'clock, a shower, and he is back at the office, or else on a train en route to town to attend a banquet and deliver the address of the evening. Doc never travels by car because it wastes time and energy. If he remains in Collegeville he eats again with the boys, and in the evening there is a coaches' meeting in the office. For Doc has a staff of fifteen or twenty men under him: coaches, assistant coaches, freshmen coaches, trainers, dietitians, scouts, and others to superintend. He gets away about midnight, refuses a lift in the end coach's car, walks slowly home, lets himself into the house noiselessly, and goes to the icebox, where Mrs. Maguire has left a piece of fresh apple pie and a glass of rich milk. These digested, his seventeen-hour day is finished, and so to bed.

Doc's office looks like the office of any big corporation executive: dictaphones, a couple of telephones on his desk, two secretaries close at hand, and filing cases lining the sides of the room. Indeed, Doc is just that—the executive of a corporation doing a business of more than five hundred thousand dollars annually. As you see him there seated at his desk, keenly competent, alert, master of every situation, his thick bushy hair and his Irish jaw are the only things to remind you of the young man who carried Milligan to victory

over the champions of the South thirty-two years ago. For despite everything he can do, Doc is becoming a typical corporation executive, he is putting on weight, his chins seem these days to double with his income.

Before him on the desk are two piles of opened letters—the morning mail. One pile is for him to read and answer, the other consists of communications he must see but can turn over to one of his two assistants in the outer office to handle. He picks up the first letter and squints at it through half-closed eyelids. At the bottom of the sheet is a familiar signature. Doc shakes his head dolefully. It is a request for money from one of his old stars, the kind of appeal he has received before and will receive again.

Maguire, Builder of Men. What has become of those men he built? Some of them hold important positions in the industrial world of the United States; they are his pride, a credit to him, he never misses a chance to refer to them in his speeches by name. But there are also many he does not mention in his "clean-living-and-clean-sport-has-made-America-what-it-is-today" talks. For instance, "Big Boy" Jim Delaney of the 1924 champions. "Big Boy" is now running a lunch wagon in Akron, Ohio. And Dave Tracy, All American end in 1929. Dave is an entertainer in a night club in Los Angeles. This letter before him is from "Iron Man" Jim McNulty, a star guard on one of his early elevens. "Iron Man" has lost his place as night watchman in a factory in Kansas City and needs money. Doc's heart is ever open to requests of this sort, and although no one but his secretary knows about it, he gives away almost five thousand dollars in the course of a year to his old boys who are down in their luck.

He looks out of the window where in the sunlight of autumn the leaves are golden on every tree. "Send him a check for twenty-five dollars. Today, Miss Schmaltz." His gaze comes back once more to the pile of mail before him. With a sigh he picks up the next letter. "Take this . . . to Mr. James K. Densmore, American Broadcasting Company, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York. Dear Sir: I will be glad to do the national hook-up you suggest on the 1931 football season upon the 28th of this month. Price as suggested, $1500. . . . Next . . . to Tom Mason, A. G. Findlay & Sons, Chicago, Illinois. Dear Tom: Your good letter to hand. Things are okay here with us and I expect to have another team of minute men this year. By that I mean they'll only be in the game a minute before the other side scores. Regarding your suggestion of my designing special hip and kidney pads such as we use here at the varsity, same to be manufactured by your concern and sold as the Maguire Pads, would say that I am agreeable if price can be arranged between us. Let me hear from you . . . all best wishes. . . . Now then . . . that Daily Wisecrack for the Morton people." He leans back in his chair and glances again through the open window. The Daily Wisecrack is a small item run every day on the sport pages of six hundred newspapers throughout the country during football season. It carries Doc's signature.

"H'm . . . h'm . . . when the coach . . . no, wait a second . . . when you have a championship team you're a great coach; but when you lose four games in one season you're only a character-builder. There, guess that will hold old Stoddard a while." (Stoddard is head coach at Yale, a consistent loser who has commented upon Maguire's business success in rather uncomplimentary terms of late.) The telephone tinkles softly. "Who? Who? Yes, but which Smith, what Smith?

Of the *New York Times?* Why didn' you say so? Yes, 'course I'll talk . . . 'lo . . . hullo . . . hullo . . . hullo Ray . . . glad to hear from you . . . how are y'boy? . . . Whass that? *Tribune* says I'm going over to Columbia next year at twenty-five thousand dollars? Ha-ha. Nothing to it, boy. Not a thing. Here I am and here I stay where I love the work. Why, Ray, money's nothing to me. . . . Yes, you can say that . . . not at all . . . yes, Ray . . . come out and look us over soon. . . . G'by. . . . Now then, where were we? . . . Mr. James V. Murphy, Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Cleveland, Ohio. Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 6th instant would say that my regular fee for an inspirational talk of one-half hour is a thousand dollars. Bookings must be made through the McCullom Agency, 253 West 45th Street, New York. For your information would say that I am fully engaged for the next two months until after Christmas."

Doc takes the next letter from the heap—a boyish scrawl in pencil on a sheet of copy paper. He holds it up, reading it over for several minutes, his face aglow, tenderness in his wary old eyes. A letter of this sort from an unknown eleven-year-old admirer is more important far to Doc than a contract from the president of the country's biggest movie corporation. Some consider this a pose. They do not know the real Doc.

He clears his throat. "Master Homer J. Southworth, P. O. Box 59, Taylorville, Oregon. Dear Homer: I was real glad to have your letter of the 4th and to know that you are following our team, and that you have my picture up in your bedroom. Football is the greatest antidote . . . h'm . . . no . . . wait a minute . . . football is the greatest game of the greatest nation on earth. It builds up character and makes strong, self-reliant men such as every young American wants to become. Play hard and play clean. Take your lickings with your face shut and remember, don't never use foul tactics even if it's gonna get you some place yours sincerely William J. (Doc) Maguire head coach."

THE PITFALL

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun

"LET me repeat—you will not be treated here as a secretary, young man, but as a friend. You were very highly recommended, and I need not add that I consider it useless to make further inquiries. I admire your splendid ambition to go on with your serious studies in spite of family reverses. Well, the library will be your domain. In the morning you will arrange the material for my great work—*The History of the Nobility of Our Community.* In the afternoon, from two to three, we shall go over the work together. After that you will be at liberty to devote yourself entirely to your personal studies and to the preparation for your examinations.

"I am sure the chateau will please you; your apartment is comfortable; and your duties are not too arduous. So everything seems to point toward a successful winter for both of us. This evening I will introduce you to Mme. de la Bervière, and our two children and their governess. For my part, I hope that our collaboration will be a long and pleasant one."

Standing with his back to the monumental fireplace in the salon, M. de la Bervière delivered himself of this speech with stately affability. Pierre Jallier listened gravely, an expression of deference and reserve on his handsome face. His happiness, which he did not show, was complete. At last he would be able to pursue his studies in this quiet and luxurious environment, and to live without making petty sacrifices. In a few well-chosen words, into which he was diplomatic enough to inject a discreet undercurrent of flattery, he thanked his employer.

"Don't mention it, my dear Jallier," M. de la Bervière interrupted, more affable than ever. "But I must leave you now, to take my morning canter. Oh—here comes M. de Santiolin. He is a distant relative of mine and an old friend, who often drops in to visit us. He is, by the way, something of a gossip, and will probably tell you countless anecdotes of the skeletons in the neighborhood closets. I will ask him to show you through the grounds."

A slightly threadbare little old man, with a white face, pointed nose, and mocking eyes, greeted them; and five minutes later Pierre Jallier was walking through the long avenues of the park by the side of M. de Santiolin. His conversation, as M. de la Bervière had suggested, was extremely scandalous. With smooth and sarcastic eloquence he detailed all the amorous chronicles of the neighborhood. His fund of information on these matters seemed inexhaustible—there was nothing he did not know—he gave names and dates, places of rendezvous, and even the exact hour. His conversation was so unrestrained that Pierre Jallier was tongue-tied with embarrassment; but

M. de Santiolin did not seem to care in the least whether he was answered or not. He was explaining a few facts, he said, only to orientate the young man in his new surroundings.

When he had finished, M. de Santiolin's face was radiant with the kindly gratitude which a speaker always feels for a good listener.

"My dear boy, you are very understanding," he said, looking at Pierre with his sharp eyes, "and I should like to give you a hint that may be of service to you. Your position with my cousin and friend, de la Bervière, is from every point of view an excellent one. I could ask nothing better for my own son, if I had one. But you must be a little on your guard. There is a pitfall." His thin nose quivered.

"A pitfall?" asked Pierre nervously.

"Exactly. Now listen, and I will try to explain the situation tactfully to you, without betraying the obligations of friendship. You are young, and probably the ladies of your acquaintance have let you guess that you are quite attractive. Now, M. de la Bervière, on the other hand, is a rather stodgy person. He is a great hunter, a great drinker, and a great eater; and as a result, his complexion is not all it might be, his beard is gray, and he is getting very fat. I ask you—can this sort of man satisfy the poetic and romantic longings of a woman's heart? But it is not for me to answer that question!"

He peered at Pierre as though to see what thoughts were passing through that young man's head. "But you must not jump at conclusions. You must be level-headed. Be careful not to offend the lady. . . . Sometimes a glance, sometimes a touch of the hand —or perhaps even undue reserve. . . . But an up-to-date young man like you should know what is meant by psychology. No, no—do not ask me any more," he said, as Pierre was about to speak. "I have put you on your guard. Indeed, I may already have said too much. But I must go now. Good-by, Monsieur." He dashed off down the long shaded pathway, leaving Pierre Jallier rooted to the lawn by anxiety and bewilderment.

"What did he mean?" the young man asked himself. Everything in him was dominated by an ardent desire to keep his new position. "What was he trying to insinuate? Is Mme. de la Bervière a coquette with whom I must flirt, or is she a virtuous prude who will be mortally offended by the least sign of admiration?"

In spite of his customary self-confidence, this enigma bothered him throughout the day. Before dinner he was presented to Mme. de la Bervière, who proved to be a pretty and vivacious woman. Her too elaborate gown concealed a body that was still supple and languorous in repose; but when she moved about the room, she bounced, affecting kittenish gestures.

At the table Pierre was placed on her left, while M. de Santiolin, who had returned for dinner, sat at her right. The family group was completed by the master, the two small de la Bervière children, and their governess—a reserved little blonde woman, who would have been quite plain except for her delicate skin and beautiful eyes.

After dinner M. de la Bervière asked Pierre if he played any musical instrument; and the young secretary modestly admitted that he had left his violin in his room. It was sent for, and Mme. de la Bervière seated herself at the piano to accompany him. It was then that a sudden keen, intuitive flash—due, perhaps, to the vibration of his own soul to the music—made Pierre feel that sympathy, rather than respect, should be the keynote of their relationship.

This impression was intensified during the days that followed. The

concerts continued, and Mme. de la Bervière, to his great delight, even asked him to read poetry to her. She was very gracious to him, but nothing in her attitude indicated that she wished their mutual musical and literary tastes to develop into a more sentimental relationship. Nevertheless, from time to time she would give him a peculiarly penetrating look and then let fall from her full lips a little softly modulated sigh.

"If I do not play the lover a little more warmly," Pierre said to himself anxiously, "she will think me grossly indifferent. But then again, if I press matters too urgently, she will be offended, I am afraid; for although she may crave affection, she will probably demand respect at the same time." But at last he believed that her sidelong secret glances were tenderly responding to his own. The situation, in fact, was clearing up a little, and more audacity seemed permissible.

One evening, while M. de la Bervière was asleep on the sofa and the governess was embroidering in a corner, he stole a hand that was not withdrawn. Firmly he pressed the slim fingers which crept into his own.

The following morning the lightning descended upon his head. "This is the end of your quarter, M. Jallier," said M. de la Bervière in a voice as cold and penetrating as ice, as he entered the library. "You will leave to-day. I will permit no one to show disrespect to a member of my household; and it pains me beyond words that you—you, of all others—in whom I had placed such deep confidence, should betray my trust. No, no—no explanations. Please leave immediately."

An hour later, Pierre Jallier, speechless, left the chateau. On the way to the station he met M. de Santiolin.

"What!" cried the old man, an undertone of malicious glee in his voice. "You are leaving? Oh, you stupid boy! You find a woman buried in provincial seclusion by the side of a fat old man who knows nothing about the delicate art of making love. You, a handsome young man, arrive—and at last she hopes for distraction and consolation. But what do you do? You pay no more attention to her than if she did not exist. Well, what do you expect? She takes her revenge—and you are dismissed. Don't say I didn't warn you! A woman may be as much offended by the omission of certain delicate little—shall we say courtesies? —as by too crude an emphasis on them. I am afraid you are woefully ignorant of psychology."

"My dear sir," Pierre interrupted irritably, "you are sadly mistaken. I have been ignominiously dismissed, so I can see no reason for concealing the truth. Last night, after a flirtation that has lasted since my arrival, Mme. de la Bervière plainly responded to the amorous pressure of my hand on hers."

M. de Santiolin looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed dryly.

"Mme. de la Bervière? Who said anything about her? It is Mademoiselle who counts—the governess. What! You did not understand that? Why, who else could it be? She completely dominates de la Bervière—and she alone."

"You might have told me outright," snarled Pierre. "Damn your ambiguous hints!"

M. de Santiolin drew himself up with pride and dignity. "Sir," he said, "my honor would not permit me to betray a friendship."



THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNISTS

BY WALTER WHITE

ABOUT noon of a late March day of this year two white women mill workers clambered aboard a freight train at Chattanooga with seven white men to hobo their way back home to Huntsville, Alabama. In doing this these two women started something—something that has had its repercussions in every part of the civilized world. Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein, H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser and thousands of lesser luminaries of the world of letters, politics, religion, and business have had something to say on the matter. The events which flowed with such startling rapidity from that March day have moved Negro thought as has nothing else within recent years. For this series of episodes growing out of the stealing of rides in a "side-door Pullman" has given a new significance to the race question and forced it into the consciousness of the United States and of the world at large.

What happened? Pieced together from the official transcript of the court trials which grew out of the episode and from the enormous mass of rumor which inevitably accompanies such a case, the facts are these. The freight train, half a mile or so in length, sped along westward from Chattanooga towards Memphis. The two girls, dressed in men's overalls, and their seven white male companions occupied a gondola—a freight car with sides but no top—filled to two-thirds of its capacity with crushed gravel. One of the girls declares that in all the journey of thirty odd miles to Stevenson, Alabama, neither she nor her companion paid any attention to their companions nor spoke to them. The other girl told the more probable story that they laughed, joked, sang, and had a generally pleasant time with the seven men who shared the gondola with them.

At Stevenson the human cargo of the freight train was materially augmented when twenty or thirty Negroes clambered aboard. The whites assert that all of them entered the gondola. A quarrel arose when, according to some of the Negroes, one of the white men angrily shouted, "You niggers get out of here!" So thoroughly is the principle and practice of "Jim Crow" embedded in the Southern consciousness, apparently, that the white hoboes felt there ought even to be "Jim Crow" freight cars as well as passenger ones. The whites allege they were overpowered by the larger number of Negroes and thrown from the train; another story has it that there was no fight but that the white men hastily quitted the train, leaving the girls to whatever fate should befall them. One of the white men in his haste to get off fell between two cars and, about to be injured or killed, was pulled back to safety by two of the Negro boys. The press, however, declared he was forced out of sheer viciousness to remain as a witness to the alleged attacks. One of the whites who fled the train hurried back to Steven-

son and telephoned the sheriff at Paint Rock, the next town, of what had happened and asked that he stop the train and arrest the Negroes.

All this, together with six alleged criminal attacks upon each girl, happened in the time it took the train to make the run from Stevenson to Paint Rock, a distance of thirty-eight miles. A harrowing tale was related by the older girl of knives held at the throats of her companion and herself while the assaults took place.

The sheriff and an armed posse halted the train at Paint Rock. Only nine of the twenty to thirty Negroes who had boarded the train remained on it. These nine were scattered along the length of the train. They were arrested and placed in jail at Scottsboro, the county seat of Jackson County, as were the two girls and two white men found on the train, one of them being the one who was rescued by the Negroes. Significantly enough, this man who was the only known eyewitness to the alleged attacks other than the plaintiffs and defendants, was placed on the witness stand by the prosecution only in rebuttal. The prosecutor of Jackson County is reported to have attributed this to the fact that this white man was incapable of comprehending that "having sexual intercourse" is synonymous with a short, less literary, Anglo-Saxon word not used in polite society.

It seems clear that the officials of the law at Scottsboro intended at first only to charge the nine Negro defendants, who ranged in age from fourteen to twenty years, with the crimes of fighting and stealing a ride. But when it was discovered that two of the four white "men" were women in men's clothing, the girls were vigorously questioned as to whether or not sex offenses had been committed on them by the Negroes. It is reported reliably that for some time they asserted that none had been committed. Meantime news of the arrest and especially of discovery of the sex of two of the whites had spread through the vicinity. A crowd which grew rapidly gathered about the jail, ominously working up its rage and seeking a leader to stage a wholesale lynching. Two white local physicians were summoned to examine the girls. They later testified that they found the girls "in normal condition, mentally and physically." One of the girls had a slight abrasion which, one of the doctors admitted, might easily have been caused by riding in a springless freight car fifty miles with crushed gravel as a resting place, or in clambering over the side of the car in boarding or getting down from it. There was evidence that both girls had had sexual relations at some time prior to the examination, but further questioning established strongly the likelihood that these relations had occurred some hours previous to their entering the freight car at Chattanooga. There was no evidence of assault.

An infinite number of rumors (none the less potent because many of them untrue) swept through the town like a prairie fire. All manner of unbelievable atrocities had been perpetrated upon the two girls which, with each retelling, became more fiendish. At the same rate the reputations of the girls grew speedily more pure and unblemished. Huddled in terror inside the tiny country jail, the nine Negro lads, only two of whom, according to their story, had even so much as seen each other until they met in the Scottsboro jail, listened to the steadily mounting roar of the blood-hungry mob outside.

So ominous did it become that officers after nightfall bundled the boys into motor cars and hurried them away to a stronger jail at Gadsden.

A week later the defendants were returned to Scottsboro and speedily in-

dicted on charges of rape; a fortnight later they went on trial. One hundred and three national guardsmen with drawn bayonets, tear-gas bombs, and machine guns surrounded the Jackson County courthouse to prevent lynchings; they were sent there through the intercession with the governor by the Alabama Commission on Interracial Co-operation. The courtroom and the space outside for a great distance around the courthouse were packed tight with ten thousand people, many of them armed, according to conservative estimates. Scottsboro's merchants, who catered on ordinary days to the simple needs of fifteen hundred souls, did a thriving business with the quintupled population.

As required by law when penniless defendants face trial where death is a possible verdict, Judge A. J. Hawkins assigned to the defense the entire Jackson County bar, consisting of seven lawyers. Six hastily made excuses and were relieved by the court from the obligation of serving. One remained on the case—Milo Moody, getting along in years but true to his reputation of being a mild village iconoclast, willing to take hopeless cases.

Into the courtroom walked a white lawyer from Chattanooga to ask permission of the court to assist in the defense. A group of Negro ministers and members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had been stirred to action by the impending danger to the youthful defendants and by the far from groundless fear that their constitutional rights would be gravely endangered in such an atmosphere when charged with such an offense. These Chattanooga Negro leaders had raised about a hundred dollars to employ a lawyer. Knowing it would have been useless if not suicidal for a Negro lawyer to have appeared at Scottsboro, they retained Stephen R. Roddy, the only white lawyer in Chattanooga who, so far as they knew, dared face the hostile mob.

Judge Hawkins challenged Roddy at once, declaring that if the Chattanooga lawyer had been retained to defend the nine boys, he would relieve the Scottsboro Bar from its responsibility. Knowing the hostility any lawyer from outside the town and State would encounter, and being himself unfamiliar with Alabama legal procedure, Roddy explained to the judge that he had not "exactly been retained" but would like permission to assist Mr. Moody. After some discussion this was permitted, and the trials proceeded.

The defense provided the nine boys fell considerably short of perfection. It is difficult, however, months afterward and miles away to picture the thoughts and emotions which went through the minds of the two defense attorneys. Inside the dingy courtroom men with grim, hard faces pressed close to them as they sat at the counsel table. When Victoria Price jauntily told her story, reveling in the exciting spotlight so utterly different from the accustomed dreariness of her work in an antiquated cotton mill, out of the crowd came a roar which repeated banging of the judge's gavel could not suppress. Outside, tightly packed thousands sent their message of venom and hatred through the windows, opened in the sultry heat of a prematurely warm spring day. Appallingly hostile was the atmosphere already. But that hostility knew no bounds, and the faint chance of getting into the official record of the trial sufficient basis for appeal to a higher court went glimmering when it became known that Judge Hawkins had received a bombastic telegraphic threat from a Communist organization in New York City, the International Labor Defense, which intemperately asserted that the presiding judge "would be held per-

sonally responsible unless the nine defendants are immediately released."

With sickening rapidity one after another of the boys was found guilty and sentenced to death. Only one escaped the death penalty. The prosecutor asked only for life imprisonment for him because the defendant had just then attained his fourteenth birthday. But seven jurors were adamant for the death penalty for him as well.

The prospect of early deaths for the other eight appeased the crowd. Taking advantage of the subsiding of the lynching atmosphere, the defense attorneys encountered no objection when they placed on the witness stand the officer in charge of the national guardsmen and a local court official. From these the admission was gained for the record that the roar of approbation which greeted announcement of the verdicts of guilty of the first two boys tried had unquestionably been sufficient to penetrate to the room where jurors deliberated over the cases of the others. Such admissions are of vital importance in appealing the cases to a higher court, for the United States Supreme Court ruled in 1915 in the famous Arkansas Riot Cases (Moore vs. Dempsey, *261 U. S. 86*) that trial in a court dominated by a mob is not due process of law.

II

Steps were promptly taken by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, aided by the Commission on Interracial Co-operation and other bodies, to appeal the case to the Alabama Supreme Court, since careful investigation had established more than reasonable doubts of the innocence of most if not all of the defendants. When the boys were safely incarcerated in the stout Kilby State Prison, near Montgomery, two of them who had testified against several of their co-defendants now declared in affidavits that they had been induced to do so by beatings and by threats that they would be shot down in the courtroom if they varied in the slightest from the stories they were forced to tell. All nine of the boys vehemently protested their innocence, declaring that had they had the faintest notion they were to be accused of any crime, however trivial, they too would have fled the train between Stevenson and Paint Rock as did others of the original twenty to thirty Negroes who had boarded the ill-fated train at Stevenson.

Exhaustive investigations vitally necessary to successful action to obtain a new trial or rehearing in a less mob-charged atmosphere were begun. A highly competent newspaper woman and investigator sent to the scene by the American Civil Liberties Union revealed that the reputation of the two girls was far from savory. Conversation with one of the plaintiffs, according to this investigator, "convinced me that she was the type who welcomes attention and publicity at any price. The price in this case means little to her. . . . Having been in direct contact from the cradle with the institution of prostitution as a sideline necessary to make the meager wages of a mill worker pay the rent and buy the groceries, she has no feeling of revulsion against promiscuous sexual intercourse such as women of easier lives might suffer. . . . The younger girl found herself from the beginning pushed into the background by the more bubbling, pert personality" of the older girl, and resented the monopoly of the spotlight her companion had obtained.

The Advancement Association sent its secretary to the scene to co-operate with its branches in Chattanooga and Alabama and to select counsel to perfect appeals. He retained the out-

standing criminal law firm of the State, one of whose members had for fourteen years served on the bench. Another member of the firm is generally reputed to be the ablest trial lawyer in the State, whose father before him had been a distinguished member of the Alabama bar. All the members of the firm are representative of the new South which is valiantly struggling to free that section of the country from the stigma of prejudice and oppression. Later, Clarence Darrow agreed to join counsel retained by the N. A. A. C. P. for the defense.

When a motion for a new trial was denied, appeal was taken to the Alabama Supreme Court, where arguments will be held during the third week in January.

III

But while these investigations and negotiations were proceeding, a new element entered the cases which simultaneously complicated them to an unbelievable degree and, at the same time, made them the most notable test of strength to date between those who seek justice for the Negro through American forms of government and those who seek to spread Communist propaganda among American Negroes.

With a blare of trumpets the Communists seized upon the Scottsboro convictions. It was, they realized, a golden opportunity to put into effect the plan decided upon by the Third Internationale and upon which they had been assiduously working but with only a modicum of success—to capitalize Negro unrest in the United States against lynching, jim crowism, proscription, and insult. As far back as 1925 a segregated wing of Communism, "The American Negro Labor Congress," which later became "The League of Struggle for Negro Rights," had held at Chicago a convention to win Negroes to the cause of Communism. In October, 1928, there was issued in Moscow a lengthy resolution on the Negro question in the United States, urging the Negro working class to form organizations which "if properly organized and well led" could "play a considerable role in the class struggle against American imperialism" and in leading "the movement of the oppressed masses of the Negro populace."

These efforts at organization were based upon the theory that the Negroes are the most oppressed group in the United States and, therefore, should be the most fertile field for revolutionary propaganda. The Scottsboro case offered the most dramatic opportunity yet afforded for this campaign.

Representatives of the International Labor Defense called on Mr. Roddy and sought to get him away from those who had retained him prior to the trial at Scottsboro. Edmund Wilson thus describes in the *New Republic* the offer: "According to Mr. Roddy, they went through all the gestures of taking him up into a high place and showing him the kingdoms of the earth. They told him he had the opportunity of becoming a national figure, a second Clarence Darrow—a dream, one gathers, entirely alien to Mr. Roddy's ambitions. He asked how they proposed to pay him. They explained that they would raise the money by holding meetings among the Negroes and getting them to contribute to a defense fund. This idea seemed distasteful to Mr. Roddy—and the I. L. D. representatives had begun to arouse his suspicions: one of them, who had said he was a lawyer, had in the course of a discussion of the trials, inquired whether the defendants had been 'arraigned' yet. Mr. Roddy refused to have anything to do with the International Labor Defense."

Immediately all the floods of American Communist billingsgate were loosed upon the Chattanooga lawyer. He

was accused in the *Daily Worker*, the Communist organ, of being a member of the Ku Klux Klan, of having conspired with the prosecution to electrocute the nine boys, of having been the inmate of an insane asylum. Later on a story was sent to the Negro press that Roddy had gone violently insane on the streets of Birmingham, attempted to kill his wife with an axe, and had been incarcerated by his own father in a Missouri asylum. No distortion of the truth, however libelous, which could be conjured up to deprecate Roddy's modest talents and reputation was considered unworthy of use in the Communist attempt to whip up enthusiasm for themselves among Negroes and whites who were stirred by the Scottsboro verdicts.

A special committee to raise funds for defense was organized by the I. L. D. among well-known writers of liberal tendencies such as Theodore Dreiser, Lincoln Steffens, John Dos Passos, Burton Rascoe, Lola Ridge, and Floyd Dell. Many thousands of letters appealing for funds to aid in defense were sent to white and colored individuals. With remarkable efficiency a house-to-house canvass was made of practically every Negro community, especially in the larger cities of the country, and leaflets, magazines, and copies of the *Daily Worker* were deposited in each home or apartment. Negro ministers were asked to permit Communist speakers to address their congregations and solicit funds for defense. Such permission was in many cases granted until these ministers became suspicious because of the Communist attacks on the N. A. A. C. P. Mothers of some of the defendants were convinced that every hand was turned against their boys save those of the Communists, that everyone else was "a tool of the capitalists" and was seeking to have their boys electrocuted or hanged. Some of the parents and relatives, carried about the country to address meetings with speeches written for them, were insulated carefully from contact with any persons who might be of other than Communist opinions. A few of them, of humble background and with meager educational and other advantages, still believe the only way their boys can be saved from the electric chair will be through Communist "mass action." One of them is reported by the warden of Kilby Prison as having been so thoroughly convinced of this fact that she stood, arms akimbo, in the foyer of the prison and loudly asserted of the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that "I just wish I could get my hands on him—I'd wring his neck—trying to get my boy electrocuted!"

Particularly determined was the Communist assault on that organization which, for twenty-two years, has had a notable record of victories in State and Federal courts in protecting the Negro's constitutional rights. It numbers among the members of its Board of Directors distinguished white and Negro Americans of varying shades of political opinion, including such lawyers as the late Moorfield Storey of Boston, former president of the American Bar Association, Clarence Darrow, Arthur B. Spingarn, Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard University Law School, the late Louis Marshall, his son, James Marshall; such public figures as the Senior Senator from Kansas, Arthur Capper, the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Herbert H. Lehman, Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit, Judge James A. Cobb; such social workers as Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, and Mary White Ovington; publicists, educators, and authors such as Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, J. E. Spingarn, and President William Allan Neilson of Smith College.

The Communists sought vigorously

to weaken or destroy confidence in this organization and to injure the reputation it had built up over a period of two decades. Its officers were attacked as being "in league with the lyncher-bosses of the South," as plotters to "murder the Scottsboro martyrs," as sycophantic "tools of the capitalists." Determined efforts were made to break up meetings of the N. A. A. C. P., in some instances police officers being necessary to avert serious disorder. Communists were scattered throughout the audiences and, at a prearranged signal, began to shout for the right to be heard. When this was denied, handfuls of Communist literature were flung into the air and such disorder created as to break up some of the meetings. A favorite device would be for a Communist to announce that one of the "mothers" was present and demanded the right to speak. When at first such permission was granted, a Communist would make a lengthy harangue on Communism as an "introduction." When the supply of "mothers" was inadequate to cover such meetings—there are but five living mothers—substitutes were found. All over the country "mothers" were produced; in one instance the "mother" presented had lived in that Northern city for upwards of twenty years. Editors of Negro newspapers were approached with proposals to divide the money raised locally in exchange for boosting of Communist meetings.

In July, Negro share-croppers and tenant-farmers in rural Alabama were organized by Communist agents—two of them white and one a Negro—into a movement to gain relief from poverty "by mass action of white and black workers." Someone—no one seems to know who—telephoned the sheriff the time and place of a meeting of the Negro farmers and informed him that the meeting was called for the purpose of killing him and other officials. As a result the sheriff was wounded, one Negro killed, twenty or more were wounded, and thirty-four arrested and charged with plotting an insurrection. Meanwhile, the two white organizers had vanished, leaving their Negro comrade "to complete the work of organization." When later some of the arrested Negroes were freed, the local officials realizing that they were dupes of the Communists, the *Daily Worker* loudly and jubilantly shouted that "fear of united mass action" had caused the freeing of the men.

In Chicago where unemployment and suffering are most acute among Negroes, Communist agents were very active among the homeless and hungry on the South Side. Whenever word came of the eviction of a Negro family for non-payment of rent, crowds were speedily mobilized to march to the house and replace the furniture. The police for a week or more sought to avoid trouble by paying no attention and doing nothing about such action, whereupon the Communists loudly proclaimed to Negroes on the South Side that "we've got the police on the run—they're scared of us!" When court bailiffs who were dispossessing a Negro widow with several small children sent in a call for the riot squad, *two Negroes* were killed and others wounded. No *white* Communist was hurt. Mayor Cermak of Chicago, however, was stirred to action and ordered evictions stopped. In October a similar episode in Cleveland led to the death of two Negroes.

In New York, Detroit, Akron, Pittsburgh, Baltimore—in fact, in every city, town, and village where there is an appreciable number of Negroes—the same tactics were used in attempted thwarting of evictions, or in other spectacular appeals. Fortunately, to the time of writing, none has

resulted fatally as in Chicago, and Cleveland, where the funerals of the Negroes killed were utilized for huge parades sprinkled abundantly with banners and speeches advocating the overthrow of capitalism.

IV

And what was the soil into which the Communist propaganda fell? As I write I sit in a large Middle-western industrial city. Yesterday I was told by a social worker of a case he had encountered a day or so before. A Negro industrial worker employed by a large rubber company was about to be evicted from his tiny, humble home for non-payment of three months' rent amounting to sixty dollars. He owed a balance of forty-eight dollars on a loan, and the loan company had garnisheed his wages. With a wife and five children wholly dependent on his wages, his wife a chronic invalid, two girls in high school, and the entire family suffering from under-nutrition, the man's wages are *thirteen dollars a week.* Less than two dollars a day to feed seven mouths, pay rent, buy clothing.

Two weeks ago I visited Alabama, Georgia, and other Southern States. The collapse of cotton prices will hit the Negro farmers—some four million of them—harder than any other group, inasmuch as they are now and have been for some time on the ragged edge. A recent survey by the National Urban League reveals that in Chicago Negroes form 4 per cent of the population but four times that percentage of the unemployed; in Pittsburgh Negroes make up 8 per cent of the total population but 38 per cent of those out of work; in Baltimore the percentages are 17 and 31.5; in Buffalo 3 and 25.8; in Houston, Texas, 25 and 50; in Little Rock, Arkansas, 20 and 54; in Memphis, 38 and 75; in Philadelphia, 7 and 25.

Usually the last to be hired and first to be fired, kept out of the skilled and semi-skilled trades even when amply qualified by ability and training to perform skilled work at correspondingly higher wages, the Negro unquestionably is suffering during this period of distress more than almost any other group. Lynchings have declined in number during recent years but are still frequent enough to hang ominously over the heads of Negroes, particularly in the Southern and border States, as a not unlikely fate should they stir the mob's hostility, ever near the surface. The benefits of unionization are denied them; the American Federation of Labor has even ceased passing perfunctory resolutions against the color line in union membership, while the majority of its constituent unions bar Negroes from membership by constitutional provision or unwritten law. According to Edwin R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, in his recent book, *Brown America,* though Negroes are taxed at the same rate as whites, yet the average annual expenditure in eight Southern States for education per colored child is but $12.50 against $44.31 for each white child. In Georgia the average is $35.42 for whites and $6.38 for Negroes; in Mississippi, $45.34 and $5.45.

These are but the immediate pin pricks, sharp as they are. For it is not generally realized that an enormous change has taken place in Negro thinking since the World War. More and more the Negro has realized that the problem he encounters in the United States is only a part of the whole structure of race prejudice which the modern age of imperialism has created. The stirrings of thought and unrest in Africa, Asia, and the Far East of black and brown and yellow races have not been without their counterpart in the United States. The War shattered whatever notions of the

white man's infallibility and invulnerability the Negro and other colored races unquestionably held prior to 1914. Thoughtful Negroes see all too clearly that the world order which seemed so impregnable before the shooting at Sarajevo is in a bad way if it isn't on the point of collapse. They realize, as does Paul Hutchinson in his *World Revolution and Religion*, that the white nations of the present world have no intention of changing materially the scheme whereby the colored races of mankind have so small a share of the wealth and power they help create; and the ruling classes among the white nations of the earth seem to them to be as filled as ever with pride and greed and sublime contempt towards every race and color but their own.

It is through such an embittered Negro world that the Communists shrewdly sought to spread their theories and to gain a large following. At first their efforts met with a success which amazed the more conservative leaders of Negro opinion. A man who is starving, homeless, exploited, and oppressed is always a fertile field for those who advocate a change. Many Negroes looked upon the Communist as a new Messiah, a new Moses sent to lead them from the bondage which had become almost unbearable. With jesuitical zeal and cleverness the American Communist agitator sought to fan this flame of discontent which the slave trader, the lyncher, the disfranchiser, the denier of decent jobs and wages and homes had lighted and kept alive through three centuries. He resorted to every possible means to impress upon the Negro that he had no stake in his own land, that a philosophy of complete despair was the only sane and intelligent attitude for him to take. All this was centered about the Scottsboro cases as the basis for a highly emotional appeal. Negroes and whites were urged to give vent to their resentment against the farcical trials accorded the nine Negro boys by sending telegrams to the Governor of Alabama or to other officials of that State, peremptorily demanding immediate release of the defendants. Often the industrious Communists volunteered to write the messages for less literate Negroes. It is reported that Governor Miller of Alabama has received more than seventeen hundred such messages.

When this campaign of threats was denounced by non-Communist organizations like the N. A. A. C. P., the vials of wrath of Communist publications were poured upon them and they were denounced as "traitors" and as conspirators to execute the boys.

For a time some of the Negro editors accepted without question the stories sent to them and the interpretations put into those stories by the Communists. "What does it matter whether God, the devil, or Communists save those helpless black boys down there in Alabama?" declared an Oklahoma paper editorially. "We don't by a long sight endorse the complete program of the Communists; we see that organization just as we see everything else. There is good and bad in everything and everybody. When the Communists talk about the overthrow of government we quit their program, but when they talk of race equality and the protection of constitutional rights of citizens, we are with them one hundred per cent and we are not ashamed to say so."

Another paper in Texas, after pointing out that America with all her boasted wealth and genius is unable to protect her own citizens either from the mob or starvation, declared, "We are hearing much in America during these times about Communism and the efforts of Soviet agitators to make converts in this country, and despite the fact that the press of the nation does

not regard this type of propaganda as a menace, yet when men and women are victimized by hunger, want, privation and suffering, almost any kind of radical and revolutionary doctrine, which offers them certain relief and liberation from the system under which they are suffering will make considerable headway among a large element of such a population."

V

Seldom in the history of modern times has a field so fruitful been ready and waiting. That the opportunity to take lasting advantage of this was lost is almost entirely due to the shortsightedness of the leaders of the Communist party in the United States. Had they been more intelligent, honest, and truthful there is no way of estimating how deeply they might have penetrated into Negro life and consciousness. At the beginning of the Scottsboro Case they talked much and often of a "united front," but it was soon to be seen that all who did not submit wholly to Communist dictation were classed and branded as "enemies" and "tools of the capitalists." The suspicion began to grow in the Negro mind—and this suspicion was more than confirmed—that at least some of the Communists did not want the nine boys saved but sought instead to make "martyrs" of them for purposes of spreading Communist propaganda among Negroes. Negroes, too, saw that in the present stage of events the only Southern whites who were trying to get a new trial for the nine boys were capitalists, one of them the son of a former governor of Alabama, while the mob which had surrounded the courthouse at Scottsboro had been made up largely of white "workers." Negroes realized that ill-advised, threatening tactics would serve no other immediate purpose than to make their own lot infinitely harder; that enemies of the Negro would surely utilize Communist agitation as a pretext for refusal to remedy bad conditions, for stifling legitimate protest by Negroes through attributing it to "Communist" propaganda. Disillusionment replaced the hope which the Communist orators had brought.

It is unfortunate that the American leaders of Communism were not blessed with more common sense. Their bungling and dangerous tactics in the Scottsboro cases have even led to sharp criticism from within their own party. The *Revolutionary Age*, for example, says of the methods used:

> Such is the poisonous blight spread in every direction by the new sectarian policies dominating the Communist Party today, that even this glorious page [taking up defense of the nine boys] has been darkened by its ominous shadow. False and suicidal tactics have well nigh undone the achievements of profoundly correct principles! When the I. L. D. initiated its Scottsboro campaign, it outlined a program of great promise. A broad and real united front movement was planned with slogans that would draw in the most backward masses and their organizations, both white and black. An end to the insanity of "social-fascism" and a cessation to the orgies of irresponsible abuse were promised. But the promises turned into ashes. . . .
>
> It did not take very long before it became clear enough that the Communist Party leadership had no conception whatever of what the united front really is. At the beginning, every friendly word in the Negro press, every sympathetic gesture was hailed in the columns of the *Daily Worker* as the "broadening of the united front." Then suddenly everything changed. Only those who accepted the ultimate slogans of the Communists and subordinated themselves to the I. L. D. were regarded as "in the united front"—all others became "staunch allies of the white masters."
>
> . . . Coupled with this altogether false conception of the united front came an equally false estimation of the role of petty bourgeois organizations among the Negroes as an oppressed people. Nor was any sign

exhibited of an appreciation of the importance of gaining a labor base among the white workers. The same old story resulted—"conferences" which represented nobody, "united fronts" based on appeals to "follow" the Communist Party, discredit, isolation. . . .

Thus has the Communist Party again gotten itself into the unenviable position that it has been in altogether too frequently in recent months—that of a force for disunity and splitting.

Among Negroes the pendulum swung sharply away from the American Communist program, even among those of intelligence who had looked, if not with sympathy, at least with interest upon the economic and social experiment which is going on in Soviet Russia. Among these is the distinguished Negro sociologist and editor, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, who wrote in the September issue of the *Crisis* that if the Communists had been really intelligent they would have joined hands with any and all bodies and individuals who honestly sought to provide the best legal defense possible, and then, the case won, they "could have proceeded to point out that legal defense alone, even if successful, will never solve the larger Negro problem but that further and more radical steps are needed."

"Unfortunately," Doctor Du Bois added, the tactics of the American Communists were "neither wise nor intelligent. . . . If the Communists want these lads murdered, then their tactics of threatening judges and yelling for mass action on the part of white Southern workers is calculated to insure this."

Clarence Darrow's entrance into the cases at Scottsboro effectively silences in the minds of all but the most intransigent the argument that "capitalists" are trying to murder the nine Negro boys of the Scottsboro cases. In the meantime the United States can, if it will, learn a lesson from these cases, tragically so typical of three centuries of oppression of the Negro here. The Negro is not turning red just yet; but that circumstance is due chiefly to the blunders of the Communists.

For three hundred years the Negroes have been unswervingly loyal. Should the burdens they have borne so long not be lightened, they can hardly be blamed if sheer hopelessness descends upon them and they are tempted to turn on their oppressors. They know that they will be in doubled jeopardy if they face both anti-Negro and anti-Communist feeling. Some of them are willing, nevertheless, to face even that and death rather than go on as things now stand.

There is but one effective and intelligent way in which to counteract Communist efforts at proselyting among American Negroes, and that method is drastic revision of the almost chronic American indifference to the Negro's plight. Give him jobs, decent living conditions, and homes. Assure him of justice in the courts and protection of life and property in Mississippi as well as in New York. Put an end to flagrant and unchecked disregard of the Negro's constitutional right to vote. Let labor unions—conservative and liberal *as well as radical*—abolish written or implied barriers against the Negro, doing so in sheer enlightened selfishness, if for no other reason, since it is self-evident that white labor will never be free as long as black labor is enslaved and exploited. Let employers of labor even in this time of acute depression see to it that Negro workingmen are treated no worse than white. In brief, the only antidote to the spread among American Negroes of revolutionary doctrines is even-handed justice.

O TEMPORA! O MOTORS!

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

SOON the annual automobile show will be held in New York, to be followed shortly by another in Chicago, which, in turn, will be followed by lesser shows in lesser communities until, by May, the entire United States will have had an opportunity to examine the new season's new cars.

Millions of men, women, and children, impelled by curiosity, interest, or Mr. Arthur Brisbane's yearly editorial endorsing automobile ownership, will flock to these motor shows, for to see and to admire. Whether or not they can afford to buy new machines, they will climb in and out of convertible sedans and rumble seats. They will peer under hoods and into transmissions. They will manipulate pedals and gearshift levers. They will stand open-mouthed, listening to lectures on current mechanical fads and fashions—such as free-wheeling and adjustable shock absorbers. They will ask innumerable questions. They will leave fingerprints on polished metal and lacquer. And, the young among them especially, they will collect armfuls of gaily colored catalogues.

I know all about what people do at automobile shows, because for years I was one of their most passionate devotees. I used to attend the New York shows regularly, day after day, studying every detail of each new model, badgering the salesmen and making myself a thorough nuisance. I loved cars in the way that some persons love horses and could distinguish one vintage from another by the design of a tire-carrier or the curve of a mudguard. Except for a policeman on the lookout for malefactors, this is undoubtedly among the most futile of accomplishments. I exhume my past not from any delusion that you might be interested in so obviously misspent a youth, but rather to establish a background of sorts for the present thesis, which is, in part, in the nature of a lament. It is a lament for a dead glamour and for the passing of motoring as a sport.

Do not misunderstand me. It would be absurd to deny that the automobiles of 1932 are the most beautiful, comfortable, efficient, economical specimens of their species the world has ever seen—or that they offer the greatest values. It would be absurd to assert that present-day motoring is devoid of thrills. For anyone not desperately blasé there is unquestionably a thrill in the swift responsiveness and the silent, catlike power of the latest models. Through the development of the motor car into a dependable, everyday instrument of living we have gained immeasurably. On that score there can be no argument. Yet, it seems to me, our gain in this instance, as in some others, has not been one hundred per cent net.

The difference between the motoring of before the War and that of to-day is analogous to the difference between beer and near-beer: the ingredients are the same, but the spirit is missing.

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II

In the early days the purchase of a car was an adventure. To some of the younger set this may be news, as the following story would seem to prove. A boy who had been swimming at a seashore resort lost his shoes, so started to drive home with bare feet. His girl companion remarked that he was very clever to be able to drive without shoes. To which he replied, in all seriousness, "Shucks, what d'you suppose people did before shoes were invented?" Other persons who also believe that automobiles came before shoes are hereby warned to read no farther. This article is not for them.

In the early days, I repeat, the purchase of a car was an adventure. The very decision to take the plunge required considerable sporting blood. For sales were made for cash only; hence for the average man buying a car involved drawing on his savings or mortgaging his property in order to pay for it. And that in turn meant that he would lose caste in the eyes of his banker. But granted that a man was so thoroughly infected with the motor fever that he was willing to impair his standing at the bank, he had to make still further demands on his sporting instinct. To decide to buy an automobile was one thing. To decide which to buy was another.

Though automobiles had been made and sold in the United States a few years previous to the turn of the century, the automotive era may be said to have been actually ushered in with the year 1900. It was in November of that year that the first show, held at the old Madison Square Garden in New York, focussed the thoughts of the nation upon the horseless carriage. In that day the most urgent problem confronting the stalwart little band of pioneers was how to convince a skeptical public that the rickety new contraptions would run. Inasmuch as many of them ran by fits and starts only, often resisting every effort to make them go at all, their sponsors' task was not an easy one. But by dint of enthusiasm, hard work, and the judicious cribbing of ideas and methods from Europe, where the automotive art was comparatively advanced, our early car-makers overcame the obstacle of general skepticism with amazing rapidity. In little more than five years—a short span in which to effect a nation-wide conversion—America became motor mad.

From the status of obscure mechanics and crazy fanatics, ridiculed for attempting the impossible, the inventors suddenly found themselves men of the hour. From trying to peddle an innovation that nobody wanted, they were overwhelmed by a demand beyond their most sanguine expectations. Motor factories sprang up by the score, started by opportunists eager to make what money they could out of the new craze while it lasted. Of these men some were engineers, some business men, some blue-sky promoters who saw an unparalleled chance to sell bogus stock. Honest men and rogues scrambled aboard the band wagon in increasing numbers. By 1909 one hundred-odd domestic makes of automobiles were on the market in this country; or rather, to be accurate, a hundred-odd were advertised. Some of them existed only on paper. Few of them lived up to the claims of their makers. Here are some of the names, selected at random. Perhaps one or more among them may bring you a reminiscent chuckle:

Grout, Welch, Matheson, Corbin, KlineKar, Lozier, Klink, Royal Tourist, Mora, Thomas Flyer, Simplex, Parry, Apperson, Alco, Sharp Arrow, Carter Car, Metz, DeTamble, Cameron, CinO, Demotcar, Lambert, Regal,

Rambler, Croxton-Keeton, Glide, Speedwell, Sultan, Pennsylvania, Haynes, Badger, Black Crow, Chalmers-Detroit, Abbott-Detroit, Warren-Detroit, Johnson, Jackson, Lexington, Rider-Lewis, American, Gaeth, Stevens-Duryea, Winton, Mitchell, Rainier, Elmore, National, Selden, Auto-bug, Brush, Stoddard-Dayton, Stearns, Knox, Premier.

Of the foregoing, none is manufactured to-day. Of all the makes advertised in 1909, less than twenty are still on the market. Most of them came to an early and well-deserved end. In addition to those mentioned, probably another hundred, of more recent manufacture, have made their bows, played their parts in the changing motor drama, and vanished. Not all of them were bad. Some, indeed, were very good—for their epoch. Here and there one still encounters them, ten, sometimes twenty years old, chugging along defiantly, like superannuated belles, clinging to life though it has long since passed them by. The trade knows them as "orphans."

The best of the makes listed above were expensive machines built by hand at the rate of one or two a day. Some cheaper models were turned out at the rate of five thousand a year. But of well-known makes at any price there were not nearly enough to go round. The average man who had decided to buy a car didn't want to wait months for delivery. If he couldn't have his first choice at once he took a chance on a competing brand.

Not knowing the difference between a spark plug and a camshaft, the prudent purchaser usually sought the advice of an expert. He would engage an engineer or a mechanic to make a critical examination of the various offerings. Dealers and manufacturers encouraged this practice. "Bring your own expert," they advertised, "and he will tell you that point for point the 1910 Whatnot is the best light four in the industry." Which is exactly what the expert did, provided he could not obtain a bigger fee from one of the Whatnot's competitors. Taking care of the prospect's expert—a matter involving from five to twenty-five dollars—was considered part of the legitimate expense of selling a car.

But even if the consultant in the case happened to be above such dealings, his opinion was of doubtful value. For, scientifically speaking, even the manufacturers themselves knew relatively little about their products. Their principal method of testing cars was by entering them in races and endurance contests. A victory in one of these events they loudly heralded as indisputable proof of excellence. As a matter of fact, however, there were so many speed trials and reliability runs and so little consistency on the part of the entries, that almost any car had a chance to win sometime, somewhere; and a victory meant a good deal less than the public was led to believe.

Ignorant of metallurgy, lacking facilities or funds for research, without adequate machinery for precision manufacture, the car-makers muddled along. Using the race track for a laboratory, groping amid a welter of theories, they learned by the method of trial and error, letting the public pay the bills. They changed their designs in the hope of improving them, but often launched new models without knowing definitely that these were better than the old. Yet they announced each debutante as the ultimate triumph of engineering genius. "The car as now made," said one factory in 1909, "is perfection. We have spent thirteen years in making it better and there's little room to go farther."

The air was thick with wild claims and controversy regarding fundamental questions of design. Make-and-break *vs.* jump spark ignition; chain *vs.* shaft

drive; sliding gear transmissions *vs.* planetary and friction *vs.* both; gasoline engines *vs.* steam; the long-stroke motor *vs.* the short-stroke motor, et cetera, et cetera. Each manufacturer advanced his own pet solutions to these problems as the correct ones. All the layman had to do was to decide whom to believe. Small wonder that buying a car, in those days, was an adventure.

But motor car buyers were sportsmen then. They were human beings quickened by human impulses. They were not sordidly investing in "personal transportation," as we do to-day. They were taking a flyer—if you'll allow me the phrase—in personal fun and social prestige. Certain solemn minds would have you believe that the public's swift response to the automotive idea sprang from man's passion to conquer time and space. I do not believe it. It seems highly improbable that John Doe, asked why he proposed to buy an automobile, would have replied, "Because I yearn to conquer time and space." I think, had he answered truthfully, he would have said, "Because Richard Roe's thinking of getting one and I want to beat him to it."

III

Not only the purchase of a car, but each trip one took in it, was an adventure. The advance preparations for a day's tour of fifty miles had to be planned with almost as much care as an expedition to the headwaters of the Orinoco.

Papa, who in those days was the head man in the home garage, used to spend his spare time between weekends tightening nuts and bolts, polishing brass-work, cleaning spark plugs or breaker points, draining dirt out of the carburetor, insulating bare wires with bicycle tape and picking glass or nails out of the tires. He was determined it should be through no fault of his if, on the morning of the trip, the car refused to start. It often happened, however, despite all papa's care and after mama and the girls and the invited guests had climbed into their seats, that the motor did refuse to start, either through sheer contrariness, or because, in his zeal, papa had neglected to open the fuel valve, or reconnect the ignition. Many a picnic was eaten on the front porch by the women-folk, while the car owner and his sympathetic friend took turns at the crank handle and the carless neighbors made quaint remarks. To avoid this embarrassing situation, papa used to creep out to the garage at sun-up, hoping to get the motor running and warmed up well in advance of the hour of departure. At the same time he would make a final inspection of the tool kit, making sure that it contained the tow-rope, tire pump, jack—with brick to stand it on—collapsible water bucket and, if rain threatened, a handy block and tackle for use in pulling out of mud holes.

The number and variety of ailments the early motor cars were heir to were limited only by the number and variety of parts they contained. To-day such disorders, to borrow a term from medicine, are in the main functional rather than organic. But in the first fifteen years of the century organic defects were as common as functional disturbances. Not only did parts wriggle out of adjustment, but they broke, or dropped off, the clanging of their fall drowned out by the general hubbub the car made. One day, as late as 1916, my father was driving a month-old machine, thinking how beautifully it ran, when suddenly it stopped. With a nearby garageman he spent an hour or more trying by orthodox means to make it start again, only to discover at last that the gasoline tank was missing. It had parted company with the car some distance up the road.

But a lost gas tank was of little consequence in comparison with some other afflictions. Not infrequently an entire engine, as though tired of the struggle, would lose its grip on the chassis and fall onto the highway. Broken springs and axles were the motorist's common fare, as were broken steering knuckles, truss rods, connecting rods, universal joints, and drive chains. Radiators leaked, water-jackets cracked, carburetors clogged, and lubricators failed to lubricate.

Unless he could afford a chauffeur, the new-fledged motorist needed instruction not in driving only, but in the theory of the motor that he proposed to operate. Only by knowing his car and what made it go could he be reasonably sure it would take him out and bring him back under its own power.

Garages and machine shops were scarce and, for the most part, were places to be shunned. The average mechanic was a young man of vast enthusiasm, but monumental ignorance. His favorite method of diagnosing any case of trouble was to begin taking the entire machine apart. Many an unwary motorist, whose car had stopped for no more serious reason than that the fuel tank was empty, or a wire disconnected, was forced to take his party home by train because some roadside experimenter had partially dis-assembled the works and then been unable to fit them together again.

As a matter of fact, taking a car apart was no task to be undertaken lightly. As though stipulating: "What the factory hath joined, let no man put asunder," the makers had made little provision for that form of sacrilege. It was not possible, as it is to-day, to remove a gear-box, for instance, by merely unscrewing a few nuts. You first had to remove the car body, in order to see where and how the transmission was secured to the frame. Then, having removed the body, you were likely to find that the part in question had been fastened in place with rivets, for all time. This forthright system of construction was sometimes baffling to mechanics.

In justice to the car makers it should be stated that the vicissitudes of motoring were not wholly due to faulty design and construction. The condition of the roads was in large measure to blame for the frequent breakage of parts and the tendency of nuts and bolts to work loose. Pot-holes and thank-you-ma'ams, with which the highways were riddled, exacted a heavy toll from cars and riders alike. The ordinary springs were quite inadequate (and are to-day) to the task of absorbing road shocks unaided. Trick springs and auxiliary devices were among the earliest accessories on the market. "Our spring," promised one advertiser, "makes it possible for ladies to enjoy mobiling without being subjected to severe jolts or a general shaking up, and eliminates the necessity of calling a physician after each trip, on account of rough roads. The spring that doubles the value of your car as a rest resort." I wish to remark, parenthetically, that the conception of a car as a rest resort is a lost ideal it might pay us to revive. For though present-day motoring may not continually subject our bodies to severe jolts, it is scarcely soothing to our nerves.

IV

Generally speaking, the equipment of a car, included in its list price, consisted of three oil lamps, a set of tools, and an instruction book. Some few makes were factory-equipped with tops, but usually top, windshield, headlights, acetylene generator, spare tires and tubes and other important items came under the head of extras. A man was free to choose his equipment according

to his taste and his resources; and when he sold the car he was also free, if he wished, to strip it of these added accouterments, so that he might use them on its successor, or sell them separately. The principal disadvantage of this system was that the purchaser was likely to find himself spending a good deal more on his car than he had originally intended. Yet it was not without its advantages. To-day we still pay extra for "de luxe" equipment, but we cannot remove it and hope to trade-in or sell our cars without it.

Many and marvelous—on paper at least—were the gadgets and do-funnies offered in the accessory stores to catch the motorist's vagrant dollars. Despite the limitations of space, I cannot resist mentioning a few, such as the autophonendoscope, a device similar to a stethoscope, which enabled you to listen to the heart and lungs of your motor and diagnose their ills by ear. There were little chains for attaching to your mudguards, designed to prevent nails from becoming too deeply embedded in the tires. There was a variety of windshields, among them one advertised as being adjustable to fifty-nine positions. There was a natty rubberized cape apron, a sort of poncho for riders in topless cars. Five persons could keep their bodies dry under it, while their heads protruded through convenient slits that could be buttoned when not in use. There were several mechanical road guides, geared to the wheels like speedometers. One of these, the Rhodes Pathfinder, was a metal box clamped to the steering column. Through a glass window in the box you could watch your route unwinding on a moving map, mile by mile, schoolhouse by schoolhouse. To facilitate its use at night it was illuminated and provided with a bell that rang every time you approached a turn. Like many another device of that period, it worked perfectly but it was quite valueless. You couldn't watch the Pathfinder and watch the road too, and it was more satisfactory, on the whole, to watch the road. However, buying attractive but useless accessories was a feature of motoring that gave the sport an added zest.

Again in justice to the car-makers, it should be said that at least fifty per cent of the motorist's grief resulted from tire trouble. Rim cuts, punctures, sand blisters, and blowouts were regular concomitants of motoring. Four flat tires in the course of a day's run were by no means an unusual number, whereas a trip devoid of a single one was something to talk about. And before the adoption of demountable rims, tire repairs entailed real work. You had to wrench the casing off the wheel, patch or replace the inner tube, squeeze it back into the casing without pinching it or tearing out the valve, and maneuver the shoe into place again. After which, all hands to the pump.

A book could be filled with descriptions of the inventions designed to supplant, or reinforce, the pneumatic tire. There were chrome leather covers, studded with steel discs, guaranteed to be puncture and blowout proof. There were fillers, of sponge rubber and other compressible materials, to be used instead of air. There were solid-rubber tires and any number of patent wheels having intricate spring arrangements instead of spokes. There were hand pumps, foot pumps, and pumps driven by the engine or the rear wheels of the car. One could even buy cylinders of compressed carbonic gas for tire inflation. Of all these inventions, perhaps the most brilliant was the valveless tire. This was a pneumatic containing a certain gummy substance that was supposed automatically to seal any puncture. It was not unique in that, for there were other so-called

self-sealing tires. The unique feature of the valveless was the method of inflating it, which was by means of a hollow needle, like a hypodermic, that you thrust ruthlessly through the sidewall.

Those among you who never experienced pre-war motoring may conclude, from my picture of it, that it must have been pretty dreadful. In the interest of truth I must admit that it did have its darker aspects, yet it was seldom dull or monotonous. There were compensations for the deficiencies in cars, tires, and roads. Chief among these was the spirit of motorists as a class.

When a man bought a car he hoped for the best, but accepted the worst, if it came, philosophically. In the event of a breakdown he did not feel that his life had been blighted, but took off his coat and went to work. If the trouble was beyond his powers to remedy, he sent for help or waited until some other motorist came along. Nowadays if you hail an approaching driver he puts on speed for fear you may be a gangster. When motor cars were young a stranded motorist was a brother in distress, entitled to technical aid and counsel, or at any rate moral support.

And another factor that tempered the annoyance of a breakdown was that in almost any hamlet it was possible to console oneself with a bottle of good cold beer.

V

Thanks to modern mass production and installment selling, the possession of luxuries no longer confers on any man the right to strut. This condition, tending as it does to damn up a natural instinct, forcing it to seek gratification through other channels, is deplorable. It would not be surprising to find, on closer investigation, that it has had something to do with the promotion of lawlessness. When a man could relieve his feelings of inferiority by buying a car and bragging about it he did not need to satisfy his ego by committing some act of violence that would display his name in the newspapers.

Ownership of an automobile in the early days not only enhanced a man's position in his community, but did much to strengthen or rehabilitate his authority in his own family circle. The most hen-pecked husband, by learning to drive, acquired a new power and a new prestige. He could do something that his wife could not do; he had special knowledge she did not have. She might tell him how to conduct his business and his household or dictate the color and pattern of his suits and neckties. She might—and doubtless did—tell him which road to take, but she could not tell him how to run his car or how to fix it when it balked.

The cars of the period were hard to start, hard to steer, and hard to stop. Driving them required more muscle and endurance than the average woman possessed. Keeping them in condition and making roadside repairs required more mechanical skill and technical knowledge than the average woman cared to acquire. A man might be a cipher in his own house, but at the wheel of his Whatnot Four he was a person. Magnificently arrayed in cap, linen duster, goggles, and gauntlets, clutching the wheel with a fierce nonchalance, he hurled his juggernaut over the road at twenty-five miles an hour, cheered by the thought that perhaps he had been made in God's image, after all.

But that happy state of affairs was not destined to last. Women could not long endure the ignominy of being relegated to the back seat. Eager to regain their lost ascendancy, they demanded cars which they, too, could drive. Scenting increased sales—beside which the betrayal of their

sex meant nothing—the car-makers adopted a device that changed the whole aspect of motoring. This was the electric starter. With its advent the automobile was shorn of its masculinity. The engineers and designers, under pressure from the sales managers, gave up catering to male tastes. With one or two exceptions they stopped making cars that only he-men could control. Men, the argument ran, had little time for driving; for the most part they could use their cars only on Saturdays and Sundays. Women, on the other hand, could motor every day. Daily use, obviously, would wear out a machine faster than week-end use. Therefore, if women want cars that are easy to handle, that need a minimum of gear-shifting, said the manufacturers, the thing to do is to give 'em what they want.

To give women what they wanted required a revolution in design and salesmanship. When the man of the house was the customer, the salesman's first move was to lift the hood of a car and show him the great bulk of the engine. Men didn't mind if the motor made some little noise; that was evidence that it was there, on the job. Men wanted power in engines and axles strong enough to transmit it to the wheels. What matter if it did take muscle to crank a car and to hold it on the road, and skill to shift its gears without clashing? That made driving it a man's game.

Under the new order, salesmen switched their arguments and changed their tactics. Women didn't want to know what, if anything, was under the hood. They cared nothing for bores and strokes, for helical bevel gears and floating axles. The manufacturers having diverted money from mechanical features into "refinements," the salesmen stopped talking motors, to talk color schemes and upholstery. They pointed out how easily the pedals could be adjusted in length and how softly the clutch engaged—"You simply can't make it grab, Moddom."

Moddom's husband stood about awkwardly, feeling that he'd been led into a lingerie shop, and yearning for some good old-fashioned technical conversation. But whenever he tentatively broached the subject of looking under the hood, the salesman shied off from it, as though motors were an indecent topic for mixed company, and called attention to the elegant flower vase, or the vanity case, or the tassels on the window curtains. After a time, Moddom's husband became resigned to the idea that motoring had been taken away from him. He told himself that he didn't care; that there was no longer much fun in driving anyway, because cars had become all looks and no guts. He took up golf.

Among the many things the War changed was the motor car. New alloys, new knowledge of lubrication, of the combustion of gases, and of gasoline distillation combined to make possible the designing of cars radically different from their wartime predecessors. With enlarged factories tooled up for huge production, the car-makers were confronted by the slump of 1920, when, except in the lowest-price classes, it was virtually impossible to give cars away. Those who were financially shaky succumbed. The others wrote off their losses and experimented. Out of their experiments came the forerunners of the automobiles of to-day.

The new machines were, it is true, designed to please women. Ease of control, comfort, beauty of line and finish were part of their birthright—but only a part. In addition they had speed and power such as had never before been known. They had multi-cylindered motors under their hoods, motors that would bear inspection. They had four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, oil cleaners, air strainers, a host

of mechanical innovations that men might examine and discuss. They brought back to driving some of the exciting quality it had lost.

Some, but not all. The day had gone forever when a man could preen himself and say, "You know that steep hill at Wheresis? Well, I took her all the way up in high!"

Climbing hills in high was no longer an achievement calling for driving skill. Any car could do it with a boy of sixteen at the wheel.

VI

To-day, according to the common view, we are living in the golden age of motoring. Perhaps it is a sign of advancing years, or of a crabbed disposition, that I cannot whole-heartedly agree with that view. To my mind, with the post-war renaissance motoring lost much of its charm. I do not say that it is utterly flat and stale, for it has its moments still and always will have. But such moments, high spots, are becoming fewer and farther between.

We have automobiles capable of running at fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour all day long. We have roads—here and there—on which such speeds may safely be used. We have tires that wear for thousands and thousands of miles. We have filling stations, on main highways at least, every few yards. We can buy parts and have repairs made at standardized prices and flat rates in every town and village. We can buy nationally advertised fuels and lubricants everywhere. We can plan to drive any given distance in a specified time and be ninety-nine per cent certain of arriving on schedule. "Well," I hear someone ask, "what more do you want?" A fair question, to which I reply, "Nothing more. A trifle less."

I want what I cannot possibly have. I should like, for instance, to be able to drive all day, assured of not seeing another car, or a gasoline pump, a billboard, or a hot-dog stand. I should like to feel free to drive slowly, if I chose, without being honked at or sworn at by a scurrying horde. I should like to encounter, occasionally, a trace of the old-time courtesy of the road. I should like to see other motorists also enjoying leisurely drives—as once they did—instead of tearing along in a grim and purposeless frenzy. I think it would be agreeable to meet a few owners of small cars who were not intent on proving that they could travel as fast as bigger ones. I should like to meet, once in a while, a driver who knows that though mudguards are called fenders, the latter word is a misnomer. I should like to find some city in which most drivers, of their own volition, try to stop for red lights; and some state in which they obey side-road full stop signs. I should like—surely this person is mad—to see motoring taken out of the hands of the mob and restored to the few who are mentally fit to indulge in it.

It may be that I am not alone in deprecating the current craze for speed for speed's sake. There may be others who also deplore the popular disdain for manners and who agree that the tempo of our life, as represented by the tempo of our motoring, might well be retarded without loss of national efficiency or personal enjoyment. There may be others—and if there are, I extend them my sympathy. We're caught in the traffic and there's nothing we can do to check its onrush. Nor, I imagine, would we do anything to check it if we could. We haven't time. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our cars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.



CRYSTAL MOMENT

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

ONCE or twice this side of death
Things can make one hold his breath.

From my boyhood I remember
A crystal moment of September.

A wooded island rang with sounds
Of church bells in the throats of hounds.

A buck leaped out and took the tide
With jewels flowing past each side.

With his high head like a tree,
He swam within a yard of me.

I saw the golden drop of light
In his eyes turned dark with fright.

I saw the forest's holiness
On him like a fierce caress.

Fear made him lovely past belief,
My heart was trembling like a leaf.

He leaned towards the land and life
With need above him like a knife.

In his wake the hot hounds churned,
They stretched their muzzles out and yearned.

They cried no more, but swam and throbbed,
Hunger drove them till they sobbed.

Pursued, pursuers reached the shore
And vanished. I saw nothing more.

So they passed, a pageant such
As only gods could witness much,

Life and death upon one tether
And running beautiful together.

THE BATTLE OF RADIO ARMAMENTS

BROADCASTING AND INTERNATIONAL FRICTION

BY HEBER BLANKENHORN

EUROPE'S most important broadcasting corporation, being British and governmental to boot, cannot do business without heraldry. Its coat of arms has a little lion and a large legend:

Nation shall speak Peace unto Nation

Cavillers may discover in the word peace an interpolated afterthought, but the rest of the sentiment is sound. Nation-to-nation is in the backbone of radio, for better for worse, for broadcasters and listeners.

All the world is here, thinks the set-owner at home with his dial. The broadcaster dare not cough lest the world hear that, too. World reach and internationalism seem so implicit that many rise up automatically to call it all blessed. One invention, at least, on the side of world peace.

The idealist—not to say evangelical—tone of the British motto is echoed by the Americans, but the truth is that radio is broadcasting more war than peace. As among nations, broadcasting has developed a nationalist attitude out of all proportion to its international reach. This view will be denounced as heresy by broadcasting authorities in every country. They meet it with pained denials. The pain is slightly dulled by misgivings, for they are not ignorant of the many frontiers where radio tension is acute. During the past few years high-power transmitters have sprung up along European frontiers, facing one another as border fortresses used to do. Along the boundaries of Silesia four rival stations now stand within forty miles of one another. It is hardly likely that these locations are the evidence of a pacifistic policy. When Germany set up the Muhlacker station on the Alsace border and France countered with the powerful Strasbourg transmitter, a sigh of relief went up in international radio circles because the French refrained from broadcasting the "Marseillaise" during their station's inaugural ceremonies last Armistice Day. Several storms have blown up in the British parliament over propaganda, broadcast in English, from a Moscow station. Frequently the opening of some country's newest station is the signal for the transmitters of other countries to go wildly off their allotted bands and interfere. The Pope's first broadcast was jammed into unintelligibility in a dozen nations. In the western hemisphere there is anything but peaceful freedom of exchange of programs with either Europe or South America. Brazil last summer was the scene of a revolution in which radio was a main weapon. When the rebels won (the day after President Hoover decided against them) rebroadcasts of the interesting event were about as welcome to stations in the United States as if Nicaragua had offered a

program on American occupation. It is an open secret among our broadcasting authorities that "the President does not want Europe to do much talking to us." European governmental broadcasters have been just as receptive to American pronouncements.

And quite suddenly has come a significant development. Nations, speaking precious little peace unto nations, have not been idle. In Europe during the past year they have begun a race in radio equipment that is carrying the world level of transmitting power to unheard of heights, three times the American limit—an increase of range in radio affairs as startling as if gun calibers were doubled in the naval world. "The trouble with international broadcasting is that governments have just discovered it," remarks a European broadcaster.

Is it possible that a race for loud speakers can be as serious as a race for armament? Governments in our day are becoming more and more particular about words. Propaganda is a recognized sin, deadlier than the old seven. Governments, that after a century of journalism have hardly learned to tolerate freedom of comment in a foreign press, are aghast over a single phrase in a foreign broadcast. Bismarck in 1870 did no more to the Ems Telegram than our newspaper correspondents do daily with their "cablese," but it proved an adequate *casus belli*.

An inquiry into international broadcasting, made in the chief American and European headquarters, elicits three points in the defense of the broadcasters. First, they say international transmission is hampered by technical difficulties. Next they point to "the large number of international rebroadcasts we do make," and the list contains quite impressive programs. Finally, they say their listeners do not care for foreign programs, "which are of inferior quality." This is the line of explanation in each country.

Broadcasters are matter of fact. They begin with what they have rather than what they wish, and unless their position can be understood criticism gets nowhere with them. The technical problem comes first, however irksome that may be to those who cannot see what world peace has to do with such technical details as gold movements, price levels, raw materials, and international communication companies. Broadcast engineers are primarily concerned with the business of communication, not peace propaganda. Their task is to build up or amplify the human voice so that, overcoming disturbances (static), it will carry to distances where it can be caught and amplified again so as to be heard. For an ordinary low-power station they amplify this voice fifty billion times; and they like to calculate that if the world population were gathered together to give tongue in unison, the combined voice power would total but one-thirtieth of that of the small transmitter. They do not like to talk about the Heaviside Layer, that imagined roof of the world, fifty to a hundred and fifty miles up, off which short waves bounce to be picked up in distant lands. This roof is supposed to be the cause of that misbehavior termed "fading." Because of it engineers say they cannot schedule with certainty the reception of overseas transmissions. The simplest problem of international broadcasting is time; a concert sent from New York at one o'clock Thursday on a spring night is heard in San Francisco on Wednesday night, in Poland on Thursday afternoon, in New Zealand on Friday, and in the Argentine in the autumn—all within one second.

The average listener, who wants it "all in a box with no monkey business but a button to turn" has no idea of

the elaborate system of land lines, high-power transmitters, costly receiving stations that bring him a foreign rebroadcast. The hookup may require half a dozen government or private telephone links abroad, many of which have had to be reconstructed for broadcasting purposes. All this is costly. If the broadcasting company has pioneered in the complicated negotiations for such hookups it naturally tries to establish a preferential position. If it has supplied capital abroad for the necessary equipment, it naturally asks exclusive rights. Exclusive agreements, though advertised as great steps forward in international exchanges, have shown a singular tendency to turn into stone walls between nations. The spectacle of the Foreign Minister of Germany compelled to go outside his own country in order to find the technical facilities for an invited broadcast illustrates a difficulty created for internationalism by these exclusive agreements.

The Heaviside Layer is by no means the only technical barrier. The inquirer is struck by the lack of co-operation between radio engineers. Their primary allegiance is elsewhere. Last spring's broadcast of the president of the new Spanish republic, being the first from Spain to the United States, raised a host of technical problems. Madrid regarded the American invitation as a contribution to international understanding, in marked contrast to the chilliness of the great European broadcasting authorities. But the engineering co-operation became a battle between the broadcasting interests of three nations and the placing of rival microphones was in dispute until the last minute before the president spoke. If the Spaniards feel that our only interest in them is a commercial one, the circumstances of this broadcast for international good will probably did little to change their opinion.

II

The argument of technical difficulties is coupled with the broadcasters' belief in the superior quality of the home program. Asking at a New York broadcasting headquarters "why so little Europe?" you are told "Americans are so accustomed to good programs that they will not stand for the inferior quality of European broadcasts." Europeans cling to antiquated transmitters and "won't co-operate technically: they stick to long waves; we want short waves." The radio engineers give the impression that the longs are a sort of backwoods area while the shorts are the realm of the future.

If you travel on to London and ask broadcasters there why they have so few American or Continental rebroadcasts, you are told that the standard of British broadcasting is so far ahead that "we doubt our people do much listening now to foreign stations." As for American commercial programs "we've had some"; and "why should we erect short-wave directional antennæ to reach America, merely to have our programs pirated by stations there?"

Carrying the inquiry to Paris, broadcasters assure you that French offerings are now of such fineness and variety that "we get a volume of mail from foreign listeners, especially British." In Berlin German broadcasters insist that "to interest our listeners in foreign things we have to send out our own traveling microphone to create worthwhile programs beyond our borders."

It's a bit staggering to find broadcasters in every country singing the same tune, but all in complete dissonance. This in the very temple of internationalism, where the priesthood should have exact knowledge of what is on the air in foreign lands. After three thousand miles of travel you come to the conclusion that they cannot all be

right. You discover heretics in every station who listen frequently abroad and who smile slightly at the official reasons.

When broadcasters speak of "quality" they refer not so much to faint reception due to long-distance transmission but rather to the low program standards of the benighted alien. The broadcasting authorities, confused by the conflicting opinions of engineers, musicians, and orators, have scarcely arrived at a standard of any kind for home programs, let alone a standard for checking up on the "quality" of productions originating thousands of miles away. Yet the quality excuse everywhere deprives listeners of their chance at foreign programs.

Radio and broadcasting are polyglot inventions. To trace them you go back through De Forest (American), Marconi (Italian), Fleming (British), Poulsen (Danish), Branly (French), Hertz (German), and right on—still mentioning only the contributions deemed vital in their day—to Duddell, Popoff, Blondel, Slaby, Fessenden, Rutherford, Tesla, Trowbridge, Onesti, Bell, Edison, Lodge, Steinheil, Rhumkorff, Morse, Wheatstone, Maxwell—a world tour. By an irony, not uncharacteristic of the purely scientific realm, this international parentage is inadequately acknowledged. American listeners heard not long ago a celebration of broadcasting's tenth anniversary in which, after a nod to Marconi, principal credit was confined to the research laboratories of the large American electrical companies. A British history of wireless contains mostly English names and the Marconi Co., Ltd. A French encyclopædia emphatically ascribes all the blessings of "le broadcasting" to a *savant, modeste autant qu'illustre, un Français, dont le nom brille d'une gloire mondiale.* German books hark back as firmly to Hertz. Broadcasts on the genesis of broadcasting, if heard internationally, might be upsetting, much as American tourists are disturbed to find in three or four European countries bronze monuments to *the* inventor of *the* telegraph and telephone, all bearing foreign names. As if any American schoolboy could not name the Americans who invented those things, forgetting perhaps that Bell was born and trained in Scotland and Morse first designed his instrument on the ship home after a long stay in Europe.

Protest at radio program monotony is constant. America has some six hundred stations, puts more money and effort into broadcasting than the rest of the world, has the best there is and a great deal of the worst, is the originator of most of the new forms of the art. And yet—and yet—"is the result simply an organized monotony?" Listeners complain of the same stunt or dance, the same tomtom or croon, on every wavelength. The variety of competitive production tends to a curious sameness, especially when the entertainment is taken over by a "sponsor" who must have a sure fire hit to risk his money on. He gives the public "what it wants" but the demand for programs from Europe and the rest of the world does not cease.

Europe's two hundred stations, taken together, offer greater variety. With a good set you can make fascinating journeys by radio, though you find the air surprisingly crowded and ripped with government stations' code messages to fleets and colonies. You can pick up the music box signal of Budapest, the nightingale note used by Italian stations, the shrill bell of Fecamp, or the deep boom of Strasbourg, the "*Give akt*" of Baltic stations, the "*Hier sind*" of German, the Dublin "*Radio Ath Cliath e seo*" and the "*A-ah-hota see-a-ta*" of Madrid. You have opera, religious services, radio playlets, and a good deal of debate.

Stations offer to make you a linguist, and you can overhear English, French and German being taught in unintelligible tongues. Or you can switch to the cabarets of twenty lands, sounding much alike.

And yet—in this European playground and international university notable lacks soon appear. Talks on current politics are few and thin; many stations ban them outright. The pungent comment of a William Hard is not for Europe. No illuminating controversial forums exist such as are broadcast by our organizations like the Foreign Policy Association. News communiqués tend to be bare, arid, and suggestive of official points of view or semi-official news agencies.

The suspicion dawns that the national monotony complained of in America bothers Europe as well. Rebroadcasts of other countries' programs are rarer even than with us. No one knows the proportion of listeners with sets capable of fishing for their own foreign programs where they please in Europe, but it is probably small. Europe's broadcasters take pride in catering to the small receiver and in "not promoting the sale of costly sets" —a circumstance which increases the control of the broadcaster. The mass of listeners do not hear any programs except those of their nearest home stations. Like the American public, they are restricted for their international radio to home station rebroadcasts.

III

The truth is that European broadcasters are afraid. At the start government laid hands on the radio to control it, as in the past they took charge of telegraphs and telephones, and frequently of railways, all "elements of the national defense." Some countries still forbid broadcasting altogether. Most of the fears are domestic rather than international. Not a few authorities fear what happened in Madrid last December, when revolutionists seized the capital's wireless at least long enough to proclaim the republic—to such as were awake at five A.M.

Fear was widespread last spring when the Spanish revolution succeeded. Not only were Mediterranean dictatorships opposed to broadcasting from Madrid, but in South America a panic of radio fears arose. That first exuberant broadcast of President Zamora to the United States was relayed also to the Argentine at the instance of a Buenos Aires newspaper. In Madrid you could hear, relayed back, the cheers of the appreciative throngs in Buenos Aires. The Argentine government immediately suppressed the offending newspaper, and there were no more broadcasts there. Later on Brazilian newspapers did something that would have terrified such proponents of controlled broadcasting as the United States and English authorities. They interviewed President Zamora, with all Spain and Brazil listening in, asking uncensored questions and receiving extemporaneous answers. This occurred about the time that the new Spanish government was making constant use of the radio to hold the republic together. During a day when many cities of Spain were overcast with smoke from burning convents, you could see, in one provincial capital, people packed a hundred deep outside every shop and dwelling that contained a loudspeaker. In the end they went peacefully home, burning nothing, calmed by the winged words from Madrid. Of the thing's power, governments know enough to fear deeply.

Recently in Brazil the revolution made its way by radio, thus breaking down a newspaper boycott. President Washington Luis, in his efforts to censor radio, sent the police to all radio

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

shops to get the names of purchasers of sets; the police then went to the homes and took away the tubes! When the revolution succeeded (to the discomfiture of another Washington government beside Luis's) the vengeful listeners smashed and burned the shops of radio dealers who had betrayed them. In Venezuela the dictator-president Gomez, in order to combat rebel transmissions from over the border, forbade the ownership of sets to any but his supporters. General Uriburu, who seized the Argentine government last autumn, found himself nearly overthrown by the radioed speeches of the late Irigoyen cabinet members, sent from neighboring Uruguay. Uruguay closed the broadcasting only after diplomatic exchanges that included threats of war. In Europe exactly the same situation promised to develop, when the Spanish revolutionists pressed their new government to use broadcasting to tell the world, and Italy in particular, what Spain thought of dictatorships. Such use would have brought about exactly the situation that rose between Italy and France two years ago. Then a determined Italian exile (who now lies buried in an Italian prison) managed to rig up in a house back of Nice a small transmitter, with which he nightly talked to northern Italy. Until Paris, harried by Rome, tracked down and dismantled the station, those chats caused most of the trouble in the diplomatic exchanges of the two governments.

These are examples of the radio in the hands of revolution; its power is not less when it speaks as a government transmitter. The new high-power stations ranged along frontiers in Europe are seen by many as pure monuments to fear: lofty antennæ marshalled face to face as if to dispute a border, in different languages. Wherever the late peace shifted boundaries and minority problems are difficult, there is found a concentration of opposing stations. The whole Polish frontier, much of the German, the Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, and others are scenes of what are frequently reported as radio wars. The clutter of bilingual stations in the German-Polish-Czech corner often broadcast words which are packed home again in diplomatic pouches. France is to enlarge the station near Nice; is that caused by, or causing, Italian plans for a station near Genoa? Rumania, protesting against a Soviet station close to Bessarabia, threatens a counter transmitter whose duty will be frankly to jam the Russian. Berlin for some time made weekly protest against wave interference, as well as propaganda, from Russia. The speech-making in English, from Moscow, which provoked belligerent protest in the British parliament, was taken less seriously after it appeared that only the costliest, most aristocratic British receivers could pick up Moscow.

Though Russia is most frequently charged with being the source of uneasiness, the striking fact is that all Europe has suddenly shifted to high-power broadcasting armament. While the United States still contends that 50 kilowatts is the legal limit for stations, little Hungary is to have one of 120 kilowatts, Prague 120, Vienna likewise. Poland's new station, supposed to be 120, has just started up at 156. Berlin and Paris are going up; and so are the Russians. Europe watches dourly. The Russians, as part of the Five-Year Plan, are thinking of spending $45,000,000 for a station of 500 kilowatts and short-wave transmitters to reach anywhere.

No wonder the League of Nations is to have a station (whenever the fight is ended as to whether British or American with French capital shall predominate in the building), which station shall be left to the Swiss "in the case of a general war."

IV

Another difficulty appears, which in the long run may be hard to handle. It is simply the inherent nature of radio asserting itself! Broadcasting will out. Eight years' experience dictates higher power, especially to serve small remote sets. Low power, centrally located, left each country with some very dense border populations with no national radio. These areas now, in catching up, naturally build to modern specifications, *i.e.* high power. This incites to equally high power just over the border, lest home programs there should be lacking in strength. The new stations "are not so much acts of war. They are acts of national pride. They should in future furnish more international cultural programs than ever before." Governments concerned are not unconscious of the possibilities of an ether offensive. Government stations have been known to jump five kilocycles off their assigned wave length in time to jam the inauguration of another country's latest radio "pride."

Russia's right to high power is unquestioned by European engineers. It is a vast country; it conducts radio education on a scale demanded by vast illiteracy. Russia, moreover, was not invited to the conference in Washington, where world wave lengths were allocated. Nobody can blame her for crashing in where she can. Technically and culturally her broadcasting plans are unassailable. But it would belie Kremlin intelligence to suppose the plans unrelated to Russia's interest in world revolution. Already British listeners, curious to hear Moscow, have asked why it is that the life-saving ring of radio marine signal stations around England (on which ships rely to steer) happens to operate on a wave length neatly distorting Moscow out of intelligibility. Will nations circle themselves with stations trained to go red with rage against any waves from Russia? Or would it be a more statesmanlike method to extend the law requiring set owners to take out a license to listen, and force them to add a license to think, revocable at police pleasure?

Meanwhile Europe's keeper of the radio peace, the Geneva Broadcasting Office (Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion), with admirable discretion tackles wave lengths, the interferences of the new high powers, the coming necessity for fewer stations. It finds technical rather than political menace in the new situation. For the spill-over area (where a station's signals no longer are heard but do carry interference) is vastly greater with the new giants. Recently its engineers worked hard and amicably over a baffling interference between new German and English stations. But the temper of a host of British listeners meanwhile was not calm; it was "Get the bloody fatherland off our airs."

Finally there's another element being heard from: the amateur. Hitherto he has constituted in every country much the most international element in broadcasting. But he, too, helped turn what might have been the most peaceful of occasions—the opening of the Vatican station by the Pope—into a bellicose affair. Deliberate interference was so widespread that the papal message was ordered repeated for a dozen countries, while Moscow was indicted as the marauder by a righteous world. But it seems the interferences were various. Paris listeners, for example, found the Vatican wave jammed first by some distant northeastern station, second by a French station, and third by a French amateur (repeating the Morse *b* with good power)—all of which cleared out as soon as the papal words ceased. Authorities whose idea is rigid control, rather than the foster-

ing of free broadcasting and tolerant reception, have their work cut out for them when individual intolerance is added to nationalist interference.

Because they have the same language, the English-speaking peoples might have been expected to be the friendliest pioneers in international exchanges. Notable things have been done in rebroadcasting official or ceremonial programs. In addition, the National Broadcasting Company has to its credit annual speeches by its president on the imminence of international service, while the other great American chain, Columbia, has maintained for over a year an original and varied series of programs from London, now extended to the continent as well. The friendly relations of both with the British Broadcasting Corporation have not visibly broadened the latter's programs. With no desire to dismiss lightly either results or efforts, the truth is that foreign programs constitute hardly one per cent of American or British offerings. But listeners have gone beyond samples and desire a real slice out of the overseas air-life. They have as much right to daily acquaintance with foreign broadcasts as they have to foreign dispatches in the daily press.

Unexpected differences occur between the American commercial chains and the British government monopoly. There was pleasure when the Americans picked up London's nightly broadcast of Big Ben's boom, but wrath, perhaps justifiable, when the boom was rebroadcast as part of an American clock manufacturer's "hour." An American chain, experimenting, was so pleased with the clearness of reception from London that it sacrificed its announced program to give listeners a taste. Writing to thank the British, they were surprised to find their cultural enterprise dubbed piracy.

A tangle grew out of a clear agreement for radiating in America a public speech by the Prince of Wales. The technical set-up required was a triumph of international engineering. Then Britain decided the occasion was unsuited for other than domestic hearing and it was cancelled amicably. But before news of the cancellation reached the engineers the speech was made, and all America survived it. Authorities were dismayed. Radio's inherent appetite had appeared, as it will again. Who shall say what shall be "aired" and what not? Films of the Prince speaking could wander through the world's picture houses, and his words advertising the empire appear in any press, but the radio is still a field of fears.

What is ceremonial, what commercial, what "pure"? The radio world has evolved no clear lines on this at all. The President of the United States saw fit to broadcast his labor opinions as part of the celebration of the activities of an American food concern during that concern's "hour." These activities included manufacturing abroad. The offer of that pronouncement as an attraction deserving a place in European programs—well, the reactions of foreign governmental broadcasters, not to mention foreign food makers, can be left to the imagination. Such haphazard offers (given the thin stream of overseas exchanges) contribute less to international good relations and more to false habits of mind among broadcasters. "Britain pretends to regard all American broadcasting as commercial; somebody will be making money out of any program exchanged with it; 'holier than thou' is the attitude. America, on the other hand, pretends to see all European programs as government propaganda, or else cheap; 'freer and better than thou' is the retort."

The way of the international broadcaster is hard. Announcing H. G. Wells for a talk to America on science, Columbia's representative in London

remarked courteously that an introduction was superfluous since the novel reader who had not perused at least one Wells book could only be found in a museum of mummies. The remark was taken up in Parliament and made occasion for complaint against the British broadcasters for lending their facilities, although the talk had not been broadcast in Britain. Not long ago the British authorities refused to allow Bernard Shaw the use of microphone facilities to transfer a public speech to radio stations abroad. In the name of art, one country's listeners may request the microphone for the eminent subject of another country, whose government monopoly may refuse, in the name of domestic tranquillity. Plainly, tolerance is the only way out. To give broadcasting its head is both sense and inevitable.

Radio in the hands of the dictator and the bureaucrat may become a means of oppression and a source of inflammatory propaganda. "Free" radio means an easy and constant interchange of thought between one country and another. Free trade in radio broadcasting may well prove a source of international understanding and good will. But the trend is not in that direction. Threats and fears, hostile radio barriers and controversies promise little for human kind. "Science," which made for peace, devised the horrors, the gas, and liquid fires of the last war. The throttling of radio may bring about a result quite as hideous.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE

BY LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

HERE is soil for the deepest root
And air for branches to spread;
Bins for the gathered fruit,
And ample bins for the dead.

And here in this weathered place,
At these doors, stripped of paint and neglected,
The maledicted face,
Even, is not rejected.

JUSTICE WITHOUT JURIES

BY EMILY HOLT

ARBITRATION is now a recognized legal procedure for the settling of a large class of civil disputes, and yet few people know what a desirable alternative it offers to the usual trial at law, which demands of litigants the patience of Job and frequently proves a costly luxury even for the successful party.

As litigation has multiplied in this country the courts have increased in number, and the taxpayer has groaned under the burden. It was to alleviate this grave situation, as well as to afford immediate relief to the individual, that laws were enacted giving legal force to arbitration agreements. The first law of this kind, passed by New York State in 1920, made agreements to arbitrate irrevocable. Laws nearly similar to this have since been passed by New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Arizona, while all the other States have passed arbitration laws of one kind or another. The Federal Government also has passed an act providing for the arbitration of "commercial contracts and maritime transactions."

Arbitration laws, however, were of comparatively little value so long as there was no machinery available to put them into effect. Chambers of commerce and other business groups, as well as labor organizations, had for a number of years maintained their own board or arbitrators; but until the American Arbitration Association was organized in 1926 there was no tribunal to which the average citizen could turn in lieu of the courts. Founded by such leading citizens as Charles Evans Hughes, Judge Moses Grossman, Felix Warburg, Lucius Eastman, Charles L. Bernheimer, and Dean Sommer of the New York Law School, the Association has enjoyed great prestige from the beginning and in the past four years has been able to establish, with the help of various civic organizations, permanent panels of arbitrators in seventeen hundred different cities. These panels are made up of business and professional leaders who are willing to contribute their services without charge.

The system of arbitration that has been set up by the Association works like a charm in most civil cases. The following case will illustrate this. A few years ago a New York doctor had a house built in Westchester County according to specifications which he had brought from Europe, but when it was completed he made certain objections which involved in turn the work of the architect, the contractor, and several of the sub-contractors. In order to settle the matter as quickly as possible, the parties agreed to submit their differences to a board of arbitrators, and they accordingly signed a paper binding themselves to abide by the decision. Under the rules of the American Arbitration Association each side was allowed to name an arbitrator,

and the two thus selected were required to name an impartial third party to act as chairman. Generally the chairman is chosen from the Association's panel, although he need not be if both parties prefer an expert in the field of the controversy. The rules also allow the opposing parties to agree upon a single arbitrator who may be either an expert or a member of the Association's panel. In this instance the three men selected were all familiar with building conditions in Westchester County, one being a real estate broker, the second a general contractor, and the third an officer of a title guarantee company.

At the first hearing the doctor's grievances were discussed, and it was decided that the only fair way to pass upon them was to inspect the building itself. The next hearing was, therefore, held by appointment in the nearly completed house, where a table was erected in the dining room. There the items in question were taken up one by one in the most approved laboratory fashion. When it was a fireplace, or a cornice, or a window trim with which the doctor was dissatisfied, the arbitrators and the respective parties adjourned to examine it. After two such hearings the various claims were resolved, some in favor of the prospective owner, and some in favor of the architect or contractors. The whole matter was settled in two weeks' time at a nominal expense, and all parties were well satisfied with the decision, for they knew that the arbitrators had examined the evidence with their own eyes and had made every effort to be impartial. A court trial would probably have involved many times the expense and would have taken infinitely longer, and in the end the decision might have been an unjust one, since it would have been next to impossible to take the judge and jury to the premises. Whenever such a "picnic expedition" is suggested in the course of a court trial the opposing side usually raises strenuous objection to the admissibility of the evidence to be obtained in this fashion.

II

So practical a method of settling controversies affords a number of striking advantages over the traditional court procedure. The saving of time cannot be too greatly stressed. If you have never gone through the disheartening experience of trying a case in court you can have no idea of the interminable delays which stand between you and a final verdict. First your lawyer must make a preliminary investigation and determine all sorts of fine legal points. Next he must draw the complaint and serve a summons on your opponent. Then you will have to settle down and twiddle your thumbs until your case is called for a hearing—a matter of months and even years in some jurisdictions.

In the New York courts two or three years frequently elapse between the service of process and the trial of the issues. In some instances a much longer time has intervened, as in the case of *Fendler* vs. *Morosco*, an action which was begun in 1912 and terminated in 1930. The plaintiff, Mrs. Fendler, claimed that the idea for the play "The Bird of Paradise" had been taken from a magazine story of which she was the author and which she herself had made into a play. She accordingly brought suit against Oliver Morosco, the producer, and Richard Walton Tully, the author. Owing to many delays and to an overcrowded calendar in the New York courts, the case did not come to trial until 1924, twelve years after it was begun. A decision was handed down first in favor of Mrs. Fendler, but, as a result of a series of appeals, the author and pro-

ducer were finally vindicated by the Court of Appeals in 1930, eighteen years after the beginning of the suit. In the meantime the motion picture industry had developed, and the picture rights had become extremely valuable; but with the title clouded by the pending litigation, the presentation of the film was necessarily delayed.

Cases are not only slow in coming to trial under our court system, but the verdicts are sometimes held up for months at a time. While it is usual for judges to expedite their decisions as much as possible, the volume of work frequently causes unavoidable delays. There is furthermore no statutory restriction requiring them to act within a given period. Recently in a case involving the copyright of the play known as "The Spider," in which nine actions were consolidated, the decision was not handed down by the Federal District Court in New York until nine months after the trial. During this time the motion picture rights were held in abeyance subject to the vicissitudes of that market. Such delays can hardly occur in arbitration, since hearings are held promptly, and awards under the rules of the Association must be announced within twenty days.

Still another theatrical case will serve to illustrate the difference between the two methods. An actor who had been engaged by Mae West to play the lead in a play which she had written claimed that during the rehearsal period she had so changed his part as to give him a subordinate role instead of the male lead. He demanded arbitration under the terms of his contract drawn up by the Actors' Equity Association, and the matter was accordingly brought to a hearing within a week's time before Jules S. Bache, a banker, Joseph P. Bickerton, a theatrical lawyer, and Earle Booth, a producer. After listening to the evidence for an hour and a half, the arbitrators decided that the best method of determining the issue was to see the play performed. A rehearsal was immediately arranged, and the arbitrators attended and witnessed it. They then decided that the actor was right, and that his claim must be sustained unless his part was reinstated as the lead prior to the opening of the play. If the parties, instead of using arbitration, had resorted to the courts, this case could never have been decided *before* the opening of the play, and both parties would have been prejudiced by the delay. As it was, the producer was saved from a suit for damages, while the actor was far better satisfied with the leading role than he would have been with money damages.

In a court trial there is always the danger that a jury may disagree and fail to hand down a verdict, with the result that the litigants will have to start all over again. This cannot happen in an arbitration where the parties agree to abide by the majority decision of a board of arbitrators or by the decision of a single arbitrator. For this reason arbitration is being resorted to more and more in cases in which the courts fail to afford relief within a reasonable period of time.

A recent suit involving a two-million dollar claim for commissions on the importation of Soviet furs into this country is a case in point. An American business man with European connections had been engaged by a New York fur company to obtain a concession on the importation of Soviet furs into this country. He had accordingly gone to Moscow and secured the approval by the Soviet officials of a proposed contract, subject, under the Russian system, to the endorsement of the People's Commissars. Before this endorsement was obtained, the Gastorg—which is the Soviet government's London trading corporation, compara-

ble to Amtorg in this country—learned of the negotiations and made overtures to the New York company to handle the matter. The People's Commissars refused to ratify the original contract when they learned that the concession could be placed through their own subsidiary, and eventually the contract was closed through Gastorg and not through the American agent. The latter accordingly filed a suit in the New York Supreme Court against the fur company, claiming that he had been defrauded of his commissions through their direct negotiations with Gastorg in disregard of his agency. When the case came to trial four long weeks were consumed by the taking of a vast body of evidence, and at the end of that time the jury disagreed. Rather than go through the whole trial process again, the parties agreed to settle the matter by arbitration under the auspices of the American Arbitration Association. In view of the magnitude of the claim, it was decided that there should be five arbitrators, two to be the nominees respectively of the parties, and the other three to be chosen by the first two from the Association's panel. But to expedite matters, it was stipulated that the hearings might go forward in the absence of the first two arbitrators so long as the three who had been mutually agreed upon were present. The five men selected were all prominent business men and merchants of New York City. All of the evidence was heard in the course of seven hearings which consumed not more than twenty-seven hours, or the equivalent of three business days. In the end it was decided that there had been no breach of faith on the part of the fur company in dealing directly with Gastorg, but that their agent was nevertheless entitled to a commission of more than one hundred thousand dollars to cover his services during the first year of the contract. With so large a sum involved, it was to be expected that the fur company would try to have the decision set aside. They petitioned the New York Supreme Court to do so, but the court ruled that the award was not subject to appeal under the New York arbitration law inasmuch as the arbitrators had acted impartially and such legal technicalities as the swearing in of arbitrators and witnesses had been properly complied with. If, on the other hand, the verdict had been handed down in a trial court, an appeal to the Appellate Division would in all probability have been taken, and from there the case might have been carried to the Court of Appeals, so that years might have elapsed before it was settled, and then probably no surer justice would have been meted out than that by the five business men who went at once to the heart of the matter without having to consider legal technicalities.

III

More often than not, arbitration hearings are conducive to improved business relations, whereas a court trial with its atmosphere of a pitched battle almost invariably encourages a feeling of hostility between the opposing parties.

An Ohio manufacturer not long ago received from a New York millinery jobber a shipment of imported braid for women's hats which he considered of unsuitable quality. When he wrote the jobber, threatening legal action if he were not allowed to return the goods, the latter offered by telegram to submit the matter to arbitration, the hearings to be held either in New York or Ohio. The manufacturer consented and, upon the suggestion of the American Arbitration Association, the two parties agreed upon a single arbitrator, the president of the Eastern Millinery

Association at that time. Within three days the hearing was held in New York and concluded in the space of an hour. After both sides had testified and submitted samples, the arbitrator ruled that the braid could be made into salable hats. In the course of the hearings the New York jobber, who was in touch with style trends, was able to convince the Ohio manufacturer that there was a demand for the kind of hat in question and, as a result, the manufacturer returned to Ohio and made up a large stock which he sold at a much higher price than he would have originally asked. He lost the decision, but he made a handsome profit because of the sound style advice which he had received, and his business relations with the jobber were strengthened rather than impaired.

A somewhat similar case involved a claim for a shortage in a shipment of pulp board made by a manufacturer of paper pie plates. The mill held that the specified number of pounds of paper had been delivered, but the pie plate company claimed that because of the thickness of the paper they could not cut as many plates from the stock as they had anticipated. They were willing, however, to submit the question to arbitration. Each side accordingly appointed an arbitrator, and these two chose a third, all of them being prominent men in the paper industry. In their capacity as experts the arbitrators examined samples of the paper and decided that the last shipment was of greater thickness than the previous deliveries, and that while the quality was better, it did not contain enough sheets. An award was accordingly made in favor of the manufacturer; but before the decision had been announced the two parties had negotiated a new contract.

The availability of expert opinion constitutes a third important advantage of arbitration over court procedure. In the cases just mentioned the arbitrators were themselves experts who had been selected on the basis of their impartiality. In a court trial the judge and jury have to depend for their technical knowledge upon the testimony of paid experts who have been retained by the opposing parties and who are often unconsciously if not consciously biased. Such conflicting testimony is hardly calculated to help the court to arrive at a fair decision.

Certainly a judge and jury might have found it difficult to reach the following decision. A man who had been billed $450 for dental services claimed that the work was unsatisfactory and the charge excessive. The dispute was heard by a single arbitrator who was a former president of the New York Dental Society. This expert settled the matter by examining the patient's mouth and ordering that the bill should be reduced to $360. He granted that the work was not perfectly done but he held that the patient should have gone back to his dentist and given him an opportunity to correct whatever mistakes he had made. The decision was apparently a fair one, and I do not see how a judge and jury could have done any better, if as well.

Arbitrators may avail themselves also of laboratory tests more satisfactorily than judges and juries are able to. By and with the consent of the parties, they may have tests made of textiles, foodstuffs, or other commodities subject to analysis, and render their awards accordingly. In a trial each litigant would have separate tests made, and the results would probably be diametrically opposed, thus proving nothing. I have known of court trials when thousands of dollars have been thrown away in this manner.

Finally, arbitration has the advantage of being much less expensive than court procedure. Under the rules of the American Arbitration Association,

the fees for the hearings are scaled according to the amount of the claim. If the latter involves less than $1,000, each party is required to deposit $10 for the first hearing; if it involves $1,000 to $5,000, $25 is the initial fee; if it is between $5,000 and $10,000, $50; and if it is over $10,000, a proportionate fee is charged. Should the amount of the claim not be disclosed before the proceedings, each party pays $50 to begin with and for every subsequent hearing deposits one-half of the original fee. When the award is made, the arbitrators may decide how the costs shall be paid; in some cases the winning party is reimbursed for the amount deposited, and in other cases both receive a refund of one-half. That the cost of the hearings does not run high is proved by the fact that over a twelve-month period the charges for each controversy, exclusive of lawyers' fees, settled in New York under the auspices of the American Arbitration Association averaged only $32.50.

In arbitration there are no charges for transcription of minutes or for printing, since as a general thing no stenographic record is taken, and lawyers are rarely required to present briefs. The parties need not even retain lawyers, but if they do they either pay them considerably less than they would have to pay for their services in conducting a long court trial, or if they pay approximately the same, they have secured advantages of speed and economy which represent a substantial saving.

When cases drag out in the courts for months and years, the counsel fees and attendant charges for printing, plus the court fees, often reach staggering proportions. In this connection a nation-wide survey which is being conducted among lawyers by the Institute of Law at Johns Hopkins University promises to reveal, among other things, the proportionate relationship between expense and recovery in litigation. Preliminary figures from this survey show that 118 successful plaintiffs had to pay their lawyers $103,253 in fees in order to recover damages to the extent of $427,194. In other words, the lawyers' fees equalled almost 25 per cent of the amount recovered. In addition to this cost, the litigants had to meet the unestimated expense of court fees and incidental printing bills, which in my experience sometimes runs as high as 10 per cent. Furthermore, the 25 per cent representing lawyers' fees seems to me a very conservative figure, since many lawyers in metropolitan districts make a practice of collecting 33⅓ per cent of the amount recovered, while some charge as high as 50 per cent. I have even known of a few cases where the entire amount was eaten up by counsel fees and expenses.

IV

It is argued in some quarters that, despite lowered costs and the various other advantages of arbitration, this method of settling civil controversies breaks down those immemorial safeguards which assure litigants of a fair trial in the courts.

Many fine legal minds, it is true, defend the many rules of court procedure which have grown up in our system of jurisprudence as instruments of justice; yet it is an open question whether these rules when applied as rigidly as if a lawsuit were a game of chess actually benefit the litigant. Judges have a certain amount of discretion, but in the application of the greater part of the rules of court procedure they are strictly bound. To apply a rule erroneously, even in the interests of substantial justice, is to invite a reversal from an appellate court, which means a new trial or a setting aside of the decision. The rules of court

practice, applied by an ideal judge at the instance of an ideal lawyer, are designed to give the maximum protection to litigants. But those same rules may often fail to meet a specific situation or may be used by an advocate for the protection of an unworthy litigant.

Even under strict application of rules of court it is possible for witnesses to commit perjury. For decades judges have lamented this, and this state of affairs has done much to bring our courts into disrepute. In arbitration the atmosphere, while dignified, is that of the round-table conference. A witness is not formally catechized under cross-examination but is simply invited to tell a story and the facts as he knows them. Inconsistencies in testimony become glaring under such circumstances. Mistakes cannot be eradicated by formal motions to strike out, etc., which are so frequently the resort of skillful trial counsel.

The right to a trial by a jury of one's peers, of "twelve good men and true," has always been considered another immemorial privilege of citizens in Anglo-Saxon countries. The jury system may have been one of the mainsprings of our constitutional government in the days when every man found time to serve on the jury; for then litigants stood a fair chance of having their suits judged by their peers. But as American life has become increasingly a business enterprise, far too many able citizens have eschewed jury service, leaving the jury boxes to be filled by men whose time has no particular value or whose ingenuity can invent no good excuse. Juries recruited from such sources have not proved, in the opinion of one of our ablest jurists, Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, to be "especially inspired for the discovery of the truth." Yet, failing some such remedy as arbitration, litigants and their lawyers have been loath to give up the privilege of trial by jury, since they have felt, rightly or wrongly, that a jury of laymen is more apt to mete out justice unhampered by considerations of legal precedent and technicalities than a judge who has had long legal training.

Arbitrators who are selected from the upper level of the professions and the business world would seem to offer a happy substitute for heterogeneous juries on the one hand, and on the other hand for judges too legal minded, when controversies of a civil nature need to be resolved on the basis of the evidence without regard to legal niceties. Unlike judges, arbitrators are not bound to consider precedents in coming to a decision. They are simply sworn to hear all the evidence in the case and to render a decision accordingly. And, unlike juries, they are ruled by a majority vote in every case, so that the danger of compromise is virtually eliminated. For instance, if two arbitrators think a man should be allowed $1,000 for damages, and the third thinks he should be given only $150, they need not split the difference, but they may hand down a majority award for the full $1,000. Juries are apt to strike an average in order to avoid being locked up for long hours or to prevent a disagreement.

Obviously the quality of justice administered through such a system depends upon the ability and integrity of the arbitrators, even more than the rightness of a court decision depends upon the quality of judge and jury.

It is of the first importance that the arbitrators be without bias, conscious or subconscious. The boards of arbitrators which, under the rules of a number of the trade associations, are composed exclusively of their own members, too often deal summarily and unfairly with outsiders. They are very likely to blame for whatever

criticism had been levelled at the principle of arbitration.

The American Arbitration Association has adopted an entirely different policy of creating a large panel of arbitrators and requesting them to serve only once or twice a year. To date they have had no difficulty in enlisting the services of a high class of representative citizens. As many as seven thousand distinguished clergymen, lawyers, bankers, doctors, social workers, and other leaders in the business and professional world are now on the Association's panel. They are willing to listen patiently to witnesses and to examine minutely the evidence and exhibits of the claimants because the hearings are arranged to suit their convenience—if necessary in the evening or on Saturday afternoons; because they do not have to sacrifice more than two or three hours of their time at a stretch, and because they look upon such service as a civic duty.

The leading citizen who is willing to serve as an arbitrator is the very type of man who moves heaven and earth to get out of jury duty. He dislikes the latter service heartily because it is inconsiderate of his time and convenience; because he is held for long periods consecutively, and because he must often sink his superior intelligence to the lowest common denominator of twelve men chosen at random. But when he serves as an arbitrator he sits either alone or with men of the same caliber as himself, and he is elevated to the powers and position of a judge in the Supreme Court of the State. That is to say, he may issue subpœnas and hand down a final verdict which under the law may be entered as a judgment of the highest court. But he is not expected to write an opinion.

Citizens who serve society in such a capacity are undoubtedly performing no less of a public service than those who submit to jury duty, and it is to be hoped that the legislatures will pass laws providing exemption from the latter duty for those who act as arbitrators.

V

Involving as it does so radical a departure from traditional jurisprudence, arbitration has not been received, I must confess, by the legal profession with open arms. A good many members of the bar never think of proposing it to their clients, or they advise against it if the other side proposes it, either because they honestly believe that it does not afford the same safeguards as a court trial or because they lack the necessary courage. An increasing number of enlightened lawyers, however, have become so convinced of the benefits of arbitration that they are suggesting it to their clients in every possible instance. These lawyers are discovering, incidentally, that they may balance lower fees in arbitration cases with the added volume of business which they are able to handle, since they do not have to waste whole days waiting in court for a case to come up on the calendar, and months and years in taking appeals to higher courts.

Lawyers, it must be remembered, are not essential to arbitration. Indeed, the question has been raised whether they do not defeat its purpose. In this connection Justice Wagner of the New York Supreme Court handed down what may prove to be a significant opinion in deciding whether a party had a right under the New York Arbitration Law to be represented by counsel in the face of an objection from the other party. He said in part: "The very purpose of arbitration is to obtain inexpensive, expeditious, and final determinations of disputes on the merits, free from technical rules and legal formalities. As a rule arbi-

trators are laymen, unacquainted with legal principles and procedure. The presence of counsel fortified with a wilderness of single instance and with legal maxims and some legal anachronisms would tend rather to confusion and protraction than prompt decision. Besides, if one side employs a counsel a burden is cast on the other to do likewise, with resulting added expense. To permit participation by counsel as a matter of *right* would be fatal to the efficacy of arbitration."

No concurrent opinion, to my knowledge, has been handed down in any of the other jurisdictions, and so the relation of lawyers to arbitration is still an unsettled question. The American Arbitration Association has seen fit to permit parties to be represented by counsel provided that they give each other three days' notice of their intention. A number of trade organizations that arrange arbitrations, however, will not allow the presence of counsel. Incidentally, the Actors' Equity Association makes a practice of discouraging the use of lawyers as arbitrators for the reason that they are likely to conduct the hearings in too formal a fashion. When an arbitration board does include a lawyer, I have been interested to observe that the laymen more often than not agree with each other and disagree with the lawyer.

If lawyers are to function effectively as counsel in arbitration proceedings they must drop their court manners. A skilled trial lawyer appearing at his first arbitration is apt to be as bewildered by its informality as his clients are upon their first introduction to the formality of the trial courts. With intelligent laymen in control of the hearing as arbitrators, the technically minded lawyer is given short shrift. When he rises to make his opening statement he is apt to be met with a polite invitation to remain seated. This literally takes him off his feet, seriously impairs his eloquence, and necessarily shortens what he has to say. No one but a Bernhardt can remain seated and successfully make a speech. When the first witness is sworn and the lawyer is about to launch on his carefully designed series of questions he finds that the arbitrators interrupt with pointed inquiries which shorten his interrogation. The parties to the controversy are also apt to take the reins out of the hands of the lawyer. In cases arising between individuals who are members of the same business organization or trade we frequently find that the acquaintance of the parties, or even their friendship, is at work to bring out the ultimate truth of the situation. The hearing then resolves itself into a conversation between the parties, which the wise arbitrator permits, and the wise attorney is careful not to interrupt.

VI

But no matter what attitude the bar takes in the future toward arbitration, it is doubtful whether it can stay the march of the movement. Many business contracts are being drawn to provide for the arbitration of all disagreements, and an increasing number of contracts between employers and employees contain this provision. Now that such agreements are legally binding, the parties concerned may compel one another to submit a pending case to arbitration if papers can be served within the boundaries of the State under whose law they agreed to arbitrate, or elsewhere in the country should the contract call for arbitration under the federal law.

Furthermore, an increasing number of civil cases are being arbitrated voluntarily. During the past four years the American Arbitration Association has arranged for hearings in 1,068

cases in which awards have been handed down, while several thousand other controversies have been settled by the parties before the hearings were concluded. From day to day this Association is receiving letters, telegrams, and telephone calls from people in all parts of the country asking for information about arbitration or requesting the Association's help in arranging for hearings either in New York or some other city. In addition to the cases which come to the attention of the Association, there must be taken into account all those which are arbitrated privately or under the separate auspices of trade and labor groups, so that it would be difficult to determine just how many cases are being arbitrated annually.

If this simple and expeditious method of settling civil disputes were more generally resorted to a large cause of waste might be eliminated from our economic system. "Commercial litigation," according to a report issued by the Department of Commerce when President Hoover was Secretary, "is next to war the largest item of preventable waste in our civilization." Apart from the actual expense there must be taken into consideration the economic loss which results when a dubious outcome of litigation has to be carried on the commercial balance sheet over a period of years. Arbitration offers business the opportunity to throw off this onerous burden of uncertainty and to settle its controversies between monthly statements.

To be considered also is the expense to the taxpayer. Should the ever-growing number of civil cases continue to be settled for the most part in the courts, the cost of maintaining our judicial system will reach inordinate proportions. As it is, the assessment on the taxpayer for this purpose is larger than it should be; yet so great is the pressure of work in many districts that there is a clamor and a demand for the appointment of more judges and the establishing of more courts—which would mean a still greater drain on the taxpayer's pocketbook.

A wider use of arbitration would not only obviate the necessity for new courts but it would go far toward curing the sick condition of our existing courts. Judges who are overburdened with work can hardly be expected to give much thought to the social significance of the questions that come before them. They have only time to consider the particular issue and decide it one way or another. Arbitrators do no more than this, it is true, but they are not in the dangerous position of creating legal precedent. One of our greatest living jurists, Chief Justice Cardozo of the New York Court of Appeals, in a brochure called *The Nature of the Judicial Process*, has said, "The sordid controversies of litigants are the stuff out of which great and shining truths will ultimately be shaped." This can hardly happen unless the judicial process is allowed to function as something more than the mere determining factor in the "sordid controversies." Precedent, which is every judge's guide, is nothing more than the combined experience of many judges in many cases. It is, in other words, the essence of justice ground out in the crucible of centuries of litigation, by judges who had the leisure to study the cases before them in their social as well as their individual aspects. This point has been very well made by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School in his work on *The Spirit of the Common Law*. He says:

"The conditions of pressure under which causes are passed upon in the American urban communities of today where crowded calendars preclude the thoroughness in presentation and deliberation in judicial study which were possible a century ago, prevent

judicial law-making from achieving its best. An example from the law reports will make clear what this means. In the year 1819, decisions in thirty-three cases are reported for the United States Supreme Court. In other words, seven judges decided thirty-three cases in that year. In 1919 the court wrote two hundred and forty-two opinions and disposed of six hundred and sixty-one cases. . . . In the state courts, the pressure has become even greater . . . many are none too well equipped to do the work effectively and in all of them the pressure of business is such that work of the highest type is all but precluded."

Surely if precedent does not adapt itself to changing conditions of life, the law must stagnate. We are fortunate in having a number of men on the bench to-day who compare favorably with the great thinkers of one hundred years ago. These judges are, it is true, making significant additions to our body of law, but they would be the first to admit that they are seriously handicapped by pressure of work. It is hard to see how they can find time to concentrate upon the more important issues before them unless the multitude of private controversies are relegated to the domain of arbitration.

There will, of course, always be a large body of litigation which does not fall within the scope of arbitration. Criminal cases under our constitutional form of government of necessity must be tried by a jury or by a specially constituted court. On the civil side, cases involving anti-trust legislation, public utilities and rate-making, the technical questions arising in disputes between a citizen and the sovereign, and all other issues involving public policy or the status of citizens can be disposed of only through the established court procedure. It is not, however, beyond the realm of possibility that within the next decade or so the legislatures will extend arbitration to the wide field of domestic relations and decedents' estates. Such a provision would serve to liberalize divorce practice in this country by much the same methods that the Scandinavian countries have so successfully adopted. Finally, the courts will have to continue to function in those civil cases where one party to the controversy will not agree to arbitrate.

It is in the field of controversies arising from our commercial and private activities that arbitration promises to make a contribution of social value. The support which it has received as a civilized system of determining disputes, from the bench and the bar and from public-spirited citizens who give their services as impartial arbitrators, is proof enough of its value. While arbitration can never, under our form of government, supplant the courts or supersede them, it does furnish an adequate, effective, and valuable alternative in the field of civil litigation.



PARENTS AS CHILDREN SEE THEM

BY A SCHOOL-TEACHER

NOT long ago an ardent "research worker" published the result of a study of some two hundred ways in which children annoy their parents. The ways in which parents annoy their children have never been enumerated, so far as I know, and I shall not attempt such a task. But I should like to lay before the eyes of parents some portraits of father and mother as painted by their own children, spontaneously and without any grown-up guidance, portraits which show that the annoyance is not all confined to one side. It may be enlightening for parents to look at themselves through the eyes of the children they are always criticizing and to discover how little the pictures which their children see resemble their own ideas of themselves.

One day my school children, aged from seven to eleven years, wrote compositions on the subject of "Grown-ups." The word had been written on the board, and they were told to write whatever idea it brought to their minds and were promised that the compositions would not be read aloud in class. They had no chance to talk it over with the other children, nor much time to think about it in the bare half hour allowed them. These papers, sixty-one in number, were brought to me uncorrected, and I read them with much interest and a little dismay.

It is easy to see that to the great majority of the children the word suggested the grown-up they know most intimately; for the person described, though she is rarely called by name, is plainly the child's mother. She may be disguised under the term "lady" or "grown-up," but she is unmistakable. Mothers dominate the lives of these children much more than fathers do. Indeed, few of them even mention that unimportant parent. Two describe, in addition to their mothers, "bossy" older sisters; one describes a fussy grandmother; a half dozen write about teachers, but rather obviously with the idea that the teacher will read it, so that these papers are not interesting. The greater number of the sixty-one compositions give the children's impressions of their mothers —quick sketches, done sometimes with devastating frankness.

Now the mothers thus described are, of course, well known to me. They belong to what our English friends would call the upper middle class; they are wives of well-to-do or rich business men, or of college professors, doctors, lawyers; some of them possess more brains and cultivation than money. Most of them are conscientious parents, some are almost excessively so. They devote much of their time to the careful development of their children, and I have known them to do without a nurse in order to take sole charge of them. Of course they study child psychology and attend lectures and, on the least provocation, consult specialists in juvenile psychiatry. They all believe in the modern theo-

ries as to the child's right to freedom from restraint and in full opportunity for self-expression; but the reading of these papers leaves me with the suspicion that somehow their efforts have not worked out that way. Certainly the impression left on the children is anything but that; in fact, the note that prevails in this chorus above all others is: "Stop bossing me." It seems that the freedom longed for by children between seven and eleven years of age is freedom to be dirty and to wear old clothes, to be uninterrupted when absorbed in play or in a book, to sit up late, and not to be bothered about table manners, nor made to eat spinach, nor to put on sweaters because grown-ups feel chilly. How a reasonably hygienic life can be combined with such freedoms, it is hard to see. Doubtless these modern young mothers are doing the best possible, but they need not flatter themselves that their children have a sense of freedom; for they have not.

Let me begin with a few general descriptions:

"You are a grown-up person when you are married or over 29. When you are grown-up you can bos yourself."

Letitia's definition is even briefer: "Grown-ups are people who boss you."

Agnes says that grown-ups are "very much different than children. They think we are cold when we arn't and make us put on coats and hats when we don't want to. They make me very mad at times and other times make me very happy but never mediom. They are either very quite or very noisy. They don't have as much fun as we do. Their hair is always fixt and hands washed. It has always been a mistory to me how they do it."

On the other hand, Lucy says that "grown-ups are just children that have stretched"—a surprising point of view for a child of eleven years. She continued:

"They are nice most of the time. But you've got to be careful. They get cross quite a lot. They are always talking grown-up things stock market and such. They are everlastingly going to meetings and luncheons and stuff. They'll have parties and play contract bridge, what fun do you get out of it?"

The liberty to do as one pleases makes grown-ups enviable to many of the children. Thus Constance writes:

"I would like to be a grown-up because I could go to bed when I felt like it and in the summertime I could go swimming when I felt like it so no one could say 'You can't go in swimming today because its too damp and you have a cold.'"

But Eleanor "would hate to be grown-up and not be able to go to parties and have to clean up the house and have to boss everboddy and have them call you bossy. And have to put things in your hair to make it curly. And put your hair up in knots. And where long stockings and long dresses. But they would not have to go to school and have lots of homework and they can stay up late at night."

Molly is even severer: "I should hate to be a grown-up, but I guess I'll have to be one some day unless I die. I think I'll stab myself or commit suicide when I'm almost twenty years old. But in one way I think I would like to be one so I could boss myself and not have a lot of people say 'Molly do this and Molly do that!'"

One shrewd little observer remarks: "When grown-ups do not want their children to understand they spell words or use big words."

There is a charmingly old-fashioned tone in a few of the papers of the littlest ones, the seven-year-olds, who accept with sweet docility what is told them, agree that obedience is the first duty of the young, and that the old are wise and good. Stephen expresses this attitude well:

"Grown-ups are much older than we are. They know more than we do. When they say do not cross the street you must not cross it. You must do what your father and mother tells you to do. When your mother tells you to wash your face you must wash it. When your mother tells you to move the footstool. And you do not do it you are disobeying your mother."

Sophy also accepts unquestioningly what she has been told: "Grown-ups know more than we do. They can read better than we can and other things and they are very polite and children should be very polite to them."

Barbara writes: "The difference between children and grown-ups is that most children are whild and mischiefous. Grown-ups are so refind and quiet."

But even in some of the most youthful papers there is a note of outspoken rebellion. Paul struggles to express as well as an eight-year-old can what is wrong with his parents and his relations with them.

"Grown-ups give me a pain in the neck. They are too stuck up. When everybody else is going swimming—no you can't go. You have to obey them or get scolded and then you get mad and scolded some more. Sometimes I get scolded I throw things at people so they try to keep me from getting mad. Once I was scolded for something I didn't do and I got so mad I broke three windows and seven glasses I threw books and magazines at everybody I saw."

Arthur is Paul's twin soul; he starts his indictment in the same words:

"Grown-ups give me a pain in the neck. I don't like them because they try to boss you around a lot and say you must go up and brush your hair or you mustn't have to much candy. Or don't run because you have a little cold. I would like to take them over my knee and give them a good spanking and make them yell once."

Three eleven-year-old girls from the nicest of homes give the following descriptions of their home life which I am sure would never be recognized by their very excellent parents.

Lucy: "On Sunday afternoons after dinner grown-ups yawm and say, 'I have eaten so much I have to go to sleep.' Then they sleep all afternoon till about half past five and then they go out and talk about how awful the stock market is and what is happening to money. They are always trying to get rid of children and put them to bed before time. Then they go out to parties and don't get home untill three or four o'clock in the morning. In the morning you will try to wake them up to get your breakfast and they will say they were up late last night and are sleepy and have a headache. That morning they get out the wrong side of the bed and are cross and mean all the rest of the day."

Martha: "Sometimes I like grown-ups and sometimes I don't. I don't because when you want to play with your best cloths on they say 'You know that little ladys don't play and get their cloths dirty.' Then you say 'I wish I could do what I want to I don't think it's fare.' Then they say 'Don't argue with me because you can't do what you want to until you are bigger.' Then you go upstairs and change your cloths and come down and start out the door and they say 'Who told you to change your cloths.' Then you say 'I wanted to go out and play.' Then you walk out the door."

Kathleen: "Grown-ups are very provoking at times. Over the week-ends when you want to go out and play or read they always spoil your fun by making you do lessons, take a bath, lie down and take a nap for fifteen minutes, which generally lengthens into an hour or more. Then on Sundays there is spinach to be eaten while the most tempting deserts are in sight all

through dinner, not even to be tasted until everything on your plate especially the spinach is eaten. They scold you when you wake up early on Sundays and they have told you to sleep a little later than usual. At night when you are reading an unusually interesting story, they break it all up by shooing you off to bed. Really I am quite cross over it."

Here is a boy whose generous ire is aroused by the bossing he sees others having to endure:

"Oh I think grown-ups are so dumb they spend all their money for nothing at all. They say it would be nice to go round the world. Oh no that would cost too much money grown-ups say. Then if the food don't taste right they go out in the kitchen and scold the cook the big bossy grown-ups they are. If the bed is not made right they go and give the maid a bawling out the big bawly cats grown-ups they are. They see the car put in wrong they go fire the chauffeur for doing it. For heaven's sake who did this to my rose bed."

One of the surprising things in these papers is the outspoken contempt for elaborate dressing, for make-up, for anything that can be construed as an effort on mother's part to make herself attractive. We know that in a few years these same girls will be begging for powder and lipstick and permanent waves, the boys will be agonizing over ties and socks and shirts; but it is clear that young things under twelve detest everything of the sort. If mother wishes to keep the respect of her youngest she had better do all her "primping" in secret and keep its effects as unobtrusive as possible. Twelve of the papers written by children between nine and eleven years declaim against lipsticks, rouge, powder, perfume; nine against long dresses, fur coats, and so on, and the resentment seems to be aroused especially by the very evident pleasure mother takes in this same dressing up. One visions a silent child watching mother dress for a party, but, instead of the wonder and admiration which mother doubtless thinks she is arousing, there is only contempt. The three most outspoken papers on this subject were all written by girls.

Betsy: "Grown-ups make me think of rich people dressed in long gowns and sitting down at the dressing table and they use a whole box of powder on their nose and then put rouge on and lipstick and then put eyebrow pencil and then they look in a mirror and pick up a comb and comb their hair and then they change their shoes and put high heels on and walk down stairs making as much noise as they can. Then they walk around till no one happens to be looking so they go up stairs and put on neckles, rings, ear rings, beauty spots and bracelets. Then the next day get a permanent wave and go to a beauty shop and try every perfume their. Then they have their finger nails manicure. If their pettiecoats are showing they blow up the house nearly.

Annabel: "Sometimes grown-ups make me mad the way they get in front of a mirror and primp up. They put on powder and some put rouge and lipstick. Then when they get their things on they stalk around. They have long dresses that trail on the ground. Then the short white fur coat goes on. Then when they are out they say 'Oh I forgot my pocketbook and it's got my lipstick in it. I must go and get it.' Then she runs back and stays about an hour primping again. Then she comes back with her pocketbook and lipstick."

Elinor: "I hate the kind of ladies that put on so much bright crimson lipstick and powder their nose every few minutes and have waves put in their hair every day and then when they think they look very beautiful they go around like the queen of the World and

boss anyone they see. Ladies think you have to be so dressed up when you go out and they are always geting you new clothes and make you have such wonderful maners at the table."

If make-up and pretty dresses are silly, so are over-sweet manners. The children seem to hate endearing terms. One paper uses the words, "the darling children" five times, in a spirit of bitter sarcasm. Alex writes: "When they call me 'dear' and that sort of stuff I almost say 'shut up' because it sounds so silly to me." Esther writes:

"Grown-ups are so stupid. They're always saying 'Don't' and 'Oh' or 'I think that's simply exquisite' or 'Darling Plee-ase DON'T do that.' And women are such calamities. And they make such babies of you and saying 'you darling little squmsums.' And they always think we don't know anything."

Grown-ups are a chilly race and make their children suffer for their own weakness, as seven papers testify:

"Grown-ups are always doing something Children think funny, for instance my mother, she always stays in bed in the mornings so late and she gets cold when she is in bed, and my Aunt Ruth, when we go down to stay with her, she comes in at night and puts about 15 blankets on us. And in the summer time on the hottest nights she has a blanket and a sheet. I guess when people grow up their blood gets cold."

Gertrude gives sound advice to these thin-blooded females:

"Women always make you wear a million sweaters and coats when the wind is a little cold. I think that you could have much more fun if women grown-ups would stop thinking about what they look like and get some exercise outdoors. If they would go out and play baseball and those games, they would get some color that was much prettier than rouge."

The small number of papers that mention fathers shows how little they come into a modern child's real consciousness. Amelia disposes of hers with, "The men do nothing but work, so you cannot have fun with them." A ten-year-old boy writes, "The men say children should be put where they won't bother them and when you ask them something it is always—don't bother me now." Sally says, "Men are nice except when they get mad and spank you and then put you to bed." One certainly gains an impression of the easily upset tempers of American fathers from almost every paper in which they are mentioned.

Claire writes: "Men like to get up early, go to bed late. They are always grouchy when it is time to go to the office."

Joan, aged eight, gives a vivid little sketch of an irritable parent:

"Once upon a time there was a man, his name was Dr. ———. One day he came down the stairs he saw Peter and Lucy sucking their thumbs. He said darn those BRATS. Then he went thumping in the dinning room. Soon he was finished his breakfast. He went to get his hat and said where in the world is my wisk broom. After a while he found it. Then he went to his offic. After about eight hours at his offic he came home had his supper and went to bed."

To one of my generation an interesting feature of these papers is the evident feeling on the part of the children that they have the same rights as their parents and that it is unfair for father and mother to claim privileges for themselves and refuse them to the children. This is a truly modern note. I am sure it never occurred to me that my father's chair should not be sacred to him or that I had as much right to late suppers as my parents had. But the modern child sees such things quite differently.

Dolly writes: "Grown-ups are very nice sometimes. But when usually

you get nice and comfortable in a high-backed chair with soft pillows and an exciting book, some one is sure to say 'Dolly please move. I want to get there.'"

Lily's complaint is the same: "If I am comfortabely settled in a chair reading daddy comes in and wants to sit in it and read the paper."

This is Robert's frank charge of injustice against his parents: "I don't see why grown-ups get cross so easily. They're always scolding us children. And sometimes on very hot days when you want an ice cream cone all you get is 'No No you cant have it.' In the evenings when you are in bed they pour out ginger ale or something like that and drink whatever it is and everything like that."

Careful search through these papers reveals only seven which have anything kind to say about the unworthy grown-ups, and even these may give only a qualifying sentence, or perhaps approval of men in order to add to the blackness of the indictment against women. For instance:

"I like men grown-ups better than I do women because they always can jump about and play games like basket ball, baseball, etc. The women grown-ups think that they can't jump about and play because of tearing there skirts or having there stockings fall down. They think they have to play calm games like bridge, cheakers, etc."

Peggy, to be sure, likes her father and gives good reasons therefor:

"Father is nice when you steal candy, you ask him not to tell and he says 'I'm not looking, go ahead and take it.' You can take things right in front of his nose and he doesn't see you. I am sure he would let you eat all the meat you wanted, no vegetables and a lot of candy."

Phoebe has a good word for the elderly; Patricia closes a bitter indictment of grown-ups by admitting that they are nice when one is sick; but only one child in all the sixty-one approves of her mother—and, significantly enough, because that mother believes in letting alone. This shining exception writes: "Some grown-ups do not let there children do anything out of place. But mother lets me be bad sometimes because every one shouldent be a goody goody. Mother thinks you will not get as far in the world if you are a goody goody."

This somewhat tempered note of praise is the sole tribute bestowed by any child upon conscientious and psychologically enlightened motherhood!

It is hard to choose a final note, from all this wealth of material. Perhaps we might close with that of Elizabeth who ends her harsh comments upon parents with this cry, "Oh what a Paradise it would be without them!" But even more conclusively devastating is Caroline with her calm "Grown-ups ideas are not very interesting to me."

THE ART OF BEING DEMOCRATIC

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

THE scene is laid two hundred years hence. It is a domestic scene. I do not venture to predict the costumes, but I presuppose the continued existence of the Family. Father and Mother and the Little Child are seated by the fire, and the Little Child is reading from an old history book. Presently it looks up and asks with wide-eyed innocence:

"Papa—who was Democracy?"

Papa, vaguely puzzled, reaches for the *Child's Encyclopedia of Knowledge* and turns to "Democracy, Making the World Safe for." He becomes so absorbed that he falls into a day-dream. He forgets to answer the Little Child's question. He pictures Democracy to himself as a fair, frail, somewhat witless creature whose virtue, being assailed by some malign but unspecified force, a World-in-Arms rose to defend her. Apparently without success—she became, it seemed, a Fallen Woman and passed disreputably out of history.

"I think," says Papa firmly in response to a reminding tug at his coat sleeve, "that you are too young to understand. One day Papa will try to explain to you."

But at the moment of writing Democracy, like Christianity, is still faintly with us. And, like Christianity, it has the misfortune to be a household word. Everybody believes that he knows what it means. Most people profess some sort of allegiance to its principles. But unfortunately there are as many conceptions of these principles as there are Christian sects. And they are all of them equally hell-bent on wiping one another out. Occasionally they get together, but it is always by mistake—or worse. In the late War the nice nations and some of the not-quite-nice ones were loudly fighting for Democracy. But afterwards it turned out that they had not been fighting for the poor lady at all—in fact they had never intended to fight for her, but were concerned for some bedizened houris of their own ilk. Whereat the really nice nations, meaning England and America, who in order to carry out their honorable if somewhat muddle-headed intentions had sworn blood-brotherhood with and, what was worse, lent a lot of money to various scrubby peoples they really didn't like at all, began to ask whether they themselves knew what they had been fighting for. They have even come to wonder what they had been talking about. For who is Democracy? In what does being democratic consist? And who, in the final issue, is democratic?

Before the War such questions would have been glibly answered. Any country that had a Parliament or its equivalent and whose citizens had a vote was a Democracy. Anyone who believed vaguely that other people, however unpleasant, had a right to exist somehow was democratic. This was an easy and comprehensive explanation. Since then, however, we

have discovered painfully that life is short and Democracy is long and that nations, like individuals, require a special genius in order to be democratic. And democratic genius is as rare as any other genius. There is a certain amount of talent and some virtuosity. Complete lack of both drove Italy into the arms of Fascism and Russia into the strangling embrace of Bolshevism. In the eyes of Democracy Stalin and Mussolini are as deaf-mutes in music. They have had to resort to a more ancient and primitive art in which to express themselves.

Nevertheless, in spite of the faithlessness and incapacity of her adherents, Democracy persists as an inviolate idea. Battered, badgered, and repudiated, she is still herself. She may be all wrong; she may be, from the standpoint of such people as Mussolini, positively immoral, but she exists. Papa, reflecting by the fireside on her historical downfall, may even come to some dim vision of what she would have done with his world if she had had her way with it. The parallel with Christianity would be clear to him. Obviously if men had been either genuinely Christian or genuinely democratic there would be only a minor difference between this world and Paradise. (As to whether Paradise is desirable for men or even desired by them is another matter.) Democracy is, after all, only the political expression of Christianity, as Christianity is the mystical and poetical expression of Democracy. The Beatitudes plus the Ten Commandments cover the whole democratic ground. But to the vast majority of mankind the Beatitudes and the Ten Commandments, though theoretically accepted as good stuff, are actually as indecipherable as a Bach fugue to a musical idiot, and quite unplayable. Even those who consider themselves initiated and who can bang out the major chords with an air of authority are deaf to the fine shades and implications. A man who will fight to the death for democratic justice will think nothing of defacing a meadow with hideous self-advertisement. At a labor meeting in London in which the speakers clamored for an equal share in the fruits of the earth and the glories of civilization the audience proceeded to turn "The Battle Hymn of The Republic" into a comic howling contest. Sturdy defenders of free-speech who talk blithely through a classical symphony given over the radio would be astonished at the idea that they were degrading a democratic institution. These are mere trifles. They suggest, however, that apparently simple and straightforward principles like those of Christianity and Democracy, if put into literal practice, make very much the same demands on their upholders as a Bach fugue makes on a musician. They demand an exquisite ear, a precise touch, an absolute sense of order and rhythm. They demand, above all, an artistic selflessness so that the player shall be more concerned with interpreting Democracy than displaying himself.

II

Therein, of course, lies the main trouble, nations and individuals having fashioned Democracy, as they have fashioned God, in their own image. (And God and Democracy must be about equally surprised at the results.) Nevertheless, in each version there may be some recognizable feature of the original—what Tennyson would have called "a broken light." That light may shine dimly in a Government, in a nation's laws, in a man's relations to other men, or merely in relation to himself. The Spaniard until lately might have had no democratic principles whatever with regard to government or his neighbor, but he affirmed the

equality of man in his own person and in a way that made that incredible theory credible. He did not bother his head about such trifles as political rights or equality of power, wealth, or intelligence. He merely asserted that whatever else he was or whatever anybody else might be, he himself was a gentleman. Whereat Democracy, fresh back from a trip to the land where all men are born equal by declaration, heaves a sigh of gratitude that somebody has at least recognized her.

The pre-war German was cast in one of the most undemocratic molds ever devised by the bureaucratic mind. Men of different professions could not meet in the same drawing-room. They could not slash each other's faces open or even kill each other on the duelling ground unless the family quarterings were in proper order. But no other country boasted of a finer intellectual democracy. There was respect for a man's thought where there was none for his person and freedom to think where there was no freedom to act.

The Frenchman's democratic image seems to me no less typical. The Frenchman has a logical and coldly passionate belief in fraternity, liberty, and equality—for himself and family. His democracy never crosses the frontier. It is his own private property. When he chooses he will let it out on hire to you—provided you have money enough. But the bargain is quite open. He knows that you know that he is only selling what he chooses to sell, that you are paying through the nose for it, and that when the business is concluded he regains his equality, fraternity, and the full liberty to tell you in no unmeasured terms what he thinks of you. Trifling trial of this process can be made any day with any French taxi-driver. The late War provides some monumental examples.

The Frenchman is, in fact, a realist. And his Democracy has, therefore, both feet on the ground and both eyes on the main chance, especially if that main chance is close at hand. She is noted, however, for a short-sightedness that may be her undoing. It certainly helps to explain her present social and political world-influence.

English democracy offers the outsider the worst problem. Real foreigners make no effort to understand it. Americans, relying on that fatal family connection, believe that they were born understanding it. As this understanding has led to very serious quarrels, it might be worth while to consider it more closely. For the difficulty is on both sides, the Englishman being as shocked by American democracy as the American is bewildered and hurt by the English variety. In their approach to each other they labor under different disadvantages. The average Englishman knows nothing about America save what he learns from the talkies, the average American knows nothing about England save what he learns from history. (It is doubtful as to which source of information is the more unfortunate.) The average American, for instance, knows all about feudalism and the class system. He disapproves of the class system as undemocratic and has devised two different methods of dealing with it. (It may be said at once that neither works.) Figuratively, he may call the English waiter Bill, slap the English taxi-driver on the back, and ask after the wife. This American democratic gesture wakes no response but suspicion of himself and, what is more perplexing, an air of offended dignity on the part of the downtrodden victim of the system. Whereupon the American may change his tactics. He may do as he has been told Rome does and proceed to a masterful handling of the lower orders. The chances are then that he returns to America with a violent anti-British complex—all of which

might have been avoided if someone had explained to him the peculiarities of English democracy. Which democracy is based, not on the equality of man, but on respect for his inequality.

III

Roughly speaking, Englishmen respect themselves and one another for being what they really are, and most Englishmen are satisfied to be what they really are. That, in American opinion, is what is mainly the matter with Englishmen. (For it is part of the American creed that whatever a man may be born he must, if he is a man and an American citizen, die something else.) An English taxi-driver believes, unless he has overpowering inner promptings to the contrary, that he is a taxi-driver. He is not ashamed of staying a taxi-driver. He believes in the social value of taxi-drivers. All he asserts—and he can assert it forcibly—is that taxi-drivers are worthy of their hire, not to mention their tips. Secure, therefore, in his attitude towards himself and the world, he can touch his cap to the Gent-in-the-Top-Hat and call him "sir" without loss of prestige or any fell designs on the hat. In his opinion probably it is as out-of-date as is its wearer. But his principles and his temper forbid him doing anything rude about it. He leaves the Gent and the Hat to time and the slow, patient workings of their common democracy. He recognizes—and this point is noteworthy—that Demos is the People and that the People includes Gents in top-hats and kings with crowns as well as taxi-drivers.

On his side the Gent believes in taxi-drivers too. He is not unprepared to become one. As to his hat, he has had it too long to be much concerned with it. Certainly he isn't going to put up any fight for it and he knows the taxi-driver won't fight for it either. What will be, will be. Meantime they are both Englishmen. They can work out the problem of their class-relationship with respect and understanding. But that respect does not include slapping each other on the back, because Englishmen when they respect each other are very wary of back-slapping unless their families have been intimate for several generations.

Now taxi-drivers and top-hats exist in America. But neither of them is quite so sure of himself. And both are determined to have the hat. Consequently their position in society and their attitude toward each other are much more unstable, potentially much more dangerous. The idea that he is not a born taxi-driver haunts the taxi-driver. It makes him sullen and unhappy. It explains his alternate bursts of friendly familiarity and fierce aggressiveness and his total incapacity to find the best-known hotels and theaters in New York. He is far too preoccupied with his future position as President to bother about trifles and far too concerned for his future authority to let the Gent get away with any of that high-hat stuff.

The Gent, however, may not have had his high-hat very long. He likes it. He wants to keep it. He is not sure that he can keep it. Such sudden things happen. To-morrow he may be driving the taxi. Consequently his manner to the possible future Czecho-slovakian President may be one of rough hauteur, familiarity, and good-natured equality by turns. In their relationship there is no common tradition to govern their individual tempers and none of that reserve and respect for reserve that takes so much of the acrimony out of class-relationships in England. American gardens, as a rule, rich or poor, are likely to be wall-less and hedgeless. In England there is not only a high wall around the squire's estate but a high hedge

round the cottager's potato patch. That hedge is the cottager's symbol of essential human equality with his richest neighbor. And to disregard either hedge or wall, according to the squire's and cottager's notion, is not a gesture of democratic friendliness but a piece of reprehensible intrusion.

This point of view leads to more Anglo-American misunderstandings. It baffles the average American—especially the very Western-American, in whom great distances have bred the idea that everybody must be pleased to welcome everybody. He tends naturally to regard walls as feudal and anti-social. He wants to break them down, and in so doing, I often fancy, he sees himself as helping to liberate an enslaved and servile people. I have known Californian friends, charming and irreproachably mannered, breeze their way into the inner sanctuaries of an Oxford College with a gallant air as though saying, "Come now, none of this medieval nonsense!" while they regarded my unhappy self plucking at their coat-tails with a kindly if amused commiseration. They thought, I knew, that I was frightened of the authority of my betters, whereas I was merely trying to do to others as, being English, I would be done by.

While on this matter of reserve and democracy, I must revert to taxi-drivers. I remember on my first visit to New York being driven in a taxi with an American friend down Third Avenue. As we wound deliriously in and out under the "L" our driver leaned back through the open window and told us the story of his life. Noticing my amazement, my companion laughed good-naturedly though with a faint patronage. "You must get used to our democratic ways," she said. Now as a matter of fact I was charmed with our taxi-driver's saga (though I rather wished he hadn't chosen Third Avenue for its relation). But I felt that to be truly democratic according to my notions I should have to lean through my half of the window and tell him the story of my life, too—in which event not only would our faint chance of reaching our destination alive have been farther reduced, but I was convinced that my friend would have thoroughly disapproved. It is true that she seemed almost flattered by the taxi-driver's open-heartedness. Evidently it pointed some moral or other, and she went on to give me other instances of the American democratic spirit—how in New England you had to be very circumspect and even humble to get service out of that proud and independent people—besides, of course, paying for it. Well, it seemed to me pretty smart of the proud and independent people, but I felt that if democracy were involved in the matter, then I was hopelessly at sea about democracy. I did not attempt to argue, however. This was a New World, and it was up to me to find my way round in it. And when I entered the next department store and was addressed affectionately by the saleswoman as "honey," I merely gulped and forbore tactfully from calling her "sweetie." I realized that it was not expected of me. (Incidentally, this form of address seems to have given place to the more formal and continental "modam," and I must confess that "honey" did sort of warm my heart.)

IV

These are only trifling indications of profound differences. Indeed, it seems to me that the gulf between American and European notions of Democracy is wider than that between any two European countries. Italy may discard Democracy as beyond her political powers but at least she has discarded something with which other Europeans are familiar. But a European

visiting America is met by so much unfamiliar and contradictory phenomena that his own standards are thrown into hopeless confusion. Even household words fail him. "Radicalism" is evidently synonymous with moral turpitude. If he uses the terms "democrat" or "republican" in the European sense he finds he is saying something he does not mean, and it is even difficult for him to discover what, from the American point of view, he does mean. It is true that the word Democracy crops up in every political speech. But it is used, as he comes to notice, with a certain wariness as though the user had his secret doubts as to whether it was in fact one hundred per cent American and not tainted with some poisonous foreign nonsense.

To be frank, I do not believe Americans care a hoot about Democracy in the European sense. I think they distrust it as being alien to their civilization and inimical to their individual and national development. Probably they are right. Democracy may be all wrong anyhow. At any rate there is no reason why a unique nation uniquely situated should be expected to conform to the ideas of other nations whose growth has been entirely different. The only person who can have any quarrel with American Democracy is Democracy.

The principle that—roughly generalizing—I should say governed American life is not Democracy at all but the Right of Anyone to Become President if he can Put It Over. On the surface this looks quite beautifully democratic but, boiled down to real life, it amounts to the good old system of the survival of the fittest, which system, though stimulating and most satisfactory to the fit, is Victorian, not to say prehistoric, and has nothing on earth to do with Democracy. It functions quite frankly in the government and in the application and non-application of the law. A man may notoriously cheat the nation of millions and yet go to the Senate. A woman shoplifts to the tune of a couple hundred dollars and she goes to prison for life. She was an unsuccessful shoplifter. So nobody gets excited about her fate. The lack of freedom in public speech, the official and unofficial suppression of minorities are all logical expressions of the same ideal. The civic duty of the majority is to stay in the majority at all costs. And what happens to the minority is nobody's civic concern. In the same manner it is the business of the individual to succeed. It is not his duty to worry unduly about the man who doesn't. This does not alter the fact that individually and sometimes collectively the Americans are among the most kindly, charitable and generous people in the world. But kindliness, charity, and generosity are not exclusively democratic virtues. They can be feudal. It is not pity for failure but insistence on the rights of failure that is the backbone of a genuine Democracy. There is not in America, as I see it, any slogan which corresponds to the Englishman's passionate if paradoxical war-cry, "The Liberty of the Subject," or any equivalent to his acute reaction to any infringement on that liberty, even if it affects his most hated or most helpless enemy. I do not say that America may not or could not become a great Democracy. But at the moment she is concerned with being the greatest nation, which is another thing. Added to this, her society being in flux with all its members determined to die in a different position to that in which they were born, she cannot afford to worry about a principle which can be applied only to a society that has more or less quit struggling and has settled down to live and let live.

V

But is it possible to quit struggling? In the words of one of Mrs. Delafield's priceless characters, "Is it wise? Is it right? Is it kind?" Who can afford even to live and let live? The aristocrat, perhaps, as an individual, the English, perhaps, as a people. Both having had power long enough to be bored by it, both are prepared for the compromise, the surrender of privilege, and the curtailment of national and individual ambition which Democracy involves. That the aristocrat and the English may be thus doomed to extinction in a world of nations and individuals still thirsty for aggrandizement is, however, more than possible—and perhaps right. For it must be understood that in suggesting, as I do, that the English are the best exponents of the art of Democracy I am not claiming that they are perfect artists, or even the Best People. (I may feel that they are but I shouldn't attempt to justify a feeling.) I am not even sure about Democracy. It may be, as Mussolini seems to think, positively immoral. It may be a disease. When I've been with very democratic people for a long time I'm sure that it is. All I do claim is that the English are the only great people who have really had a chance to work out the democratic experiment. Free from war on their own soil for hundreds of years, compact and homogeneous, they have gradually evolved a point of view with regard to each other and the rest of the world that to my mind most nearly approximates the democratic ideal. They have worried through the worst ailments attendant on national growth —Victorianism among them—and possibly have ceased to grow. But at any rate, having done battle for what they thought they wanted and no longer wanting it very much, they are now prepared to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to consider their neighbors as themselves. In other words they are prepared to make Democracy work—if it can be worked, which is doubtful.

For after all the great snag in Christianity turned out to be the lack of Christians. The difficulty of an individual being a Christian all by himself proved insurmountable. The saints tried it and most of them died very unpleasantly. Their successors quite rightly gave it up. For obviously if Christians had gone on being Christians and consistently turned the other cheek and loved their neighbors as themselves—whatever their neighbors felt about them—there would be no Christianity. Fortunately or unfortunately, they saw their mistake in time and became heathens with such good effect that Christianity is now the official religion of the greater part of the civilized world. The same paradox holds good for Democracy. The idea of Democracy has survived because the practice of Democracy has been abandoned. And the nation that in an undemocratic universe starts out to practice what it preaches stands a good chance of ceasing to be a nation.

The trouble with England at the present day is not, as the English like to think, the Debt to America or, as other people like to think, their lack of initiative and energy. It is simply their obstinate determination to be what they say they are and to maintain what they said they were fighting for. The War knocked the last Victorian ideal on the head. (There are still a few Victorian heads left but they can scarcely be said to function.) The survival of the fittest, individualism (both very Victorian), even the rights of the minority over the majority have become discredited theories. The most rigid conservative is no longer prepared to let the worst bricklayer

starve even if he refuses to lay bricks. And the most class-conscious bricklayer would die of a stricken conscience if he did anything really unkind to the most futile and pig-headed conservative. It is no longer in fact "the thing" to stamp on the face of your opponent, however much you make dislike it, or settle his claims with a bludgeon. It is getting to a point where it is scarcely decent to win anyhow—even if in fair fight. At least, victory for its own sake is out of fashion. Witness the late quarrel with Ireland which a hundred years ago would have been settled by the wiping out of the Irish; the General Strike which in any other country would have involved Civil War and an aftermath of dangerous bitterness; the patient efforts at settlement with India; the freely granted right of the Colonies to do as they please; the acceptance of a privilege-obliterating taxation—all symptoms of Democracy and possibly decadence. For it may be that Democracy and decadence are synonymous. At least, they may well lead to the same end. The willingness to stand back and let your neighbor take your place on the bus rather than dig him violently in the ribs may be democratically admirable, but it may also leave you a long way from home. The English with their preoccupation with the under-dog, their soul-searchings concerning their Victorian and Imperial legacy and the principles of true liberty, are in danger of being left nowhere.

And this is not their private concern. It is a world concern. For in fact English Democracy is the only alternative to Bolshevism. Both systems have the same end in view—in the one case the attainment, in the other the creation of a just and permanent social order. But the systems themselves are divided by a gulf of racial and social experience. The Bolshevik, like all reformers born out of Tyranny and Chaos, is a doctrinaire and in accordance with his age, a scientific doctrinaire. Having made up his mind what humanity ought to be and have, he is determined that his theories shall be put into practice even if humanity, as we know it, has to be destroyed in the process of experiment. Since he has to do with a docile, ignorant, and fanatical people, still exuberant with unemployed religious fervor, his road is not only relatively smooth but actually inevitable. As Kerensky proved to him, he could go no other. But the world outside Russia has still a choice of ways. There is the scientific-doctrinaire way of the Bolshevik—there is the artistic-democratic way of the English. With all their individual and national blunderings, the latter have proved their incomparable genius for being human. They accept humanity as it is—as they accept themselves, good-humoredly, tolerantly, but with hope. They know humanity's general cussedness and its inherent capacity for salvation. They know its instinctive hatred of dogma and scientific formula as applied to life. They themselves have no formula or dogma. They are guided solely by a democratic-artistic conscience. Their unwritten constitution is the broad architectural foundation on which they are building a house in which men, as they are, can live, to which men, as they may become, can add their noblest additions without destroying or disfiguring the finest efforts of their past.

But it is possible that the artist is doomed. It is possible that science and Bolshevism will destroy him and force upon the world their solution to the problem of its social and economic future. The Bolshevists, at any rate, believe so. And they, at any rate, know their enemy. They concern themselves relatively little with the American social system, though on the

surface America with her vast wealth and belief in capitalism would seem their most dangerous opponent. They know that present-day America is a temporary if amazing phenomenon, and that now the period of great prosperity is over she will have to adjust herself to whatever system the world has been evolving during her heady course of splendid individualism. Her own Victorian system of *laissez-faire* is in a sense too out-of-date, too much the outcome of local conditions to have much influence on that final settlement. To Soviet Russia, therefore, England is the obstacle—not imperial and capitalistic England—she is already passing—but the stubborn, slow-growing, deep-rooted democratic England which is trying to bring the experiment begun at Runnymede to an illogical, non-ideological but human and, therefore, workable conclusion. If that England fails and goes under, either from outside pressure or through loss of faith in herself, Democracy goes under with her.

Perhaps she ought to go under. She may be, as I suggested at the beginning, a witless sentimental female, entirely unfit for survival—one of those misfits that Freudians are always trying to psychoanalyze into a proper state of reasonableness. If, as it almost seems, she involves a cessation of struggle, she may be also a negation of life. In that case she will pass, as other forms of civilization have passed, giving place to sterner, more aggressive systems. Even now the poor lady who in 1914 counted so many stalwart champions is being noisily or silently deserted, and there is much disgruntled whispering behind her back. Perhaps the English, seeing that she is a lost cause and that no good can come from sheltering her, will throw her out as the Christians threw out Christianity, in the nick of time. Or they may continue to make England safe for her. In which case it is just possible that in the approaching collapse of our various top-heavy civilizations she may make England safe for them.



The Lion's Mouth



GIVE ME OPPRESSION OR GIVE ME DEATH

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

THE best times in my life have been when I was being abused. I hate to own it, but in the present burgeoning of autobiography I feel sure that one more confession which turns everything upside down will fill a long-felt want. I was well brought up, I had pious parents and a Sunday School training. And from my earliest days I was reared in a proper respect for the opinions of Patrick Henry and was always on the watch for oppression. Whenever we heard, either at church or in the press, of any fresh form of oppression we as a family were out to end it as soon as possible. From boyhood I signed petitions to the Sultan of Turkey and the Tzar of Russia and Gladstone and the President of the United States and all others in authority. If I was sometimes bored by the preambles to these petitions I could skip them. All I needed was to find somewhere on the page a good big WHEREAS. While all petitions looked good to me, I confess I had a preference for those that needed five express wagons to get them up to the Capitol.

So anybody can see that I made the fullest possible experiment of the most approved procedure of liberators before I fell into the following fruitful infidelities. The bother was that the more oppressions you relieved, the more there seemed to be; and this I could not understand. They seemed to be like "pusley" in a garden. Years ago I had a bad fifteen minutes when there flashed across me the unworthy suspicion that just possibly people might *like* oppression. I promptly dismissed it. But lately this idea has come nosing around again, and the oftener I try it the better it fits. It had never entered my head that after the cause of a revolt was taken away people might go right on revolting just because they had come to enjoy the exercise. I had been very naïve about rebellion. But I now saw that there was what you might call a sort of rhythm of rebellion which was just as pleasant as other rhythms, and that people would miss it if you did anything to break it. So now if anybody wants to go and relieve oppression I say, "By all means go ahead and do it but don't, for heaven's sake, suppose that anybody is going to like it. Perhaps they will never forgive you for putting an end to it."

This is not turning against our fathers. Not at all. They did their work well. Indeed, they did it so well and they achieved such standing and distinction for the oppressed, that all kinds of queer people who were not oppressed at all were found sneaking over to get the benefits of the abused. I first noticed this when I discovered that the whole younger generation were scuttling over to put themselves under the ægis of the abused classes. They could count on getting a rise out

of the older generation in this way if no other. The whole undergraduate population flocked in along with the Russian proletariat. Educators naïvely took them at their word and sat up nights to find measures for ending the oppression. Philanthropists took alarm and poured in more millions to give them what they wanted, or what they said they wanted, and thus save the younger generation, until at length a great university whose motto had been "Show me something more that I can do" was able to offer a course in the manufacture of ice cream. Yet still the general hue and cry against the way education was going did not show any signs of abatement.

I found, too, that all my very successful and prosperous friends had a somewhat aggrieved air which I had innocently supposed was more justifiable in my own case. And then I noticed that people in shoals who had unmistakably got free of a whole lot of miseries had within a half year found fresh ones. And this brought me to appreciate one of those finer shadings of the truth which our fathers did not see at all, and that was that among the inalienable rights of man you must not forget that he has *a right to re-enslavement if he wants it.* I may be wrong, but at this moment I cannot get over the feeling that that is what India wants.

I never heard much about Patrick Henry after he got the liberty he asked for, but I suspect that he groused around a good deal the rest of his life. And now when some friend comes around with a tale of woe, when formerly I almost jumped out of my chair to go and do something about it or start a subscription or a petition for him, I now, though really as sympathetic as ever, sit back and draw him out and egg him on and get him to expatiate about it and savor it and smack his lips over it. I know what he wants now. He hopes I am going to be just one more to prove his thesis that this is a cruel world. When the time comes I may lend a hand, but just now I know that it will take all the wind out of his sails, and everything will go flat if I seem to agree with him. What he wants is an oppressor.

I was quite delighted when I found that Ibsen got into this fix. He was all right while he was waging warfare with all the Main Streets and provincialisms and hypocrisies and conventions of Norway; but when at last he had mainly carried his point and got the world on his side and was free to relax and went off to Italy to steep his soul in beauty and freedom for the first time, he found he didn't know what to do with it and for a couple of years couldn't do anything at all. All the best times in his life were when he was being abused.

I am still in favor of ending oppression if only you can get it pure—I mean the real thing. But the market is flooded with so many spurious oppressions that you have to go slowly. I do not regret in the least that in early life I devoted my penny savings bank to the necessities of various troubled populations from China to Peru. And in order not to throw away wholesale the advantage of my early training in ending oppression, I am resolved to give two dollars and a half to any crusade that promises to stop it even if it does not look very promising. But this will be just to keep my hand in and my name on the mailing lists of the liberators in case they are ever able to let me in on the ground floor of some really gilt-edged and first-class abuse.

For instance, I have long been ready to cancel the foreign debts off-hand and am not sure but that I may feel that way again, but for the moment I go a little slower as I think, "Perhaps they will never forgive us if we do it." If they are anything like me, they will

all be quite angry a month later as they complain that we didn't do it before. I should not be surprised if at bottom Mr. Mellon were one of the most merciful of men, but as a good chef he knows our kind well enough not to put his best dish on the table until he has created a proper palate for it.

With considerable poise and calmness I now waste much less attention on the Cubans, Peruvians, college students, and the younger generation since I know that they like oppression. But I await with expectancy and good cheer the moment when the little principality of Lichtenstein, with which nobody has meddled for far too long, has at last resented her tame good fortune and risen to international maturity and taken her place among the nations as still another which is experiencing the spiciness of oppression.



THE FRANTIC PHRENIC

BY FRANK A. KRUTZKE

"WHAT he needs," the Eminent Physician said, definitely, "is artificial pneumothorax." He lighted a cigar.

"Or," the Eminent Surgeon said, doubtfully, "extrapleural thoracoplasty."

"How would it be, gentlemen," the Resident Physician said, conciliatingly, "if we first tried a phrenicectomy?" He lighted a cigarette.

"You mean, I suppose," the Eminent Surgeon said, correctingly, "phrenic-exairesis." He blew a smoke ring.

"You don't feel very chipper, of course," the Eminent Physician said to me finally.

"No," I said.

"His temperature chart looks," remarked the Resident Physician in a low voice, "like the weather record of the Kalahari Desert in August."

"Very well," the Eminent Physician said, definitely. He struck a match on the frame of the sign which said "Positively No Smoking In Any Part of This Hospital Building By Order of Supt." "We will proceed with phrenic-exairesis."

To me he explained, "That's to paralyze the hemi-diaphragm, you know." He spoke in the offhand manner of an eminent physician whose time is very valuable and who has been called into consultation on what proved to be only a semi-private case. "And the decrease in the excursion of the hemi-diaphragm may effect a cure. If it doesn't do the trick, we can always try extrapleural thoracoplasty. You see?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

A nurse wheeled me and my carrier back to my semi-private room.

"Doctor Gregg will operate in fifteen minutes," the Resident Physician said cheerfully. He lighted a cigarette. He gave me one. "There's nothing to be nervous about. It's *really* not a major operation, and old Gregg has evulsed carloads of phrenic nerves. He could do a perfect operation in his sleep. You'll do fine. You're young and you've got lots of resistance."

"Yes," I said.

The floor nurse and a student nurse came in. The floor nurse and the student nurse painted the right side of my chest and neck with a violently saffron fluid.

"So you're going to have a phrenicectomy," the floor nurse said brightly. "Isn't that nice?"

"No," I said.

"A phrenic-exairesis, I think," the student nurse said, diffidently.

"They're practically the same," the

floor nurse said, severely. "You student nurses know so little of medicine." She turned to me. "The case who had your room before you had one. It did him good, too. He's all right now—or was yesterday. Now I'm going to give you a hypo. It won't hurt."

She gave me a hypo. It did.

"They almost always have to give the phrenic cases a thoracoplasty afterwards," she said cheerfully. "It's really awfully interesting to watch one. Doctor Gregg promised to let me assist at the next one. Isn't that nice?"

"Yes," I said.

"Now I'm going to take you to the operating room," she said, importantly.

The operating room nurses wore gauze masks which hid the lower half of their faces. Some of them were improved. The Eminent Surgeon had a mask on which hid his mustache. He was improved.

"Now I'll put this screen on the table between you and the doctor," the operating room nurse said, brightly, "so you won't be annoyed watching him." She had efficiency and tact.

"I'll hold your hand," the assistant operating room nurse said, softly. She had red hair and blue eyes.

"If the Phillies had the pitching they'd lead the league," the Eminent Surgeon said, dogmatically. "You need pitching these days, with the rabbit ball. When I take up golf I'll know I'm old."

"I believe you're right," the Resident Physician said agreeably. "We'll give him novocaine, shall we?"

"Procaine," the Eminent Surgeon said. "And we can't give these residual pneumonitis cases inhalation anesthesia."

"You'll hardly feel it," the Resident Physician said reassuringly. "The novocaine kills all the pain."

"Procaine," the Eminent Surgeon said, correctingly. "Look at Lefty O'Doul and Chuck Klein. Leading the league in batting, and where are their teams, I ask you? Does that hurt much?"

"Yes," I said.

"Hurt all over?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Does it hurt most in the shoulder?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Good," he said. "That shows we're getting the right nerve. That's one reason we don't give you ether, so you can tell us where it hurts. It's very important for it to hurt."

"Yes," I said. The assistant operating room nurse squeezed my hand.

"If Burt Shotton can get a couple of good southpaws next spring they might get somewhere," the Eminent Surgeon said, musingly. "That was a tough case Riesendahl had at the Polyclinic on a phrenic case. He got out about fifteen cm. and was congratulating himself. And it turns out that he didn't get the phrenic at all, but the ophthalmic. His eyes popped out—and now his patient's have, too. Ha! Ha! Ha! They sometimes stay that way. . . . That hurt?"

"Yes," I said.

"All over?" the Eminent Surgeon said.

"Yes," I said.

"In the shoulder most?" the Eminent Surgeon said.

"Yes," I said.

"That's good," the Eminent Surgeon said. "We've got it pretty well out. I'll cut it now."

He cut it. I jumped. The red-haired nurse squeezed my hand.

"And that's all there is to that," the Eminent Surgeon said complacently. "Twelve cm. of nerve in exactly thirty-five minutes. Just three fifteen. I'll get out to the park by the second inning. Sew the case up, Williams."

"What stitch shall I use?" the Resident Physician said.

"Oh, the Italian, by all means," the

Eminent Surgeon said, decisively. "I consider it much more elegant than the cross-stitch. That fellow Riesendahl at the Polyclinic makes his cases look like warthogs with that cross-stitch. I tell you, if Grove and Earnshaw don't come across with some real hurling Mack's chances in the World Series go blooey, absolutely blooey. Take my mask off, nurse."

"Do you want to see your phrenic nerve?" the operating room nurse said.

"No," I said.

"Here it is," she said. "Doesn't it look like a white worm?"

"Yes," I said.

"Will you put the stethoscope on him yourself?" the Resident Physician said.

"No, no, you can do it just as well—better, in fact," the Eminent Surgeon said, hastily. "It's getting pretty late. If you need it, use strych. sulph. That fellow Riesendahl at the Polyclinic—whew! it's three-twenty-five! See you to-morrow!"



LO, THE POOR SPANIARD

BY FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

AUNT AGATHA announced the other afternoon that New York is in for a change of style in émigrés. By next spring the Russians will be out, and the Spaniards will be in.

We protested that it was in the worst possible taste to speak of fashions in unfortunate aristocrats who have been driven out of their countries by revolution.

"Stuff!" said Aunt Agatha. "No one of your generation takes the long view. You're so busy with fads that you can't see the trends. Fashion changes always work a hardship to someone. Look at the bustle manufacturers. Look, if you want to, at the pug dogs. In my young days no house was decently furnished without a pug dog. They were installed in corpulent opulence on their overstuffed chairs; with their own personal hand-worked antimacassars. Now the race is extinct. People want Schnautzers romping virilely among chairs made of a couple of lengths of pipe. Well," said Aunt Agatha, "what the Schnautzers are to pugs the Spaniards will be to the Russians. I can tell. I was talking to your friend Petroff about it yesterday. Petroff is very nervous. He says the Russian colony can't decide whether they'd better invest in more dancing pumps and evening dresses or save up to buy some of their own meals from now on."

"But the Russians have had such a fearful time, Aunt Agatha."

"Humph! Yes, but they had it too long ago. I personally am now completely inured to the tale of the despoiling of the ancestral estates in Bzolizkz, the fearful journey of two hundred versts across the province of whatever it was, and the final breathless escape over the border to the Ritz bar in Paris. Of course the Spanish trouble hasn't been as showy. But it's new. I presume there will be plenty of material on how the grandee tore his Toledo blade down from the walls of the hacienda, or whatever it is they live in, and repelled the invaders. I've no doubt you can turn up a round dozen Spaniards in New York already who personally helped the Queen to get to that remote railroad station to keep her engagement with the rotogravure photographers. You'll find all of 'em managed to salvage two or three old lace shawls and a fan or so that the Cid gave to one of their ancestors. For all

we know, Columbus' egg is now in some boarding house on 48th Street. If it is, it will be as expansive in emergency as the Galilean fishes. When the Spanish émigrés start letting people buy their things as a personal favor, for only six times what they're worth, the bottom will drop out of the sable and high soft-leather-boot market. And where the Russians will be then I don't know. An ikon won't bring the price of a quart of champagne. Petroff'll find himself drinking coffee for breakfast yet."

We told Aunt Agatha with some severity that she was a cynical old woman. Didn't she, we demanded, know the appeal the somber Slavic soul had for Americans?

"That," she replied, "took a good deal better prior to October, 1929, than it does now. The worst possible news isn't the novelty to New York that it was then. A little Latin gaiety in the right places won't be amiss. Nor is the flat pocketbook any longer an exclusively Muscovite accessory. I know several brokers who have lately been trying to cadge back at their Russian friends, at the rate of one meal for ten. Of course they haven't succeeded, but it's a sign of the times."

When we protested that Russian customs and foods had become a part of New York life now, Aunt Agatha only cocked an eye at us.

"Wait," she said, "until a 'Spanish Bull' opens up across the street from a 'Russian Bear.' If the Russians have an ex-Grand Duke for head waiter, the Spaniards will have two ex-Grandees. Your Cossack doorman, complete with furs, will be glaring at your matador doorman, complete with capes and banderillas. And a lot of people whose digestions have gone completely to pot on pancakes with sour cream and caviar, washed down by vodka, are going to try to build themselves up again with *arroz con pollo* and Malaga wine. The bolero, accompanied by the click of castanets, will take the place of those savage Slavic whirls accompanied by the crack of knee joints.

"Undoubtedly it's deplorable for the Russians. But even they must have known the thing couldn't go on forever. Mark my words, this will be a red and yellow winter.

"Of course," Aunt Agatha conceded, "I can't say I haven't got anything out of the Russian episode. This business of royalty, to take one thing. I should have said a few years ago that the chances were that at least one Russian child in ten was born without a title. I realize now how misinformed I was. But you know how I feel about places like the subway; and it sometimes makes me actually faint to think of the crowds which must have been permanently jammed around the poor Tzar. Doubtless the assassination was trying, but at least it relieved the wretched man from the incessant presence of his two thousand favorite cousins. Crowds of strangers are bad enough, but I can believe that crowds of relatives in such proportions would be insupportable. Maybe, at that, he thought some of them were only friends. Possibly there wasn't *quite* such a point made of what Judge Lindsey calls extra-marital associations, socially speaking. The Romanoffs, if inadequate politically, were apparently not wholly without enterprise. It's given me a new idea of who makes up the Bolshevist party. They're simply the Russians who haven't any titles, and stay in their country out of sheer embarrassment. They'd be as uncomfortable here in New York as a nudist at a convention of Methodist bishops. Well, I suppose before long we'll be very conversant with the more private aspects of the lives of the Kings of Spain. Most fascinating."

We murmured more protests as Aunt Agatha rose to go.

"Well, if you get caught without having a few Spaniards to dine in October don't say I didn't warn you. Petroff will look as out of date to you as a Morris chair. And speaking of dining. I won't be able to come out to you for the next week-end, after all. I ran into Sara Purvis at the Colony Club and she tells me she's having the Marquesa Cuevas de Vera y Palencia with her at South Hampton, and invited me down. It seems the Marquesa has a few beautiful carved combs and some large monastery frescoes which she managed to carry along with her as she fled. I might as well be the first to have a chance at 'em. You know what the price of good samovars went to, in the boom. Sara said the Marquesa might be able to persuade a couple of her cousins and the Duke and Duchess of Chiclana de la Frontera to come down, too. I have a feeling she'll succeed. Sara has an excellent cook."

As Aunt Agatha left she passed Petroff in the hall. He was dropping in, as he usually does, for cocktails. And he had two or three other Russians with him. It's a curious thing—Russians do appear to come in sets, like dominoes. Aunt Agatha greeted them pleasantly, but she hummed a tango as she went out.





Editor's Easy Chair



DIVORCE: A LOST LEADER: CHRISTMAS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE Episcopal convention in Detroit wrestled with the problem of marriage. Fortunately for the Episcopal Church and for all the Churches, their authority over marriage is limited. Every organized Church can say, and does say by action of its representatives in meeting, what it approves about marriage. It can deny divorce or say on what conditions the Church will approve or tolerate it, and it can lend or withhold its approval to remarriage after divorce. But fortunately it cannot hinder divorced people from getting married if they want to and can satisfy what we call the civil law; neither can it determine the custody of children of divorced parents nor do anything that affects the legitimacy of children. Those matters go to the courts and the laws in the several States.

That, of course, is lucky for the Churches. If they should all band together as the Drys did, raise money, organize blocs, go into politics, intimidate legislators, and get an amendment put into the Constitution prohibiting divorce, they would be, as all of them must realize, in a very sad pickle. Perhaps they are thankful that their authority is so limited. Undoubtedly they ought to be. They cannot call upon the police to execute their mandates; they cannot tap telephone wires to get evidence of marital violations; they cannot crowd the prisons with folks whose pattern of life is not according to their standard; and that is all very fortunate for them, and doubtless they know that it is. If they don't, they have only to look at the course of Constitutional Prohibition as it rolls along under their eyes.

The Church assumes to derive its conception of what marriage ought to be from the teachings of Christ as set forth in the New Testament. It might be a convenience not only for married people but for newspaper readers to have all those teachings gathered together in a leaflet. It would be easy to do it, for they do not make many printed words. Their interpretation by Church councils need not be included, because social habits have changed so much in the last two thousand years, the position of women has so changed, the conception of virginity as a super-spiritual condition has lost so much of its appeal, and the organized Church in so many countries has parted with so many powers, that conclusions of former councils might not make much sense. However, all the Churches would, no doubt, now approve and support the general idea that people who marry do best to stay married and minister to each other the best they can under all circumstances and as long as they live. That is the general ideal which still finds abundant

support in human practice, for the great majority of people who get married still hold with it, and on the basis of it raise their families and train their children.

The real question in Church councils about divorce is whether the ecclesiastical teachers are up to date—whether they truly reflect the mind of Christ on the subject of marital relations. Undoubtedly they try to, undoubtedly their ideal of marriage is the true ideal, but their conceptions of how to realize it may vary very greatly. What the world needs is not so much rules as more character; and character comes mainly by free will. It cannot be pasted on to the outside of human beings. It has to come from inside of them. The great job of the Christian Churches is to develop character in accordance with the teachings they hold by. Interpretation of those teachings changes as circumstances change and as men advance in their understanding of life. In these days we seem to be passing through an enormous reorganization of human life in economics, in politics, in science, and doubtless considerably in religion. Nevertheless, some things that we have trusted are going to hold, and marriage is one of them, and it will not come out so happy-go-lucky as some people seem to think, since for love and for fidelity there are no substitutes. It is love that must save the world. Without it, rules will not suffice. It is the one sure beneficent force that cannot be put to bad uses.

ARE the clergy in general exceptionally well qualified to deal with marriage? Of course some of them are. Some of them are helpful about everything that concerns human relations; but that would be because of individual gifts or graces of spirit or character which enable them to give out spiritual help and healing. Some of them know what is going on in the world, what people are doing, what people are thinking, how they are behaving; but others do not. Most of them know the rules of their several Churches about marriage; but that is only moderate help to understanding of what is wise or foolish, what is right or wrong, in individual cases. There are good marriages and there are bad marriages. Some of the Churches seem prone to insist that all marriages, good or bad, done in church, shall hold. They incline to the belief that married people should stick together no matter what happens. They have little concern with biology or expediency. They seldom consider what may be the case of the children of unhappy marriages. Their own minds are seldom free since, if they are committed to belief in certain interpretations of religion and practice, they may not take up with interpretations that conflict with them. As men set apart a little from the common activities of life, with more than average leisure to look on at the show as it passes, they have advantages as advisers; but as a rule, one knows beforehand what a clergyman will say, though there is by no means as much assurance about that as there was even thirty years ago. When everybody thinks, thought is catching, and ministers may easily take it.

When couples separate without obvious reason the news of it still comes as a shock, but in such cases presently there comes consideration whether that couple were better separated or not.

Probably divorce for the present has touched its high point. If we are all going to be poor, as seems so likely, we shall get along without some luxuries, and divorce is one of them. It is like the birth rate in being very dependent on economics.

Ministers may look at divorce on the basis of Church rules, but lay knowledge is generally acquired by the

case system. A layman thinks of what has happened in cases of divorce that he knows about—in what instances it has done good, in what instances it has done evil, and in what cases it has seemed not to matter at all because the parties concerned were without character. If a woman goes from an unhappy marriage to a sanitarium for what is left of her days, the layman will remember it and he will not consider that it is a part of the price of a rule so beneficent that it is worth its cost. On the contrary, he will think it is a bad case, and incline to provide if he can against other such cases occurring. And so he will when a man's sense of right is overcome by a dominating woman and his children are mishandled and damaged.

BECAUSE there was so much talk about the possibility of Mr. Coolidge being a candidate for President next year, he wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* to say at length and with proper emphasis that he believed heartily in party discipline and fidelity, and, in accordance with custom, was in favor of another term for the present occupant of the White House.

This led Mr. Lippmann to write in the *Herald-Tribune* that it could be said for Mr. Coolidge that he never had had illusions of grandeur, and now regarded himself merely as a former President "and not as a hibernating Messiah."

When was anything better said?

When Mr. Morrow died the other day another possible aspirant for the office of President passed out of the competition; for a good many Republicans and some Democrats had thought, with yearning though without organized noise, of Mr. Morrow as a possible President. They thought of it as something that might happen if, in the face of economic distress, the common routine of political selection collapsed, and the conventions were goaded to an effort to pick the best man. In the wail of grief and regret that attended Mr. Morrow's death, the thought was only of him and what he might have done. One did not remember at the moment that he and Mr. Coolidge were classmates at Amherst, or stop to calculate how much of him went into Mr. Coolidge's remarkable political career.

The hold Mr. Morrow had gained on the thoughtful people of the country was very remarkable, but then he was a very remarkable man. An old associate and friend who called him "radio-active" seemed to hit upon a true definition of his quality. Something was always going out of him that affected other people. All the time he was giving out. The story of his relations with Mr. Coolidge, if it were to be told, might be almost as remarkable as the story of the relations of Colonel House and Mr. Wilson. But very different, of course, for Mr. Morrow was no more like Colonel House than Mr. Coolidge was like Mr. Wilson. It is true that Colonel House and Mr. Morrow were both successful in negotiation. They could both talk man to man with anybody. The minds of both of them seemed to reach to the core of political situations, but Colonel House had to deal with a man of more crotchets and a more remarkable mind than Mr. Morrow did. Colonel House was manager for a man of genius; Mr. Morrow was a genius himself and adviser to a canny Yankee.

Colonel House did not begin to make Woodrow Wilson President till George Harvey completed his discovery and advertisement. Mr. Morrow took an interest early and actively in Calvin Coolidge as a possible office holder—spent money on him, circulated books about him, talked about him, though the faithful Stearns, the Boston dry-goods man, may have been the wheel

horse in his gradual ascent. All of which is merely to accent that Mr. Morrow, dead at fifty-eight, had already contributed even more to political life than we may all appreciate.

One reason why Colonel House would never take office was that his health was delicate and precarious and he wished to avoid situations in which he could not protect it. Mr. Morrow was a more delicate man than was generally known, but was less prudent, for one reads of his shaking hands with crowds of people after a political meeting in New Jersey only a few days before his death. In these times when economies are popular, one of great importance might be effected by the abolition of miscellaneous hand-shaking from political life. That the President should shake hands on occasion with thousands of people is absurd; that a delicate man like Morrow should have the life pumped out of him by a political crowd is ridiculous.

There was probably nothing connected with human life that Mr. Morrow could not understand. The world has lost a friend. Trained as a lawyer, the world was his client; trained as a banker and a diplomat, he was its servant. He lived in the open, there seemed to be no mysteries about him—a man prodigiously successful with a rare success that realized its purpose in making brethren dwell together in unity.

THIS is the December number, and Christmas is impending for better or worse. How shall we get along with it this year when the most frequent question seems to be "Have you anything to live on?" Times cannot be said to be gay. At this writing the adjustment to the extensive dislocation of the gold standard goes on, and nobody seems to know precisely where that adjustment will come out. A difficult winter is expected, unemployment, want, hunger, all to be taken care of. Albeit there is encouragement in the increased realization that the plight of the economic world is everybody's concern including even the United States. The idea that even the rapacious Uncle Shylock has got to help to cure the world of its troubles is now going strong even in this country. The stock market, the newspapers, and even some of the politicians applauded the Moratorium, feel an anxious joy in the bankers' big pool, and are more than ready to back President Hoover in all efforts to help mankind out of the slough.

Meanwhile, the days roll on, and Christmas will come and go. In one particular at least it is likely to beat the record, for those who have will share with those who have not beyond all precedent. Each of us in these days is his brother's keeper. If he does not realize it of his own accord, the tax gatherer will suggest it to him. But that in itself will not so much dampen joy as change the expression of it, for the real Christmas is of the heart rather than of the pocket, and that sort will go strong this year.

To give money is important if one has it. There will be many who need it. To put material things of any sort in the way of going where they are needed is important. But does everyone realize how great a gift, if one has it to give, is love? how far it may go to make life possible, to ease the friction of diminished means, to make life happy on a different level from what one is used to? The greatest gift of all if one has it to give is love. It goes well with all the others. It is the great need of mankind, the only cure-all for the pains of earth.



DUSK, STATEN ISLAND

By Mabel Dwight

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

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THE BANKERS' BANKRUPT WORLD

A BACKWARD GLANCE AND A NEW YEAR'S REAPPRAISAL

BY J. M. DAIGER

THOSE for whom going to the play or the opera is a social fashion, rather than the pursuit of an artistic interest, have the unfortunate failing of arriving occasionally after the curtain is up, the beginnings of the plot already developed, the first scene perhaps even finished, and the setting shifted. Something like this occurred with many of us, not regularly engaged in the pursuit of foreign finance, who began to watch the international banking drama of 1931 only on that bright Sunday morning in June when Mr. Hoover came upon the world's stage with his moratorium proposal. The story began for us, therefore, with war debts, reparations, and the German financial crisis seeming to be the three sides of the international triangle, and with our late allies, the French, coming shortly upon the scene, as the villains of the piece, to endanger the President's one-year plan for "the economic recovery of the world." But we who entered at that thrilling point were really very tardy; for the curtain had risen six weeks earlier, and we had missed the exposition of the main theme and the ominous significance of the entire first act.

The scene of that first act was not Washington or Berlin, or even Chequers, though Chequers was where the British and German premiers and finance ministers, the Governor of the Bank of England, and the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James held the fateful meeting that was doubtless the cue for Mr. Hoover's entry in the leading role. The opening scene was played along the Danube, that great involute stream flowing from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, enriching the fertile valleys and vast plains of a basin more than three hun-

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dred thousand square miles in extent. It is the part of Europe, the area of many racial mixtures, of new political boundaries and tariff barriers, that we in America know perhaps least of all.

In those Danubian lands before the War a wealthy, prosperous, and cosmopolitan Vienna, with a population approaching two millions—a teeming industrial center larger than Philadelphia—was the financial stronghold. The name Rothschild was one to conjure with there as in the banking capitals to the west; and the city's great banks, chief among them one older than the dual monarchy of the Hapsburgs, the Credit Anstalt, spread their branches throughout southeastern Europe. Factories multiplied, farms increased their yield, railroads were extended, and the channels of the Danube deepened, despite strife in the Balkans and the age-old conflict of Christian and Turk. Nature and necessity, one might have said, conspired for centuries to lead the peoples of those domains toward economic unity. It was, in fact, the largest and most nearly self-contained economic area in all Europe.

One June day in 1914 a pistol shot in the streets of Sarajevo toppled that industrial, agrarian, and financial order off its Viennese pivot. The pivot shifted from Vienna to Berlin, from Berlin to Versailles, from Versailles to St. Germain, from St. Germain to Geneva; and then the whole Danubian mass, creaking and groaning like a buffeted old hulk, was hoisted gradually onto four props of unequal size and strength—New York, London, Paris, Berlin—and ropes of varying length were tied to stakes in Amsterdam, Brussels, Geneva, Rome, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Oslo. If we were seeking the beginning of that fortuitous integration of the world's banking which has taken place since the War, we should, as likely as not, find it in this early effort of the League of Nations and the bankers to put the Danubian Humpty Dumpty together again.

There is no space in this rough sketch of a stage setting to depict the prodigious, the almost fabulous changes which the War and the Treaties—and more the Treaties than the War—made in that enormous country drained by the Danube and its tributaries. Enough to suggest, and let those dispute it who will, that the ethnological patchwork of the politicians and diplomatists was an economic crazy quilt—each of half a dozen or more nations striving, with the aid of foreign loans, to reproduce for itself the economic self-containment which the predecessor states had possessed in common; forced industrial expansion in some of these countries, forced agricultural expansion in others, because former domestic territory was now foreign soil; in some of them too many factories, mills, mercantile establishments, and banks left in proportion to the agricultural areas allotted to them, in others too large agricultural areas under cultivation in proportion to the number and size of their cities and towns; some countries, now made preponderantly industrial, compelled to aggressive competition in export markets that they might buy foodstuffs, others resisting those exports in the effort to protect their own newly established industries. Most incongruous of all was Vienna, still a great inland metropolis, but stranded in an Austria with less than a third the pre-war population, an Austria smaller in area than Bulgaria, much smaller than Greece, and scarcely larger than either of these in population.

Vienna sought, of course, to regain something of its old financial position, and risked much in the attempt. It jumped out of the frying pan of the inflated krone into the fire of the inflated mark and the inflated franc, had its own stock exchange collapse, its bank failures and consolidations several

years before New York, and then tried to recoup some of these further losses by plunging, like other banking centers of Europe, into the Coolidge bull market. But out of all this emerged at least two institutions which international bankers elsewhere counted sound —the Credit Anstalt, with a Rothschild at its head, and the National Bank of Austria, the central or reserve bank reorganized by the League of Nations from the Austrian fragment of the old Austro-Hungarian National Bank after the country's economic collapse in 1922, and maintaining thenceforth the gold parity of schilling exchange in the money markets of the world.

II

In the United States we have more than twenty thousand banks and these have ten times that many officers and directors. When the year 1931 began there was probably not one of these men in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, who remembered anything about the National Bank of Austria and the Credit Anstalt of Vienna, if, indeed, he had ever heard of them. This is no more to be wondered at than that European bankers should not bother themselves about the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City or Dallas, or should not have been aware, say, that the big Foreman-State National Bank of Chicago was in trouble last June and was abruptly merged with Mr. Traylor's bigger First National. We simply did not think of European banking in terms of diminutive post-war Austria, the succession states, the Balkans; nor did we think of Vienna as a pillar of European finance. When we were told, as we were often told in late years, that the concerns of Riga, Kovno, Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, Sofia, Athens, Belgrade, Budapest, and Vienna were now our own, we were not only extremely skeptical as to whether that was so, but it did not remotely occur to us that London, Paris, and Berlin would expect us to become alarmed—let alone to busy ourselves—over the banking and credit troubles of those far-off places. We had forgotten that from far-off places a world of trouble could come; that an ultimatum from Vienna to Belgrade in the mid-summer of 1914 turned a local quarrel into a European civil war, which became a world war that ended in more ways than one our vaunted isolation from the affairs of Europe and the influence of European events.

But precisely because of this, to us, quite natural aloofness from the remote parts of Europe, we missed that first act which was played in the Danubian springtime of this last bewildering year.

It began with the news that the Credit Anstalt was imperilled. The news came, ironically enough, in a "reassuring statement" that the Austrian Government, the National Bank of Austria, and the Vienna house of Rothschild had completed satisfactory arrangements for its reorganization. The announcement aroused the apprehension it was intended to forestall. It was as severe a shock to the peoples of central and southeastern Europe as one that might be felt by the peoples of western Europe if they were officially informed that the British "Big Five" banks had to be reorganized, or as we should feel if all the eight thousand member banks of our Federal Reserve System suddenly had to be salvaged by heroic measures. For this great bank—great, that is, for Austria and its neighboring countries—held more than two-thirds of all Austrian banking resources, controlled through investments three-fourths of the country's industries, had a close tie to the Bank of England, did much business with the large German banks, and included in its field of operation those

heterogeneous countries to the southeast. Runs began in Austria and spread beyond its borders; withdrawals of French, American, and other foreign funds began; in more than one country there were bank failures, forced mergers and semi-voluntary liquidations. Needless to say, the strain on the National Bank of Austria was terrific, and the gold standard in that part of the world became extremely insecure.

In the financial centers to the west, particularly in those of Germany, England, Holland, France, Italy, and Switzerland, the bankers and men of business became much alarmed. They expected us also to become alarmed and they called upon our bankers to busy themselves—because in Austrian securities alone, not to mention those of the other countries affected, our banks and individual investors had put a hundred million dollars; American industrial and mercantile corporations, whose securities were owned by our banks and investors, had invested seventeen millions directly in Austrian properties; and in addition our banks, investment trusts, and other large corporations had a substantial total in short-term loans or deposits with Austrian banks, chiefly the Credit Anstalt. It was the precipitate flight of part of these last-named that was making a bad situation worse. British and German banks and investors were also heavily interested in Austria and the southeastern countries, and to a lesser extent so were banks and investors throughout the rest of Europe.

London, recognizing that the situation was fraught with big consequences, moved with characteristic promptitude to get it under control. The first steps were taken by a committee of London bankers, including the heads of the London houses of Rothschild and Morgan. This was later merged into an international committee of three British and three American bankers, and one representative each of French, Italian, Dutch, Swiss, and German banks. Upon the Austrian Government's agreement to guarantee the liabilities of the Credit Anstalt for two years, the Bank for International Settlements, the Federal Reserve Banks of the United States, and the central banks of England, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Czechoslovakia, and Poland extended to the National Bank of Austria a credit equivalent to about thirty million dollars. Also, a "standstill agreement," similar to that effected by the Wiggin-Layton committee two months later in behalf of the German banks, was made with foreign creditors of the Credit Anstalt. As a result of these measures the widespread excitement subsided somewhat and the runs were temporarily checked.

But, though the immediate situation had been met in the Credit Anstalt and the National Bank of Austria, the Austrian Treasury had been seriously impaired by its undertakings in the crisis. In urgent need of a foreign loan while readjustment of the country's finances was being carried out, it opened negotiations with the private banks of Paris. Here we had the forerunner of the delay which Mr. Hoover's proposal, presumably not yet conceived, was to encounter before the month was out. Delay, which may be the essence of salvation in a political crisis, is fatal in a financial crisis; and the Austrian crisis, like the German and British crises to which it was the prelude, was predominantly financial. Nevertheless, whether we like it or not, and whether the British and Germans like it or not, it is the traditional practice of French bankers to use their foreign credits to enforce French diplomatic policy. On neither the political nor the financial side has France lost more than she has gained by this policy, except in the ill-starred Russian and Turkish ventures that taught a million

and a half *rentiers* to be wary of every franc that goes abroad.

In the June negotiations the French bankers demanded political concessions which the Austrians held would compromise their country's independence and cause the overthrow of any government that yielded to them. Meanwhile the precarious condition of the Austrian Treasury, and hence the impaired value of its Credit Anstalt guaranty, was an open secret. Again the banking situation in central and southeastern Europe became acute and alarming. Since an economic collapse there would affect British finance and trade more than the French, and since British bankers regarded the political terms which French bankers were demanding as untenable, London again undertook to get the situation in hand. On June 16 the Austrian cabinet resigned, making way for a more conservative ministry—another precursor of events to come. On the following day, which was two days before Mr. Hoover gave his moratorium proposal to the press, the Bank of England cut the Franco-Austrian Gordian knot by placing twenty million dollars to Austria's credit. Thus ended the first act of the international banking drama of 1931.

The rest, of course, is too vividly impressed upon us to call for reviewing; and besides, we had in this first act, as in the overture to an opera, all the elements of the imposing events that followed. It is to be noted in passing that the plot developed without reference to war debts and reparations. These were introduced in the second act as complications by which the action of the piece was intensified and the solution made more difficult; but the underlying theme, from the outset, was international finance in the larger phases of banking and trade, and particularly in its dangerous emotional aspects. In the spring of the year the seeds of fear and panic were sown; memories were revived of the losses and suffering of those who in earlier years had not fled in time from depreciating currencies; worst of all, the specter of bank failures stalked through Europe. In the United States, where banks are numerous and for the most part small, bank failures had been an everyday occurrence ever since the War, even in our most prosperous industrial years. They had been identified, until the international panic of 1931, almost entirely with the changing conditions of our rural communities. But in Europe, where banks are few and relatively much larger than ours, failures among them are extremely rare, but naturally more far-reaching when they do occur.

The news which sped along the Danube last May, reminiscent of the ultimatum which followed that same course from Vienna to Belgrade in July 1914, turned a local banking difficulty into one which soon involved all Europe, and in the end altered the fortunes of those who live along the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. This post-war world of the bankers is "a small world after all."

III

The co-operation of our twelve Federal Reserve Banks with half a score of European central banks in the Austrian crisis was a new departure in Federal Reserve practice. It was as unprecedented, and a few years ago would have been deemed as incongruous, as if those European central banks were to join the Federal Reserve Banks of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, say, in extending a credit to the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis to help hard-pressed banks in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana. Why, then, were our reserve banks thus called upon to send into the hinterland of Europe what was, in fact, a puny sum which the

European central banks could easily have raised among themselves? Partly, perhaps, for the psychological effect that the very name of the Federal Reserve Banks would have in allaying apprehension, as when a Federal Reserve armored truck arrives with a consignment of currency for an American bank beset by frightened depositors. Partly, perhaps, for the gesture of a solid front exhibited by the principal banking systems of the world in helping the National Bank of Austria maintain the gold parity of the schilling. But in larger part, more likely, because the money which our banks and investors had sent abroad so freely in recent years had itself tended to create the very situation by which our foreign investments and trade were now imperilled. The credit extended by our reserve banks to the Austrian bank was very small indeed, and incidentally, like those later extended to the National Bank of Hungary, the Reichsbank, and the Bank of England, amply protected against loss. But though small, it was symbolic of our huge creditor position in this mortgaged and bankrupt world.

I venture to illustrate this position with the 1931 version of an anecdote long familiar in the banking trade. A borrower, whom for convenience we shall call a cloak and suit merchant, goes to his bank to ask an additional loan. "But we have let you have too much already," the banker protests; "you can't pay what you owe now." "Yes," the cloak and suit merchant agrees, "I know that; but it was a terrible season—the prices went down on me, the trade fell off, the summer weather broke records in November, collections were slow—everything went wrong." The banker, true to his indurate character, is unmoved. "We've loaned you your limit and more," he says, "and you know we have to be careful." The cloak and suit merchant is pensive for a moment, then realizes that the appeal is hopeless. "Have you ever been in the cloak and suit business?" he suddenly asks. "No," replies the banker, disdainfully. "No?" rejoins the hapless and now desperate fellow. "Well, you're in it now!"

This bit of truthful fiction embodies, I believe, a fair summary of our international conversations of 1931; the hard, inescapable outcome of which is that we, the American public, are "in it now." We are in it now, all told, for some twenty-five billion dollars—a sum so incomprehensibly large as to be meaningless except as it vaguely suggests the magnitude of our creditor position.

To comprehend the extent and tediousness of this position it is necessary to break the twenty-five billions down somewhat, a process in which, to hold to round numbers, I shall take a few liberties with arithmetic, though none with essential facts. To begin with, seven or eight billion dollars is the present value of the debts which fifteen foreign governments owe to our Federal Treasury; that is, to our taxpayers. The actual indebtedness is more than eleven billions, but seven or eight is all it is worth—the figure at which it would pay us to settle for cash—because we are making a gift of the difference between the interest the Treasury is paying for the money and the much lower rate it is receiving from the governments abroad. Another seven or eight billions is represented by the bonds and shares of American companies which control and operate, or partially own, foreign manufacturing plants and public utilities, oil lands and refineries, gasoline trucks and filling stations, mining and smelting properties, rubber and sugar plantations, sales agencies and retail stores—such speculative favorites of 1928–29, to mention only a few offhand, as Ana-

conda, Kennecott, International Harvester, International Telephone and Telegraph, Woolworth, General Motors, American Radiator, American International, American and Foreign Power, Electric Bond and Share, National City Bank, Chase National, Texas, Gulf, the Standard Oil group, etc. A third seven or eight billions is represented by foreign government, provincial, municipal, and corporate securities sold in the American market. And then there is an indeterminable amount, probably running between a billion and a billion and a half, represented chiefly by the obligations of foreign banks for so-called short-term loans made to them by American banks.

It will be observed that of the four divisions thus made one is governmental and three are private, and that the total of our private investments abroad is more than twice the Treasury's total.

Stated geographically, the extent of our creditor position becomes still more apparent. The foreign government debts due the Treasury (taking no account of those of Russia, Armenia, and Nicaragua, which have not been funded and hence are not included in the foregoing calculation) are chiefly those of Great Britain, France, and Italy. After these, but for much smaller totals, come Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Farther down the scale come Rumania and Jugoslavia; then Greece and Austria; then, in the smallest classification, Estonia, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Hungary. But it is our private investments chiefly that take us into the hinterland of international finance, into virtually every country where a trade with other nations is carried on. It is primarily upon these investments that our enormous foreign commerce of late years has been based, running even in the depressed state of trade in 1930 to four billions of exports and three and a third billions of imports. The total for 1931, not yet computed, will be lower, but still huge. And it is primarily because of these investments and this trade, not because of our intergovernmental loans, that we are "in it now."

In that part of Europe where the international panic of 1931 first manifested itself, where the German and British banks received their first severe blows, and where the Federal Reserve Banks and the Federal Reserve Board made their first move to protect the foreign investments and trade in which our own banks and their borrowers are so heavily interested—in Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey—American private investments are well over four hundred million dollars. In Germany, the great next-door neighbor of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and by far our greatest private debtor in Europe, we have well over two billion dollars. To the north of the Danubian lands, in Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Finland, we have nearly three hundred millions. To the south, in Italy, four hundred millions. In Switzerland, the Saar, Luxemburg, Belgium, and the Netherlands, five hundred millions. Another five hundred millions in France, and more than a hundred millions in Spain and Portugal. In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, over seven hundred millions. In England, a billion. We may be out of the League of Nations and the World Court, but we are *in* Europe.

In British, Portuguese, and French Africa, in Egypt, Algeria, and elsewhere on the Dark Continent, our private investments are well over one hundred millions. In Australia and New Zealand, more than four hundred millions. In Asia, more than a billion, mostly in Japan, but substantial sums also in the Netherlands East Indies, the Phil-

ippines, and China, and lesser sums in British Malay, India, Iraq, Palestine, Syria, Cyprus, and Persia.

Our private investments in Canada amount to four billions. This is our largest stake, governmental or private, in any foreign country, and nearly twenty-five per cent of all our private capital abroad. Over the rest of this hemisphere, outside the United States, we have spread more than five billions. More than a billion is in the West Indies, largely in Cuba. In Mexico, seven hundred millions. In Guatemala, British Honduras, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, three hundred millions. Eight hundred millions in the Argentine, seven hundred in Chile, five hundred in Brazil, three hundred in Colombia, two hundred in Peru, one hundred in Bolivia. And less than one hundred millions each in Uruguay, Paraguay, Ecuador (we have recently sent a scientific expedition there to seek head-hunters), and the Guianas.

The world-wide migration of American dollars, in the span of fifteen years during which we were changed from the largest debtor country to the largest creditor, is the greatest and of course the most rapid movement of capital that the long history of international finance records. Since the governmental debts due our Treasury were scaled down—on the average and in all individual cases except Great Britain—to the amount of the credits extended after the War, the twenty-five billions referred to here represents peace-time expenditure; that is, for the feeding and clothing of distressed peoples, the reconstruction of war-torn countries, the restoration of disorganized currencies, the revival of world trade, the modernization of industry, transportation, public utilities, and public works over immense areas in both hemispheres. Outside of Europe all the investments were made by our banks and other private investors. In Europe all the investing, Treasury and private, was one continuing process: had our Treasury not started the relief work and reconstruction, the bulk of the private investments, it is reasonable to assume, would not have been made; had the latter not followed the Treasury loans, it is probable that the payments under the Mellon agreements and the Dawes and Young plans could not have been forthcoming. And as for all the wheat and cotton and tobacco, and the innumerable products of our mass-production factories that peoples the world over managed to buy from us so easily—these, of course, could not have been sold in appreciable quantities.

IV

Except for the vocal minority of both parties in Congress, there probably are few persons who entertain the naïve notion that any substantial part of the seventeen or eighteen billions of American private capital abroad belongs to our bankers—our international bankers, as some prefer to call them; yet many of us, with whom bankers are not as popular now as they were a few years ago, nod our heads in assent whenever they are denounced for importuning the Government to help them pull their chestnuts out of the foreign fire. If we insist upon imputing a selfish motive to their zeal for cancellation, reduction, or further postponement of intergovernmental debts and reparations, we can find one readily enough in, first, the self-evident proposition that the business of manufacturing and selling foreign securities has for some time been nil, or second, the self-evident wish which is father to the thought that charging off our intergovernmental financing as a total loss will make the world safer for investments, trade, and employment everywhere.

If any money is coming from foreign countries for debt service, as of course it is (we overlook the fact that there is a continuous flow of such funds), the bankers naturally prefer that private investments should continue to have first call on it, as they are having during the so-called Hoover Year, so that confidence in foreign borrowers and international bankers will revive a little among our banks and investors. The merits of their general argument may be debatable, but there is no sinister intent behind it or anything to cause an American taxpayer to groan. A country with a federal budget of five billions would not go to the dogs or its taxpayers perish merely because five per cent of that sum was not forthcoming from its intergovernmental debtors.

The bankers—let us define the term specifically as meaning here the private banking houses and bank securities affiliates directly engaged in international finance—these bankers are "in it now" chiefly in so far as their currently depreciated reputations and currently depressed business are concerned, which is, to be sure, a good deal. But the private investments abroad, from the Himalayas to the Andes, belong in the main to the twenty-odd thousand banks wherein our savings are deposited, to the insurance companies that are to take care of our widows and orphans when depressions and panics bother us no more, to the investment trusts and big industrial corporations whose emaciated securities now repose in our safe deposit boxes or bureau drawers or the collateral loan portfolios of our banks, and to the countless thousands or millions of individual investors who put their faith and money in foreign bonds. And the same bewildered millions of us who, either directly or through our bank accounts and insurance policies, are the owners of these private investments abroad are also, as taxpayers, the owners of those foreign government bonds reposing in the Treasury at Washington in "settlement" of our war loans and post-war relief credits. Hence, if the world is bankrupt, we shall not improve our creditor position by wasting more time, in Congress or out, in criminations against the bankers for leading us into an unsound international situation, or in pious discourses on the respective virtues of Treasury loans and private loans made by the same lenders to the same borrowers. The time for all that moral indignation was when our farmers, industrialists, wage earners, and politicians wanted to go on like Tennyson's brook, forever, with the disproportionate and inordinate share of the world's trade which the War and the reconstruction had brought us, and when our banks and other investors wanted the seven and eight per cent coupons.

What we have to concern ourselves with now is the unpleasant fact of universal insolvency, and our governmental and private creditor attitude toward that insolvency. Our first reaction, unfortunately, was the unconscious hysteria of panic, that state of fear and folly which last summer and autumn translated economic and political uncertainties abroad into financial actualities—very costly ones—at home. For a while we behaved as if the whole world were in default and had repudiated all its obligations to us; and in our emotional stress we foolishly raided our own banks and incontinently abandoned both domestic and foreign securities long before they were due, long before we knew how they would work out, utterly unmindful that neither our domestic nor foreign debtors could fairly be charged with the prices at which hard-pressed banks, sold-out individuals, and unconscionable short-sellers knocked down securities on the exchanges. In short, we approached a

bankruptcy of reason vastly more to be feared than the temporary, or even permanent, inability of our debtors to pay us all they owe. That was a weird attitude, if panic can be called an attitude, for a creditor people.

Fortunately, the human emotions are incapable of sustaining a state of fright indefinitely, even if the object whose sudden and violent appearance was the occasion of it remains. After a financial panic, one either "leaps from some convenient altitude," to use Swift's phrase, or one perceives his frenzied apprehension to have been greater than the circumstances warranted, and at least not fatal. It is also fortunate that our politicians and bankers, acting in our behalf during the period of panic abroad and at home, kept their heads while others were too dizzy and too frightened to realize what was going on. They adopted what in justice to them can be called a sensible and practical creditor attitude —the decision to temporize and experiment, to move quickly in financial crises and slowly in political crises, to take risks which the basic strength of our banking position enabled us to afford rather than risk sudden collapses abroad that we might not be able to afford, to postpone some private as well as Treasury claims, to give our debtors a breathing space and a leg up toward solvency. Like the bank with an unwelcome and unfamiliar cloak-and-suit business thrust upon its hands, we have to go along with the thing as best we can; we have too much at stake to chuck the game. While the times are out of joint but life goes on—while the cloak-and-suit business is bad but the habit of wearing clothes persists—it is better, shifting the metaphor, to provide our debtors with a parachute to come down in than to have them crash through our housetops.

Abuses of the bankruptcy statutes in the United States have caused us to think of bankruptcy solely as a legal device, often the first resort of a scoundrel. But the condition of bankruptcy or insolvency—the inability of a debtor to meet all his contractual obligations at the prearranged dates, or his inability to carry on without additional assistance from his creditors—is not a matter of law or intention but a reality to be dealt with only in a practical and opportune way. Confronted by such an international reality, the Federal Reserve Authorities moved promptly, first at Vienna, then at Budapest, then at Berlin, then at London, to protect our far-flung banking and trade against the consequences of a precipitate collapse in Austria or Hungary or Germany or Britain. Our larger commercial banks and private banking houses moved on a larger scale and over a broader range toward the same end. The most dramatic move, of course, was that of the President, supported by a substantial biparty representation of Congress, to postpone our intergovernmental claims and to induce the principal debtors of our Treasury to postpone the much greater reparations claims against Germany, the largest European debtor of our banks and investors. One effect of those postponements was to give priority to private investments and trade, at least for one year of international readjustment. Another was to avert a strain upon our own banks even more severe than that to which they were already subjected: how far many of them were from being able to withstand such a sudden strain subsequent developments plainly showed. All this seems to have constituted an unmistakably clear statement of our creditor attitude toward both classes of investments abroad and to have provided an equally clear answer to the question whether, as a matter of national policy, we should help the bank-

ers pull "their" chestnuts out of the fire.

V

Under the cumulative burden of the Wall Street panic of 1929, the depression and drouth of 1930, and the international panic of 1931—disaster, calamity, and catastrophe crashing and swelling like a crescendo of doom—we were lately disposed to put upon this bankrupt world a pretty low appraisal. But when we set out to deflate bloated ciphers and drop delusive decimals, it is our custom to do it with that same imprudent excess with which, in our more exuberant moods and years, we spend our paper profits. It is not our wont to move "within the ring of moderation." So we probably shall have to revise our appraisal upward as we open the international ledger of 1932.

Defaults in our foreign investments have not been numerous, and it is difficult indeed to imagine that those which the inscrutable new year may have in store could do us more injury than the fear of them has done us in the year now past. They would have a long, long way to go before they would be comparable with the domestic record of default and failure among our industrial, railroad, utility, banking, real estate, and municipal investments; for as between our foreign and domestic financial flings, the former to date has proved by far the lesser of the two evils, despite the fact that we were "innocents abroad" where investments were concerned. Beginners' luck!

At this writing, though most of the talk which one hears is about the financial interrelations of France, Germany, Britain, and the United States, with the accent on intergovernmental debts and reparations, the chief foreign troubles of our banks and investors have actually been in Latin America, where the efforts of our bankers have never been trammelled by political obligations arising out of the War and the reconstruction. But also at this writing the political tendencies in Great Britain, on the Continent, and in Latin America as well, are toward national policies that ultimately make for the payment of debts, the restoration of credit, and the revival of trade; which is in line with what the experience of older creditor countries would lead us to expect. "Even staunch Conservatives," Professor Pollard of Oxford wrote in his pre-war study of political evolution in England—"even staunch Conservatives have been known to pay Radical taxes with comparative cheerfulness when their party has returned to power." While the history of international finance, and particularly in the case of England, makes it plain that no country can carry on a great commerce without many anxious moments and some losses for the investors who assume its risks, most foreign defaults, especially of governments and their subdivisions, are eventually remedied by the very necessity of obtaining credit, if not by considerations of financial and economic integrity.

Bankruptcy, as someone has aptly pointed out, is not a means whereby governments may divest themselves of their international obligations. Because commodity prices decline but debts do not, the governmental or corporate debtor that is solvent one day may be bankrupt the next; but commodity prices rise as well as fall (such, at least, has been their immemorial perversity) and when they rise—when solvency is restored—the governmental debtor pays so that credit, too, may be restored. That has long been the traditional and salutary method of restoring international confidence among creditor peoples after wars, panics and depressions; a method for which the current sentimentalism over

"capacity to pay," debt reductions, cancellations, and other innovations is an unimpressive substitute. Among many examples there is that of the United States in the last century, when for a considerable period not even our Federal Treasury could raise a dollar among the bankers and investors of England and France because of defaults by several of our commonwealths—Maryland, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas—as well as by many of our commercial enterprises. Conspicuous in South America is the example of Brazil, which twice brought itself out of a financial hole and is now buckling to the task again. As evidence of the ability of war-torn countries to restore their "capacity to pay," there is France, the Cinderella of Europe. Nor is Belgium's example to be overlooked.

We probably have greater need to reappraise our capacity to retain our triple role as protagonist in the economic drama of high tariffs, mass-production exports, and international investing than to reappraise the capacity of most of our debtors to pay. And here we shall likely have to revise our hopes and expectations downward, though the unpredictable factors are so numerous—questions of domestic and foreign politics, intergovernmental loans and reparations, currency and credit maneuvers by central banks, social changes, and sheer accidents—that we can only judge the drift and direction.

When the War was ended and the post-war task of caring for impoverished peoples had been carried on for another year, our Treasury announced that "the governments of the world must now get out of banking and trade," that "the credits required for the economical restoration and revival of trade must be supplied through private channels," because intergovernmental lending leads to inflation and "only postpones sound solutions of the problems." Many then thought that the peak of our international investing, and with it the peak of our gigantic export trade, had already been reached; that henceforth our private investing abroad would not be as great as our Treasury loans and private investments together had been; that both our investments and our exports would go on in more than "normal" volume, perhaps for five years, perhaps ten, but both steadily declining until the urgent demands of the reconstruction had been met. All were agreed that the War and the reconstruction had created an extraordinary demand that sooner or later must exhaust itself; and that however long the abnormal activity might be protracted by such export subsidies as the reduction and long-term funding of intergovernmental debts, the day must eventually come when our "favorable" trade balances would end, our imports exceed our exports, and the return flow of capital for debt service and for investment here gradually liquidate our huge creditor position and perhaps even make us again a debtor country.

This last prospect, of course, is still very remote, though in the last few years our new loans abroad have greatly declined in number and volume, and for the last eight or nine years each billion dollars of American capital sent abroad has been passed on the way by half a billion of foreign capital seeking profit or refuge in the United States. But we have loaned abroad so freely, to the limit of sound credit in some countries and beyond it in others, and have established abroad so many enterprises of our own; we have supplied the world with the mechanical apparatus of production and the means of financing it so greatly in excess of its current needs, that the *big* parade of American capital and American exports for the

modernization of war-torn and commercially backward countries does seem definitely to have ended.

We are confronted now with the fact that our production, export and tariff policies have been copied on many canvases of varied sizes with varied degrees of skill; on the whole, it must be admitted, successfully—too successfully. The effort of Austria and the other Danubian countries, all crowding production to the limit and trying to shove their surplus over tariff walls, all striving for self-sufficiency behind tariff walls of their own, has been repeated all over the map of our international banking and trade. Even Britain, citadel of free trade and stronghold of classical economics, is at long last being compelled to surrender; to adopt our ways that she so long disapproved and resisted. In this now universal striving of each nation for autarchy, this beginning of the post-reconstruction era, no nation seems within reach of that economic utopia of self-sufficiency, though we are as near it as any. "We are," Mr. Hoover has recently asserted, by way of adjuration to look to our own resources and resourcefulness, "economically more self-contained than any other great nation." It is the former chief of our war-time and post-war relief and of our Commerce Department, a staunch champion of the immense development of our finance and trade abroad, who thus writes *finis* to the epoch of reconstruction.

VI

A decade ago we came to the end of the War boom, as we have now come to the end of the reconstruction boom, that began (both of them) by the fortuitous circumstance of a pistol shot in the capital of Bosnia. A decade ago, in our depressed and chastened mood, we looked in fancy at the gaunt countries from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and sighed in pity; we looked at France and Belgium and shook our heads; at Germany and Russia and threw up our hands; at England—England, we said, will pull through: she has great bankers, great commercial genius, her resources are far from exhausted; she will come back first of all.

Our Senate looked at Europe and wanted none of it. Now that the War is over, the Senate said, we are to stay out of Europe; avoid foreign entanglements. Our Treasury looked. Turn it over to the bankers, the Treasury said; the Government is through with financing the world. The rest of us then looked alternately at the world and the bankers, and put a pretty low appraisal upon both. The world is heavily mortgaged and hopelessly bankrupt, we said; stagnation and idleness everywhere; and as for the bankers, they are utterly discredited by the securities they sold us and by the hundreds of bank failures. Even our Federal Reserve Bank, at that time, was close to the limit of their lending power, a condition vastly different from that which exists among them to-day.

But somehow life went on—despite debts and mortgages, despite insolvencies and receiverships, despite the universal breakdown of the whole intricate mechanism of industry and finance, of markets and money, of credit and gold. We called it, quaintly, "a return to normalcy." It led us, despite financial, economic, and political turmoil in Europe and a sharp drop in our foreign investing, to great industrial activity and employment at home, to a sustained domestic demand for our goods, to a better alignment and more stable level of prices than we had had since the first year of the War. We did not wait for a bankrupt world to lift us from our depression: we were "economically more self-contained than any other great nation." Are we less so now?

THE CAPTAIN COMES HOME

A STORY

BY MARYA MANNES

ON a bleak October morning the motorship *Silesia* sailed into Cuxhaven. The North Sea was leaden, restless, and unfriendly; the coast a thin green-gray. Only the red tiles of the houses and some blue barrels on the fish-pier pointed the scene.

Captain Fassnacht stood on the bridge in his greatcoat, surveying operations. The landing was so familiar, his subordinates so routined, that he could allow his mind to wander on other things. He thought of his waiting family at Altona, near Hamburg. And he thought of Mrs. Reid.

Mrs. Reid predominated. The more he tried to jerk his thoughts into the channels of home, the more he saw Mrs. Reid's laughing lips and the broad, bright candor of her forehead.

Not that Captain Fassnacht had not met attractive women: they were unavoidable on steamer voyages. The stimulation of sea air on ladies and of ladies on the Captain had resulted in a score of pleasant and harmless flirtations. The Captain would whisper undying passion in the ladies' ears; and they, for the duration of the trip, would believe it. Some, unfortunately, believed it afterwards and kept writing to the Captain, which alarmed and irritated him. But nothing serious had happened yet, and Captain Fassnacht prided himself as much on the wisdom of his human relations as on his superior seamanship. The one, of course, helped the other: both demanded that he avoid icebergs, give warning in fogs, and keep discipline. When women reached the pleading stage and clung to his gold-banded arm, he would blow his whistle, saying, "Beautiful lady, how can you torment me so? If I did what I wanted to do —what I long to do—the morale of the staff would disintegrate. I am, alack, a figurehead!"

But Mrs. Reid was different. She was more beautiful than the rest and not at all silly. She refused to believe the Captain's protestations of love, but returned them with equal fervor. She flirted outrageously in German, French, and English, with dashes, even, of Latin, which overwhelmed the Captain. He adored the precision of Latin. In such a mouth it stormed his German heart.

The trouble was that Mr. Reid was a great friend of the Captain's. In New York, Reid had come to him and said, "Erich, my wife is going over in your boat. I'm putting her in your charge. Take care of her and see that she behaves!"

Captain Fassnacht promised warmly. He had not seen the lady yet.

It would be fun to be with Hansi and Gretel again, to give them the dinner-favors and hear their shrieks. And, although Heino, his eldest son, was at a stage difficult for a father to understand and tolerate—the sullen transition of

the teens—his sturdy figure and steady head filled the Captain with pride. Heino would make a fine navy man.

And dear Anna—she would have everything so warm and cozy. It made him feel guilty, if she only knew . . .

What had Mrs. Reid meant when she said, "I would like to avenge all the women who believed in you!"? Ah, the way that queenly white neck rose from the shoulders!

Fassnacht strode into his cabin and looked at the photographs of his wife and children: standing on the lawn in the sun; at Hansi's birthday party; and one of Anna at thirty, where strands of straight fine hair escaped a heavy bun and fell on either side of her pleasant face. A good woman, a perfect mother. And fine eyes. If only her teeth had been better!

"Here you are!—*nu, endlich!*" Mrs. Reid stood in the door of his cabin, tall and dressed for shore. "I climbed over all the barricades and braved the fury of your second officer to get to you."

Fassnacht went to her, kissed her hand. "*Gnädige Frau*—if only I were not landing a ship I could show you how touched I am!"

"I know this is a rotten time to see you, but I had to say good-by." She leaned forward and kissed the Captain square on his hard mouth. "You're the most attractive Captain I've ever met—and the biggest liar. Good-by!"

She went before the pressure of her lips had left his mouth. Her perfume assailed him. Maddening, the power of that woman. One touch, one word, and his whole brain went up in smoke. It was disgusting, at his age. No, wonderful. He looked at himself in the glass. What did a woman see in him, exactly? She saw a weathered face, with creases down the cheeks and radiating from small blue eyes, a stern fighting mouth—and a hat, gold-oak-leaved, set at a rake. It must be the hat. Or the figure. For a German of fifty-three years, his absence of paunch was notable.

A steward knocked at his door and handed the Captain a radio message. It was from the Line. Fassnacht went to the bridge and gave a series of orders. For the next hour the business of landing passengers filled his mind. That is until he spotted the figure of Mrs. Reid making her way gingerly down the gangplank. Her slim legs teetered on the cross slats; she was absorbed in their progress. When she reached the pier she looked up for a fleeting second at the bridge and waved indiscriminately at four visors peeking over the top of the canvas wind-break. One of them must belong to the Captain, she surmised. One did; but its owner was powerless to prove it. Waving from the bridge was hardly in order. Fassnacht damned her. The contraction of his heart at seeing her go disturbed him. He had hoped his age would make him immune to that especial pain.

Slowly the *Silesia* steamed down four hours of Elbe River; of green marshes and dark red villages flattened under the cold sky. Finally the river broadened and became complicated with the works of men—cranes, drydocks, granaries, coal-dumps, oil-tanks, funnels, and masts. Through steel and iron and smoke, the big boat made her way into Hamburg.

Captain Fassnacht finished up his duties on board, changed into civilian clothes, and made for the Line Office on the Alsterdam. He was surprised and relieved to find his anticipation sharpened as he neared home.

He made his report to the Line, joked a while with the head of the Passenger department, then got into the Altona tram. In spite of himself, and in spite of the poor districts he passed, Fassnacht kept looking out of the window in the stray hope of seeing

Mrs. Reid walk by. Once he saw the back of a woman that suggested her, but the front turned out to be a blasphemy. Damn the woman.

Altona. From the tram stop there was a five-minute walk to his home. He could follow it in his sleep, so trained were his feet to the alternate feel of gravel, paving, and earth, to the two rectangular turns. The big square brick house with the stone portico, the smaller white one with the iron balconies, then—home.

He walked up the neat white gravel path to the front door. Quatsch, the dachshund, heard his crunch first, came yapping at him from behind the house. Then Hansi and Gretel ran out from the door and jumped on him together, yelling. After them came Anna his wife, smiling, an apron on.

"Father, why did you take so long? We expected you ages ago!"

"Father, you didn't kiss me right!"

"Father, were there any bad storms?"

"Look at Quatsch, papa, he got a gray hair!"

The little blond boy and the little blonde pig-tailed girl clung to the Captain like vociferous burrs. Anna then approached the group; and mother and father kissed gravely over the heads of the children.

"Everything fine, Anna?"

"Yes, dear, everything goes well. How was the trip?"

"So-so—I'll tell you the details later. Where's Heino?"

The mother sighed. "Oh, Heino—he's off looking at machines with another boy. He'll be back by dinner."

The family went into the house, the children hanging from the Captain's coat, their feet dragging on the gravel. Quatsch followed them in, with great dignity. Fassnacht always liked to describe that it took Quatsch five minutes to pass a door. "He's like one of those long barges," he would say, "with a flag at the stern!"

How well he knew the living room! The pervading green-brown tone, the ferns clustered in the bay-window filtering a greenish light; the heavy plush sofa with white lace on the back, the tasseled table-cover; the oil-portrait of his father Commandant Fassnacht, a stern man with a forked gray beard and a glitter of medals on his chest; the innumerable photographs.

On one wall hung the skin of a python some cousin of his had shot in Sumatra. It was the children's pride and horror. He could see Mrs. Reid recoil from it, laughing. He could see her recoil, laughing, from everything in the room. And yet, it pleased him. It was warm and comfortable, a good place to rest in—if not to think in.

"We will have dinner as soon as Heino comes in," said Anna.

"I hope he isn't late," said the Captain. "That boy needs disciplining; he seems to be lax these days."

"I know. But it's just a phase, Erich. One must have patience."

"Just a phase"—how easily that explained, justified everything. But one was allowed to have phases only in one's youth. The Captain might not say, of his feeling for Mrs. Reid, that he was passing through a phase. People would call it "his baser nature." Why baser? There was nothing low about the woman; on the contrary, she had more distinction than anyone he had ever known.

The door banged. "Hallo, papa!" Heino, big and dark, came to his father and gave a cheek to be kissed.

"Well, Heino—forgot your old father was due to-day?"

"Certainly not, papa. But I didn't think you'd be here yet. Was the trip good?" Heino was making a brave effort, thought his mother with relief.

Gesa, their very homely maid with

buck teeth and a harvest of pimples, came to the door and announced dinner. The Fassnacht family rose in a body and went into the dining room. The dining room was dark red in general tone, with massive brown furniture and a drop-light with a dark green rough glass shade over the table.

The Captain sat at one end, his wife at the other. Hansi and Gretel shared one side, Heino, by right of seniority, had the other to himself. The young ones looked expectantly, adoringly at the Father; Anna with a respect not unmixed with resignation. Heino, self-conscious, played with his fork.

"Hands off the table!" boomed Fassnacht, half jovially. Heino gave him a quick glance, dropped the fork, and put his hands in his lap.

"Erich, you remember the Liebmanns' nephew that's gone to America? He married that girl in Milwaukee, you know—well, think of it, they have a little boy; isn't that wonderful?"

"Fine, fine," said Fassnacht. Mrs. Reid had no children. It would be rather wonderful to have a child by Mrs. Reid, a tall, dark, brilliant daughter like her, who knew how to move and how to speak of anything with wit and sympathy.

"It seems that Lisel has been suffering from it all along and they never knew what it was—"

Fassnacht switched his mind to the table. What was Anna saying? Lisel? Oh, yes. . . . Why did Heino keep looking at him, as if he knew? Knew what? Damn the boy, he was precocious, he was growing up.

"Don't play with your soup, Heino."

The younger children glanced at each other with pleasurable fright. Heino was certainly getting it to-night, in spite of being older.

"And I told Richter, if he sold me such bad spinach once more I'd stop dealing with him. I assure you, Erich, it was *dark brown* and frostbitten at the edges."

"Awful, awful." Dear God, dear God, what did it matter, what did all this matter when one could not have that white face near one, and watch the black sweep of lashes on the long cheek; and hear her laughing "*amor vincit omnia*" while her hands twisted his gold buttons in mock shyness?

"Papa, did you have a big storm?" asked Hansi, profiting by a lull in his mother's woes.

"Not a very big storm, Hansi," said the Captain, "only little waves as high as two or three Quatsches!"

"Was anybody sick?" said Gretel.

"People always are sick, even when the water's like this table. Imagination, I tell them; it's ridiculous . . ." Mrs. Reid had stayed in her cabin the fourth day out. He had sent down champagne. With her, of course, it was merely fatigue; she had looked worn out when she came on the boat. One had such a desire to help that woman, to protect her.

"Did Kammer flirt as much as ever?" asked Anna. Kammer was the Chief Officer, a big Swedish-looking fellow who danced well and stared hard at anything he liked. It was Kammer who had spotted Mrs. Reid first. "There's a hot dish," he said in his delicate way.

"Oh, Kammer's all right, his bark is much worse than his bite. As a matter of fact, he was very unhappy this trip, there were no pretty girls, only a lot of old ladies who wanted to dance with him."

Anna sniffed. "Disgusting. I can't understand women doing that after a certain age. I suppose it's the sea."

Yes, the sea was responsible for a lot of things. But it was not entirely responsible for this agony of longing he now felt for a woman he might never see again.

"What was your average speed,

papa? Did the new engines behave?" asked Heino.

"Excellent," said the Captain, "almost twenty knots. They're a relief after the old ones—although it's partly due to Eberhard. He's the best engineer on the line."

"Could I meet him some time?" asked the boy eagerly.

The Captain smiled patronizingly. "Certainly, my boy, certainly. Eberhard loves children, he has boys of his own."

"I'm not a child!" shouted Heino, furious.

"Heino!" warned his mother.

"Heino thinks of himself already as the young-man-about-town," said Fassnacht. "It's a shame to disillusion him, really!"

Truly, he did already look the man—an attractive man, too. Attractive to women, with that strong brow and Greek mouth. Mrs. Reid would admire him. "I have a passion for the potential man in boy-children," she said once.

"Who sat at your table, Erich?" asked his wife.

"Well, let's see. There was a musician, an amusing little Jew who conducts some big New York movie orchestra, and a professor of mathematics—he was a fine man, we spent hours in my cabin talking—and an elderly lady, I forget her name—she has a son in the Line Office here."

"Was it Mrs. Keppel?" asked Anna. "There's a nice young boy called Keppel in the Office; he's always so respectful to me."

"I don't know."

"Who else was at the table, papa?"

"Well, there was a young aviator who's coming over to study Italian plane-construction, and then a lady called Mrs. Reid, the wife of a man I know in New York—one of those typical American women."

"That sounds like an amusing table," said Anna.

"It was amusing." No, it was enthralling. It was the wide free world that oscillated from the science of numbers to the pulse in a woman's throat. It was ardent, complicated, mysterious. How could they understand? How could they feel what he felt on the bridge at night, watching the dim white bow lift on the swelling darkness; or straining for the first headlands to take form out of the haze? How could they know the infinity he sailed through, these people circumscribed by a circle of warm light on a white tablecloth? Dear heaven, this pain of adjustment every three weeks, this telescoping of the spirit! Every three weeks this desperate contraction from the whole into one of its parts; from the universe to No. 4 Kastanienstrasse. From Mrs. Reid to —Anna.

Fassnacht lashed himself. "Get back!" cried his inward voice, "get back! This is your home, your wife, these are your children! Give them at least these four short days."

Hansi and Gretel went to bed shortly after dinner, and Fassnacht saw them tucked in for the night. Gretel's tight yellow braids lay out on the pillow at right angles to her head. When she kissed the Captain good-night she clung so hard that he had to pry off her small fingers and get out of their reach. Hansi was quieter; he stared up into his father's face, one hand clutching a dirty gray rabbit with only one ear.

"Good-night, papa," he said gravely. Pride stirred in Fassnacht's breast as he looked down; Anna and he had done a good job.

Heino escaped to a corner of the living room with a book on wireless, while his father and mother talked, intermittently, of little things. At nine he was ordered to bed. At ten the Captain yawned.

"Well, Anna—think I'll turn in. It's been a long day!"

"You must be tired," said his wife, gathering up her sewing. "Let's go up."

Fassnacht sighed. He locked the doors, put out all the lights, and followed his wife upstairs to the bedroom.

In less than half an hour man and wife were lying side by side in the enormous ancestral bed. Side by side and deserts apart.

It had never been a question of passion with Anna. Fassnacht, as an ambitious junior officer, had chosen her seriously and long-headedly as the logical wife for him and the best mother for his children. She came of good family, had breeding, intelligence, and great sanity. Physically she was comfortable. He liked to be near her in the same way that a man likes to be near a stove on a cold night.

But with the birth of each child whatever intimacy existed between them diminished. She preferred to stroke her children's heads rather than her husband's. The boats they sailed in their bath-tubs interested her far more than the ships he sailed at sea. So now they were able—and had been for long years—to lie side by side, each feeling nothing but the steady warmth of the other's body.

Anna wore heavy cotton nightgowns that whispered when she moved and were dry to the touch. Fassnacht once said to her, "Anna, why don't you get yourself a silk nightgown—wouldn't you like that?"

"Silk?" she cried, "when the laundress goes crazy washing all the children's things?" Then, for some reason hurt, she had wept.

If only his imagination were not so restless, so avid, the Captain moaned inwardly. If only he need not create the ghost of a mouth turned to him in the dark, of fragrant hair. "If only this woman next to me could make me forget, could drown my phantoms in some oblivion!"

In the dark, to the rhythm of Anna's breathing, the Captain's brain became a hectic kaleidoscope of images and figures: Ambrose Lightship, the geometry of stars, Mrs. Reid waving up at the bridge, "I'm putting my wife in your charge—see that she behaves" . . . the donkey-engine that balked in Southampton . . . the way the little Jewish conductor guzzled his beer . . . the week-end in Westchester at the end of his next trip . . . speak to Riegelmann about the forward hatch cover . . . Anna must get him some more warm underwear for the winter passages . . .

Round and round and round, until Fassnacht's head ached with its relentless iteration of unrelated facts. His feet twitched, he turned this way and that.

"Can't you sleep, Erich?"

"Yes, yes—very soon. Don't worry about me, Anna."

"Perhaps some hot milk with a little whiskey?"

"No, thank you, dear. Go to sleep again."

Somehow the night passed. Somehow, it always did. And in the days it was always far easier to lose oneself in the immediacies of the moment.

Soon the Captain was walking to the tram-stop, accompanied by his wife and the smaller children, followed by Quatsch. Heino was at school. Soon his feet crunched on the gravel, resounded on the paving, thudded on earth. The white house with the railings, the dark brick house . . .

"Don't go, papa, let the boat sail, stay here!" cried Gretel.

"Yes, papa, let the boat go alone," shrieked Hansi.

"Are you sure you haven't forgotten anything, Erich?"

"No, dear—I don't think so."

At the tram-stop they stood and waited. When the iron wheels creaked and clanked on the tracks four blocks away, Anna's eyes moistened from habit as she kissed the Captain good-by.

"Take care of yourself, Erich. Wear those heavy socks I gave you."

"Good-by, Anna dear. I'll be back in time for Hansi's birthday."

"Bring me a nairplane, papa! Bring me a nairplane from America!"

Gretel climbed on his shoes. "Bring me little hats from the masquerade, papa. I want more little hats like the ones you got last trip!"

The tram grated to a stop. Somehow the father disentangled himself, somehow he boarded the tram.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

The little group waved as the tram started away.

"Good-by!" yelled Gretel, running a little way after it.

And there he was, once more, on the bridge of the *Silesia*, steaming outwards into the cold North Sea. His great coat collar was turned up around his chin, his hat cocked sideways, his legs spread. Kammer stood next to him, squinting at the choppy grayness of the sea and the sullen grayness of the sky.

"Not so good," he said.

"No," said Fassnacht. "It ought to be fairly bouncy."

"Fine for the old ladies," muttered Kammer.

Before night the storm was upon them. Sheets of water piled over the *Silesia's* bow, boiled and eddied along the decks, hissed in the donkey engines. The masts pitched against the ragged sky, dishes slipped and clattered in the metal pantries. Coats hung on hooks stood stiffly out from the wall. Fassnacht wondered whether Mrs. Reid would stand such motion. He still thought of her, yearned for her constantly.

The storm lasted for two days. Very few people came to the dining room: at the Captain's table only two out of the eight chairs were occupied, and those by two hardy sisters of fifty-odd years with puckered mouths and flat voices. The Captain cut his meals as short as possible, remembering with pangs the glamour and gaiety of the voyage over; and the bridge, instead of being an interruption in love, became a haven from boredom.

On the third day the wind abated a little, and the *Silesia* settled down to a slow even roll. A number of new people appeared above deck, cautiously; and the dining room looked much fuller.

When Captain Fassnacht came down the broad stairs to dinner his heart stopped dead. At his table, on the right of his chair, sat Mrs. Reid.

She looked more darkly radiant than ever in a white satin gown. She saw him coming and smiled at him. The Captain, incredulous, faint in the pit of his stomach, stared at her, slowly bowed to her, sat down.

"Surprised, aren't you, *Herr Kapitän!*" she said in her clear low voice.

"You!" he whispered, "You!"

"I don't blame you for looking as if you'd seen a ghost."

Fassnacht could not speak. His eyes were on her neck, her shoulders, her lips, alternately clearing and blurring. Blood pounded in his head.

"But I'm *not* a ghost. I'm very much here. You can pinch me if you want!"

The Captain shook his head. "Then you might disappear."

"One thing I must know, you gold-braided Satan! Have you been faithless to me in this short time? Did the charms of home obliterate me from your heart?"

"You devil, you," he whispered.

"I could have killed you. You spoiled everything in those four days—everything!"

"Darling, *I* spoil everything?"

"Yes, you! You gave me bad days and worse nights. You made everything taste like sawdust. I hated you!"

"*Ach, lieber Herr Kapitän, sagen sie das aber nicht!* If you knew how yearningly I thought of you!"

"Liar," he grinned, cutting across the spine of his herring with needless violence, "liar!"

"I suppose I am," murmured Mrs. Reid. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't given much time to remember you in. The first night in Berlin I bumped into an old flame—a very possessive old flame— Not so old, either."

"Oh, did you?" said the Captain.

"Yes, it was very upsetting. He isn't half as nice as you, darling—but, not being a Captain, there weren't so many—shall we say—restrictions. And that was my undoing."

"Ah."

"Come, come, why the lengthening face? Isn't it enough that I am actually here—sitting next to you?"

The barometer in Fassnacht's heart rose. His mouth softened again. She went on, "After all, my dear, it's hardly usual to sail back from Europe after a four days' visit, is it?"

Mrs. Reid leaned towards him, a half-smile on her lips, her eyes unfathomable.

"I suppose you've guessed by now that this quick return is due to your—irresistible charm —haven't you?"

Fassnacht, burning with excitement and bewilderment, whispered again, "You! You beautiful darling—you!" This was triumph, sang the master in him, this was male triumph. His whole body swelled with an enormous pride in power.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Reid, "I'm afraid you guessed wrong! You are still the most attractive Captain I know, but that would hardly make me take to this damnable sea again so soon!" She became serious. "I got a cable in Berlin from my husband. He's quite seriously ill. I'm going back to take care of him."

Slowly everything became motionless inside the Captain, with the echoing stillness of a ship whose motors have suddenly stopped.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," said his voice.

"I don't know what it is, but I know he needs me. Perhaps even more than you do, Captain?"

Mechanically, Fassnacht ordered the rest of his dinner from the attendant waiter. Mrs. Reid kept her laughing, appraising eyes on him for a moment, then suddenly waved and smiled brilliantly across the dining room to someone.

"Who are you waving at, may I ask?" said the Captain.

"I'm waving to your Chief Officer, darling. He's such a dear. I neglected him on the way over, but I'm planning to make a study of him this trip. I don't know any Chief Officers."

"I suppose Kammer has already told you of your charms?"

"Oh, dear no," cried Mrs. Reid, "he's terrified of me. Very rude too, because he thinks I'm your property and goes out of his way to keep hands off. It's highly amusing!"

"No doubt." The Captain took a deep swallow of Rhine wine. "Where were you the first two days on board?"

"Giving up my soul in my cabin, if you must know."

"What, on that mill-pond?"

"Mill-pond! Really, darling, I believe in understatement, *but*—" Laughing, she raised her wineglass again to Kammer across the tables.

So, she was sick, thought the Captain. Disgusting. His food lost all taste for him, he finished his dinner as

soon as he could, wiped his mouth with deliberate finality, and rose.

"Good evening," he said to the hardy sisters, bowing. "Good evening, Mrs. Reid. I must get back to work."

"But, *Liebling*—how strange of you! Why?"

"I happen to command a ship, dear lady. I am a Captain. I am—restricted!" He looked stonily into her upturned face, bowed, and strode out. His shoulders were squared aggressively, consciously.

Up in his cabin, the Captain's soul blackened with rage and hurt. "The slut!" was all he could say to himself, with blind viciousness, "the cold slut—a typical American woman—I might have known it—slut!"

The strength and tradition of his German blood and training, his conquering forefathers, his position, his power, his security—all crowded into a shining phalanx behind Fassnacht's pride. He was indomitable. He was unassailable. His judgment was keen as a compass needle. He had no doubts. He condemned the woman.

Two hours later Kammer came up for his watch. His face glowed, his genial Nordic frame seemed to have expanded, to tower. On his way to the bridge he passed the Captain's cabin. He knocked.

"Come in!" he heard.

Captain Fassnacht was sitting at his desk. On Kammer's lips a few jovial comments on a certain lady on board were waiting to leap, but something in the Captain's face—in the grouping of photographs on his desk—killed them. The Chief Officer stammered an apology for intrusion.

"Anything wrong, Kammer?"

"No, no, *Herr Kapitän.* I only just realized I'd forgotten to ask you how your family was—"

"Fine, fine," beamed the Captain. "My wife was in the best of form, and the children—well, I must confess they struck me as among the best things I ever did!" He laughed and rose from his chair to face Kammer.

"You know," he said, putting his hand on the Chief Officer's shoulder, "it's all very well to talk about freedom and moving around and all that, but a man must have a background." He walked back to his desk, glanced at the picture of Anna with her straight hair framing her round face. "No doubt about it, Kammer—a man must have a background!"

"Yes, *Herr Kapitän*—eventually." Smiling a little, the Chief Officer left the cabin and went up on the bridge.

Fassnacht took off his clothes and made ready for bed. As he brushed his teeth he looked into the mirror. No gold-oak-leaved cap, set on a rake. Merely a hard-bitten old sea-dog with grooves in his russet skin and not much hair on the top of his square head.

"Eventually," muttered the Captain, "eventually . . ." He felt very tired and hollow, as if nothing were of use, not even the getting into bed.

Once on his back in the moving and creaking dark, his brain began again: Altona . . . Anna . . . Heino's fingers on the fork . . . "Good-night, papa" . . . woolen underwear . . . "it's good to have a background" . . . Kammer smiling, so big . . . eventually . . . cotton nightgown . . . He felt with his fingers the deepening long ruts in his cheek. "I'd like to avenge all the women who believed in you!" Ah, the contemptible woman. The bestiality of those lips—how degraded were the honeyed words that oozed from them! Her laughter, how unclean.

This time there was not even desire to warm his blood! Captain Fassnacht drew the blankets tighter about him, shrank inside them.

Under cold stars the *Silesia* shuddered on.

OUR AMERICAN UPPER CLASS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

OFFICIALLY we are a one-class country, and proud of it. The nation was founded at a time when feeling against a titled and hereditary upper class was running strong. Even God, according to one of our earlier poets, was getting a little tired of kings and was ready to take responsibility for a republican order of society. The prejudices conceived in that time are still ours, officially. In a popular way, perhaps, they have worked out somewhat more towards a collateral tradition that "in the United States one man is just as good as another, or a little better." Thus the haughty shop-assistant or beauty-specialist who patronizes her client and calls her "dearie" is more in the popular than the official tradition; while the publicist or the electioneering statesman who butters up the "great and glorious democracy of the West" and its many-headed sovereign, is more in the latter. But both traditions are based upon resentment of anything savoring of standards and sanctions specifically associated with a titled and hereditary upper class. A person who wishes to be well thought of finds it safe business to govern his public conduct, his manners, and his general view of life by distinctively middle-class standards and sanctions, and to be rather ostentatious about disparaging all others.

Matthew Arnold, who divided his fellow-countrymen into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, said that America was a country like his own, but with the Barbarians left out and the Populace nearly so; our society was almost solidly Philistine. This indeed has been our official ideal. We have never owned up to a lower class, a Populace or proletariat; what might be thought to answer to a Populace is merely so much Philistinism in the making, and hence already Philistinism by brevet. The thought of a formally acknowledged upper class is as jealously resented as the thought of a formally acknowledged Populace, perhaps more so.

This resentment was burned into us in the first instance by our experiences under British misrule, by the French Revolution, by the spectacle of Napoleon's tyranny and freebooting; and it was backed up by the political theory of the eighteenth century—the theory of individual right to free self-expression in politics. But when one considers the actual differentiations of our society, one is conscious of a curious anomaly. One finds that we are not actually against an upper class, because we have one and think highly of it. We are merely against the formal acknowledgment that we have one. We are not against a hierarchy set up by an association of Church and State, because we have one; we are all aware of the very close association of our government with what Burke so well styled "the dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion." We are merely against acknowledging this association to be what

it actually is. We are against acknowledging that we have anything corresponding either to the "lords temporal" or the "lords spiritual." But let one take, for example, the group of persons whom Mr. Gerard lately designated as the real rulers of America, and test it by all the marks that historically differentiate an upper class, and one will find that it answers perfectly in every respect but that of formal title.

Test any such group by the mark of privilege, and it answers. No modern society ever more lavishly endowed its beneficiaries with privilege. The public-land grants to our transcontinental railways alone would make the land-holdings of the entire British nobility look like a real-estater's subdivision. It would be an interesting job for a statistician to compute as best he could the annual cash value of the purely law-made property in this country, *i.e.*, the annual revenue proceeding from the unearned increment of land-values, from tariffs, from franchises and concessions—from all forms of the privileged private monopoly of what is by nature public property. Perhaps the sum would be imposing enough to encourage him to go on and make an estimate of the sum-total of these values for the whole century and a half of our republic, just to show the actual aggregate cash subsidy that our society has bestowed gratis upon its upper class since we became a nation.

Or, again, test our upper class by its immunities and exemptions; no group in any modern society ever enjoyed more or greater. It is a common saying—and a common fact—that in this country "you can't convict a million dollars." You can't even convict it of colossal stupidity. Because Mr. Henry Ford knows how to throw a cheap automobile together and market it profitably, he gets complete immunity for any ridiculous statement he sees fit to make on any subject. Because Mr. Owen Young has come to the front as a corporation-executive, he gets immunity for whatever deplorable nonsense he chooses to talk on subjects unrelated to corporation-management. Or, again, apply the test of popular deference, laudation, sycophancy, and acclaim; are the British newspapers half as earnestly reverential towards the outpourings of any duke or earl as ours are to the casual chatter of one of this group when he can be induced to grant an interview? Apply the test of solidarity; their group-loyalties are stronger than most. Once in a while one hears of a titled Englishman breaking with his class for reasons of conscience or out of a sense of public duty; but who ever heard that any of Mr. Gerard's group had done so? The nearest approach to anything of the kind that I ever heard of was Mr. Ford's abrupt inauguration of the five-dollar minimum wage; and even this disloyalty turned out to be apparent only, not real. Apply analogous tests to our variant of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, and it will be found that except for the mere title and insignia of rank, we have a counterpart of the "lords spiritual" that is quite exact and of far greater political authority and power. Has the whole Bench of Bishops one-half the actual authority over the life of Great Britain's population that the Methodist-Baptist junto at Washington has over ours? Not one-half, not one-twentieth of one-half.

II

The fact of our having an upper class is natural and should not be surprising, for human society has regularly differentiated such a class, and usually by a regular formula. No nation ever purposefully started out to make itself a three-class affair, like steamships. The differentiation began when an alien group took possession of the soil and

of other privileges, usually by conquest; then consolidating their position by outright assumption of the law-making power, and proceeding with the economic exploitation of the balance of the population lying outside their own group, through legislation forcibly imposed; such, for instance, as the Enclosures Acts of the British Parliament. (The operations of the Japanese in Manchuria are a reversion to this primitive technic.) Thus took place the stratification of society into two classes, an upper and lower, or, more strictly, an owning and exploiting class and a propertyless dependent class—Barbarians and Populace. After a long time an intercalary class began to coalesce and emerge, exerting a strong pressure both upward and downward; upward on the Barbarians and downward on the Populace. This was a class of merchants and industrial producers—capitalists in the true sense, not the Marxian sense—who made themselves felt through organizations like the Hansa and the City-State. Presently this class was reinforced and largely dominated—reinforced where there was an identity of interest and dominated where there was not—by a merger with it of monopolists, bankers, shavers, speculators, concessionaires, and, latterly, stock-jobbers. This completed the division of society into three classes, upper, middle, and lower: Barbarian, Philistine, Populace.

Such, in general outline, is the historical formula by which societies have differentiated themselves into classes. In the United States, however, the case was somewhat different. Our society differentiated both its upper and lower classes out of fairly pure middle-class material, quite generally unaware that it was doing anything of the kind. It seems to have been thought—Mr. Jefferson notably thought so—that the resources of the country were sufficient permanently to preclude involuntary poverty and the rise of an exploitable proletariat. This was true enough, but the trouble was that these resources were so promptly preëmpted into legal ownership by a minority that a majority soon found itself practically dispossessed, exactly as whole populations of the English were by the operation of the Enclosures Acts. Still, there is record that for some time there was no involuntary poverty in the country, even in its larger towns, and no labor-surplus sufficient to provoke a thoroughgoing economic exploitation. Many adventurous spirits pushed westward on the treks which our school-histories and early popular literature have so heavily romanticized, in search of unpreëmpted natural resources to bring them, first, independence, and second, the chance, for themselves or their descendants, of exercising economic exploitation in their turn; and this kept draining off the accumulation of exploitable labor-power from the industrial regions on the seaboard. But by the time the frontier was closed, about 1890—that is to say, when practically all the natural resources of the country were preëmpted—we had a considerable proletariat, not only industrial but in fair part also agricultural; and this has become progressively larger and more highly differentiated since that time. Our labor-surplus has been almost continuously sufficient to enable an economic exploitation that contemplates the subsistence-level; there have been some interruptions, but not serious or protracted. At the present moment this surplus is without precedent for size; I have seen its total estimated anywhere from five to seven millions, and the care of it has become one of our most costly public enterprises.

At the other end of the scale, our upper class has been differentiated by the one single qualification of success in

accumulating wealth; that is to say, it has been differentiated according to a strictly middle-class canon. Our society imposes no other condition, absolutely none, for admission to its upper class. Nor does it put any definite expectation upon its upper class but to keep on accumulating and enjoying wealth, and to keep in motion the machinery by which the accumulation is got together. What expectation does it put, for example, on Mr. Gerard's fifty-nine corporation-heads, as class-representatives, but to keep their corporations running? I know of none. I am not taking account of such matters as distributing charity, endowing hospitals, founding colleges, or serving on Mr. Hoover's perennial commissions; for frankly, I see no sign that our society regards even these as an obligation specifically resting on its upper class. Its organs of opinion appear always to take them as an expression of pure generosity and to laud them accordingly. What I refer to is a set of distinctive class-ideals, class-excellences, class-responsibilities, such as an upper class has generally felt under a certain social pressure to accept; and as I said, I know of none in force but the one I mentioned. No society has ever asked less from its upper class than ours; none could very well ask less.

By way of example drawn from the present depression, we may remark that our upper class has largely extemporized itself into a last-minute organization for improving the condition of the poor—for giving back to the Populace by way of charity perhaps at most one-twentieth of what the Populace has lost in wages since the depression set in two years ago. It would seem fair for our society to say to this organization, Well, when poverty is all tided through, the depression over and prosperity restored—what then? Do you recognize any class-responsibility for an exercise of disinterested intelligence at all beyond what is required merely to keep your individual concerns going until another slump comes along? Do you admit that *noblesse oblige* comes in here and pointedly suggests a strong class-effort at self-transformation under the rule of intelligence? One hears nothing of any such demand.

In other societies, as a general thing, a member of the upper class is not supposed to make the accumulation of wealth his master-concern, or expected to be particularly good at it. His ancestors are supposed to have stolen enough in the first instance to enable him to rub along, merely taking care of what he has and devoting himself to other pursuits. The hoarding of wealth is not a serious infraction of the upper-class canon, though when it shows itself as a master-concern it is usually regarded with disfavor; but a master-concern with accumulation is not thought to comport with upper-class dignity. Recruitments of an upper class out of "trade," out of the instincts and abilities that built large fortunes on a foundation of penny-dreadfuls, beer, or soap, are put down by general consent as a distinct adulteration. These instincts and abilities, focussed on the master-concern of accumulation, fall historically under the middle-class canon.

The United States, however, has differentiated its upper class by an application of the middle-class canon exclusively. The general membership of our upper class may be said, roughly, to be made up of those who have an income of two hundred thousand a year or more, and the regular trimmings, such as a yacht, a show-place here or there in America and another in Europe, and so on—who do, in short, the regular thing in the regular way. We have a petering-out remnant of human stock, "old families" as age goes in America, which still shows

traces of class-qualities, ideals, and standards that are not quite in the thoroughgoing middle-class tradition. It refuses to acknowledge the accumulation of wealth as the sole index of upper-class standing. It assents to the traditional obligation to maintain certain class-ideals of intelligence, breeding, and culture as paramount. These distinctions, however, are so jealously disallowed by our society at large that this remnant has become encysted, and is as sterile and ineffectual in a social way as Robinson Crusoe. No longer is it even of interest to climbers, as it was up to, say, twenty years ago, before our upper class was full formed and had organized itself into complete self-sufficiency.

We maintain, then, an upper class which is in all respects most substantially acknowledged in an informal way, but which we will not acknowledge formally, tending rather to get up a considerable patriotic warmth of dissent from the bare suspicion that we are maintaining an upper class. This might be taken as a culpable failure in intellectual integrity, as no doubt it is. Without laying any stress on that point, however, it may at least be taken as a failure in clarity about what we actually have; and what I wish to observe is that this lack of clarity is productive of extremely unfortunate social consequences. What we have actually done is to differentiate an upper class which we do not permit to act like an upper class; hence we lose the specific social benefits that are historically within the province of an upper class to disseminate.

III

Let us see how this is so. In other societies the upper class is supposed, in consideration of its privileges and immunities, to develop certain special class-ideals, class-standards, class-excellences; and there has always been a pressure of tradition upon its members to accept responsibility for them and keep to them with reasonable loyalty. *Noblesse oblige.* Default on these obligations, when it becomes flagrant, as in the France of 1789 or in present-day Russia, is the sole invariable antecedent to an upper class's overthrow. We, however, have made it impossible, through our lack of clarity, for our upper class to develop these characteristic ideals, standards, and excellences. We insist that it must carry with it into its new status the ideals, standards, and excellences of the middle class, and cleave only unto those. From its new vantage-point it must be always nervously looking back upon middle-class instabilities, uncertainties, trepidations, always faithfully reflecting the middle class's obscurantist prejudices, its narrow and ignoble prepossessions, its dogmatism, self-righteousness, self-sufficiency. The upper class's attainments, preoccupations, even its pleasures, must differ only in degree, not in quality, from those of the middle class; and in general, the strength of its influence and the weight of its authority are conditioned only by its power of agreement with the middle-class mind and spirit.

We have lately had before us a very striking illustration of the extreme stringency of this limitation. It is worth citing at length, even at the risk of throwing this article somewhat out of balance. Mr. Hoover's relief committee, a strictly upper-class organization headed by Mr. Gifford, published a series of advertisements last fall, addressed to the people at large, with a view to loosening up their purse-strings. We all remember those appeals; their tone was extremely interesting in the eloquence of its testimony on the point I am making. If the Duke of Devonshire should address the

British people on a public matter of great urgency and importance, the people would expect him to address them in his class-character. If he adopted for the occasion a class-character not his own, they would be conscious of an anomaly more or less mortifying and painful. In addressing the American people, however, poor Mr. Gifford felt—or his advisers insisted—that he must get himself as far out of upper-class character and as far into middle-class character as he possibly could. He was not even permitted to talk like a gentleman. In one set of advertisements, for example, he must mimic the specious sales-talk of the Elk-Rotarian booster or the vulgar dog who used to whoop up patriotism amongst our theater-audiences during the War—this kind of thing:

Morale: it wins wars; it beats depressions; it lays the firm foundations for prosperity. America is engaged in a mighty enterprise of morale-building. . . . Feel the thrill that comes with victory. Go forward with America to the better days ahead.

Again, as the price of a sympathetic response, the middle-class canon required Mr. Gifford to impersonate a plumber or bricklayer out of a job, and to talk the way he thinks this unfortunate would talk—no, not exactly; rather, the way he understands the middle-class canon to prescribe as the right way for one of the unemployed Populace to talk:

"I'll see it through if *you* will.

"They tell me there's five or six million of us out of jobs.

"I know that's not your fault any more than it is mine.

"But that doesn't change the fact that some of us now are in a pretty tough spot, with families to worry about and a workless winter ahead."

—and so forth; one simply can't go on with it, especially since worse must follow. In the realm of intimate romance and sentiment the middle-class ideal is one of an underbred self-abandonment, a complete enervation, without restraint, without dignity; it is what one sees in Mr. Will Hays's screen-drama and in the fiction written for mass-production magazinedom. To meet this ideal, therefore, the unfortunate spokesman for our upper class must condescend to such neurasthenic drivel as this:

To-night say *this* to your wife; then look into her eyes.

"I gave a lot more than we planned. Are you angry?"

. . . It is true, the world *respects* the man who lives within his income. But the world *adores* the man who *gives beyond* his income.

No. When you tell her that you have given somewhat *more* than you had planned, you will see no censure in her eyes. But *love.*

Such a stringent limitation as this works badly. There has always been a social expectation, a sort of tacit understanding that an upper class should do its best to become intelligent and that it should organize the progressive cultivation of intelligence within its own body, as the British upper class did in founding schools like Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I do not say that all the members of the British upper class have met the expectation put upon them, or that these institutions are beyond improvement. All I say is that the expectation existed, and that something, be it much or little, was done about it. Our society, on the contrary, discourages its upper class from cultivating intelligence. As the case of Mr. Gifford shows, it insists that the mind of the upper class shall run in middle-class sequences, and the middle class is not interested in intelligence; it is interested only in agreement.

An excellent demonstration of this is found in our upper class's utterances on the character, causes, and probable duration of the depression signalized by the explosion of the stock-market in October, 1929. One cannot bring oneself to speak of them at length. They should be enough, however, to convince anyone that our society does not expect its upper class to become intelligent or has the faintest suspicion that it should do so. When a member of the British upper class, for example, talks wretched nonsense in public about some matter of national moment, he is at once reminded that there are certain class-criteria of intelligence by which what he says is to be judged. When Mr. Hoover, Mr. Ford, Mr. Rosenwald, Mr. Sloan, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Farrell, Mr. Strawn talk nonsense their words are not referable to any class-criteria, for none exists; their divagations are published widely, accepted complacently, lauded uncritically, and it goes for nothing that the mere passage of time proves them to be nonsense.

The complete bankruptcy of intelligence exhibited in these representative pronouncements from our upper class should make a clean sweep of the notion so often advanced to account for the low level of our general culture, that our best minds nowadays go into business. They do not. They do not go anywhere. There is nowhere for them to go. Our society has made no place for the individual who is able to think, who is, in the strict sense of the word, intelligent; it merely tosses him into the rubbish-heap, while picking out the stupidest millionaire in sight and placing him in the White House to the accompaniment of a deafening fanfare of adulation for his almost superhuman abilities. Intelligence is the power and willingness always disinterestedly to see things as they are, an easy accessibility to ideas, and a free play of consciousness upon them, quite regardless of the conclusions to which this play may lead. Intelligence, therefore, while not precisely incompatible with success in accumulating wealth, is unrelated to it; hence it is disallowed by our Philistines. It is ineffectual among our Populace, on account of that class's intense preoccupation with the bitter problem of keeping body and soul together from day to day. The only class with which it might be effectual, our Barbarians, is virtually forbidden to transform itself by the cultivation of intelligence because of society's strong insistence that it shall set up no class-ideals and class-criteria of its own, but shall keep steadfastly to those of the Philistines.

One may see evidence of this in the character of the great and rich educational institutions that our Barbarians have founded, as compared with those founded by the corresponding class in England. They are strictly middle-class institutions; that is to say, they are organized to do everything for the "average student," for the motor-minded, a great deal for the incompetent, the merely clever, and sagacious, but nothing whatever for the unconsidered minority which gives promise of some day becoming intelligent. If evidence of this be desired it may be had in any quantity from a perusal of Mr. Flexner's recent work on our universities and Mr. Learned's works on our colleges and our secondary schools. A significant book was published last winter under the title, *They Told Barron*. It is made up of notes taken down by the late Clarence W. Barron, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal*—notes of things told him by Mr. Gerard's "rulers of America" and others of high prominence in our upper class. Only the other day I came by accident on a review of it which contained this striking observation:

Of course it is well to remember that these are tales out of school, and such tales are never high lights of high-mindedness. . . . Yet the world which "told Barron" seems to me very different from any other society. . . . In all this talk of 361 pages by the "rulers" of our society, aged mostly between forty-five and seventy, there is hardly a line of good conversation, not a trace of real culture or plain good breeding, not the slightest evidence of even a fair formal education.

IV

Again, there has always been an understanding that in return for its immunities and privileges, an upper class should furnish an example of social life and manners. The value of this is imperfectly understood, as a rule; it lies in the inculcation of a really sound sentiment of patriotism. Burke said that "there ought to be a system of manners in every nation that a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. *For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely.*" This is just what our country is not; and our upper class is estopped from doing what it might to make it so because we jealously insist that its class-ideal of social life and manners shall be but a mere expansion or glorification of the middle-class ideal, limited, unintelligent, more than a little ignoble, and hence more than a little unlovely. The sentiment of patriotism pervading our society is, therefore, as everyone knows, correspondingly ignoble, brittle, meretricious. It is significant that our people are the only ones who expatriate themselves in large numbers because they do not wish to live at home. Others do it to better themselves in purse or in health; but thousands of Americans —often of a type, too, that no country alive to its best interests would willingly spare—do it because they find our civilization too unamiable to hold their sentimental allegiance. When Voltaire was asked what France ever really got out of the reign of Louis XIV, he replied acutely, *the social sense.* This sense has an immense power of attraction, its influence is edifying and binding; and where it has been diffused through a society its release has quite regularly been effected by the example and contagion of the manners of an upper class.

Again, there has always been a pretty general expectation put upon an upper class to develop a class-code whereby conduct is rated, not as legal or illegal, righteous or unrighteous, fashionable or unfashionable, but as becoming or unbecoming. These codes may be more or less unintelligently devised, more or less mechanically obeyed, but the essential thing about them is that they are bottomed on a strong sense of the place of dignity and self-respect in a sound social order. There is great social value in a class which sticks stoutly to its class-sense of conduct as becoming or unbecoming, and recognizes a fairly definite category of things that "aren't done." These things may be legal, fashionable, even by the going standards of morality they may be moral, but they are not felt to comport with dignity and self-respect and, therefore, one would just a little rather not do them.

Our upper class has no such code of conduct, nor can it develop one against the very strong social pressure upon it to retain the middle-class sanctions intact and unimproved. The middle-class ideal contemplates conduct primarily as legal or illegal; sometimes as moral or immoral according to a stark and mechanical notion of morality, sometimes also as fashionable or unfashionable. As far as other sanctions are concerned it tends towards letting every man do what is right in his own eyes. Specific illustrations of this tendency would probably be thought invidious, but one may supply them for oneself from almost any issue of

any metropolitan newspaper. The journalistic history of the Harding and Coolidge administrations alone supplies plenty of them. It is no trouble to assure oneself that the middle-class ideal takes no great account of the claims of delicacy, dignity, and self-respect in the realm of conduct; here again it is more than a little ignoble, and our society's devotion to this ideal has weakened the sense of these claims to the disappearing-point.

This is a disintegrating influence in our society, and one that has a free rein because the only class which is in a position to inaugurate any restraint upon it is estopped from doing so. Milton, himself a prophet of the middle class if ever it had one, has shown clearly the disintegrating effect of over-devotion to the middle-class ideal and its sanctions. His words are pretty closely descriptive of the courses that our society has taken, especially of late:

> In every commonwealth, when it decays, corruption makes two main steps. First, when men cease to do according to the inward and uncompelled actions of virtue, caring only to live by the outward constraint of law, and turn this simplicity of real good into the craft of seeming so by law. . . . The next declining is when law becomes too strait for the secular manners, and those too look for the cincture of law. This brings in false and crooked interpretations to eke out law, and invents the subtle encroachments of obscure traditions, hard to be disproved.

Even with nothing else to its credit an upper class that has maintained a sense of the "inward and uncompelled actions of virtue" and by force of example has recommended their "simplicity of real good" to the rest of the body politic has pretty well paid its way.

Everybody is aware that we do not get much good out of our upper class, but perhaps not so well aware that our lack of clarity about its status is a distinct interference with our getting any more. We have an upper class, we are bound to have one, for every society has always differentiated one, and ours is no exception. We may as well be clear about that; by any test of upper-class status that one may wish to apply, we have one. Well, then, since we have one, why not demand that it make itself useful or at least allow it some reasonable chance and encouragement to make itself useful? There is a great deal to be got out of an upper class; but if we differentiate one on the sole condition of success in accumulating wealth, and put no further expectation on it, but insist that the differentiation shall stop with that, we are in no way to get much. If we differentiate it from the middle class, and then oblige it to go on with strictly middle-class ideals, standards, excellences, instead of developing distinctive class-ideals, standards, and excellences of its own, how much better off are we for having it at all?

V

If no society ever got less from its upper class than ours—and this is true—it is fair to remember that no society ever asked less or made it so difficult to get more. The members of our upper class are, on the average, men of as good will as are to be found in a corresponding class elsewhere. They show an astonishing amount of really disinterested public spirit. The point is, however, first, that such spirit as they show is self-sprung; it is not elicited by a rational and definite expectation on the part of our society. Second, its expression follows implicitly the course set for it by middle-class custom and usage, never presuming to seek out and follow the courses of expression established by historical upper-class usage in other societies. Members of our upper class support museums, subsidize foundations, contribute to social-service enterprises, and attend Mr. Hoover's

kaleidoscopic conferences; at present they are very busy taking care of the impoverished labor-surplus. They are generous, even lavish, in what they do, but nothing that they do suggests the slightest conscious effort at self-transformation, or any sense of responsibility for obligations that are historically distinctive of an upper class.

If it were suggested as a social obligation that they should turn away from incessantly looking backward at the middle class and create a set of distinctive and historical class-ideals, class-standards, class-excellences, such as an upper class has always felt under a certain social pressure to accept, it is quite possible that they would respond to this expectation also. Our society is unintelligent and without regard for intelligence; well, instead of accepting this state of things as natural and meritorious and falling in with it, an upper class can apply a considerable corrective, first by transforming itself to the best of its power, and then by giving an example of high respect for intelligence and by taking measures for the discernment, appreciation, and cultivation of intelligence at large. Our ideal of social life and manners is extremely imperfect; well, instead of acquiescing in its vulgarity as normal and proper, an upper class can do a great deal to refine and elevate it, and thus to liberate the only kind of patriotic sentiment that is worth anything. We have quite lost a sense of dignity and self-respect as a sanction of conduct or as elements making for stability in the social order; well, instead of condoning this defect or agreeing with middle-class tradition in erecting it into something like the status of a virtue, an upper class can exert a very powerful influence towards remedying it and forestalling its unfavorable consequences.

In these three directions an upper class has often made itself conspicuously useful and may do so again; and it is the only class that can. For one set of reasons a lower class can do very little for society in these directions; for another and wholly different set of reasons a middle class can do as little, perhaps less. Possibly our upper class would not accept obligations of this nature under any circumstances; it may be too firmly fixed in the middle-class tradition to see any reason why it should do so. But this is not the point; the point is that so long as strictly middle-class loyalties are so strenuously enforced upon it, it never can.

WHY TRAVEL?

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

MONEY smoothes travel. The gift of tongues is a help. A true knowledge of geography — modern scientific geography — is worth having, and it is extremely important to know the geography of your own interior. But, since travel is perhaps the most trying of all human activities, since it taxes the purse, the digestion, and the attention, since it breaks up habits with malicious ingenuity and digs pits for the unwary and trips up even the experienced, there is one thing more essential than the proper equipment or the proper program, and that, quite obviously, is the proper frame of mind. Travel in strange countries is a bit of a science, but it is more than that; it is a fine and sensitive art. At any moment this art may be tested. You settle back and say to yourself, "Well, at last I know the ropes," and at that instant a new and wholly unexpected annoyance may be setting a trap for you. If you understand your own motives for traveling, you are likely to avoid these traps; and if you encounter them, you are likely to get out of them. The distracted, harassed, and unhappy traveler is the one who is asking too much of himself and who lets all the bundles drop because he tries to carry one too many.

The traveler I am thinking of is, naturally, a person like myself, one who travels for amusement and takes the ordinary trip abroad. Some men travel heroically, to climb the knobs of the earth's surface or to cross thirsty places on the backs of camels. These are strong, silent men who afterwards speak on the radio. My experience is quite different—very limited and inglorious. The last time I saw a camel was at Cherbourg, carrying an advertisement, and the only Alps I have climbed were served by a funicular. I have nothing to say to heroic travelers except to admire them at a civil distance. The flea, the mosquito, and a certain bilious Professor of Greek are the worst forms of savage life I have encountered abroad. I go by train, by boat, by bus. Young men fly over my head. Girls with sparkling eyes mount into the train with snowshoes lashed to their backs. Ancient mariners tell me tales of Patagonia. Well, I hardly go beyond the outer suburbs. A walk from Vence to Coursegoule and back kept me in conversation for a fortnight. A tramp from Hot Springs to Natural Bridge sent me to bed for fifteen hours. Usually I trundle along at so much a mile, secretly debating between first and second sitting, and trying to decide whether Caen is called Ca-ong or Cong. I speak, then, as one of the unadventurous and innumerable thousands who eventually "go abroad."

Why do I travel at all? As I get older I find I travel in order to leave home. First you must have a home to enjoy travel, and then you must leave it as rapidly as possible. That is the rule for the domestically responsible. A camping trip, in which you employ the executive abilities of the late James

J. Hill, may satisfy your already well-exercised will power, but I deplore the exercise of will power when you go abroad. More travel is ruined by misapplied will power than by any other moral misdemeanor in the whole human inventory. I shudder when I think of the strenuousness of certain so-called "vacations" I have taken, when everyone in the party was ready to commit either murder or suicide out of nerves exasperated by fatigue. There are, of course, human dynamos that need dynamic experience. Look at the late Theodore Roosevelt bruising his way through the jungle, like the magnificent and truculent Batavian that he was. This sort of thing is not for me. Roosevelt objected to the physical asphalt, though he did not so much object to the intellectual asphalt. Hence he had the energy to burst into Brazil. I find in myself no craving to go to Brazil.

It is easy for anyone to take this attitude who is both lazy and an Irishman. But we who are not supermen must understand ourselves in our own characters, in order to do the appropriate thing. And, after all, an Irishman who has moved from New York to Ireland is soon in need of a vacation. He has moved from to-morrow to the day before yesterday. He has moved from the machine age to a country that has kept machine civilization at arm's length. That, in itself, is strenuous enough, without fighting beetles two inches long that want to set up housekeeping in your boots.

I live in a house where few of the angles are right angles. I look out on hedges that straggle sweetly and wilfully across the landscape, some impassable but some so scrawny that a resolute heifer can come into our meadows if she has a mind to—and resolute is the heifer in the spring of the year. I live in a county where when neighbors quarrel, the woman says, "that man would raise confusion from one end of the earth to the other," while the man retorts, "I'm not going to make little of myself, but your tongue is like a roaring gun." The exterior world hardly exists for such people; they invest it with their imaginations, but they do not conquer it. Before me at home stands a bookcase made by a local carpenter. The day he brought it in was painful; he had forgotten to allow for the different heights of books; his uniform spacings and the spacings of the existing shelves did not agree. Angry with himself, angry with the bookcase, and angry with me, he knocked his case to pieces, made it over, and set the divisions out of plumb. My stout table, made from Spanish chestnut, is excellent but for a big crack in it that came since it was made. And the wallpaper, but for the marks of paste on it, would be dainty. Myself no friend of machine civilization, myself relaxed and unpunctual, I begin to be outraged by the easy-going, casual, slipshod, spasmodic, and capricious community in which I live, where the carpenter is as touchy as a prima donna, and the hens may at any moment go on strike. Even the rain, our God-given inheritance, cannot be depended on. Even the machines imbibe temperament. "The radiator leaks? Yes, that's the way they seem to be made. They all leak. Aw, it isn't much. But it'll go on leaking. You can do nothing about it." Against this fatalism I hurl myself, knowing I am a Young Soul, but roused to effort. If strange donkeys come calling on my donkey, must I admit that nothing can be done about it? If the cherries fall from the tree, and the brassica tribe go wrong, and the raspberry canes become listless, must I submit? The founders of empire say they will control donkeys and dominate cabbages. I, who am but a Celt, emulate the builders of empire; and it is very fatiguing.

Hence I travel. The active pleasure of travel is to be disengaged from home. And I defend in myself the impulse to give up, to slack off, to let go. At home one is ethical and responsible. What happens when one leaves is a break in habit, a slackening of tension. And to enjoy this one must have the proper frame of mind.

It is enough, at first, to sit in the train. I look out of the window, I see "Stafford" or a child in a pinafore or a ruined castle or a polled elm. But I don't violently see them. I don't see whether the soil is arable or pasture, whether the houses are stone or brick, whether the bleakness is passing or permanent. I don't see; I ruminate. I ruminate on purpose. I ruminate on principle. I sink into the deep enjoyment of vacuity on wheels. The stream of the landscape seems to me to wash away the preoccupations of home. At home there is admirable landscape, but I was pinned to it. Here I am free from it. Good-by, chimney-pots. Hail and farewell, electric companies. The train whisks me on.

The train crosses a road. I see a row of houses. Then I see a woman in an apron, with a hat on, taking in the milk; a woman without any power to oppress me by demanding sympathy from me. She is a woman in a picture, taking in picturesque milk. She cannot sit on my ethical chest, so I feel touched at seeing her. At home I'd wonder if the milk were tubercular. Here I say, "classic occupation of the domestic female," milk going from the wholesome kine to the housewife with a quart jug in her hand. She and the quart jug, glimpsed in the tenth of a second as we flash past, is like something in art, something in a film or in Utrillo or Arnold Bennett—a symbol of the sincere and basic realities of plain life; and my enjoyment is founded on detachment, founded on the absolute certainty that I'll never have to know that classic woman or see her again. There is, for me, a romance in this very fact of detachment. It is my freedom that the train assures me. Even a bishop, riding away from his diocese, might savor this freedom. At a station he might find himself gazing on a fresh-cheeked girl, unconscious of the episcopal spouse at his elbow, and the girl, when she is certain the train is again on the go, may decide to disclose to him in one glance the lucent depth of her romantic nature—on the understanding that the train keeps moving. This is travel, escape from domesticity, the magic of detachment.

II

The essence of my enjoyment in travel is not culture, self-improvement, observation. It is idle curiosity. I can't help being curious, and I insist on being idle. That is, detached. It isn't really that "they order this matter better in France" so much as that in France you leave it to the French to order things. You are aware that you are a mere object to the French, a pawn in their game, a poor foreigner, wholly uninspiring. But you are detached. You know quite well that a Frenchman in a blouse is not dressed up for your benefit, any more than a nun is wearing fancy dress. But you are in the angelic position of not being conscripted by daily life. Daily life is a performance in which the other fellow is playing in a band, or swinging trays over your head in a jolly café, or being run down excitingly by mad taxi drivers. All you need to do is to enjoy it. A house on fire is no longer a loss of property in your eyes. It is a thrilling and appropriate diversion. You are at liberty to observe the war widow who conducts the Parisian tram. You see that she helps everybody. You see that she has a smile for everybody. Overcome, perhaps, by the

charm which Beaune has helped to make more obvious, you say, "*Comme vous êtes gentille,*" and she, who has not had a compliment since 1918, looks at you with amused delight, "*Moi gentille!*" And you get off, followed by a happy grin.

Paris, London, Copenhagen, Berne, Stockholm, Vienna, Amsterdam, Munich, Rome—all of them favor idle curiosity. A suicide who is being fished out of the Seine is not solely, for me on travel, a lamentable human being. He becomes part of that curious peregrination in which I have laid my ethical identity aside. I see the clean quay. I see the police, who do not like their job, who are red in the face and who say "pouf." I see the coarse stretcher and the box that has just been packed with the remains. Only myself and a messenger are watching. The wetted cobblestones, the wrinkled nose of a young ruddy policeman, the word "*nègre,*" the sunny river, the trees sprightly and green—it is for me, dare I say it, a feeling of pleasure to be so near to anything so simply poignant. That dark man, who came from Africa to Paris, who threw himself into the Seine, or who was thrown into the Seine, is a human being unknown to me, and yet he, and the policemen who have lifted his body out of the river, move in me a strange consciousness of the powerful forces that wheel about us unperceived. A few yards away, above this embankment, the motors are swinging in their graceful and swift ellipses through the avenues of the Place de la Concorde. The Chamber of Deputies bows to the Madeleine, and the Madeleine lifts itself to be saluted. All that is chic, all that is insolent affirms itself in this arena. And here, far from his glades and his beating sun, an African has made his last comment. Paris, dedicated to appearances, takes him off the scene. And the cars roll up the Champs-Elysées.

It is a delicate condition, this condition of moral vacuity, and at times it must be outraged. At times, even on travel, I have wrestled with strange countries in the interests of justice, in the interests of my own comfort, and in the interests of peace. But Bergson's golden phrase, "Life proceeds by insinuation," marks my middle-aged attitude; I do not even sacrifice my habits if, by keeping to them, I can feel more free. There was a time when I ran all over Rome trying to buy the right kind of China tea. I acquired many packages of indescribable herbs, none of them Chinese. At last I stood up to the counter, like a Roman, and had my little cup of black coffee, but I took care, when I next went to Italy, to carry a tin of Lapsang Souchong. To be sure of tea is something, and gradually to cultivate an instinct for good restaurants is the next thing, since travel is very largely an adventure of the palate. My three happiest memories of Europe are a midnight arrival at Venice, a swim in Denmark, and an orange at Avignon.

The most dangerous thing for a conscientious man is to detect his moral vacuity and begin filling it up with cathedrals and museums. The guide books insist on them. The historians and the art experts expatiate on them. They are the *pièces de résistance* of travel. My attitude toward them is not absolutely hostile, but it is very guarded. To fall for them, as the English now say, is to substitute a new "stern daughter of the Voice of God," a new Duty, for the girl you left behind you. I say, Beware! In themselves, cathedrals are irreproachable. Wooden images, altars, naves, apses, the reredos, and the ashlaring—all of this is worthy of your serious interest. Cathedrals lend themselves munificently to your inner life, quite as much as salmon trout and green peas. A few public buildings, carefully chosen and enjoyed

one hour at a time, enhance your experience. But though the wise traveler cannot leave Florence without enjoying Donatello, though he cannot leave England without seeing Winchester, though he cannot leave Tours without seeing the stained glass windows in the cathedral, though he cannot miss the chapel at Amboise and the Rock of Cashel, and so on and so on, he must still safeguard his sense of moral vacuity. He must deal firmly with his sense of duty before he leaves his hotel in the morning. Especially must he control the weakness that he may have for art galleries. "One hour in the gardens," he should say, "where the mind is refreshed by the living picture, is worth two thousand acres of dried-up oil painting."

One warm afternoon in the Luxembourg, where Germans and Americans and English and French women were strolling about, I found myself wondering at the different racial story that the bodies of each group of women revealed. The English women were dry, straight, and angular. The German women had emphatic bodies. The Americans, who were nearly all elderly and dressed in their best clothes, told sad stories of hard work, grim effort, sacrifice on the part of the parent generation, and stiff expensiveness on the part of the children. The French bodies were experienced, responsive, and suave. The art gallery a few yards away was extremely expressive, one of the most interesting in the world, but here was something more expressive, a story of infinitudes of experience in the lines of women walking up and down. Every century, every year witnesses a heaping up of oil paintings in public galleries with no other object than to flatten out the obsequious and subservient tourist. A snake that has cast his skin should not be asked to stand in awe of the skin he has cast. Mankind should be allowed to slough its outworn modes of seeing and feeling, except for the professionals. If you understand Mantegna, go to him. If, like Thomas Hardy, you can, by looking at a London building, tell the quarry from which the stone was cut, then travel asks of you to cease being infantile and ascend once more to responsibility.

Rome to Stendhal was a palimpsest of history, though he remained an amateur. For Arthur Symons, on the contrary, one city after another revealed its modes of public love. Ruskin—an earlier Sitwell—found philosophy in stones, where Walt Whitman arrived at it through the idlest curiosity. I favor idle curiosity. The release I feel by having left home is risked the minute I succumb to the *Guide Bleu.* Ancient monuments, in my opinion, should be preserved against vandals; but the man on vacation should be preserved against ancient monuments. I enjoy them as set pieces, but more for the part they play in framing the human pantomime. One kneeling Italian working woman, her ivory face illumined by adoration, is the gem of Santa Maria Novella. To see the sacristan pay homage to Thomas Edison as well as to the Lord by putting a new bulb in the "wax" candlestick does something for me that cannot be done by talking of art with bated breath. To feel my own relation to the palpitant city—that is my hope. A tearoom in Nice that covers hundreds of square yards, a roofed market whose stalls are beautiful with flowers and cheeses, oranges and carrots, a railway station, Quai d'Orsay, where a woman in black stands like Niobe and a girl in white walks like Diana—these are the theaters in which I seat myself or stand myself as a spectator, isolated, excluded, virtually a ghost, but attentive and absorbed.

As I write I think of sunlit streets in Nice, arcades resonant in Genoa, a dewy-fresh market in Washington,

baked towns in Italy, a tall sailing ship leaning from the wind on the Sound by Aalsgaard, the warm peace of Augsburg, the icy breath of Dijon in January; and what recurs to me is my pure, my delicious detachment.

There is, of course, a mysterious current that runs through all humanity, a current of intimacy and communication, easily broken off and yet powerful and constant. When it is well-founded, when one comes into possession of the spirit of another, one escapes from the tension of being simply and exclusively oneself. And that is happiness. But this life of intimacy is fatiguing. People in communication use up spiritual oxygen. They become quickly poisonous. To travel is to leave them and to step into fresh air.

In bounding away from duty and responsibility, some young bloods bound far. You see them haggard with thirst, and then more haggard with thirst assuaged, on the home stretch. You see them deep in colloquy with hall porters. They are on the loose. They are making long strides away from Jonathan Edwards and John Calvin. They are about to make marble dust of the Tables of the Law. Well, this is one of the pleasures of travel, but I am not heroic enough for it. When irresponsibility becomes energetic and conscientious, it passes into the realm of conduct. And that is the end of fantasy.

Once, from my seat in a train about to leave Paris, I watched a separation. He was young and elegant. She, charmingly furred, was in her forties. When she threw back her coat and stood near the young man, her hair still voluptuously black, she seemed to exhale a rich maturity. They kissed good-by. As he passed my window, tall enough to be near, he was twirling a carnation and he made just the tiniest moue. She disappeared in the train. On the Channel boat is was impossible not to notice her again. She became a study in the return to responsibility. It was her task to compose family telegrams, and they gave her much trouble. She was restless, biting her pencil, wrinkling her brow, shifting her legs. Occasionally she burst into impatient little walks on deck and then returned to her literary labors. I felt sorry for her. The last I saw of her was in the train from Dover to London, sitting in a corner seat, her skin the color of a crumpled yellow rose leaf, her fur coat discarded, her chin pensive, and one leg swinging. She had gone to Paris. She was returning to Victoria, sober, somber Victoria. She had not spent her time, I think, looking for the ancient site of windmills on the Avenue de l'Opéra. I was curious about her, but idly curious, so I did not wait to see her reunite with her husband. But I am sure that he was a chubby elderly man, that he had much money in war loans, and that his golf score was his sacred preoccupation.

The Continent, of course, is strewn with the shards of conscience. It is littered with self-centered people who fill their moral vacuity not with cathedrals but with cocktails. These are *enfants terribles* who treat their bodies as if they were made by Fisher, and as if it were in their power to buy new models next year. At flood tide these may be amusing companions. At the ebb they seem to be mainly empty bottles, dead cats, decaying vegetable matter and mud. They have not learned the art of travel. They know nothing of the magic of detachment.

Nor, when the moment comes, do they know what it is to recover one's sentiment for the house where no angle is a right angle, the field where the hedge is straggling, the people who are aimless and amiable. They have broken the golden bowl. They have forgotten that one goes out to go home.

THE COLLAPSE OF ORGANIZED LABOR

IS THE A. F. OF L. ON ITS DEATHBED?

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

ALMOST immediately after its inception—fifty years ago last autumn—the American Federation of Labor became the largest and foremost affiliation of workers' unions in the United States. In the first decade of the current century, and even more recently, it exercised great economic and political power. At that period the federation and its affiliates had spine and vitality, even militancy of a sort. Big business men and politicians every now and then were worried by the A. F. of L. aggression. Some compromised with it. Others fought it. But the wages gradually increased, and the number of working hours decreased for its membership. In brief, within the limits of its ideology, the A. F. of L. was then an effective labor organization. Its membership continued to increase till after the World War.

The federation last autumn was indisputably still the central and largest labor body in the country, and it continues to be that to-day. But the body is undoubtedly a sick body. It is ineffectual—flabby, afflicted with the dull pains of moral and physical decline. The big industrialists and conservative politicians are no longer worried by it. Indeed, the intelligent ones see in it the best obstacle—temporary at least—to the emergence of a militant and formidable labor movement.

Moreover, at this moment the decline appears almost certain to continue, and it is not impossible that before long—perhaps within a decade or two—the once great and potent A. F. of L. will slowly shuffle off the scene in some such shabby manner as did the Knights of Labor, the vast and futile outfit which it displaced in the eighties.

To predict the possibility of this bleak fate for the A. F. of L. in so near a future one need not be a prophet or a recalcitrant open-shop employer indulging in wish-fulfilling day-dreams, or an optimistic Communist agitator paid by the Third Internationale to act as an antagonist of the organization. One need only possess some knowledge of industrial labor conditions in America to-day and of affairs and personalities in the labor movement of late years and be able to put two and two together.

In fact, it seems to me that the persons most pessimistic about the trade-union movement in the United States are to be found among the honest and intelligent men within the A. F. of L. Before I began this article I wrote to a number of friends, acquaintances, and correspondents who are officials in A. F. of L. unions, asking them to give me their frank opinions of labor unionism in America to-day. I quote from the reply of the secretary of a leading union in a large industrial city:

I regard you as a friend of the labor movement, so I can see no harm in writing you frankly. . . . During the ten years that I have held office our membership has declined till we have a mere handful left.

Our State branch of the A. F. of L. has been lifeless all this time. The secretary has been sick for years, and little or no work was done. Through sympathy he was elected year after year, although it was known that he was unable to attend to work. His salary was raised and then it was discovered there wasn't enough money in the treasury to pay him the increase. I mention this so you can see how carelessly and foolishly we do our work.

Our city central labor union has been dead for many years. A man named —— held office as business agent and secretary, although everyone knew he was unfit for the job either from the viewpoint of intelligence or courage. He was a good politician, however, and lately he became vice president of the —— National Union at a salary of $12,000 a year. . . .

Throughout the State of —— and the neighboring States there is nothing to give heart to a man who wants to believe that the present labor movement will be a force for the betterment of working conditions. The average working stiff is too indifferent and sour, or selfish, and the men in office are about played out and are mostly labor politicians, anyhow. We have some very fine fellows in the unions, but they lack the power of control.

The —— Union is the strongest labor organization in this city. Everything is in their favor. They have a close-shop agreement. And yet, with a membership of 6,000, they are practically bankrupt to-day. As in a great many other unions, the officials receive enormous salaries, and high-priced committees are called out on conference for every little grievance. Instead of being a power of intelligent influence, they have become merely a job-holding racket. It's discouraging as hell, but I'm telling you the truth.

In my own union we have so-called organizers on the road at a salary of $3,000 a year "and expenses" (and you should see their expense accounts!). Some are good men, but most of them are hopeless. They are either burned out or never had that passion for the movement which is necessary to stir and inspire others. . . .

As for the central A. F. of L. organization itself, I see little cause for encouragement. On real issues they flounder and spend too much time on mouthy protests. At the 1930 convention in Boston, it was discouraging to see so many dumbbells on the platform trying to look wise. There were fine men among the delegates, but their influence was nil. As a trade-unionist, I was mortified throughout the convention and was glad when it was over. . . . There is little life left in the A. F. of L. The high officials seem unable to formulate policies to meet the great problems of to-day. They are merely carrying over the minds of earlier years.

I can't help but conclude that we are steadily declining in influence, certainly in membership and income, and the future looks dark. New labor movements do not spring up over night. . . .

You may wonder why I hold on to my job. Well, a job is a job in these hard times, and then, too, I know the need for the labor movement. I know what has been done in the past and why a labor movement will be needed in the future. I am trying as best I can, from within the present movement, to add my little energy to whatever progress may seem possible in the future. I know that the average worker to-day who still has a job is getting an awful pounding by high-speed pressure, wage-cuts, etc.; and without some organization—even such as ours—he will be out of luck altogether. It's a desperate and complicated situation. . . .

I'm telling you the truth as I see it, in the hope that in your article you can strain something to our credit.

This letter is typical of several I received from A. F. of L. men from various sections of the country.

II

The federation and some of its most important unions have been definitely on the downgrade these last eight or ten years: roughly speaking, since the death of Samuel Gompers.

By this I do not mean to imply that if Gompers were still living the A. F. of L., which was in large part a creation of his energy, would yet be on the upgrade and a source of hope to at least a substantial body of the American working people. I mean only to suggest that if he were still its president the organization probably would not have degenerated to quite the low level it has reached since his death.

For one thing, with all his faults as a labor leader, Gompers had more innate strength and independence of character than any of the men now in charge of the federation. And, while Gompers was anything but a Marxist, early in his career he had studied Marx and associated with socialists who spoke of the Class Struggle, and thus he had been influenced in his formative years to think in terms of conflict at least in periods of crises. This the genial, polite, and charming Mr. William Green, the present head of the A. F. of L., is, to all seeming, quite incapable of doing at any time and under any circumstances.

Then, too, Gompers was an immigrant and a Jew, and as such naturally distrustful and wary of the world in which he found himself functioning. I feel that, when the depression started in the fall of 1929, he would not have trusted, as did Mr. Green, to the "honor" of President Hoover, the bankers, and the industrialists who met with labor leaders in the famous White House conference and "promised" not to cut wages during the slump—a slump which all these leading men of the nation, including Mr. Green, expected to last only a couple of months! Gompers was nearly always on his guard, a close student of forces and conditions, and at times proved himself a shrewd and forceful man, a schemer and politician of great acumen. Aggressiveness, perhaps, was his main characteristic, and is not Mr. Green's. Gompers was never guilty of naïveté, which has been Mr. Green's chief characteristic, not only during the depression but ever since his ascension to the high office he holds.

But Gompers' supreme virtue as a labor leader was that wealth—"boodle"—had no lure for him. Prof. John R. Commons somewhere refers to him properly as "the most incorruptible man of his long generation." The federation was Gompers' child, his very life; and his ruling ambition for forty years was to serve it the best he knew how, irrespective of personal gain. This, I am afraid, cannot be said of more than two dozen men among the several hundred who attended the last A. F. of L. convention, and their influence counts for little in the organization.

Yet the present sad state of the A. F. of L. is due in great part to Gompers—to the ideology which he developed, personified, and through the long years of his leadership made an integral element of the federation's basic psychology and policy. Not that anyone can condemn him for this; in fact, it would be strange if he had not done what he did.

Gompers grew up as a piece-work cigar maker at a time when cigars, in common with many other things, were still made by hand. For years prior to the formation of the A. F. of L. he served as an officer of the large cigar makers' union in New York, whose members were a proud lot, a branch of the "aristocracy of labor," as unionized skilled craftsmen were then beginning to characterize themselves in contradistinction to the ordinary unskilled proletariat. The union was affiliated with the Knights of Labor; but the cigar makers, like most other skilled crafts, were uncomfortable in that amalgamation, which was open to common laborers as well as to skilled workmen. It was one of the best-organized and most successful trade

unions in the seventies, and as such was not a class-conscious group in the Marxian sense. With a mingling of contempt and pity, the cigar makers and the rest of the "aristocracy" looked down from their middle-class vantage point upon the slaves who were doing the hard and dirty work of the country, and upon men and women who were mere appendages to the machines. They thought they had no interest in common with them. So to the Devil with them!

And, logically enough, Gompers evolved his A. F. of L. policy out of the policy which had made his own union of piece-work handcraftsmen a success in his youth. It was the hard-boiled policy of "trade-unionism, pure and simple," subscribing to the philosophy of opportunistic practicality, which was then—in the "gilded age"—becoming prevalent in America, and which urged all to seek only the obvious and reach for the immediate; for life in these free, democratic States consisted merely of problems at hand, the future promising to take care of itself. The thing to do was to raise the wages and shorten the hours of those who had the sense and the money to join the unions. To increase the wages and reduce the hours, the unions had to raise "war funds" for strikes and lockouts by adopting the high dues and initiation fees system, which made it impossible for most workers to join the unions; and the latter became closed corporations—"labor trusts."

Late in the nineteenth and early in the twentieth century this was the most sensible policy for a realistic labor movement to adopt. Indeed, as I have suggested elsewhere, it was the only policy with which a labor movement could have become effective to any great extent in that extremely chaotic, dog-eat-dog, narrowly pragmatic, unidealistic, and blindly dynamic period. Besides, in those years labor still could be classified into trades. The "aristocracy of labor" was yet a well-defined class of workers.

Ten or a dozen years ago, however, this policy ceased to be sound; but Gompers and his successor have been unwilling and unable to adapt it to meet the new facts and circumstances in industry.

The trouble with Gompers was that he was a piece-work cigar maker and handcraftsman all his life. Machines which could be operated by almost anybody after a few hours' instruction pushed tens of thousands of piece-work cigar makers onto the scrap-heap outside the labor market, and the membership of Gompers' old union went down; for the ill-paid machine operators were not really cigar makers in the old sense and, therefore, could not be admitted into the union. But that made no difference to Gompers. He remained a "trade-unionist, pure and simple," although the fate of his own union, of course, was representative of that of many once strongly organized and successful trades.

Then, too, quite apart from the influence of his cigar-making youth upon his later career, Gompers was caught in his own game, in the politics of the organization. During his declining years there were still several unions in the A. F. of L. which were not immediately threatened by modern mechanization or "rationalization," and for this reason were the strongest members of the federation and stood for the old idea *in toto*. If Gompers (assuming that he could have ceased being a piece-work cigar maker) had tried to overhaul the "pure and simple" policy and reorganize the federation, the still successful and powerful trades—the remaining "aristocracy"—would have turned against him and possibly dethroned him as the big boss of American labor; and this he could not have endured, for, as I

have said, the A. F. of L. was his life. So he played the game and grew older refusing to recognize the fact that handcraftsmanship was doomed by the machine, and that the future of organized labor, if any, lay in unions formed along industrial lines, not along craft lines.

What was true of Gompers early in the 1920's is true to-day of Mr. Green and his "colleagues," as he calls them, by whose sufferance he stays in office. They blindly stick to "pure-and-simpletonism"—"carrying over the minds of earlier years"—and, naturally, the federation now is even weaker than it was when Gompers died. "Rationalization" achieved its heights after the old man's death, and more and more "aristocracy" is being swept into the common proletarian class, either to work at low non-union wages "on the belt" or to lengthen the bread-lines. As I write, several unions, once important affiliates with the A. F. of L., are on the verge of going the way of the National Window Glass Workers, organized fifty years ago under the motto of "Never Surrender!" In 1922 this organization still had a membership of forty thousand, all loyally "refusing to recognize the machine" and working only in hand plants. But in 1928 the union inevitably "surrendered" to the machine when the eight hundred and ninety-seven remaining members voted to disband!

In fact, Mr. Green and the other officials are even less in a position to adapt themselves and the federation to new problems than was Gompers. They are all caught in the almost inflexible system of A. F. of L. tradition. They are committed to carry on the policy of "Gompers the Immortal." Besides, the ten-year-old decline of the whole organization, I think, has already gone too far to be rejuvenated by anybody.

III

For a decade now the federation has lacked not only the ability to adapt itself to new conditions, but also—what is equally important—the chief virtue of labor unionism from the members' immediate point of view: namely, successful aggressiveness in the industrial field. During this period the organization was not instrumental in the raising of wages and the shortening of the work-day. The truth of the matter is that many unions have failed even to maintain the wages won before the War. This cannot be blamed solely or even mainly on the depression and the recent wholesale wage-cuts. Union wage scales were being reduced before October, 1929, and the A. F. of L. unions were unable to do anything effective about it.

The efforts of the federations and its branches during the last ten years for the betterment of working conditions were marked by faint-heartedness, insincerity, corruption, confusion, and futility. Most of the official energy was spent within the organizations in intense factional squabbles and so-called jurisdictional disputes. Ever since he became president, Mr. Green has spent most of his time in office work, trying—with scant success—to keep peace among factions and within unions.

During all of these years the A. F. of L. unions have conducted no successful strikes and no large organizing campaigns, although eighty-five per cent of American workers were unorganized even when the federation's membership was highest. Almost no effort has been made to unionize workers in such basic industries as steel and iron, automobile, aircraft, rubber, oil, electrical manufacturing, meat packing and food in general, lumber, and chemicals, in which labor is not definitely and simply "aris-

tocratic" enough in the old sense. One difficulty is that the separate unions are unable to decide among themselves under whose jurisdiction these various machine workers should be put. Another reason why the unions have conducted no organizing campaigns is that the officials do not want to risk whatever "boodle" there still is left in the treasuries. Organizing work is dangerous and expensive; and should their unions spend too much money on such things, where would their huge salaries come from in the future? The unions have "organizers" on their staffs, but as members of inner official cliques, their only duty is to cash their pay checks. In the last ten years they have drawn out of various treasuries nearly two million dollars of workers' hard-earned money in salaries and expenses, and to-day there is literally less than nothing to show for it.

The A. F. of L. membership has dwindled from more than four million during the War to, perhaps, half that number (for the official claim of 2,961,000 members in 1930 has been proved to be thickly padded); and I am personally aware of union men in various crafts who wish they could get jobs in their lines without belonging to unions, not a few of which have degenerated into mere labor contracting agencies operated, by means of violence, corrupt political connections, and other racketeering tricks, in part for the benefit of the members and in part for the deep pockets of the men who run them.

There is no wonder in my mind that workers are "indifferent and sour, or selfish," as my correspondent describes them in the letter I have quoted. One union man, who has to "belong" in order to work, lately said to me, "No kiddin', but I'd feel better as a man if I wasn't part of the racket"—the latter word being a common term among unionists nowadays when they speak of their organizations. Moreover, I am distantly conscious of tens of thousands of men within the A. F. of L. unions who are in a state of frustration and bewilderment. Their old trade-union morale is gone. They are leaderless and ignorantly cynical. They know of widespread and still spreading corruption in their unions and attend as few meetings as possible. "What's the use!" They see no future for themselves or their local unions under the old trade-union policy and the present A. F. of L. bureaucracy, but for the time being at least, as one of them recently put it to me, they are "stuck." The intelligent workers are frank in stating to one who asks them that in their opinion the chief function of the A. F. of L. to-day is to prevent the emergence of a new labor movement. This is also true of the more conscientious local union officials, but their number is not large.

The A. F. of L. executive council and the "big skates" in charge of State federations, national and international unions, and other central bodies—in short, the men who attend the annual conventions—have failed to manifest any real understanding of the modern industrial and economic forces either during the prosperity era or since the beginning of the depression. Through the last decade they have exhibited intellectual, intestinal, and moral inadequacy, if not total bankruptcy, as leaders of labor and social-minded men. They have lost sight of the larger aims of the organized labor movement. They are incapable of thinking in terms of conflict. Many of them, as already suggested, are downright racketeers, referred to as such by the sour, frustrated, and futile rank-and-file element in the unions. Some of the A. F. of L. leaders are, perhaps, the worst enemies that organized labor has, and are recognized as such by large groups in the unions; but in numerous

cases, where democracy has given way to racketeering, the membership cannot remove them from their commanding, high-salaried positions any more than, say, the Republican Party could free itself from the "leadership" of Herbert Hoover.

IV

Next to being a man of intelligence and integrity within the A. F. of L., the best way to become pessimistic about the federation is to visit one of its annual conventions and mingle with the delegates, whose number is about four hundred.

Most of them are prosperous, Babbittlike, middle-aged or elderly men, well-dressed, carefully barbered, fat-cheeked, double- and triple-chinned, vast-bellied, with gold watch-chains across their paunches and stickpins in their ties. They drive good cars or travel in taxis between their hotels, which are the best in town, and the convention hall. Their hands are soft and pudgy, eager for the shake. They are breezy, genial men, professional good fellows, ready to uncork their bottles on the slightest provocation.

The bulk of them have "grown up" together in the movement, which now is *their* movement. They practically own it. They have been coming to conventions for ten or fifteen years, and a few of them for as long as forty years. The A. F. of L. has a provision in its time-honored constitution which is inimical to "undesirables"—*i.e.*, radicals and upstarts—becoming delegates and strongly favorable to "the right sort."

They all know one another. They are, for the most part, presidents and vice-presidents and chief organizers of the various national and international unions whose salaries range from $7,500 to $20,000 a year and expenses. Prosperity or depression, their salaries never stop. Under their brilliant leadership some of the unions have so amended their constitutions that now the presidents—"Tzars"—can raise their own salaries almost at will. According to the recently published *Labor Fact Book*, for instance, Mr. John J. Lewis, chief of the United Mine Workers, "forced through a 50 per cent increase for himself, raising his yearly salary from $8,000 to $12,000," while workers in his unions were taking wage cuts. Mr. Lewis receives additional thousands in "gifts" and expense money and, naturally, has only hate and contempt for a rival miners' union in which the officials' salaries cannot exceed the rate of wages they succeed in winning for their membership.

But, of course, these salaries and expenses are only a part of the income of the A. F. of L. union Tzars and panjandrums. When they get together in their hotel rooms they talk of stocks and bear and bull markets and short-selling, and compare notes on Buicks and Chryslers and on private schools for boys and girls. Some are powerful in local and State politics. The New York "bunch," for instance, is "pretty thick" with Tammany Hall. A few of them are on the payrolls of union firms. Heads of painters' and paperhangers' unions are silent partners in paint and wallpaper stores. Heads of carpenters', plasterers', lathers' and plumbers' unions have interests in building contracting concerns.

They are solid citizens, go-getters, full of upper-middle-class respectable pretensions and ambitions. They belong to Elks, Moose, and Odd Fellows. They play golf. They have no interest in Tom Mooney or Warren Billings. What impresses them are such facts as that "Bill" Green's boy Harry is a junior at Princeton, where one of the Rockefeller boys is a student, too, and, according to report, on good terms

with him. They are against the Soviet Union and hate the Communists on general principles.

In the convention hall they all look as impressive as they can and listen to speeches in favor of beer and against the "dole." They vote on the resolutions as the central bureaucratic group wants them to vote. They applaud the suggestion of the executive council that the best way to reduce the number of the unemployed from 6,000,000 to a mere handful is to induce each of the 3,000,000 employers in the United States to take on two more employees!

Mr. Green makes a charming, kindly, fair, and efficient convention chairman. He is a soft, round, graying, bright-faced man in his late fifties. His voice is mild and sonorous; only now and then, in speaking of his lowly working-class origin, he punches his chest and raises his pitch by way of emphasis. His income from his job runs into five figures a year. He might easily be taken for a bank or railroad president or a United States senator. He deplores strikes and walkouts and considers friction between employer and worker an unfortunate result of misunderstanding of economic conditions. He believes in "moral suasion" and "collective bargaining."

He is a careful man. He has to be. There are potent politicians in the federation who aspire to his position. But he keeps it year after year by staying on the good side of his old friend, John L. Lewis, with whose backing he was first elected. He allows Lewis' organization (which is his own old union) to hold first place in voting strength at the conventions, with 4,000 votes, one for every 100 reported members, although the actual membership has been for years closer to 200,000 than 400,000. His chief antagonist is Matthew Woll, whom Gompers in his last years had picked for his successor; but Mr. Green placates Matt by trying to surpass him as a Red-baiter, by keeping off the convention platform such "Bolshevik agents" as Prof. John Dewey and getting as guest-speakers men like General Summerall, Secretary of War Hurley, Mr. Hoover, and the current Commander of the American Legion.

Mr. Green is also a respectable man. He is indeed untra-respectable. He has to be. As I have said, nearly all the rest of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy are men of upper-middle-class respectability, and secretly they contemplate their president with critical and jealous eyes. To make them more or less look up to him in official life he must strive for correctness with all his might, and of late respectability has become almost a neurosis with him.

The central A. F. of L. bureaucracy is held together chiefly by individual self-interest. There is not much harmony. Each of them probably sees that pure-and-simpletonism" is declining because of the machine, but none of them would think of starting a movement for the overhauling of the federation. If one should do so, his rival politicians would immediately pounce on him. So they all play the game.

V

Another proof that the A. F. of L. bureaucracy is inadequate to deal with the problems of labor to-day is to be found in the files of the *American Federationist*, the official magazine of the organization, edited by Mr. Green himself.

I took the trouble to read all the editorials written or inspired and signed by Mr. Green since 1927. In March of that year he wrote, in the face of the crisis in a number of unions brought about by "rationalization," that "the function of unions remains unchanged when machine tools replace hand tools," and congratulated the

working people of America on "having a hand in the adventure of creation." Now and then he became inspirational. In August he warned "our union movement" against "falling into the mistakes of selfishness and materialism"!

In October: "Unions have done much for industry and they would do more. We again offer employers our proposal of co-operation. . . . We hope and confidently expect our proposals will gain in favor and practical application." This was at the time that the A. F. of L. "organizers" were approaching the Ford Motor Company and Dodge Brothers in Detroit with the polite request that they be allowed to organize the workers in their plants!

And so on through 1928 and 1929. Throughout this period Editor Green betrayed no suspicion of the coming of the depression.

In December, 1929, he attended the White House conference in which the depression was "prevented," and for four months thereafter he gushed editorial optimism. He did not discover unemployment till May, 1930, and then it occurred to him that "the only cure for unemployment is jobs for those who must work to live." He also expressed his eagerness to collaborate with the government and industry and finance on a plan which would prevent "the *next* depression." [My italics.] In other words, the depression had not begun yet, so far as Mr. Green was aware!

Finally, in July, 1930, the depression started, and Mr. Green found consolation in the fact that, apparently, it was "world-wide." In August, in an editorial entitled "Unemployment a Most Urgent Problem," he seemed really disturbed, but in September he was once more optimistic: "We look forward to the opportunities of business revival with fresh confidence and courage."

In the September issue he wrote an indignant editorial against a textile company in North Carolina which refused to employ union workers. This, he said, was "tyranny . . . tyranny which kills the hope for progress in life and work." He did not mention how he, as head of the labor movement, proposed to combat this tyranny.

In October he was against unemployment and in favor of "employment security," admitting, however, that the A. F. of L. had no idea what the real situation was. "We need to know the extent of the [unemployment] problem before we undertake a general plan of relief. . . . In the meanwhile we should study all plans and proposals so that we may know what plans offer real help." In the same month the executive council of the A. F. of L. reported to the convention in Boston that there was "serious unemployment" and that they were emphatically opposed to it.

In November Mr. Green discovered that unemployment was a "national calamity," and stated again that he was in favor of work and wages. In the December number he urged that the Christmas spirit should pervade the world, and remarked again that he was in favor of finding work for the jobless, and once more sought consolation in the fact that unemployment was "world-wide."

In January, 1931, the official A. F. of L. was for "a life of fellowship between men" and for making that fellowship a practical guide in the world of industry, "so that we should not lose our souls" and "our national wealth." In February Mr. Green still found consolation in the fact that the depression was world-wide, was against unemployment because it was an "evil" and against wage reductions for the same reason, and in favor of "security for workers"; and declared most emphatically that "lower standards of

living do not create prosperity." In March unemployment was "no small problem," and Mr. Green was against poverty because it was bad for health and in favor of leisure as a change from unemployment. In April he continued to be against wage reductions as advocated by certain short-sighted bankers because "their [the bankers'] dividends and profits need a permanent foundation in prosperity for all groups."

In September Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the columnist, was on his vacation, and so Mr. Green wrote:

> Working people must earn money in order to live. Money is necessary for food, shelter and clothing. Wage-earners depend upon wage-earning opportunities for earning their incomes. That is why a job is so important. . . .

In the same issue Mr. Green gave vent to his optimism:

> The high-wage principle has planted itself firmly in our business system. Business at last realizes that high wages are an investment in the stabilization of prosperity. . . .

And in the very week that the magazine with this editorial was distributed the largest employers declared the most sweeping wage reductions in the history of their industries!

In brief—only blah-blah and confusion. Mr. Green and his "colleagues" carried their talents to the annual convention in Vancouver. There Mr. Green spoke in his mild Odd Fellow- and Baptist-conservative voice: "I warn the people who are exploiting the workers that they can drive them only so far before they will turn on them and destroy them. . . . Revolutions grow out of the depths of hunger." Which caused the newspaper reporters to grin. Such great capitalists as Owen D. Young and Thomas L. Chadbourne had spoken similarly a year and a half before!

With the depression over two years old, the A. F. of L. still has no plan or program worthy of those terms. The leaders think that they can induce Congress to appropriate "millions and billions" for unemployment relief merely by talking to congressmen and senators. They are incapable of thinking and planning in terms of conflict and compulsion which, of course, are the only kind of terms that have any meaning in American economic life. They have degenerated too deeply as an organization. The resentful rank and file is too much at the mercy of racketeering labor officials. Mr. Green and his executive council have allowed the federation to get too much involved in the incompetent, insincere, optimistic, and opportunistic political machinations of Mr. Hoover.

The A. F. of L. leaders will never admit, but it is, nevertheless, true that the depression, one of whose basic causes is the unjust distribution of wealth, is in great part due to the inadequacy, respectability, conservatism, and unaggressiveness of their movement in the last ten years. As I have shown, they did nothing to organize the most important industries and failed even to keep up the wage scales won before Gompers' death. I myself blame them no less for the crisis in which they now flounder than I blame the greedy, short-sighted, undisciplined employer class.

VI

To one who sympathizes with the efforts of labor in America to improve its lot, the A. F. of L. offers no cause for hope, and there is nothing in the present situation that I can strain to its credit.

The mechanization of industries is bound to continue. More and more the "aristocrats" will be reduced to the ranks of the proletariat. Fewer and fewer workers will benefit from the

entrenched trade unionism while it still lasts. The unions will decline in their numerical and moral strength and financial energy with increasing swiftness.

In their financial energy they will decline not only because their income in dues from the members will fall off, but also—and primarily—because the officials will blindly and dishonestly keep on drawing higher and higher wages and otherwise partake of more and more "boodle." The official of a motion-picture operators' union in New York, whose members number about 1,300, already draws $47,500 plus perquisites. The members are worse slaves to him than they are to their employers.

Most American labor officials lack the simple wisdom and decency of, say, the Prince of Wales, who voluntarily reduced his own income from the government treasury last year because of the depression. Indeed, the more desperately a union is situated, the more hoggish are the officials. I suppose they work on the principle of getting while the getting is good. The musicians' federation, with about half of its members out of work and the membership swiftly declining, is fighting for its life, while its president, according to the *Labor Fact Book*, pulls down $20,000 a year.

I already have mentioned Mr. John L. Lewis of the Miners and his salary. He is reputed to be Mr. Green's "boss" and as such the most powerful personality in the A. F. of L. He is a past master in labor politics. In *Misleaders of Labor*, Foster tells us that he came to his position after he had involved his predecessor in a compromising situation which forced him to resign. Since then the once great miners' union has rapidly declined because oil is displacing coal and mining is being mechanized. The organization is full of strife, most of which centers around Mr. Lewis' autocratic, reactionary leadership. Nearly the whole rank and file is against him and his numerous henchmen who fatten on the unions' payrolls as "organizers," although they merely function as the "big shot's" political machine. But such is the mechanism of the outfit that the membership cannot dethrone him. In the last five years scores of local unions have ceased to exist or become mere paper organizations as a result of the intra-union strife. In common with most men, Lewis does not want to relinquish his power and his income. He browbeats the miners and the minor officials and hobnobs with mine operators. The Miners' membership is about 200,000, but, as I have said, he continues to report 400,000 and with this voting strength largely controls the A. F. of L. conventions and Mr. Green.

And, in a way, this man is symbolical of the whole A. F. of L. system of bossism. He will let the erstwhile great organization go to the dogs rather than quit.

It is almost inevitable that many more unions will disappear or degenerate to utter impotency during the next decade. With their decline, the A. F. of L. influence will fall off. More and more employers and politicians will find out that it is a hollow, unvital organization.

It is not improbable that the A. F. of L. unions will seek, with possible success, a second lease on life by trying to induce the employers to take them into "partnership" as company unions which will act as "insurance against the inroads of Communism among the employees." This, indeed, was the unsuccessful policy of the A. F. of L. in the Southern textile industry in 1930. It is the Lewis policy in the mines, and he already has been successful in a small way. There are coal operators in Pennsylvania and West Virginia

who, having been seized by anti-Communist hysteria, are urging the other operators to help the conservative unions re-establish themselves, lest the Reds succeed in organizing the men in the pits.

But this second lease, should they get it, is bound to be brief in most cases. Workers will not be satisfied with such unionism, and the employers will soon realize that the Communist union agitators, with their hysterics and melodrama (which they mistake for militancy), have meager appeal to the American workers, both native and foreign-born, and will cease payments on the A. F. of L. anti-Red "insurance" policies.

Unions already are seceding from the federation. The number of secessions will increase, for here and there the desperate rank and file will manage to assert itself. As I write, hundreds of local unions throughout the country are passing resolutions protesting against the last A. F. of L. convention's opposition to the "dole." The "dole," indeed, threatens to split the organization wide open.

Thus it seems that the A. F. of L. will eventually become a very small and narrow affiliation of mostly building—and perhaps printing—trades which are not yet doomed by intense mechanization. These unions will then continue largely as labor-contracting agencies. They will function as a species of rackets, with the aid of their officials' "contacts" and doings in local politics. They will be the last of the "aristocracy," unvital as a labor movement in the larger social sense, and by and by, as I say, the federation may shuffle off the labor scene altogether.

Meanwhile the A. F. of L. will continue to be the chief obstacle to the emergence of a really militant national movement. Its existence will continue to confuse the workers and enormously complicate the work for the new leaders whom I expect to appear. The endless verbiage and gesticulations of such men as Messrs. Green and Woll and the corruption of local union officials will continue to fill the working masses with a sense of helplessness and a suspicion for every new organization and every new leader, however sound and honest.

VII

As my correspondent says, new labor movements do not spring up overnight, and the immediate future for organized labor in the United States looks black, indeed.

It is possible—even probable—that the current depression will be followed by a period of industrial feudalism, or "fascism" as the Communists call it, on some such lines as indicated by Mr. Swope in his plan. If this comes about, the A. F. of L. of course will co-operate with the employers in keeping the proletariat in line.

But it is scarcely conceivable that this will be the end.

I think that after the decline of the "aristocracy" has gone still farther than it has to-day, and after the old, weary, suspicious, sour, and frustrated workers have died off, there will spring up a fresh, militant national labor movement, radical and revolutionary along industrial and political lines, but not in the current Russian sense. It will be a realistic *American* mass movement, born of the economic and social problems of American labor, in tune with the future psychology and philosophy of American life, just as the A. F. of L. was in tune with the American philosophy and psychology in the past.

We are facing a new era. This is a time of transition and profound frustration, of agony and decay. The frustrations and decay of the A. F. of L. are but phases of the whole mess.

GOD AND MY FATHER

A CHRONICLE IN TWO PARTS

BY CLARENCE DAY

PART II

MY MOTHER'S DISCOVERY

IN SPITE of his warlike behavior in our hours of worship, Father seemed to me one of the mainstays and chiefs of the church. On week days he was a layman, struggling violently with his environment—his business, his family, his home-life, the cook, and the coffee—and in general with the natural heat of his feelings among all these antagonists. But on Sundays, after breakfast was over, and the coffee and its sins had departed, and Father had peacefully finished his morning cigar, he put on his shining high hat and he marched us to church; and there on the end of our pew was a silver plate with his name on it; and the organ music was rolling and solemn, and Father was a pillar of God.

I felt sure that he was a very good pillar too, and better than most. Better than Mr. Gregg, for instance, who was the church treasurer and who was a devout but slouchy old Christian with an over-dressed wife. And as good as Colonel Hamilton—well-groomed, military-looking, patrician—who seemed to a little Episcopalian like me the very essence of Christianity.

But these other pillars were vestrymen, and Father was not. They seemed to "belong" more than he did. Father didn't happen to want to be a vestryman, but he couldn't be anyhow. I don't recall how I became aware of it; but there was an obstacle.

And another thing, there was a mysterious rite called communion, with soft music in it, and a great deal of whispering and murmuring by Doctor Garden; amid which the congregation, a few at a time, left their pews, and crowded irregularly forward and knelt at the altar. Doctor Garden then said something to each of them, and gave each one some wine—a very small drink from a very large goblet of gold. When all of that group had had theirs, they walked back to their seats, and others passed forward and knelt. I could see the soles of their shoes. Colonel Hamilton had his soles blacked, and they looked trim and elegant; but Mr. Gregg's were almost worn-out, and as stubby as mine.

This rite came after the regular service; it was a separate matter, and less than half of the congregation "stayed for communion." Mr. Gregg always stayed. Colonel Hamilton was more independent—he only stayed when he liked. Mother stayed as regularly as Mr. Gregg did. But Father not once.

There was some tension between Father and Mother about this, I felt; but they didn't discuss it before me. She never asked him to stay. She never even asked if he were going to.

It was understood that he wasn't. He walked home ahead with us boys, feeling as lively as we did; and Mother arrived twenty minutes later for our one o'clock Sunday dinner. Once in a while she was half an hour later, and Father said "Damn."

The principal course at our Sunday dinners was a great roast of beef, surrounded by fat roasted potatoes and rich Yorkshire pudding. They were all piping hot, and when Father carved the beef it ran juices. We were not allowed to play with our toys on Sundays and we had to wear our best clothes, but that dinner was some compensation. Afterward we read or took walks. There were no week-ends out of town in those days, and golf was almost unknown to us. Father usually read Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, with his head nodding more and more over it, and his cigar going out. I think it must have been on one of those long afternoons that Mother, when she thought I was old enough, explained about Father.

She said nobody could go to communion who had not been confirmed. Everybody was baptized, as a baby, to make him a Christian; that was the first step; but to be a full member of the church, one had to learn the creed and the catechism, and go up to the altar, and promise to do and believe everything that his godfathers had promised for him. And the bishop would then lay his hands on him, so he could go to communion.

She said she hoped I would be confirmed when I was thirteen or fourteen, but it must be of my own free will and choice, for it was a great step to take. Father hadn't taken it yet, she confided. She didn't say why.

I took Mother's prayer book upstairs with me and looked up the baptism service, to see what my godfather had committed me to, with his promises. Mr. Currier was my only living godfather. He had gone pretty far. He had renounced the Devil and all his works, on my behalf, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and the sinful lusts of the flesh. Mr. Currier was such a good old man he had probably thought nothing of it; but I wondered whether I would ever feel up to "renouncing" all that.

I asked Mother a great many questions about confirmation, and from what she said I saw that I'd have to be confirmed by and by. I couldn't get out of it. It wouldn't be fair to Mr. Currier for me to refuse, and leave him responsible to God for my sins all my life.

I looked over the catechism. It was long. It would be hard to learn all that by heart. I inquired whether Father knew the catechism. But Mother said not to ask questions.

My head at once felt full of questions, such as who Father's godfather was, and how much longer he'd wait, and whether he didn't ever get cross about Father's delay.

But it made Mother cry when I asked these. She said I should know by and by. She said Father had been very busy and had had to work very hard; and that she hoped he would be confirmed soon, when he had a little more time.

Mother evidently had her heart set on Father's learning the catechism and letting the bishop lay his hands on him; but Father didn't feel like it. And the rest of the story, as I heard it later, was this:

When Mother married Father she had naturally supposed that he was a good churchman. She had asked him what church he belonged to, and he had serenely replied, "The Episcopal." But as time went on she found that his association with it was vague.

Father's parents had been so fond of Mother, and she had liked them so much, that it hadn't even occurred to her to cross-question them about Fa-

ther's upbringing. His mother was a saint on earth, sweet and good; everyone loved her. His father was a newspaper publisher, philosophic and humorous. But it turned out that Grandpa's favorite authors were Voltaire and Shakespeare: he read almost nothing else but his newspaper; and he had no use for religion. He had been brought up so strictly that he had got his fill of it and had dismissed the whole subject.

Father had accordingly run about and done as he pleased. It was only through one of his schoolboy friends that he happened to go to a Sunday School. This school gave a party of some kind, at which they served cake; it was good cake, and whenever they had it Father went to that Sunday School.

When he grew older and decided that it was the proper thing to go to church sometimes, it seems that he had picked out an Episcopal church for this purpose. Not being a free-thinker, like my grandfather, he had approved of religion. But beyond this he hadn't looked into it. He had seen no necessity.

This rudimentary and semi-automatic approach to the church, as by a kind of molecular attraction, seemed pathetic to Mother. She was maternal and she was compassionately eager to help Father in and make him as good a churchman as anyone. But Father had felt he was already in, and to be confirmed was unnecessary. He didn't understand at all clearly what confirmation was anyhow. He declared it was only some folderol. He refused to be bothered with it. This was the root of all those conversations about whether he'd go to Heaven, when Mother said that to be on the safe side he ought to be confirmed first, and Father said that getting him into Heaven was her affair.

But this wasn't the worst. I don't know when Mother found out the whole truth about Father, but I don't think she knew it when she and I had those first talks. If not, it may have been my asking questions that led her to ask more herself, and thus to stumble on a strange and upsetting discovery.

Still, the discovery would have been almost sure to come some day. It was mere luck it hadn't come sooner. Nobody had purposely hidden Father's story from Mother—least of all poor Father himself. He never kept anything from her. Not that he didn't try to; but he was too unguarded and outspoken to have any secrets.

I remember that Father once had his pocket picked on the street car, coming home. As an old New Yorker, born and bred, he was ashamed of this incident. He was also provoked; and when he unlocked the front door and came in, he was swearing to himself in loud whispers. Mother was upstairs in her room. She heard Father talking away to himself in the front hall, as he hung up his coat. "Damned rascals! If I ever catch them—" He flung his cane in the rack. "Not a word. I shan't say a word about it," he went on, to himself. He stamped up the stairs, muttering, "Yes, too much talk in this house." "Well, Vinnie," he said to Mother, and sat himself down by the fire, in what he evidently meant to be an impenetrable and innocent silence.

"Clare!" Mother said sharply.

"What is it?"

"Clare! What's the matter with you? What has happened?"

"Damnation!" Father said. "What's happened? How do you know that it's happened? There's entirely too much talk in this house. A man can't have any privacy in his own home, that's what it comes down to. I had my pocket-book stolen, that's what's happened. Are you satisfied now?"

"Your pocket-book? Oh! Why did you let them?"

"Let them!" said Father. "Good God! They picked my pocket on the street car, I tell you. I had it when I left the club."

"Oh, Clare dear! How could you! You must be getting old. Did you have the cook's wages in it?"

Father sprang from his chair in a fury and left the room, saying, "I knew you'd ask that. Yes, damn it, I had the cook's wages. I want this prying to stop." And afterwards, when he came down to dinner, he was bursting to tell the whole story—just how a young whippersnapper had jostled him, and what he had said to the fellow, while a confederate had stolen his money and jumped off the car. He added, with a baffled look at Mother, that he didn't know how she found out things.

"She finds out every damn thing I ever do," I heard him say later, in his bathroom, in honest bewilderment. He usually chose the bathroom at night for his private communings, although an air-shaft connecting with the other bathrooms carried his words through the house.

A man who was so unself-conscious would have betrayed his religious shortcomings completely and promptly if he himself had known the facts. Grandpa knew the facts, but they had seemed to him of no importance. So it wasn't until Mother chanced to ask him directly one day what church Father had been baptized at, that Grandpa said Father had never been baptized at all.

I doubt if I can even imagine what a shock this was to Mother. This was in the conventional eighteen-eighties, when women led sheltered lives, and when men in general conformed to religious requirements. Mother must have felt that she could hardly believe her own ears. She had taken it for granted that everyone in a civilized country was baptized as soon as he was born as a matter of course. She had never met or known about any man, woman, or child who had even dreamed of not being baptized. It was simply unheard of. Why, all the poor Indians in Mexico belonged to some church. Even in the wildest lands anywhere there were so many missionaries that every half-naked savage—with any luck at all—seemed to get baptized. Yet here was her own husband—!

Grandpa explained to her that his idea had been to leave Father free: let the boy grow up and decide all such things for himself. As to Grandma, well, she always spoke of Grandpa as Mr. Day, and she was surprised to hear Mother take on so about this. She said to her gently and patiently, "But Vinnie, dear child, that was the way Mr. Day wished it; and he's generally right."

Mother didn't feel this way at all. She thought Grandpa was wrong about lots of things, and she always told him so to his face. Grandpa liked nothing better. She was young and impulsive and pretty and very direct, and he used to egg her on by arguing with her in the most outrageous ways he could think of.

But this time there wasn't any argument, so far as I ever heard. Mother couldn't wait; she hurried home to Father with her terrible news, supposing that as soon as he heard it he would be baptized at once. There was some excuse for not being confirmed, since not everyone did it, but nobody would defy God to the extent of not being baptized. She had her second great shock when he flatly refused. He was dressing for dinner at the moment and he said she must not interrupt him. Although he was surprised and displeased to hear he hadn't been christened, he at once declared that nothing could be done to correct matters now.

Mother cried when she talked with me about it, and couldn't give me his reasons. She didn't seem to think that he had any. He was just being obstinate. But I was sometimes allowed to be present when they debated the matter, and this gave me a picture —of some sort—of his state of mind.

"I simply can't understand why you won't be baptized," Mother said. "Clare dear, tell me, aren't you a Christian?"

"Why, confound it, of course I am a Christian," Father roundly declared. "A damned good Christian too. A lot better Christian than those psalm-singing donkeys at church."

"Oh, hush, Clare!" Mother always was terrified when he bordered on blasphemy.

Now to say "hush" to Father was like pouring kerosene on a fire. I repeatedly saw Mother try to quench his flames in this way, and every such effort only made him blaze higher—far higher. Yet she tried it again the next time. Neither she nor Father seemed to study the other one's nature. Each insisted the other one's nature should work in some way it didn't. I never once saw either of them observe the other in a calm, detached spirit, to see how his or her ego operated, and how to press the right button. Instead they invariably charged at each other full tilt, and learned unwillingly and dimly —if at all—by collisions.

So Mother said "hush" to Father, and the conflagration was on. And Father, being maddened by the kerosene, swore more and more, and declared that there was no need whatever for him to go and get baptized, and that he was quite as good a Christian as Owen Lloyd Garden.

"But if you won't be baptized," Mother wailed, "you aren't a Christian at all."

Father said he would not be baptized and he would be a Christian. He begged to inform Mother he would be a Christian in his own way.

In her desperation Mother went to Doctor Garden and pledged him to secrecy and revealed to him the horrible fact that Father had never been baptized. Doctor Garden was greatly astonished but said he would attend to it. He was still more astonished when he learned that he would not be allowed to.

Mother tried to explain Father's plan of being his own kind of Christian. Doctor Garden was agitated. He didn't seem to know what to make of this. He said it had never been heard of. Not even the Apostles had omitted being baptized, he explained. If Mr. Day was going to set himself above the Holy Apostles—

Mother felt more frightened than ever at this dreadful picture. That would be just like Father, she felt. That was exactly what he would do.

MY FATHER'S DARK HOUR

If we had been living in England, I imagine a rector would have known the right tone to take to get Father's good will. He wouldn't have been weepy or concerned at all about Father's soul. He would have been firm, but quite casual: "Too bad it wasn't done before, of course; but it will only take a few minutes. Better stop in at the church to-morrow morning, and let me attend to it for you. One can't be eccentric in these things. Bad example to others. A person of your position, Mr. Day . . ." Father might have been open to an approach of that kind.

But the best that Doctor Garden could do was to supply Mother with texts and to warn her that Father must be baptized before anything happened. The Bible said absolutely you had to be baptized to be saved. If you died first, why then, instead of Heaven, you would land in hell-fire.

In short, this was a serious situation, and Mr. Day must give in.

Even this, if it had been led up to little by little and presented to Father impressively, might possibly have made him uneasy about the risk he was running. But Mother was an impetuous ambassador: she threw it all at him at once. She began gently enough; but she was emotional, which set Father on edge; and then at his first impatient word she fired off all her guns. There was a turmoil of texts from the Bible and imprecations from Father; and Father came out of it convinced that this was some damned scheme of Garden's.

Mother at once began a campaign to break Father down, and many pitched battles were fought whenever she suddenly felt like it. Father never knew when he would find himself in the midst of a conflict. He might be going to the theater with Mother, cross, but handsome and glowing; or he might be reading Hume and Smollett peacefully on a warm afternoon; or they might be playing backgammon by the fire on some winter evening. Suddenly Mother would remember his danger and go at him again, and Father would bellow at baptism and stamp off to play billiards.

One Sunday he even made a scene on his way out of church. Doctor Garden had preached about men who would not see the light; and after the service was over, and while Father and Mother were moving down the crowded aisles slowly, Mother whispered that she felt sure the sermon had been meant for him. Father snorted at such pulpit impudence. "The damned dissenter!" he said. And the rest of the way down the aisle they had it out, hot and heavy. Father wouldn't lower his voice; and people stared, until Mother felt most embarrassed. "Garden needn't talk to me as though I were a Welsh miner," Father kept saying. "I have never done anything I was ashamed of."

His counter-attacks upon Mother were not all in one tone. He used every possible way to stop her, according to the mood he was in. When he was in a good humor he would tease her about it. Or sometimes he would be grave and dignified and remind her that he knew best. Again, he would be stern and peremptory: "That's enough, do you hear?" But Mother couldn't stop. She was troubled. Not only did she have a natural desire to have her own way for once, but Doctor Garden had told her how much God would blame her if she didn't bring Father around. She felt that He was blaming her anyhow for all her own faults; and it just seemed intolerable that an additional sin should be hung round her neck by Father's inexplicable refusal to go through a short ceremony.

He used every possible way to stop her, I said. But he never used argument. He hadn't the patience to explain clearly what he was thinking. Nevertheless, when he was having a violent eruption, remarks would fly out, like heated rocks from a volcano; and these could be analyzed afterward as a clue to his fires.

His general position seemed to be that he didn't object to baptism. It was all right for savages, for instance. But among civilized people it should come only when one was young. Since it hadn't been attended to in his own case, why, let it go, damn it. It would be ridiculous to baptize him now. It was far too late to do anything. He wasn't to blame. He would have been perfectly willing to be baptized as a child, if they had done the thing soon enough. Since they hadn't, it was no fault of his, and he didn't intend to be bothered.

It was useless to try to make him see that being baptized was a rite, and that

it involved something holy and essential. He said it was a mere technicality. As to obeying the Bible, there were a lot of damn things in the Bible. A man would be in a pretty fix if he gave all he had to the poor. No, a man had to use his common sense about obeying the Bible. And everything else. If he had any.

He seemed to imagine that if he ever came to be tried, by his God, he could easily establish the fact that his position was sound. In any event, he wasn't going to be led around by the nose by a parson. He didn't blame Mother for being upset; she was only a woman; but even she would come to her senses eventually, and see he was right.

At this point I went to Mother and asked her if she would let me help out. It all seemed so simple and plain to me, that I was sure I could make Father see it. I was in that stage between infancy and adolescence when children will do strange things. Besides, I wasn't neutral: it always upset me and shook me to see Mother unhappy; and the strong emotional vortex before me at last drew me in. Mother was pleased by my wanting to help her, and said I might try. Perhaps she thought Father's heart would be touched by the plea of his child. Needless to say, he was not touched at all; he was merely disgusted.

I can see him now, ruddy and strong, and a little too stout, in his evening clothes and bulging white shirt-front. He lighted his cigar after dinner, blew out a rich cloud of smoke, and took a sip of his coffee. "God bless my soul," he said heartily, and tasted his cognac. "A—men!" He looked over at me. "It doesn't count unless you say A—men," he said, with a wink.

I didn't smile back. I was worriedly waiting for an opening and counting my weapons.

I had been reading a little devotional book. I don't recall ever willingly reading a book of that kind before; but this time it was almost a pleasure, because I wasn't reading it for my own improvement but Father's. The author was a person who wrote in a superior tone and who seemed to feel bored and condescending when he explained things to groundlings. I immediately planned to use Father as my groundling if possible and to talk in such a calm, easy way to him that he'd feel impressed. This author, for example, declared that baptism was "of course a matter of religious joy to any right-minded Christian." He also said that when we were baptized we were "buried with Christ." He went on to state that "remission of sins" was badly needed by everyone, and "it is absurd to suppose that we can be buried with Christ without receiving remission of sins." Things like that.

I tried, but without any success, to explain all this to Father. I also told him about a man called Nicodemus, who had argued against being baptized, and how he had been sternly refuted and warned to behave himself.

But Father said he wasn't interested in Thing-a-ma-jig—Nicodemus. And I might have known, myself, that he took small stock in arguments. If he had ever debated things with me he might easily have won me over; but it didn't interest him, usually, to engage in discussion. He didn't care to marshal his reasons or describe the road he had taken. He preferred to begin by stating his conclusion, and by calling yours nonsense, and to end the debate then and there. There was nothing else to be said.

My picture of him, therefore, was that of a man blind and deaf to the anxious and intelligent warnings of Doctor Garden and me.

I was supposed to be a bright boy. I had a high rank at school. But I was so over-receptive and credulous

that in effect I was stupid. I had none of a country boy's cautious approach to ideas. I could swallow ideas by the dozen, and did—good and bad. My mind hadn't any of the seasoning or the toughness of Father's. It was so logical that if it had accepted certain premises it would have marched off a precipice. Or at least it would have marched Father off one.

Father was looking quizzically at me. I went at him again. My next weapon was one that I thought would strike fear to his heart: a text that I had picked out as being especially strong and conclusive. It had one weak point, it didn't specifically use the word baptism, and I expected Father to pounce on this as an objection; but when he did I planned to rebuke him for picking at trifles and for being concerned with its wording instead of its spirit. But Father was not a man to niggle at small technicalities, and he instinctively met this attack—like all others—head on. The text was Christ's saying that unless people confessed Him before men neither would He confess them before His Father in Heaven. When I read this to Father, to my astonishment he was quite unconcerned. He felt that this was the mere empty warning of a meddlesome middleman. Father was going to deal direct with his Maker. Christ wasn't his Maker. Father felt he had just as much right around Heaven as Christ.

In fact, now I think of it, Father was —if there is such a thing—an Old Testament Christian. He permitted the existence of Christ, but disapproved of all His ideas.

But I was in no mood to philosophize over this then. My emotions swept over me, and I became exalted and ardent. I told Father that, although we knew he had always been a good man, still he hadn't taken this step that every Christian must take. If he took it he would go to Heaven and there be received by the angels. If he didn't, I explained to him that he would be cast into Hell. And I cried, and said there would be "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Instead of being moved to tears by this, and getting right down on his knees, Father sat there, beside the dark bookcase, fresh and healthy and solid, breathing out a rich odor of Havana cigar smoke and cognac. Every cell in his body seemed to be robustly resisting destruction. I don't recall now what he said to me, but he didn't say much. He reminded me that I was only a little boy. This seemed to me quite irrelevant. What I wanted to know was, how about those arguments; but he merely smiled at my earnestness. A rather grave smile. Perhaps he was wondering how on earth he had produced such a son. At any rate he showed great forbearance, and sent me up to bed; while he got out the cards from the game-box and played solitaire.

His situation looked pretty black to me as I lay in bed. I pictured to myself how the rest of us would be standing around, up in Heaven, and how very upset we'd all feel to see Father in Hell.

Yet somehow I felt more excitement than grief at this scene. I must have been deeply impressed by Father's intrepid firmness. True, he was only too plainly shutting himself out of bliss; and ordinarily I'd have felt a great horror at the thought of a loved one in torment. But suppose Father positively refused to go to Hell when they said to? He seemed so remarkably able to fend for himself that it would probably just be another of his fights. He and Satan.

I began to cool off as a missionary and go back to my toys. But Mother of course kept right on. And suddenly it seemed for a moment that she might prevail. She had a bad illness, which

depressed and worried Father so much, that when she kept begging and begging him to do this thing for her and told him how happy it would make her, he said that he would.

But when she was well again, and eager to take him around to the font, he wouldn't go. His memory seemed to have got very dim. Mother exclaimed that he had solemnly agreed to be baptized, but he said flatly he had no recollection of it.

I don't know what grounds he may have had for taking this stand. He was never a man to justify or explain or excuse his own conduct. He didn't refrain out of dignity; he merely didn't examine it. He took himself, his thoughts, and his actions completely for granted, without introspection or analysis. Perhaps in this instance, in her fever, Mother had misunderstood him. Or perhaps his point of view was that he'd have done anything to help her get well, but now that she had happily got well his end was achieved, so how could she fairly expect him to proceed with his sacrifice? All I know is he seemed entirely satisfied with his behavior.

Mother felt very badly and told him he was breaking her heart. This did not upset him. He probably guessed that underneath her tears there was more exasperation than heart-break. She hated the feeling of impotence he gave her. There seemed to be no way to manage him. She kept telling him that she simply couldn't believe he would really go back on his Sacred Promise—as she now began calling it. She taunted him with it. She said she had always supposed he was a man of his word. Father was quite unperturbed. Downtown, his lightest word to anybody was binding, of course; but that was in the real world of business. Getting baptized was all poppycock.

But Mother began to feel surer now that she could make Father yield. At least she had got one Sacred Promise out of the obstinate man, and she wouldn't let him do any more forgetting if she could once get another. The more her self-confidence grew the more her tactics improved. She was quite unconscious, probably, that she had handicapped herself, hitherto, by attacking Father only on religious grounds, where he had no soft spots to strike at. He became more vulnerable at once when she begged him to do her a favor. They were in love with each other; and he would have done a good deal for Mother—"Anything in reason," he said.

He went into the whole matter as thoroughly as a railroad report. He asked just how wet would a man have to get to be baptized. Would he have to go to the River Jordan to please Mother and do the thing properly? If not, then exactly what rigmarole would he have to go through? He said if it wasn't too complicated, perhaps he'd consider it.

Mother showed him the baptismal service in the prayer book for those of riper years; but Father said that by persons of riper years it must mean those who knew better. It was nothing but a lot of prayers anyhow. That was the clergyman's part of it. What he wanted to know was how much trouble he himself would be put to. But when Mother impatiently answered his questions about this, he was startled. He said the thing was even more impracticable than he had supposed. It wasn't as though he could have an accommodating parson trot around to the house and baptize him quietly some morning, after his coffee and eggs; no, he learned that the performance would have to take place in a church; and, worse, there would have to be others present. A congregation, the book said. Father declared that that ended it. He said he certainly

wasn't going around to the Peace Everlasting to be made a fool of in that way. He said, damn it, he'd be the laughing-stock of all his friends. Mother said, why, his friends would be proud of him for standing up for his Saviour; but Father said he'd never hear the last of it around at the club.

MY FATHER ENTERS THE CHURCH

The way it ended was simple. Mother's family had lived at one time in a pretty little two-storied house, called "The Cottage," in East Twenty-ninth Street; it had casement windows, set with diamond-shaped panes of leaded glass, and a grass plot in front. On the other side of the street, at Fifth Avenue, stood the church that is now known as the Little Church Around the Corner. The first Doctor Houghton was the rector in those times, and Mother was fond of him. One day Mother heard that a young relative of his, the Reverend Mr. Morley, had taken a far-away parish near what was then Audubon Park, a mile or two north of where in later years they erected Grant's Tomb. This part of the city was so thinly settled that it was like a remote country suburb. There were dirt roads and lanes instead of streets, and thick, quiet old woods. Mother suddenly got the idea that perhaps this would suit Father, since he seemed bent on "confessing God before men" only where no one was looking. Besides, Mother knew young Mr. Morley, and she felt that here was someone she could go to with her curious problem. She asked him to come down to see her. He was sympathetic. He agreed to make everything as easy for Father as possible.

I don't know just why it was, but somehow that was all there was to it. Father still got in a very bad humor whenever the subject was mentioned; but at least Mother wasn't, any longer, asking the impossible of him. It was thoroughly distasteful and he hated it, but he supposed he could go through it sometime. Perhaps he even got to the point of wishing to get the thing over with.

So the day came on which Father had agreed he would enter the Church. The only person who had to be reminded of it was Father himself. I remember excitedly looking out of the window at breakfast and seeing a hired brougham from Ryerson & Brown's in the street. The coachman had on a blue coat with a double row of bright buttons, and on his legs were faded green trousers from some other man's livery. He was looking up at our front door. His horse was as weather-beaten as the horse on the plains of Siberia in the picture in my Geography; and he too seemed to be looking up at our house and wondering what would come out of it.

I stood out on our front stoop, staring down at them and listening to the sounds in our hallway. Father had come down to breakfast in a good temper that morning, and the bacon and eggs had suited him for once, and the coffee too had found favor. Mother gave a happy, tender look at this soul she was saving. The dining room seemed full of sunshine, and the whole world light-hearted. But when Mother said it was nearly eight o'clock and the cab would soon be here, Father had demanded what cab. He listened to her answer in horror and sprang up with a roar.

It was as though an elephant which had been tied up with infinite pains had trumpeted and burst every fetter, after the labor of months. It was all to do over again. Father not only had to be convinced that a day had been set, and that this was the day, but the whole question of baptism had to be reopened and proved. All the religious instruction that had been slowly in-

scribed on his mind had apparently utterly vanished—the slate was wiped clean. He was back at his original starting-point, that this thing was all folderol—it was nothing but a wild idea of Mother's with which he had no concern.

A woman of less determination would have given up, Father was so indignant. But Mother, though frightened and discouraged and tearful, was angry. She wasn't going to let Father off, after all she had done. At first I thought she surely had lost. He was completely intractable. She stood up to him, armed with God's word and the laws of the Church, and also, as she despairingly reminded him, with his own "Sacred Promise," and again she learned that not a one of them was any good. But she had one other weapon: Ryerson & Brown's waiting cab.

There were some things that were unheard of in our family: they simply weren't done. One was wasting money on cabs. When we went to the length of ordering a cab we did not keep it waiting. And the sight of this cab at the door seemed to hypnotize Father. It stood there like a link in some inevitable chain of events. At first he declared it could go to the devil, he didn't care if there were fifty cabs waiting. But he was by habit and instinct a methodical man. When he helped himself to a portion of anything at table, for instance, he did his best to finish that portion, whether he liked it or not. He got all the more angry if it didn't taste right, but his code made him eat it. If he began a book he was bound to go on with it, no matter how much it bored him. He went through with any and every program to which he once felt committed. The fact that this cab had been ordered and now stood at the door prevailed in those depths of his spirit which God couldn't reach. Where I sat on the steps I could hear him upstairs in his room, banging doors and putting on his overcoat and cursing at fate.

Mother darted out and told the coachman where he was to take us; and then she got in, bonneted and cloaked, to wait for Father to come. The coachman looked puzzled when he found we were going to church. He could see we weren't dressed for a funeral, yet it was hardly a wedding. Perhaps he thought we were a very devout family, seeking for some extra worship.

Then Father came down the steps, blackly. He got into the cab. And the horse and the coachman both jumped as Father slammed the door shut.

We drove up Madison Avenue to the Park, and out at West Seventy-second Street. Then under the Elevated, with its coal-dust sifting down and stray cinders blackening the pools in the street; and its little locomotives chuff-chuffing along overhead. At Broadway we turned northward. Over toward the river were rocky wastelands, old shanties, and goats. The skyline along upper Broadway, from the seventies northward, was a skyline of telegraph poles, along bare blocks and rail fences. I liked the looks of this ungraded district; it was all up and down and had ponds in it. And it ought to have comforted Father. No members of the club or the stock exchange could be sighted for miles; they probably never set foot in such regions. What more could Father ask?

But Father was glaring about, looking like a caged lion. Apparently he had confidently believed up to this very moment that Heaven would intervene somehow and spare him this dose. He had never done Heaven any harm; why should it be malignant? His disappointment was increasingly bitter as he saw he was trapped. Another sort of man would have opened the cab door and bolted. But Father was

drinking his hemlock. He also was freely expressing his feelings about it. The hardships of marriage had never before impressed him so sharply. A woman's demands on her husband were simply beyond human reckoning. He felt, and he said plainly to Mother, as the cab rattled on, that if he did this thing for her, it must be understood that it was his supreme contribution. No diamond necklace. No other sacrifices of any kind. He must never be asked to do anything more all his life.

Mother tried to point out that he wasn't doing it for her but for God, but Father said, "Pshaw! I won't hear to it." He had never had any trouble with God till Mother appeared on the scene.

Mother quoted Doctor Garden again to him, but Father said "Pish!"

"Oh, Clare, you mustn't," said Mother.

"Bah!" Father roared. "Bah! What do you suppose I care for that fellow!"

"But it's in the Bible."

"Pooh! Damn!"

Mother shuddered at this. Here was a man who defied even the Bible. She half expected God to come bursting right out of the sky and bang his fist down on the Ryerson & Brown cab and all in it.

"Damnation!" Father kept saying, consumed by his wrongs.

Mother said, oh, how could he talk so, on his way to the font! She drew away from him and then looked back with awe at this being, whose sense of his powers was so great that he would stand up to Anyone.

We had now come in sight of the church. It stood half-way up a steep hill, which the horse climbed at a walk, although Father said if the cab didn't hurry he wouldn't have time to be baptized—he'd be late at the office.

"What is the name of this confounded place?" he said, as we got out, making a jab at the little House of God with his cane.

"Oh, Clare dear! Please don't. It's the Church of the Epiphany, I told you."

"Epiphany! Humph," Father muttered. "More gibberish."

Inside it was cold and bare, and it smelled of varnish. The pews were of new yellow pine, and the stained-glass looked cheap. There was nobody present. The sexton had hurried away to fetch the minister, after letting us in.

Father glowered around like a bull in some Plaza del Toro, waiting to charge the reverend toreador and trample upon him. He stood there, boxed up in surroundings where he didn't belong, hurt and outraged and lonely. His whole private life had been pried into, even his babyhood. He had wished above everything to take his religion aloof, as a gentleman should—he was no emotional tinker like that fellow, John Bunyan—yet here he was, dragged into this damned evangelist orgy, far from his own proper world, in the hands of his wife and a parson.

A footstep was heard.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Morley," said Mother. "This is Mr. Day."

Mr. Morley was a young man, shy but friendly, with a new-looking beard. He approached our little group trustingly, to shake Father's hand, but he got such a look that he turned to me instead and patted me on the head several times. There was a rich smell of something about him. It wasn't bay-rum, such as Father sometimes used after shaving. It was far more delicious to me than any cologne or sachet scent. And besides, it had much more body to it, more satisfaction. But I couldn't identify it. I only knew that it was a magnificent fragrance, and seemed to come from his beard. He led us up to the front of the church and the service began.

It says in the prayer book that when

a person of riper years is to be baptized he shall be exhorted to prepare himself, with prayers and with fasting. And if he shall be found fit, "then the Godfathers and Godmothers (the People being assembled upon the Sunday or Prayer Day appointed) shall be ready to present him at the font." I suppose that was why I was taken along, so that there would be enough people there for a congregation: Mother and the sexton and me. The sexton, who seemed a nervous man, was skulking in a rear pew; but Mother and I stood just behind Father, to bolster him up. It was a curious situation for a small boy to be in, as I look back on it.

Mr. Morley presently read an address to the three of us, as we stood there before him. (I condense this and the following quotations, from the service in my old prayer book.)"Dearly beloved," he said to us, "forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and they who are in the flesh cannot please God, but live in sin; and our Saviour Christ saith, none can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be regenerate and born anew; I beseech you to call upon God that of his bounteous goodness he will grant to this person that which by nature he cannot have; that he may be baptized with Water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church, and be made a lively member of the same."

Next came a prayer in which Mr. Morley went back to the Ark, and spoke of how God saved Noah and his family from perishing by water; and of how God also led the children of Israel safely through the Red Sea; and of how Jesus was baptized in the Jordan. These three incidents were cited as proof that God had sanctified "the element of Water to the mystical washing away of sin."

"We beseech thee," Mr. Morley continued, "that thou wilt mercifully look upon this thy Servant; wash him and sanctify him with the Holy Ghost; that he, being delivered from thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church; and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may come to the land of everlasting life."

Father was getting restive by this time, but Mr. Morley kept on. He read us a part of the Gospel of John, and a long exhortation and prayer; and after this he bravely turned and spoke as follows to Father:

"Well-beloved, who are come hither desiring to receive holy Baptism, you have heard how the congregation hath prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would release you of your sins, to give you the kingdom of Heaven, and everlasting life. You have heard also that our Lord hath promised to grant all those things that we have prayed for. Wherefore you must also faithfully, in the presence of these your Witnesses and this whole congregation, promise and answer to the following questions:

"Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh?"

The answer to this was rather long, and Father of course had not learned it; but Mother whispered the words in his ear, and he repeated some of them impatiently, in a harsh, stony voice. He looked as though he might have been an annoyed Roman general, participating much against his will in a low and barbaric rite.

There were only three more questions, however, and the answers were short.

"O Merciful God," said Mr. Morley, when these were finished, "grant that the old Adam in this person may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him. Amen." He had to say this, because it was in the prayer book; but Father's eyes were on fire,

and there was a great deal of the old Adam in him, and it didn't look buried.

Four more little prayers followed, and then came the great moment, when Mr. Morley tried to pour water on Father. Owing to Father's fortunately being no longer an infant, the prayer book didn't require Mr. Morley to take him into his arms for this purpose, and hold him over the font; but he did have to wet him a little. I don't know how he managed it. I remember how Father stood, grim and erect, in his tailed morning-coat; but when I saw Mr. Morley make a pass at Father's forehead, I am sorry to say I shut my eyes tightly at this frightful sacrilege, and whether he actually landed or not I never knew. But he did go on to say, "I baptize thee," and all the rest of it, to Father. "We receive this person into the congregation of Christ's flock," he added, "and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. Amen."

The baptism part was now over. Father started to leave, but we managed somehow to detain him while we knelt and gave thanks. And, to end with, Mr. Morley urged Father to "mortify all his evil affections," and exhorted Mother and me to remember that it was our part and duty to put Father in mind what a solemn vow he had now made, that so he might grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, "and live godly, righteously, and soberly, in this present world."

We stood awkwardly still for a moment, but there was nothing else. Mr. Morley started in being chatty, in a more everyday voice. He stood next to me as he talked, and I remember how absorbed I was, again, by his mellow aroma. The odor was so grateful to my senses that it seemed almost nourishing. I sniffed and I sniffed—till all of a sudden I knew what it was. It was cocoa. We seldom had cocoa at our house. It made me feel hungry. I greedily inhaled the last bits of it while Mr. Morley talked on. He said he hoped we'd attend services in this new church of his, sometimes. He began to describe how the bishop had come there to consecrate it.

But Father broke in, saying abruptly, "I shall be late at the office," and strode down the aisle. Mother and I hurried after him. He was muttering such blasphemous things that I heard Mother whisper, "Oh, please, Clare, please; please don't. This poor little church! It'll have to be consecrated all over again."

As we drove off, Mother sank back into her corner of the cab, quite worn out. Father was still seething away, as though his very soul was boiling over. If he could only have known it, long quiet days were ahead, when he and God could go back in peace to their comfortable old ways together; for he was never confirmed, or troubled in any way again by religious demands. But all he could think of, for the moment, were his recent indignities.

He got out at the nearest Elevated station, to take a train for the office, with the air of a man who had thoroughly wasted the morning. He slammed the cab door on us, leaving us to drive home alone. But before he turned away to climb the stairs, he thrust his red face in the window, and with a burning look at Mother said, "I hope to God you are satisfied." Then this new son of the church took out his watch, gave a start, and Mother and I heard him shout "Hell!" as he raced up the steps.

(*The End*)

WOMAN'S SUBJECTIVE DEPENDENCE UPON MAN

BY BEATRICE M. HINKLE, M.D.

IT IS written in the Good Book that in the beginning it was Eve who dared to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—and it was Adam who timidly followed her lead. Certainly no sign of female weakness or dependence is manifest in this first recorded act of the first human couple. But it was through this very deed of daring and aggression that Eve inadvertently brought about her own subjugation; inasmuch as the Lord in his wrath declared, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Whether this Bible story possesses any objective significance or not, the incontrovertible fact is that woman has been relentlessly bound by nature to the wheel of her biological destiny. She was doomed to bring forth children and then more children, and to labor and care for them as do the beasts of the field, while man was left free from this burden to pursue his individual destiny. True, he had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, which curse, however, was equally shared by woman. It is not astonishing, therefore, that for untold centuries woman should have remained unconscious of herself as a being separate from the man and the child and that, as a consequence, her mind as well as her body should have been dominated by the man and the child.

The astonishing matter to those who think that the removal of external hindrances and restricting laws solves all problems is that having succeeded in throwing off the yoke of physical subjugation to man—as she has done here in America—woman should still cling tenaciously, although largely unconsciously, to her psychic dependence upon him.

There is no disputing the fact that the women of America have gained their freedom—outwardly. They are recognized as necessary factors in the economic and industrial life of the nation, and by their own efforts they have attained practically all of the opportunities and advantages in the way of education, legal status, and political rights that men possess. Yet they are dominated largely by masculine methods and attitudes, and as far as the world outside of the home, as well as the world of opinion, is concerned, they are almost wholly identified with masculine psychology.

Few women who have not become deeply conscious of themselves and attained an individual attitude have any conception of the degree of psychic dependence upon men that the great majority exhibit, whether or not they claim to be emancipated. They do not recognize how little they are able to think or act from their own center. Gina Lombroso, the Italian anti-

feminist, is an excellent example of a brilliant woman who is unconsciously dominated by the typical masculine ideas about women in general—despite the fact that she herself has studied medicine and has done many of the external things which she criticizes in other women. She confesses to have undertaken her serious studies only to please her father, implying that she has no intellectual interests of her own but is merely following the father's lead; therefore, of course, she must revolt and be unable to gain any individual satisfaction from her efforts. However, she still lives an active personal life, lecturing and writing to inform other women that they should remain at home and be satisfied with their traditional position. Thus, because she has never had to struggle for her independence, but through identification with her father, instead of from an inner urge, assumed a development she does not possess, she proceeds to generalize about all women from her particular psychology.

Among the most intelligent women, the unthinking acceptance of the masculine point of view even about themselves, their own feelings, and conditions and what is desirable or normal for them, their needs and life direction, would be laughable were it not tragic—tragic because of their real desire and great need to possess an individual attitude of their own. One of the most frequent experiences in my consulting room is to hear intelligent, college-bred women with good minds, but suffering from various neurotic ailments, restless and miserable, preface their discussion of their condition by what "my husband (or my father) thinks is the cause of my trouble." "My husband thinks I am too ambitious," or "I am not strong," or "I try to do too much," and so on.

In the realm of opinion one can observe many intelligent women who are obviously repeating what they have heard from masculine lips, and who are quite unconscious that they have not found their own point of view at all.

It is amusing—if not altogether alarming—to observe the ready manner in which women swallow jingoist propaganda when it emanates from masculine headquarters. Since women have the vote, they have become politically important, and there are various groups of women, women's clubs, and organizations which are being manipulated and used by men for their own ends quite unrealized by the women themselves. Because many of these women are well educated, capable, and even aggressive in their own right, it is not recognized how completely they are under the influence, intellectually and emotionally, of men—psychologically dependent—although unconscious of their bondage.

There are signs that the younger generation is striking out for itself in a much freer way. But it is too recent (and too young) a phenomenon to permit much speculation as to its lasting significance, since feminine acceptance of masculine standards of value is still an organized tradition which daughters imbibe with their mothers' milk.

In the circle of my own acquaintance I have been amazed to hear women, whose professional accomplishment ranked much higher than that of the average man working along similar lines, confess sadly that they felt inferior to men, and that no matter what they accomplished they could not throw off this feeling. I think of a well-known woman physician who has held most important positions, both here and abroad; of an outstanding woman educator noted as a feminist; of a woman who has built up a large and successful business of her own; of a woman who is consulted by men on many of the most important affairs of

their business life, and whose judgment is recognized as superior; and finally, of a very aggressive suffragist whose attitude was such that it was very clear that she was unconsciously driven by some personal need to escape from an uncomfortable feeling of inferiority. All five admitted that they labored under an oppressive sense of sex inferiority, the reason for which they could not clearly explain. Two of them were married, and the other three might have married if they had cared to do so—so that their feeling could not be ascribed to personal failure with men. The only reason that they could give for their sense of inferiority was one based on physical considerations solely —the menstrual function with its attendant disabilities, and their lack of general physical strength as compared with men. If this were valid reasoning, then those men who are giants of physical strength, such as prize fighters and other heroes of the athletic field, would be superior and the leaders of their sex—while, as a matter of fact, more than a few of the world's great men, such as Cæsar, Napoleon, Immanuel Kant, Lord Roberts, Disraeli, were small men endowed with but little physical strength, who probably suffered from greater physical handicaps than those from which most women suffer.

Indeed this cultural conditioning of the female sex to inferiority has entered so deeply into the souls of women that they can free themselves of it only by a very conscious effort. If those who consider themselves emancipated continue in the way they are going—of making as complete an identification of themselves with men as is possible, instead of happily recognizing themselves as women, and searching for their own values—they will not only fail to raise themselves from their feeling of inferiority, but they will achieve nothing more for the world than a duplication of many of man's short-sighted policies. The crying need of the world to-day is for a new direction of life, a new set of values to replace those which now dominate men; not for a horde of women to repeat and continue the masculine attitudes and symbols of value, ignoring the fact that they might be able as women to help create a new world point of view.

II

In making any comparison between the sexes we must recognize the fact that men, as well as women, function through the process of identification with others, are dominated by the tradition and culture in which they are born, and often suffer from an inferiority complex. Indeed, true convictions and independent thinking, freed from cultural habits, personal prejudices, and emotional complexes, are rare achievements even among highly educated men, to say nothing of the common run of mankind. The feeling of inferiority is in itself no respecter of sex. Men, in my experience, suffer from this condition quite as often as women do; witness the great number of male misfits in a world which has been created and controlled by men.

The feeling of inferiority is an indication of inadequate ego development, even though the individuals suffering from this condition may be very egotistic or self-centered, and of the impelling need to attain an adequate self-realization. It reveals a state of greater self-awareness than is common to those who lack this feeling of inferiority, and this deeper consciousness is a necessary condition for any further psychic development of the individual. Therefore, if properly understood and handled by its possessors, the feeling of inferiority may serve as a stepping-stone to the achievement of a more highly evolved and integrated personality. For it

acts as an informing voice which makes the individual aware that he is hampered and limited within himself. At the same time he can become conscious of the necessity to develop his greater potentialities as a human being. There are whole groups of people whose psychology is marked by this feeling—the Germans, Jews, and introvert types in general, although subjective extroverts who have become ego-conscious also suffer from this painful self-feeling. It is attributable, not to their racial status, as is often assumed, but to their personal inborn psychology, the racial status merely acting as a reinforcer of what already exists. With many people the sense of inferiority is largely responsible for whatever progress they have made, because they are compelled to strive to overcome the unhappy feeling.

Unfortunately, however, the individual generally rationalizes his feeling of inferiority and projects the cause on this thing or that, in an effort to account for and justify his weakness. This is the process used by women when they ascribe their sense of inferiority to the physical disabilities which accompany the gifts that nature has given them.

As a matter of fact, woman is richly endowed by nature in more than a few respects. In the physical realm she possesses the capacity for endurance and adaptation to an amazing degree; she is resourceful, rising to emergencies and conquering difficulties that require courage and keen intelligence; she is the producer of the race and is the original source upon which all men are primarily dependent. Maternal love, as contrasted with narcissistic love, is the basis of love for others and of altruism; in fact, all that men know of love has been awakened in them by women. Woman was the originator of all the primitive arts—as Lester Ward and other authorities have emphasized—and she is well endowed with the important functions of feeling and intuition.

Woman's sense of inferiority as woman, then, cannot come from her lack of natural endowments. It comes rather from the cultural conditioning and aggressive domination of men through the long ages. It is a collective, environmental product rather than an inner personal condition and, as such, will gradually disappear as a different environmental attitude arises. This is not true, however, in the case of the deep fundamental feeling of inferiority which affects individuals of both sexes. This is involved with the psychological development of the individual, and is not dependent for its origin upon the environmental setting, although of course it can be deepened and exaggerated by unfortunate environmental conditions.

III

Up to the present era women as a class have had no chance to achieve the development of a self, for the reason that they have been denied education and the discipline deriving from the activities reserved for men. Instead, woman's ego has been identified with the love object and the child—nature having taken this means of assuring the preservation of the race. From primitive times women not only had to bear children incessantly but to care and provide for them by the hardest kind of toil. In most tribal groups they also had to till the soil and labor as hard as any of the men; for it was believed that the female, being a fertile creature herself, could transmit that fertility to the seeds and earth.

Woman in relation to the purposes of nature occupies a peculiar position entirely distinct from that of man. She alone carries the burden and responsibility of bearing the race, and at

the same time she is dependent upon man for the fulfillment of this destiny. This is the physical basis of her psychic dependence. It is this fertile, instinctive maternal nature of woman that has given her power over man and fascination for him, and made her an object of both delight and fear. But unfortunately, it contributes nothing to her individual psychological development, for it is purely a collective function, not an individual achievement, and as such possesses only collective value. This is why marriage for woman has been of little help in the attainment of a separate individuality; for in the past man, as a matter of course, took the woman, and thus added to his property and to his sense of power, while the woman normally gave herself to him, blending her personality with that of his, and losing her separate germ of individuality in him.

With the ascendancy and development of the industrial era, when children became no longer an economic asset but a liability, woman's child-bearing function has become relatively less important, and marriage has assumed an entirely different status. One frequently hears the statement made that in America woman is now the dominant sex. It must be admitted that she dominates the home and has almost complete direction of the children; for the average husband, unfortunately, is so taken up with his business that he has little time to give to family affairs. For the same reason, she also dominates the cultural life not only of the family but of the whole country. Indeed, there is no doubt but that American women are outwardly, as far as domestic and æsthetic affairs are concerned, in the ascendancy over American men. As a consequence of this freedom of action concerning their own affairs they are blinded to their real status, and unconsciously deceive others. We are all so accustomed to think in terms of the external conditions of life, its sensory and purely objective aspects, that we forget that life evolves and develops from within outward, instead of the other way around, and that the mere freedom to carry out one's desires and one's will rarely leads to happiness. That is why so many American women find themselves discontented and unhappy in spite of their outward freedom and independence.

The most frequent complaint that I hear from women is, "I have nothing to wish for, all the freedom I want, ample means, and yet here I am, sick and miserable, restless and dissatisfied. What is the matter with me?" It is the failure of the external freedom to bring the expected satisfaction to women that causes many persons of both sexes whose insight does not penetrate very far, to conclude that all this new opportunity and striving on the part of women are futile, and what they need is to go back to their former status where the strong arm and will of man determined their behavior and actions. It is forgotten that all going back is regression, and that the denial of self-responsibility by normal human beings is not the answer to any problem. It means loss, a surrender of effort, defeat. Indeed, this is not the cure for the restlessness and dissatisfaction of women to-day. The cure is more struggle and effort until they find that needed security and sense of value within themselves.

The lack of an inner meaning to their lives is the real significance of the struggle and restlessness which is disturbing modern women. They are seeking to find themselves. A very few far-seeing men like Romain Rolland are aware of this problem which, more or less unconsciously and under different phases, is involving women everywhere. Hitherto men have depicted the restlessness and disturbance

in women as a desire to gain greater sexual freedom either within or without the sphere of marriage, or as a desire to gain achievement in a career, or merely to win economic freedom. But in his book, *L'Ame Enchantée—Annette et Sylvie*—Rolland has looked deeper, and with the vision of a seer has revealed the struggle of woman to win the freedom of her soul without any ulterior object. The man, as portrayed by Rolland, exhibits the typical lack of understanding of the woman's struggle and need.

Unquestionably the women of America are in the throes of a profound change. The industrial expansion of the age has forced many women to leave their homes and to take up the economic responsibility of their own lives. It has given all women the opportunity to earn their own living and to be economically independent of men. It has produced the outer conditions which make possible the development of the inner attitude so necessary for the achievement of a selfhood. It has brought about a new relation among women towards one another. This new attitude of acceptance and regard for one another is a matter of tremendous significance, for it means, psychologically, the acceptance by woman of herself, and is the prelude to the overcoming of her great psychic dependence upon man. This is one of the reasons why it is so disturbing to the male portion of humanity, for it heralds the psychological development of a new personality for woman, the attainment of a true individuality, in which she may gain a relation to man instead of a dependence upon him.

IV

The unmistakable signs of this profound change have precipitated a violent reaction on the part of many men. Some writers have called the new era the Age of Women, and in many warning diatribes they prophesy that terrible disasters will ensue when the new feminine forces are turned loose on the old world. The novelist, D. H. Lawrence, is one of those who have raised their voices in a panic of neurotic fear. Says Lawrence:

"The woman isolate or in advance of man is always mystically destructive. When man falls before woman and she must become alone and self-responsible, she goes on and on in destruction till all is death or till man can arise anew and take his place. Every stride she takes is a stride of death—such is the Age of Woman."

And again he says: "Woman cannot take the creative lead—whenever she recoils from man's leadership and takes matters in her own hands, she recoils in mystic destruction. She can only prompt man, not knowing herself to what she prompts him. What woman knows, she knows because man has taught it to her."

Ludovici is another of the moderns whose despair over the sad fate that overshadows the male sex by reason of woman's increasing power would be ludicrous if it were not pathetic. The dogmatism of these prophets, in view of the fact that history offers them no historical precedent on which to base their prophecies of disaster, in itself offers material for an interesting psychological analysis.

However, the epitome of all that men have written or thought about women's weakness and inferiority is to be found in Otto Weininger's *Sex and Character*—the book that created such a sensation when it was published in 1901. Weininger avers:

"Woman is only sexual, man is partly sexual. . . . To put it bluntly, man possesses sexual organs, her sexual organs possess woman, and so it happens that a man can know all about his sexuality, whilst a woman is unconscious of it and can in all

good faith deny it, because she is nothing but sexuality.

The woman is always living in a condition of fusion with all the human beings she knows, even when she is alone. (That is: Women have no definite individual limits—they are not marked off from the common stock of mankind.)

The unconceptional nature of her thinking is simply the result of her less perfect consciousness; of her want of an ego.

It has been exhaustively proved that the female is soulless and possesses neither ego nor individuality, personality nor freedom, character nor will. Only a creature with no will of its own, no character in the highest sense could be so easily influenced by the mere proximity to a man as is a woman, who remains in functional dependence on him instead of in a free relation to him.

These are strong words—much stronger than the average man would use; and although we may dismiss them as the utterances of a neurotic, it is more to the point that we examine them and discover how much truth they contain; for one of the frequent peculiarities of the neurotic is his possession of a deeper insight into fundamental aspects of humanity than is common to the normal person. In the normal person these are hidden in the unconscious, and thus the individual may appear to be entirely free from such notions.

It is important, therefore, to realize that man, deep in himself, does possess an overwhelming primitive fear of woman and, at the same time, envy of her. Even a superficial study of primitive peoples reveals that from the beginning women aroused in men a universal dread and fear, for they appeared to be mysterious, different beings. Their mystery lay in their life-giving power, the phenomena of which were observed but not understood; and it is this natural power that men still envy and fear—generally unconsciously, although not a few men have admitted to me full consciousness of this feeling. And since they envy her this power, they have derided her abilities in every other respect and claimed that her sexual functions precluded any possibility of her psychic evolution, of becoming self-aware, and of gaining a true ego development. As a matter of fact, women have lived to a tremendous degree in a state of unconscious functioning, quite unaware of themselves.

But many men, as well as women, live largely in the realm of the unconscious, their activities merely following other lines as laid down by tradition. That is, the consciousness of both men and women is extremely limited, and they are unable to account realistically or logically for much of their behavior or thought. Indeed, psycho-analysis reveals unmistakably that the external attitude and objective behavior, which create the general impression of the individual—the *persona*, as Jung expresses it—is but a minor part of the whole man; that there exists in everyone a psychic realm which functions in an entirely different way and obeys laws quite other than those of conscious culture and intention. This realm we speak of as the *Unconscious* because it operates independently of will and conscious control, through prejudices and opinions, mannerisms and unexpected behavior. Peculiar to it are its entire lack of logic, its urge for direct and immediate satisfaction of desire—the wish ruling supreme—the absence of conscious standards of value, and the resulting impulsive and irrational reactions and feelings. We call this particular psychic realm the *Collective Unconscious*, in contradistinction to the personal unconscious because it is the common matrix belonging to all human beings at birth—whereas the conscious, organized and directed personality can be developed only by force of training, by discipline, and the individual will.

It is this primitive, unorganized psy-

chological state that Weininger is describing when he thinks he is describing woman. All that he says of the mental and moral capacities of woman are the attributes that I have enumerated as characteristics of the collective unconscious. In so far as the woman is identified with this aspect of the psyche and remains undifferentiated, she will manifest the attributes that characterize it; but women have no monopoly of this condition. Many men manifest equally irrational and unmoral tendencies, and certainly men are still the victims of their instincts and impulses, although they have largely rationalized and objectified them. Their veneer is a mask, or a *persona*, pressed upon them from the outside by society and the external demands of their lives, often concealing weakness, infantilism, and crude sexual and egotistic elements which lie just beneath the surface. Man in his struggle for power has repressed his feelings and emotional needs more successfully than woman has done, but he has never utilized them adequately, and brought them to as highly developed a state as has been done, for instance, with the thinking function.

V

Man has, however, attained a sense of himself as a separate entity, which women are only beginning to acquire. That is, he thinks of himself as "I," an individual standing alone and apart from all other human beings and yet at the same time having a relation to them. Levy Bruhl, the brilliant French ethnologist, shows by copious evidence that primitive man never thought of himself as an individual, but only as a member of the group or tribe. Modern man, on the other hand, never thinks of himself otherwise than as an individual. In fact the greatest insult that can be given him is to tell him that he has no particular individuality and is—as Weininger describes woman —"not marked out from the common herd."

Now there are two good reasons for man's earlier achievement of individuality. In the first place necessity arising from the demands of his life and environment forced him to a gradual development of ego consciousness. So there grew up in the course of time a mold of masculine life which impressed itself upon every boy and by it he acquired a greater awareness of the world about him and a greater urge to adjust himself to that world than his sister felt. This urge resulted in a keener consciousness of himself, in individual development of one kind or another, and in the transformation of crude muscular force into the gaining of power in subtler ways. In other words, man's social inheritance makes certain very definite demands upon him as an individual, whereas, until recently, woman's demanded only that she fulfill her biological task and be content with that.

In the second place, his sex life, representing only a moment of pleasure, did not completely satisfy him. For the psychology of primitive man is dominated by self-love or narcissism, as contrasted with that of primitive woman who found complete fulfilment in fruitfulness and love for the object. Consequently, when man realized his own inferior position in the biological scheme of things conflicts arose within him, and he struggled to free himself from the power of woman and of sex by creating a world of his own. Woman, on the other hand, had no such incentive to development or progress. The natural world was her medium. I do not mean that there has been no sexual problem for her, but it was not a primary one. Conflict arose within her only when she was unable to attain the completion of herself through another. So long as she had a satisfactory mate

and could bring forth her child she felt no compulsion to raise herself beyond instinct to a free willing of her own goal, which was the aim of man.

Nor would the women of the Western world yet experience any such intense inner struggle as exists to-day if the men of their world had not become such egoists as to neglect so completely women's instinctive needs. Even while they contend that women are predominantly sexual beings—to quote Weininger again—who can find fulfillment only in love and child-bearing, they have given honor to a code which demanded that women must never give expression to this great need or betray by their actions their natural desires.

Only compare this attitude with that of the Hindus or the Brahmans, who likewise believe that woman can have no worthy existence except through conjunction with man. The Brahmic code makes it the goal and duty of man to consider the woman's sexual desires as paramount to his own, while the general custom of the Western man has been to satisfy his own desires and give very little thought, first or last, to those of the woman. Nor does he give himself psychically—or imaginatively—to the service of love; instead he devotes his energies almost entirely to the pursuit of worldly gain and his own egotistic interests. This is particularly true of the Anglo-Saxon man, who has almost totally disregarded the love needs of women.

Therefore, following a psychological law, the Anglo-Saxon women, rather than be destroyed by the suppression of their instinctive needs, were forced to seek new outlets for their *libido*, or psychic energy, where they would not be completely dependent upon man's favor and attention and as a result they are the most advanced and alert of any women in the world.

On the other hand, the women of India, as a class, have remained static in their instinctive and undeveloped condition, and possess to this day just such a collective psychology as Weininger indiscriminately attributes to all women.

VI

It is quite evident that it was the Anglo-Saxon man himself who killed the bird that laid the golden egg. He failed to absorb woman's whole libido and thereby liberated her to pursue other interests. Now that she has won her comparative freedom from him, it is hardly suitable for him to sneer at women's restless activities as merely manifestations of unsatisfied sex desires, for this is a sad reflection upon himself. Suppose this were originally so, who is to blame that the love life of the women of the Western world and Anglo-Saxon women in particular, has been so unsatisfactory? Who created the cultural ideals of sex repression for women and made the demands that forced women to conform to what men desired of them rather than to be what they were?

Perhaps in no country more than in ours has there been less regard given by men to the love needs of women or to the importance of the love factor in human life. Hampered in the beginning by the puritan conception of the sinfulness of human love, and dominated by the necessity of overcoming primitive conditions and of creating external prosperity as measured by financial success, the libido has been employed in the service of the ego to the largest extent, with but little left over for the service of love.

On the other hand, perhaps in no other country except France has there been such consideration given to women by men as independent associates in the common life, and opportunities allowed them for the free expression of their ego desires in other than sexual channels.

This forced diversion of the libido from its instinctive channel in women whose natural purpose is that of race-bearer and conservator, has unquestionably produced a definite effect upon their psychology. It has forced them to seek for ego satisfaction in other avenues than that bound up with the favor of man and so far opens the way to greater individual development. It must be remembered that it was a similar sexual conflict that forced man through the ages to develop his individualistic tendencies and more objective attitudes, although in his case the push arose from within, while for woman it has been forced upon her from without.

The strongly prejudiced attitude of the majority of men against women's competition with them in their own fields would be an amazing phenomenon if one did not understand the strength of the forces that lie in the *Unconscious* and of the original primitive fear and awe of woman.

Even psycho-analysis in the hands of many of its men exponents condemns all efforts or achievements of women in an intellectual or a non-biological line as masculine or away from woman's "normal sphere." Freud himself claims that libido or psychic energy—sex energy, in Freud's terminology—is regularly masculine in character, and he ignores the idea that as energy it could only be bisexual or, rather, outside the scope of all sex differentiation. Thus it is evident that, in spite of the increase of knowledge, even the scientific man is under the sway of the same old wish which conceived of woman as created out of Adam's rib.

Not only psycho-analysts but other modern writers, who even pose as admirers of the feminine sex, often take this position. Lucka, for example, in his book called *Eros*, which is a history of the development of modern love, reiterates over and over again that for women there can be no change, since they are by nature made for the service of love and so forever fixed in their instinctive life. He fails to say what happens when they are unable to obtain that for which they were made.

All of these writers totally ignore the now scientifically proven fact that the average human being possesses both masculine and feminine hormones, that in other words, all men and women possess in varying degrees both the male and female elements, and that, therefore, it is scientifically impossible to lay down any rule about what activity belongs to women or what belongs to men. Neither men nor women are exclusively female nor exclusively male.

The greatest need for woman is to attain self-realization, consciousness of herself as a distinct personality apart from her biological function, and thus gain an inner independence of man. Only when this is attained can a true relationship develop between man and woman wherein sex antagonism, envy, and rivalry cease to exist. Only then can modern woman give herself freely in love, and both man and woman gain the completion that comes from such giving.

Women who wish to attain a true inner independence must first of all cease to judge themselves according to men's opinion of their sex. They must be penetrating enough to see that the average man's attitude barely conceals a fear and a wish—a fear that woman will become his rival in the sphere he has made his own while he cannot invade her realm, and a wish to hold her in the bonds of her instinctive functioning.

Further, women should cease rationalizing their sense of inferiority and blaming it on their physical weakness. There are actually women among many ethnic groups who are physically the equal of men. However, instead of worshipping the physical strength of

man, let them develop a strength of a different order; that is to say, moral strength, which still commands the greatest respect from the world. Indeed, if this comparative lack of physical strength is a reality to which women must adapt themselves, then they actually possess the fundamental condition of all progress, namely the pressure of a necessity, without which little human development would occur.

Let women, too, make the most of their important function of feeling rather than regret its dominance, for, disciplined, it is quite as valuable a function for life as is thought. In life, situations often arise in which a feeling judgment is the only adequate one, while thought flounders about entirely at a loss in the matter. The mistake is frequently made of confusing the function of feeling with emotional reactions, and calling a display of undisciplined or childish emotion a result of too great feeling. This is not feeling, but the expression of an immature and undeveloped personality. It is certainly true that a person who brings only feeling to all problems of life is psychically one-sided and without the balance that comes from developed thought, just as is the person who brings only thought to all problems of life and is lacking in the functions of feeling and intuition with which to meet the many situations where they are needed.

A woman who can adequately assimilate an emotional experience, whether it be a love affair or the birth of a child, and be enriched and broadened by it has learned the art of life and developed her personality far more completely than the man who makes of love "a thing apart." For love should have at least equal place with the ego instincts in our lives; and in their struggle for expression in other fields, men have made the mistake of repressing and belittling love as compared to the drive for power, giving it second place and thereby impoverishing their own natures.

VII

There is a question to-day whether women will follow men in their struggle for power. The men of our world have wrested wealth from nature—and from one another—but now they stand helpless like Frankenstein before the monster which they have created—before the twin specters of Force and Greed which stalk the world. As women become conscious of themselves and aware of ego desires beyond those expressed in sex appeal, the desire for power in the world of men is likely to possess their being in the same way that it has dominated the egotistic male through the ages. The *ruthless* desire for power is the instinctive expression of the crude ego; while love and altruism serve the ego transformed and raised from its instinctive form to its higher human aspect. The great question is whether women, entering the world's field of action at a higher cultural level than men entered it, can skip the stage of crude, personal egotism.

If all that is to be accomplished by women gaining an equal opportunity in the world of affairs consists merely in a shifting of the same principle of power from the shoulders of one sex to those of the other, I for one would pray for the maintenance of the old conditions as the lesser evil. For at least the hope and the promise which lies in the instinctive woman would not be lost. I do not mean that women should not interest or occupy themselves in world affairs as necessity or inclination directs; but I do mean that if they use this activity in the world as an end in itself, instead of as an aid to becoming more highly integrated and evolved human beings, they are defeating their own ends—and they will achieve individually nothing better than men have achieved. This is the thesis of

the Vaerting book, *The Dominant Sex*, which sees, as Nietzsche did, the entire problem of the human drama as the struggle for power, in which one sex in no way differs from the other except as the one or the other becomes dominant.

In the struggle that is going on to-day many highly intelligent women are making the error of ignoring men, or of belittling them and their own love needs, turning away from marriage, while they identify themselves with man in their psychic reactions and attitudes. This is most unfortunate for themselves. No woman who has failed to gain the experience which comes from living in intimate association with another person, especially one of the opposite sex involving the love relation, or who has missed the great feminine experience of childbirth and rearing, can think to escape this loss by minimizing or ignoring it. She must face it resolutely as a loss, whether of conscious choosing or of unconscious fate, and at the same time she must find some substitution which transmutes the loss into relative gain.

Finally, as before mentioned, the modern woman needs to attain an inner sense of personal dignity and of respect for herself as an individual apart from the man and the child. In attaining this end, no one factor is more important than women's relations with one another. Indeed, it is only through an understanding of one another's problems that they can forge ahead. Only a short time ago women met solely on the plane of rivalry and jealousy, but now that they have begun to free themselves outwardly from masculine control and are engaging in cultural and professional pursuits, they are coming into a new relation with one another comparable to that solidarity among men which has had so much to do with man's success in the upward struggle.

Deep loyalty to one's own sex—I do not mean by that hostility to the opposite sex—is a *sine qua non* of self-respect. Unless a woman recognizes the inherent value of other women she cannot really respect herself, for she too is a woman. In the old days a woman considered that the greatest flattery a man could pay her was to say that she had a man's brain or that her thinking was like a man's, and it is an interesting modern phenomenon that the growing regard of women for one another is looked at so disapprovingly by many men. Some even go so far as to attack it viciously as being homosexual, delightfully disregarding the fact that the well-recognized friendships and loyalties among men which have been praised in song and story have the same psychological foundation and are a perfectly normal expression. As a matter of fact, they have been of the greatest service in building up solidarity and a strong attitude in men in the very directions that the weaknesses of women have been most remarked upon and criticized.

The crux of the matter is that a woman who has enjoyed intelligent companionship with other women will not be content with only an *eros* relation with man, but will demand also a *logos* relation. The average man still desires only the *eros* relation with woman, as Mr. Clarence Darrow unblushingly confessed at a public dinner not long since. For this very reason it is imperative for women consciously to struggle to develop themselves, that they may create a higher and more completely satisfying relation with men.

Women have a unique opportunity at this time of rising to a new order of consciousness not only for their own good, but for the good of the race. To-day a spiritual pessimism and hopelessness pervade the world, and if women cannot bring forth a new vision, a new ideal, I do not know from whence it will come. For they alone can

transmute the maternal instinct into that great principle of love and altruism which must be the basis of a new understanding among men. (Surely Bernard Shaw's dedication of his last great compendium on socialism to "the intelligent woman" was more than a merry jest at men's expense.)

Such a mission requires the greatest consciousness of self and a volitional effort of the highest order. There are thousands of women in our country free from the burden of economic necessity who have the time and opportunity for thought and effort of a serious character. What greater contribution to life can they make than to turn their major purpose and effort toward self-realization and development in its highest sense, to that self-creation which would enable them to form the beginnings among themselves of the new human relationships necessary to redeem the world.

For man is caught in the meshes of his own weaving, and is slowly awakening to the realization that what he has produced bids fair hopelessly to entangle him in its far-flung strands. Therefore, whether our civilization is to enter into its highest destiny, the destiny that the poets, philosophers, and men of vision have foreseen, or whether it will perish miserably, destroyed by man's own hand, as men of science are now predicting, will largely depend upon what we, as women, make of ourselves. For in our great task of creating more highly evolved human beings, those possessing true individuality and a deepened consciousness, lies a new hope for humanity.

DESCENT

BY LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

NOW has the tide withdrawn that will not return
Again to the thirsty shore.
Now has the sun gone down that will show itself
In the eastern sky no more.

It was good, climbing the hill; it was good all the way;
For a moment I stood at the top with the sky for a crown,
Where now I stand alone with the wind in my eyes,
Facing the long way down.

JUNIOR MISS

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

SHEILA didn't know the new boy at the gasoline station but Carol spoke to him. Carol knew almost everybody. That was because she had gone to East High for a year before she went away to school. This boy was quite old, probably twenty, and very good-looking.

"Hello, Mark."

"Hello, Carol. How are you?"

She left it to him to guess how anyone would be who had a tan like caramel frosting and plenty of tennis muscle.

"You working here?" she asked.

"That's one way of putting it," he said, giving her the look that showed that girls were never any trouble to him.

"This is Mark Brett, Sheila Farmer. The two in the rumble, if they still happen to be there, are Becky Spengler and—but you probably know Joan Guilford."

"Sure I do. Hello, Joan."

Somebody on the other side of the gas tanks honked to indicate that sociability in an attendant was not the most important thing. He became businesslike.

"High test?"

"No, low," said Sheila quickly, "I think that's just as good."

"Just about," he agreed, "unless you're going to climb trees. How many?"

Sheila hated to mention a mean little number like four, but allowances were allowances. She looked at her gasoline meter which had been reading "Empty" for the last two miles and said carelessly, "Oh, four will be all right."

He wiped her windshield just as carefully as if she had filled her tank with high test, and she thanked him with an appreciative glance which included his looks as well as his services. There was no change, and she started off with such dash that the two in the rumble seat were jerked forward.

"Have some decency!" shouted Becky over the restless back-firing. "We aren't just two old trunks back here, you know."

"Mark Brett got her excited," said Carol turning her head.

"Don't be such a lump. I never saw him before. Who is he?"

"He used to be the big shot at East High."

"When?"

"Oh, almost always. For a long while. He was a grand football player. I guess they hung on to him for that. And he certainly had all the girls wringing their hands."

"Have you heard what he told somebody?" Joan called against the wind.

They turned side faces to listen, Sheila with a casual eye on traffic.

"He said that he'd necked every girl in High School who interested him and that now he was beginning on the girls home from boarding school."

"There's a break for you, Sheila."

Sheila made a noise of derision and defiance.

"Nobody necks me," she announced.

"Is that getting to be a pose or do you really still feel that way?"

"I've told you a thousand times. I just think it's disgusting," said Sheila. "It makes me sick. How any of you can let those greasy boys touch you when you know they go away and brag about it!"

Carol giggled. "You take it a lot too seriously," she said.

Joan, leaning forward on the rim of the rumble seat, explained:

"It makes a lot of difference who the boy is, of course. But you have to have experience some day."

Becky said nothing. She was lifting her hand to salute three or four boys who rode by in a rush of wind and a red car.

"Wasn't that John Palmer's new car?"

"Isn't it a beauty?"

"His father gave it to him for getting a prize in Math at St. Andrews."

"You know all the older girls are making a fuss over John. Of course he does look at least twenty-one."

"Not to me," said Sheila. "He just looks conceited to me. He's always been that way since he used to recite the Kings of England at us to show how smart he was. I met him on the street the other day and he looked at me with his well-well-here's-another-little-girl expression and said, 'Still getting along without make-up, aren't you?' Is he coming out to the cottage to-night, Beck?"

"He and Rufe and Cub and Bob. Cub will pick you up, and Carol and Rufe will go out with you too, if he can get his car. His family may be going to need it and they haven't anything else but that electric, so it's still a little bit up in the air. But he was going to leave word at my house."

"We can have our car if we take the blamed chauffeur," said Carol with a touch of bitterness. "That would be a real treat—to ride behind old, doddering Oscar."

"I don't know yet whether I can go to-night or not," said Sheila.

"Oh, you simply must."

"Father says I'm running around too much," she quoted.

"I wonder what they all want us to do."

"Enjoy scenery and read good books, of course. Play badminton in the back yard. Be wholesome. How I hate that fat word! Father even had a fit because we went to the barbecue after that band concert the other night."

"Mother's that way too," said Joan. "She's always talking about What Might Happen."

"I wish a little more would happen around here, that's what I wish."

"There's the Midsummer Cotillion, but we won't get invitations this year."

"I'll bet they ask John Palmer."

"Oh, they always want extra men and, seen from a distance, John looks something like a man," remarked Sheila.

Becky said, "I wasn't supposed to say anything about it, but Bill said the other morning at breakfast that we might be asked this year."

They were instantly attentive. Bill Spengler was important and anything he said was big news. He was Becky's older brother and more than half way through Yale.

"You mean us?" asked Carol specifically.

Becky almost lowered her voice as if the wind might carry tales.

"It isn't sure. Don't say a thing about it. Because the older girls haven't decided. Some of them think that in your first three years of prep school you ought to be kept strictly off the scene."

"Well, maybe we wouldn't have a

good time anyway," suggested Sheila.

"I'd take a chance. I'd adore it," said Joan.

Sheila slowed. "What's the next stop?" she asked.

"You'd better go and ask your mother about to-night. And then let's get hold of the boys and get started. It's three now."

"Mother's having a luncheon."

"Can't you just speak to her?"

"I guess so. Probably I'd better. If we're going to get way out there and swim before dinner we'll have to get started."

"O. K."

They turned south and drove to Sheila's house. Quite a number of cars were parked before it.

"You wait here," said Sheila. "I'll go in and ask."

"You don't think it would add weight if we all came in?" asked Becky.

"They always like to see the younger set," said Carol.

"It gives them something to disapprove of all afternoon."

"I'm managing this," said Sheila. "Stay out. Mother said that she didn't want us barging in and out to-day."

"Well, don't take forever."

Luncheon was still going on. The house looked rather partyish with more flowers about than usual and a tang of cigarette in the air. Sheila skirted the front hall and went out to the kitchen to reconnoiter. There she ate a piece of angel food, a cheese roll, and two hunks of preserved cantaloupe.

"Go in and tell them it's all over," she suggested to Hilda the waitress. "Tell them people are starving in China."

Hilda started to laugh loudly and put her hand over her mouth to stop it.

"There's ice cream left, Miss Sheila," she said, but Sheila shook her head. A girl had to think of her figure once in a while, and besides she'd had ice cream at Joan's for lunch.

She stood near the door between the butler's pantry and the dining room and listened. It was talk that was keeping them at the table, not food.

"Of course I always say that it gets right back to the home. A girl will act as she's been taught to act."

That voice belonged to Dolly Andrews' mother, and she was one of the women who never ought to make a remark like that, thought Sheila. If she taught Dolly some of her tricks she shouldn't brag about them.

"Have you seen little Becky Spengler this summer? She's become very pretty. Really a beauty."

"Yes, but she's so over-sophisticated. She'll be faded at twenty and forgotten at twenty-five."

Evidently Mrs. Spengler wasn't there for lunch.

"I was so amused to see that at the Country Club the other night young John Palmer was there and quite a beau!"

"That boy's only seventeen."

There was a rapid, ironic voice.

"Juvenile gossip always seems so abnormal to me. Scandal's really the one thing adults might retain for their own use."

Everybody laughed. That was probably Mrs. Haglin. Sheila approved of her. She was old but she showed that a woman could be interesting after thirty. She went abroad a lot and had lovely clothes. When you met her in the locker room of the Country Club she wasn't always audibly asking someone who that child was. She minded her own business beautifully.

She heard someone else say in answer to some statement lost in the laughter, "I know, but they're just children under the lipstick." The chairs moved and as the group left the dining room, Sheila went swiftly through the kitchen

entrance to the hall and tried to flag her mother.

"Hello, darling," said Mrs. Farmer. "I'm so glad you came in. You know Mrs. Crosby—Mrs. Helm—Mrs. Haglin—yes, isn't she huge? I can't imagine having a daughter this size. Do you know we wear the same clothes now? We both shop in the junior miss department."

"That's because you've got a sixteen-year-old figure too, Helen."

Mrs. Farmer liked to hear that said. It had been a popular remark all summer.

Sheila passed from hand to hand. She looked demure and agreeable and docile. She said that she liked her school ever so much, that she was going back about the middle of September, that she did like Connecticut, that she was having a grand time, and that she was awfully glad to be home. The answers were no effort. She always kept them on hand.

"Is it all right if I go out to the Spenglers' cottage for a picnic supper?" she asked when that was over.

Mrs. Farmer, a little flushed by her luncheon, attempted quick concentration.

"Who's going?"

"Just Becky and Joan and Carol and a few boys. Cub and Bob and a couple of others." She did not mention John Palmer by name because that would admit thinking of him.

It was rather a public interview. Several of the guests were listening, and Sheila knew that her mother would have to make it a model occasion.

"Will there be some older person there?"

"Mrs. Spengler's sister—the one who writes—is staying at the Lake."

"And you'll get home early?"

Someone asked, "Just what is early?"

"Eleven at the latest," said Sheila's mother firmly. "Be sure of that, Sheila. You know how your father feels."

"O. K." said Sheila.

"She's such a lovely girl," someone said on her departure. Sheila knew that someone was probably saying that, but it gave her no pleasure. Some compliments were no good at all.

"I like the way she asked permission to go. I thought this modern generation didn't bother about permissions."

"Oh, Charley and I insist on knowing everything Sheila does," said Mrs. Farmer.

"You and Charley are optimists," said Mrs. Haglin.

"Is this a party to-night?"

"Oh, no. They just go out and have a swim and a little picnic supper. It's a very simple, normal kind of thing. Just what I like to have her do in the summer. It's so relaxing. And that cottage of the Spenglers' is such a lovely place. The setting's beautiful, and Bess has such good taste."

Sheila was half way down the walk. She saw a dusty car drive off and a small boy, who had emerged from it, lugged a duffle bag up toward the house. He was a relative, even if small, so she stopped and spoke to him.

"Hello," she said, "did you get any honors at camp?"

"Maybe," said her brother. "How are you? Having any luck with the boys yet? I see a whole crowd of gigglers parked out in your car."

"You'd better go to the back door," said Sheila. "Mother's having a party."

He looked disgruntled and then cheerful.

"Good stuff to eat?" he asked.

She grinned. "Yes—pig. Gobs of ice cream."

He hurried, pulling at the heavy duffle bag, and she gave it a helping kick, but that was as far as an unsentimental affection would allow her to help a brother.

"You didn't use my golf balls, did you?" he asked.

"Those horrid little twenty-five cent things?" she answered ambiguously and went out to the waiting car.

"We're all children under our lipstick," she said. "I just found that out. I can go all right. Eleven's the dead line."

She delivered the girls at their houses, went home, and reached her own room without adult observation. The room was very pleasant, for the afternoon sun was baffled by the deep awning outside her windows. She felt a little tired and pretty much in a hurry, for Cub would be along in about twenty minutes according to the last schedule. Clothes had to be considered. The white suit she had on was a total mess, and everyone had seen everything she had a thousand times. She wished that she had something to wear that John Palmer would notice. She didn't want to please him but only to startle him. It would probably be one more dull evening, the way they always were when you didn't neck. Sheila knew how it was. She was popular with the girls but not especially with the boys. They liked her all right. They respected her, as her mother said. And they thought she was the goat too, Sheila reflected.

She looked in the glass at her black hair and white skin with its peppering of freckles.

"I'm tiresome to look at," she said aloud and plunged into her wardrobe. There was nothing fit to wear. Grass stain on her sport shoes, and the white piqué suit had a streak of plum juice down the front. The yellow made her look fat for some reason and, good dress or not, she wouldn't wear it any more. The pink was in the wash. The knitted blue might have done but that must be at the cleaner's, since it couldn't be located. She looked at a couple of useless organdies and a row of uniforms of various colors on hangers. There they were, waiting. It wouldn't be so bad to get back to school. It would be fun to see Kit. But Kit would have so much to tell, and boys from every prep school in the United States would be writing Kit. And here she herself was all summer, with life going past her, and storing up no romance whatsoever. It was all very well to please your mother and ladies who came to lunch, but there was not much in it for you.

She thought with a little homesickness of last summer when everybody had just played around and nothing had been so complicated, and of summers before that at camp. But you couldn't be hanging around camps all your life of course. You had to grow up. Carol liked it and so did Joan and Becky, and they'd always been her best friends.

Irrelevantly and fiercely she thought that she hated necking and went into her mother's room to see what was there in the way of clothes. Maybe she could borrow something.

In the best wardrobe her hands drifted along a line of evening dresses. She thought that when she grew up she would have dozens of them and wear one to dinner every night, not just for parties. Of course you couldn't do it here. You couldn't just sit opposite Jimmy, whose nails were grubby no matter how much they were washed, and wear evening clothes. You had to have a panelled dining room and only adults, very young but very worldly adults. People let themselves get in a rut, she thought critically. Mother and father did.

There wasn't really much to choose from. She couldn't wear as many of her mother's things as Mrs. Farmer said in her boastful amusement. The suits were too old looking, and the sport dresses weren't quite the same style. Of course there was that green-and-white linen. It was quite new, Sheila was perfectly aware. She had

seen her mother take it out of the box a day or two ago, and it came from a very good shop. She carried it back to her own room and tried it on just to have a look. It seemed a little youngish for her mother, looked at quite impersonally, but there was no doubt that it was a most effective dress.

She heard an imperative honking outside and realized that they had come for her. In a quick rush of decision she made up her mind that she could explain to her mother that she had not had time to take it off, and she would be terribly careful of it and either press it in the morning or get Hilda to do it. She picked a small lump of white crocheted silk off a chair, rolled it carefully into a head covering, put an infinitesimal feather in the side of it, picked up a bathing suit, towels, and a bag to put them in, forgot a handkerchief, and was off.

"Good-by," she called as she passed the living room.

Mrs. Farmer, who could play an excellent game of contract and at the same time be a conscientious mother, called back, "Good-by, darling. And remember, not later than eleven!"

The Spengler cottage had been one of Bess Spengler's enthusiasms a few years ago, and she still didn't admit that forty acres of spruce-covered land on the edge of a blue-green lake and a shingled, spread-out cottage with every possible comfort did not mean as much to her as it had when she had so carefully furnished it. She had loved it but she always loved things so furiously that most of her passions were almost bound to wane. The deep porches with their bright, rain-proof hammocks and swings, the little bedrooms all in key, with blankets and bedspreads from hand looms in Carolina, were just as charming as they had been in the beginning. But after all the place lacked a golf course, and there were no horses within miles, and Mrs. Spengler had just decided that golf and riding were the two things that keep a woman young. So it had seemed an almost perfect arrangement to let her sister—the one who had turned out so strangely to be an author and was a person to be proud of though she did have a way of putting things in print that made her family blush—stay there and get inspiration by the brainful. The understanding was that the caretaker would do the cooking and also that the children, Bill and Becky, might come out and swim every now and then or bring some of their friends out for an occasional picnic supper. But otherwise Marian Wade's inspirations were to be subjected to no interruptions.

Miss Wade also had thought it was a good solution for her. The cottage was to her mind a little overdone and had lost rural values. She would have preferred to be spending the summer, as she had intended, in an inn on the edge of the Black Forest. There were too many printed linens, too much Deruta pottery all over this place of her sister's. But the Black Forest had proved expensive to reach and too remote at the moment from publishers. Besides, the lake before the cottage had an amazing way of turning primitive on some mornings, particularly when it rained, and the shadows of the spruces were dull, black, and sinister. There were things that even rich relatives could not spoil.

The greatest difficulty Miss Wade found with the source of her inspiration was the sudden descents of her sister's children. She could not for one thing understand why they were called children. She had known them from birth, in every stage of growth, but they seemed utter strangers, immature, uncouth but not youthful. They were sometimes announced by telephone, but again a car drove up with a speed that seemed to indicate flight

from the police, Bill and other young men got out, invaded the bathing house, plunged into the lake, shouted, smoked, made great wet tracks with male feet all over the sand and the wharf, spoke to her—but never said anything—and went away. They were annoying but they were on the whole less annoying and more transient than Becky's invasions. Becky stayed longer and brought more people, usually both boys and girls. They, too, swam and shouted. They stayed for supper and danced. They played the victrola steadily, often concentrating on some one whining, melancholy record. And though Miss Wade was aware that she was officially in charge of such gatherings—even supposed to be a sort of guardian angel in exchange for the rent—they seemed impervious to her presence. Everyone spoke to her with complete courtesy but they always seemed waiting for her removal or exit. She went. She had the cook bring her supper to the farthest end of the farthest porch, most remote from the victrola and slow, metrical, dancing feet.

They also had a way of coming just at the wrong time. It was especially so to-day. All afternoon Miss Wade had been struggling with a difficult chapter in her forthcoming novel. She wanted to make it perfect, to write almost lyric prose. It was the chapter of young love and needed graciousness, naïveté, delicacy. In six long hours she had written about twenty lines and was just at the point when fluency seemed about to come when she heard the rush of cars and remembered that her sister had telephoned that Becky was bringing some of her friends out for supper. The supper, of course, was the cook's business. But Miss Wade dragged herself out of reverie and composition and meditation on the exquisiteness of young love when it is just new born, and went to greet her niece and the company of friends she had brought with her. Most of the occupants of the two cars she had seen before. They seemed particularly objectionable this afternoon. A rude, monosyllabic disagreement began between the girl called Sheila and the young Palmer boy the moment they got out of different automobiles. The Palmer boy had, Miss Wade had once noticed, a beautifully shaped head, but she couldn't imagine what was in it.

They all went swimming. From the porch which faced the lake Miss Wade saw them flip backwards and forwards off the high diving board. It was a remarkable procedure to one who swam twenty yards, breast stroke, with difficulty, but she did not admire it. It made her nervous and conscious that if they broke their necks someone might blame her. She was glad when they finally came out of the water. Miss Wade counted them again and, being sure they were all there, saw that the table was laid with eight places, and put a great bouquet of nasturtiums in the middle to match the big, striped Basque napkins. Then she went off to a remote corner and had her own supper tray and tried to recapture the mood of Jennifer, even though a record soon began to scrape a tune on the victrola. Jennifer, who was the heroine of Miss Wade's story, was an English girl and as natural as hedgerows or fields of heather. She must not be allowed to shrink from love—nor yet, of course, to seek it. It was difficult to know exactly what Jennifer would do while the victrola kept rasping that misbegotten music.

Becky appeared.

"Aunt Marian," she said, "it's all right, isn't it, if we drive around the lake a bit and get some air?"

To Miss Wade it was a comforting suggestion, but she had a feeling that she was expected to demur. She knew there were sets of rules for these

children, and often they were forbidden to do things which were hardly distinguishable from those which were permitted. A couple of hours ago, alone with Jennifer, Miss Wade had felt that she quite understood youth, but there was something incomprehensible about these young people.

"How far do you want to go?" she asked.

"Oh, not farther than the Pavilion. We might stop there for a soda or something."

Sodas seemed revolting to Miss Wade. They had finished supper not more than an hour ago.

"Don't go off on untraveled country roads, will you?"

"Oh, heavens no! Been too many stick-ups."

"And you shouldn't start back to town too late."

"Sheila's got to be home at eleven. We'll be back here for our coats long before that."

It seemed all right. Miss Wade heard them get into the cars, heard Sheila's voice declaring rudely, "I'll ride with you if you won't talk about your sweet self all the time, Johnny."

No graciousness, thought Miss Wade, and was happy to be alone with Jennifer, who could be counted upon to be gracious.

Becky had told no lies. In her group, they were not accustomed to tell lies. Truth with one's parents and chaperons was a matter both of principle and wisdom, but limitation of the truth sometimes did no harm. There might be an orchestra at the Pavilion to-night, but it would not be like attending a public dance to stumble on one, as it were, and dance around once or twice.

In the meantime there were other things to settle.

"Cling to your wheel," said Sheila, "I don't go in for things like that."

"Oh, you don't. Why not?"

"It doesn't interest me."

That wasn't true at all. It not only interested her but it worried her.

They spoke in low voices. The people in the rumble seat could mind their own business.

"You're beginning to be pretty," said John critically.

He noticed the dress, she thought. It's a lucky dress.

"Yes, I'll give Greta Garbo a run all right," she mocked herself.

His arm made another gesture and returned to the steering wheel.

"Don't make any exceptions?"

"I haven't."

"Maybe you're going to find things a little dull."

"Oh, I'll worry along," said Sheila.

She tried to be casual but she felt rather stiff and priggish.

"Have it your own way," said John, "but if you're really not going to neck any, Sheila, you'll need an awfully good line."

"I'm thinking of learning the names of the Kings of England," she said derisively.

It was a pretty miserable ride. They used only edged words. When he stopped the car and helped her out she was sure he wouldn't even dance with her. He didn't. He danced with Carol, cheek to cheek, and she had Cub on her hands and, more uncomfortably, on her feet. Cub never would learn to dance. For one thing he ate too much. He was the sort of boy who still came to the house wondering what the refreshments were going to be and when.

She was protecting her feet and wishing that Joan would be a little generous with Bob, which was not Joan's way, when someone stopped them.

"Finish it with me?" he asked.

"Hello, Mark," said Cub.

Sheila remembered. This was the boy who worked at the gasoline station, the one Carol had introduced to her

that afternoon. She put her arm on his shoulder, and they picked up the thread of the music. Sheila had never danced with anyone who was quite so skillful. He didn't dance in John's definitely formalized, expert prep-school way. This was a different type of dancing, very easy, very habitual, a little ornate. It seemed to fit the place they were in, she thought, and was excited.

"You're a very good dancer," he said.

"Think so?"

"I've been wanting to meet you," he said flatteringly.

"Since when?"

"Ever since."

It was the technical slang of admiration, of starting something. The music stopped, and they went out on the board walk, down toward the public beach. She began to wonder what he'd think when he found out that she didn't neck. Probably she was a fool. He was so very good-looking and he danced so well and he had picked her out of the whole crowd. Then she remembered what he had been quoted as saying about necking every girl he liked in High School and now beginning on the girls home from boarding school. Well, she'd break his record for him.

"Sorry," she said, a minute later, "I don't go in for that sort of thing at all."

"My mistake," said Mark.

She tried to laugh in an easy, worldly way, but it rattled a little, nervously.

"It's all right. But it just doesn't mean a thing to me," she told him.

He could go and find somebody else, old public-neck Joan, and have a good time, if he liked.

But he didn't go. He said, "You know I kind of thought you'd be like that."

"Don't mind?"

"No, I like it. You know everybody thinks a boy's always crazy about that sort of thing."

"Well, aren't they pretty much?"

"Oh, I don't know. You get awfully disappointed in some girls. The way they act."

"It seems to me that you ought to be able to talk to each other—I don't mean sit around making speeches all the time but—you know."

He claimed that he did.

The night was soft and black, and the water lapped softly up on the public beach where Sheila had been forbidden to bathe, partly because the water was dirty and mostly because one never knew who might be there.

"Nice here to-night," said Sheila; and if Miss Wade had only known, the evasive mood of the fictional Jennifer was in those three words.

"Want to dance some more? The music's begun again."

They went back and had almost finished another dance when someone else cut in.

"My turn, small one."

This time she was even more astonished. For it was Bill Spengler. It was Yale in person, showing her the most unusual favor. Of course she knew that those older boys went around to dances like this and left the girls their own age at home half the time, but still she was surprised to see him and still more surprised to be noticed. It must be the green-and-white dress.

Or else it was chaperonage.

"What are you and Beck doing here?" he asked. "Shouldn't you kids be in bed?"

"It isn't quite time, is it?" she inquired humbly.

He looked down at her critically.

"Where'd you pick up that fellow you were dancing with?"

"Mark?"

"He's a pretty fast boy."

"Oh, nobody's fast with me," said Sheila.

"Is that a fact?"

"Do you want witnesses?"

"No—I'll take your word for it.

How about Becky? Is she a necker?"

She was glad to be able to tell the truth about Becky to her brother.

"Becky doesn't have to neck. She gets them anyway."

He grinned.

"That's right," he said. "She'd better behave herself or she'll hear from me by air mail. Your little red-haired chum Joan seems to be a hot number, though."

"Oh—well—Joan," said Sheila, and was willing to let it go at that.

"What about her?" he persisted.

"I don't know. Joan's the sort that can take the center of the stage and move it off to a dark corner."

That amused him. "Not bad," he said. "You're on the right track, too, if you don't neck. You and Becky and the rest better watch your step because people have their eyes on you. You'll get tried out one of these days."

Did he mean the Midsummer Cotillion, she wondered? Were they really going to be asked to that?

"So you think it's right not to neck?"

He was judicial.

"It is at your age. You just keep on the way you are. And when you get old enough and want to know something about necking I'll come around some night and show you how."

His glance was entirely patronizing but there was some appreciation in it.

"Gives me something to live for," she said.

"You and Beck better dig out of here now," Bill suggested.

It was in its way a command. It carried authority.

"O. K.," she said and went off to round the others up.

Mark Brett flagged her as they went toward the door.

"When can I call you up?"

"When the line's not busy," she said. "Good-night. Nice dance."

She knew that Beck was looking at her curiously and Joan with a gleam of envy.

In forty minutes she was home, interviewing her mother.

"It's only a quarter past eleven. And you don't want us to speed."

"You know how I worry when you're late. But it isn't just that. You weren't at the Spengler cottage all evening, for I telephoned to tell you which door would be open and you weren't there."

"We just drove around the lake and stopped at the Pavilion. Miss Wade —Beck's aunt—said it would be all right."

"But that's no place for young sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls, especially unchaperoned. What did you do there?"

"Just danced a couple of dances. Bill Spengler was there. Lots of people I know. We only stayed a little while."

Mrs. Farmer could not feel that it was really very reprehensible or that much harm had been done.

"I don't want you to go to a place like that again."

"All right," said Sheila agreeably, "I won't."

"And how about that dress of mine?" asked her mother.

"I didn't have a thing to wear," said Sheila. "It's just wrinkled a little. I'll press it in the morning."

Her mother was looking at her. Perhaps she saw that the dress was no good to her now and that she couldn't expect to look as Sheila did in it, not just youngish but really young, glowing as if she'd made the dress a success instead of being dependent on it.

"You keep it. It looks quite well on you."

"Oh, Mother, you're grand!" said Sheila.

That was what Mrs. Farmer wanted to be. Right from the start she had

put her mind on being a good mother and ever since Sheila's birth she had been extravagantly praised for her results. It was only lately that there seemed to be so many problems and cross problems, what with chaperonage, proper diversion, development, clothes, thoughts, and manners. It was no longer just a matter of choosing the right camp and the right school and keeping the home charming and pleasant, or of setting the right activities in motion. The children set things in motion themselves and that could be confusing. But even more troubling were those times when Mrs. Farmer knew what her children were doing and where they were and yet had a strange feeling that something was evading her, not because it was sly or deceitful but because it had no relation to her experience. She did not know what the children were thinking even when they told her. There was a curious vein of irony in their attitude toward many things and a ruthlessness of approach. She could feel it even with Jimmy sometimes.

There was, for example, the matter of this boy called Mark Brett who kept calling Sheila up and coming to see her. Mrs. Farmer met him on the veranda one night and thought he was quite a nice-looking boy. But he seemed to be on the veranda rather often, and twice in one morning when Mrs. Farmer was trying to use the upstairs telephone she interrupted conversations between him and Sheila, who was using the library extension. She wasn't foolish enough to begin with repressions. She tried liberalism.

"I'm sure that's a nice boy, Sheila."

Sheila said something vague about his being all right.

"But I wonder, with so many of the boys you've known all your life home from school, if you wouldn't have a better time seeing more of them."

"I see them plenty," said Sheila. "all I can stand. Whom do you mean?"

"Boys like John Palmer—"

"John's gone to his own head," said Sheila. She looked mysterious.

"Just who is this Mark?" asked Mrs. Farmer, forced to the point.

"Oh, he's a High School boy. Works in the gas station at Oak and Eleventh Streets."

"That's fine," said her mother, "but how about his family?"

"His father is a conductor on the railroad," said Sheila. "They live in quite a pretty bungalow on the other side of town. I guess he does a little bootlegging on the side. At least so I've been told."

"But, Sheila, you can't know people whose families sell liquor!"

"How about Beck's grandfather?" asked Sheila. "Look at him."

No one could look at him. He was dead. But it was easy to remember what the Spenglers chose to forget, that large corner saloon which had so long been Spengler's Chop House.

"No one could be more democratic than I am," said Mrs. Farmer. "I'm sure you know that, Sheila. But it is a question of the people whom you're going to meet later on."

"How do we know whom we're going to meet later on?" inquired Sheila.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, with the world changing and everything," she answered, "maybe everybody's ideas will be different a few years from now. Maybe we'll all go bolshevik anyhow."

"It's not so imminent," said Mrs. Farmer, and was glad when Sheila turned the conversation until she saw where it was going.

"I want to ask you something, Mother. Can I have a new formal?"

"You don't need a new evening dress. You've got the organdie and the flowered chiffon. And you're going back to school and can't use one

there. Perhaps for Christmas, if there are some parties—"

"I need one now," said Sheila darkly.

"For what?"

"Maybe we're going to be asked to the Midsummer Cotillion."

"The Midsummer Cotillion! Why, you're not old enough for that. That's the dance Marcia Davis and her friends give."

"Just the same we may get asked. Bill Spengler's on the committee. He's considering it."

"I don't think I'd let you go anyway. They're all nineteen and twenty and even older. It isn't suitable."

"But mother, if I should get the chance it would be crazy not to go. Any girl would jump at the chance."

"Well, don't get your hopes up."

The telephone rang. With an air of custom the maid called Sheila. And, before Mrs. Farmer was through pondering, her daughter was back, radiant with excitement.

"That was Becky. We are asked, mother. Beck says Bill's arranged everything, even the boys who have to take us. He told John Palmer to take me. Rufe takes Becky. Now I've got to have a formal. I'd look too terrible in that sloppy organdie."

"But I haven't decided to let you go. I'll have to talk it over with your father anyway."

"Tell him I just couldn't not go," said Sheila, reckless with negatives. She turned back at the door. "Anything you want at the drugstore?"

"Yes. A box of bath soap. You can charge it."

That was luck. Sheila went out in a floating-on-air mood and drove down to the drugstore opposite the gas station, at Oak and Eleventh. She liked to go there. If one went in and didn't hurry, the chances were that Mark could manage a few minutes off and come over to join her in a chocolate soda. It often happened that way. Never had they agreed to meet there. But her roadster was signal enough.

He already knew about the dance. Carol, dropping in for gas, had spread the news.

"Going?" asked Mark.

"I guess so."

"Exit Mark," he said.

"You know I'm not like that."

"I guess it makes a difference if a fellow doesn't go away to school."

She was moved by an immense democracy, a mood starting from an emotion and growing into what felt like great intellectual proportions. For the first time a free country meant more than a phrase. Liberty—equality—opportunity all jangled in her head.

"I don't see what earthly difference going away makes," she said.

"Well, I'm sorry I can't dance with you."

She was sorry too. She knew as they left the drugstore that she would prefer him and his dancing to any she might have. But none the less she would go to the Midsummer dance. She would get through the necessary family sessions, she would obtain the formal even if she had to give up a lot of stuff for her room at school, and go. Of course you had to go to the Midsummer Cotillion when you had the luck to be asked. Even with John Palmer.

Mrs. Farmer knew in her debating mind what her ultimate decision would be. In a way it was a good thing. Probably this would distract Sheila from that Mark, and while there was nothing worth thinking of as even childishly serious, it was best to divert her. She would get Sheila the new dress—and make her own white chiffon do until September. Nothing important was happening. She was somewhat flattered that Sheila should be popular enough to be asked to the débutante party. The child must come home early, but after all it was just a little private dance at the Club

all their friends belonged to. But she knew her task was not yet done. She certainly must have a talk with Sheila and explain things about democracy and the building up of affections. After all—

It was at that point in her meditations that she heard Jimmy going through the upstairs hall singing, off key. He had learned a number of ballads at camp, all of them jocular and bordering on the ribald. She caught the amazing refrain—

"Go and get the Listerine—sister wants
a beau—
Oh, a girl's best friend is her mother."

Mrs. Farmer shuddered. For that last line had been the very thought on the tip of her mind. Was nothing safe from their curious irony?

But Sheila was not ironic during the next few days. She was patient and explanatory with her parents, with her mother over the cut and length of the new formal, with her father over the time of coming home.

"We can't come at eleven because it doesn't start until then."

"Doesn't start!"

"They've engaged the orchestra from ten-thirty until four. But nothing much happens before twelve."

"Why don't they wait and have their party the next day?" asked her father sarcastically and said that he wanted her home by two o'clock at the latest.

"And it's not setting any precedent," he added. "I think I'll take you fishing next week."

Sheila smiled. For there was no next week. She could think no farther than Thursday night. Even Jimmy, with his evil and much-to-the-point remarks that she'd probably have a rotten time and nobody would cut in on her, couldn't trouble her. Life was full and altogether successful. For she'd done no necking, and yet the boy who had been the Big Shot at High School was crazy about her. It was better than that. She, along with Beck, the beauty, and Carol, the terribly rich, and Joan, the hot number, was asked to the Midsummer dance. Bill Spengler had singled her out. He hadn't forgotten.

Her formal was a lovely dress, pale, flesh-colored lace. She walked dreamily around the house looking for long mirrors. She looked unexpectedly grown up, even to herself. But eleven o'clock was so long in coming, and her parents had objected to any plan of dinner before the party as being oversophisticated. The girls all telephoned one another, but there was an end to that because they had said everything. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, who were to look in at the dance later as chaperons, had gone out for a game of bridge, and Sheila waited for the lagging hours to pass and wished that Mark could see her. Well, why not? There was time enough. She was moved by a tender pity for him, out of all this. He hadn't called her to-night and was probably hurt. She might try the drugstore. She really did need a toothbrush, and her car was in the garage.

It took only the usual six minutes to reach the drugstore on the upper corner of Oak Street. She got out with an air of great sophistication and was about to open the door when she saw Mark already at the counter inside. He was not unaccompanied. With him there was a dark girl in a red jacket and beret. She had a pretty face, but Sheila knew that her mother would say it was bold. She looked like the kind of girl who never had to ask permission. They were leaning together, shoulders touching. They were having a good time in the very seats where Mark and Sheila often sat, and it even seemed that they were drinking chocolate sodas. Sheila knew at sight that the girl was a necker.

She turned. The world had become impossible and yet there it was, in her way. She drove home, put the car away carefully, and went into the house. She decided that she would stay home, send back the formal, explain nothing to anyone. She looked in the mirror and made another plan, usually made by women in such case. She would go to the dance and turn disillusion into cold, hard, worldly success. She'd go in for older boys and perhaps for necking. Let Bill Spengler teach her. He probably wanted to.

By some miracle of passing time it was at last eleven. The tall figure coming up the steps was John Palmer.

It was twelve. The Country Club was at last crowded. Mrs. Farmer, looking on, saw dozens of girls of nineteen and twenty, most of them delightfully pretty, coming in, going out, being cut in on, being hung up. Sheila seemed to be having a good time. She was dancing with Cub Jones and smiling. How was her mother to know that Sheila's smile felt like plaster of Paris?

For the four youngest couples at the dance, either by common agreement or careless accident, were being left to themselves. They were not even being snubbed. They were being ignored. Sheila felt helplessly young, up against the stone wall of her own youth. John danced with her. So did Cub, Bob, Rufe. The four she could have danced with anywhere. The four she would probably have to dance with all her life, she thought bitterly. Here we go, hopping around, and nobody dreams of cutting in. Once Bill Spengler caught her eye and waved casually as he waited for his chance to cut in on Marcia Davis.

"Want to go outside?" asked John.

"Let's."

They sat on the edge of the balcony.

"What time is it?" she asked.

He said, "One o'clock. They'll have supper soon."

"I have to be home by two," she said. "I suppose that means only a couple of dances after supper."

He started to put his arm around her and she stiffened. Let the rest of them if they liked. She wouldn't.

"Still bite?" he asked.

"I hate that stuff," she said bitterly.

"Oh, I guess you're about right," he agreed. "Believe it or not, I like a girl who doesn't neck."

She didn't believe him. She didn't intend to believe anyone again who told her that.

"I think this is kind of a bum dance," he said. "They're all so old."

She realized that John would not quite dare to cut in on those older girls. That was satisfying. There'd be something left a couple of years from now.

"Isn't it stupid?" she agreed.

"We have a dance at St. Andrews every year, you know."

"So I've heard."

"Why don't you come up for it sometime?"

She looked at him with more interest. After all he was good-looking, and his photograph would be a success at school.

"Will you teach me the Kings of England if I do?" she asked.

Mrs. Farmer heard her daughter come in. She lay very still and thought with comfort that Sheila was safe at home in her pretty room and that soon she would be safely back at school. The house, faintly stirred by Sheila's coming, grew quickly quiet. Sheila lay awake for a few minutes too. The bruise that Mark had made on her emotions hurt. The bruise on her pride that Bill Spengler had made still hurt. But not so much. She thought of the St. Andrews dance. She also thought with comfort of school. There was really going to be a lot to tell Kit.

OIL, AND THE HAIRY APE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

TEN years ago, when the now famous play by Eugene O'Neill was on view in New York, a canny press agent persuaded a sea-going engineer, who was a writer in his spare time, to give an opinion. The play, based on the character of a ship's fireman, took the form of an indictment of society by one of its obvious misfits. The fallacy of the affair lay in emphasizing the immense physical bulk of the chief character, with the implication that only men of enormous strength could keep the ship going. The whole performance was so grotesque and had so little to do with nautical reality that the amateur critic contented himself with recommending oil-fuel as a solution of Mr. O'Neill's problems, and so returned to his ship.

In retrospect it seems that the change has come upon us almost without our knowledge. While Mr. O'Neill was writing his play coal as a source of energy was being replaced by oil in scores of ships. If the man of vast brawn had ever possessed any valuable qualities in the boiler-room, he was now no longer of any significance. As a matter of cold unvarnished fact the Hairy Ape had always been the least desired of human beings down below. No mere agglomeration of muscles could ever take the place of skill. We who had the duty of picking firemen for a voyage learned by bitter experience, far out on the western ocean in wintertime, to pass up the gigantic creatures who thrust forward their jaws and their discharge-books, regarding us menacingly as we read the latest entries in those tragic records. "Voyage unfinished," "Master declines to report," "Failed to join," "Conduct 'good'" were among the least unfavorable notices we would have of the gentlemen before us. As experience grew we learned to take men who were of normal stature, and even some on the small side, if they had the look of knowing their work and if their discharges were in keeping.

Twenty years ago, with the exception of the Roumanian Lloyd, which ran a line of mail steamers from Kustendje in the Black Sea to Piræus and Alexandria that used Caucasian oil, there were no oil-fired steamers in trade, and very few large naval vessels so fitted. Coaling had taken on something of the semblance of an inevitable curse, the price we had to pay for speed. We were unable, by reason of the close association of the original steam engines with coal mines, to imagine any means of propulsion without the filth and toil connected with soot and ashes. No matter how clever our designers, behind the sleek brilliance of the engine-rooms were always the sinister appurtenances of ash-pits, firebars, fire-brick structures, ash-hoists, ash-chutes, shovels, slices, wheelbarrows, and the everlasting problem of shifting coal so that the fires should be fed and the ship's trim remain unaltered. In the western ocean flyers, had they been visible as transparent phantoms tearing

through the water at night at twenty-five knots, the bunkers would have been seen to be swarming with men working like demons, filling barrows, racing with them to the pockets, and flinging the coal down. Far below them, in their unbroken ranks before the furnaces, other men shoveled furiously at that same coal, their bent forms illumined as the flames shot out at each scoop. Other men again in the background attacked enormous heaps of ash and clinkers still steaming and reeking of the sulphuric acid which formed when the hose quenched the mass drawn from a worn-out fire. These men were shoveling the stuff into hoppers, below which a stream of water, at two hundred pounds to the square inch, shot the ashes into the sea just above the water line.

Always in those days it was "blood for steam." At each watch, as the fires burned down in rotation and new men coming on began to clean their fires, the steam would drop. There might be all the fury and madness of man, all the pride of a great service, all the skill of engineers who had directed these things from boyhood, yet the steam would drop, and the revolutions. In tramp steamers they would drop, in the tropics, from sixty per minute to fifty and even more if the coal were not good. And how often was the coal not good! Best Welsh cost money, and freights were low. The navy took its pick of the finest screened South Wales anthracite. We who plowed the oceans in search of charters had to put up with pit-head sweepings, or the perished fuel long lying in the rain and sun on some distant coaling jetty. Some of it would not burn, some clinked to the firebars so that no man could drive a slice through it, and some burned fast without keeping up the steam. And always, like a curse from hell, there were the ashes. Every watch the tired men, working the hand-winch in the ventilator, would raise their ten, twenty, thirty buckets of ashes and dump them through a canvas chute into the sea. In addition to which the articles specified that "They shall keep the galley supplied with coal." In a heavy sea-way the hoisting of ashes was extraordinarily difficult. The ventilator up which the bucket was drawn began some ten feet above the floor of the fireroom; and as she rolled the men at the handles had to use caution lest the thing catch on the bell-mouth and empty the ashes over those below. In the rushing wind and roaring water other men would stagger to the side with the buckets, hoping to make the chute as she lunged. Mates and engineers coming along on watch would get their faces scarified with the blinding grit as the wind swept it astern.

It was even worse in harbor. No port authority permits ash-dumping, and the refuse of the boilers accumulates on deck until the ship is like a slag-heap. In passenger liners where no deck space was available the fire-rooms filled with it, the lower bunkers were cluttered, and ships used to raise steam to sail out for a few hours to eject their ashes and return to their stations. But perhaps no ships suffered so much from the incombustibles of coal as the great warships. They had scores of water-tube boilers; they cleaned their fires so often that the ashes poured from them in a steady torrent while running at thirty knots. Moreover, since the fine dry white ash of Best Welsh will float and so leave a telltale smear of grime on a blue ocean for the enemy destroyer to follow, intricate ash-ejectors were designed to force the stuff through Kingston valves in the ship's bottom, where it would sink at once. Here again the speed of the ship was a danger, and the ashes, pouring past the myriad underwater connections to the circulating pumps,

would be sucked in and so choke the surface condensers, scouring the thin brass tubes, causing leaks, carrying salt water into the Belleville boilers, and involving the vessel in dockyard overhauls.

II

Of all the great staples which come out of the earth, wheat, lumber, copper, iron, petroleum, and coal, this last was the only one offered to the consumer in a virtually raw state. The entire design of a steamship was assembled about her coal-carrying capacity. So enormous was the amount of coal required for the early simple steam engine of pioneer days that grave engineering philosophers like Doctor William Lardner spoke of the folly of imagining that any ship could carry enough "coals" to get her across the Atlantic. Steam was solemnly rejected by the Admiralty as impracticable for the Royal Navy. The arguments of these authorities were unanswerable until the firm of Elder, of Glasgow, produced the multiple-expansion condensing engine, in which the heat of the steam was utilized in a succession of cylinders increasing in area as the pressure dropped, and distributed above the axis of a common shaft. If the compounding of steam engines had not been discovered, the sailing ship would have been the sovereign of the seas until the twentieth century, when the internal-combustion motor might have been introduced into small craft on inland waters. The history of the world, as well as that of navigation, would have taken another route.

The extraordinary feature of the situation, as engines became more efficient, as steam pressures became higher and higher, and as the size, splendor, and speed of ships increased, was that no change seemed possible in the fireroom. Forced draft, whether by blowing heated air into the furnaces, as in the merchant ship, or by a closed stokehold carrying a slight pressure of air, as in the navy, might increase the rate of combustion by supplying extra oxygen; but the intolerable clumsiness and waste of human effort in the business of stoking seemed to remain forever. A ship like the *Mauretania* or the *Deutschland*, with perhaps thirty boilers of four fires each, would carry two hundred men on her boiler-room staff because the speed at which coal had to be brought to the plates for the men on watch involved a large number of coal-passers. Experiments with automatic stokers proved futile at sea. One venturesome designer made all his furnaces shorter, and built his funnels very tall, with the idea of creating a strong natural draft and so burning the fuel more completely. This had the further advantage of keeping the ship clean. Many a Malay fisherman sighted those lofty blue funnels from afar as the tea-clippers passed through the Archipelago towards the Sunda Straits. Many a Chinaman spent his life throwing coal into the furnaces. Ships and men passed, but coal remained in power.

Even when the stupendous and revolutionary change came from reciprocating crank engines, with pistons and connecting rods, to turbines, coal was still the undisputed master of the field. Only the Russian and Roumanian capitalists, with more oil than coal at their doors, were experimenting with burners for marine propulsion. Rudolf Diesel had invented an extraordinarily economical engine, which would use almost anything with carbon in it if it were pulverized; but the problems of cooling moving pistons with seawater, and reversing by compressed air made marine designers timid. The most luxurious liners and the heaviest battleships had to submit to their baptism of coal dust when the bunkers were replenished. Naval actions

hinged utterly upon coaling bases; and German squadrons, ranging distant seas in 1914, had to spend all their time capturing collier-tramps and filling themselves with coal in order to remain under steam at all. And with all the marine engineer's marvelous resources in new alloys, higher pressures, and the astonishing perfection of the new turbines, the speed and safety of the ship depended on the skill and fortitude of men using shovels to pitch coal accurately upon a long narrow bank of firebars.

And then came oil. Like many other technical miracles which we only dimly comprehend because they now form part of our lives, the transformation came during the War. The simplicity with which oil is now distributed as a fuel to drive a ship is matched only by the domestic radio and electric light. The peculiar freak of nature in storing liquid energy at high pressure in various parts of the earth's crust has been a commonplace of romance for so long that it has practically ousted the gold mine as a motive in fiction for sophisticated rascality. The business of drilling, transportation, and refining proceeded with such extreme rapidity that shipowners found the new fuel at their disposal as fast as they could convert the vessels to use it. Whole fleets of Diesel-engined ships came off the ways to join the procession. The years immediately preceding the War had been full of enthusiasm and experiment. With the automobile in mind, it seemed to designers that the ship of the future was to use oil in internal-combustion motors driving the propeller direct, exactly as a gasoline motor drove the wheels of a car.

The survivors of those days of tribulation are now elderly men, but when in an expansive mood they will spin dreadful and (to us) hardly believable yarns of their days in the early Diesel-engined ships. For the benefit of the lay reader, it may be mentioned that Dr. Rudolf Diesel, whose name is now inaccurately tagged onto every motor using heavy fuel, invented an internal-combustion engine designed to utilize practically any substance, solid or liquid, containing carbon. The difference between the Diesel and the ordinary motor lay in its use of highly compressed heated air to form the mixture, increasing thereby the supply of oxygen and converting the ordinary explosion into a comparatively slow burning along the whole stroke of the engine. The economy of fuel in this type was so spectacular that the practical difficulties of the thing were made light of. The pistons and rods had to be cooled by circulating water or oil through them. Reversing and starting had to be achieved by compressed air, and considerable space had to be allotted to the heavy reservoirs containing it. In spite of marvelous skill and thought, the first ships fitted with these things were nightmares. They were pointed out to us in foreign ports, having been towed in weeks before. We foregathered with the men who were enduring these trials, and heard of engine rooms suddenly filled with black smoke when piston-rod packing burned out, of pistons cracked with cooling water and cylinder-heads jumping off their bolts. We heard of engines stopping dead at sea in heavy weather, and the business of lifting out cracked cylinder-linings with the ship on her beam ends was detailed to us, over our beers in waterfront pubs, in rich embroideries of time-honored profanity. We carried passengers who turned out to be men returning home after a season of hideous toil with defective Diesels on some faraway route, glad to face the ordinary hazards of steam engines once more, and warning us solemnly against the deceptive high wages offered by optimistic engine-builders. You had to make a good showing, we were in-

formed, and how could you do that when your fuel pumps broke your heart and the cooling water got into the air-jets? The very name of oil became a byword among us, and it was observed that even the ships carrying bulk fuels for shore use burned coal under their boilers.

Yet oil was coming. All sorts of strange and abominable contraptions sought to push the steam boiler off the high seas, and failed. Oil, however, was coming. Russians, Germans, Austrians, Italians, French, Dutch, Belgians, and Americans, to say nothing of the Scotch, who had immense shale deposits to utilize, were working on the problem of injecting a stream of petroleum into a furnace so that it would remain continuously ignited and give up its heat to the surrounding water. It seems a simple business nowadays, when a white-overalled youth in a white shining fireroom nonchalantly opens his inspection-door for you, and you squint into the eye of a white hot thunder. In the old days that fireroom was a yard deep in stinking ashes on the turn of the watch, and the lads down there had no time to show visitors around their domain. But between the era of ash-hoists and the present almost perfection lie years of gruelling trial and error. The history of mechanical invention convinces us that the internal-combustion engine will achieve its place on the ocean. But we live in an age to-day not of Diesels, but of oil-burning ships; and the old collier tramp, making her slow passage to St. Helena or the Cape Verde Islands to replenish the coal supplies for homeward bound steamers, has given way to the modern oil tanker. Oil has come, but as the servant and not the supplanter of steam.

III

And the change, moreover, has been psychological as well as mechanical. The men who were firemen in the old days, whose dramatic prototype was the Hairy Ape, are gone. The real fireman, skilled though he might have been, had something of the elemental simplicity of the medium in which he worked. He was dirty, and he made of his ablutions at the end of his watch something of a ritual. The contrast between the white skin of his nude body and the coal dust that ringed his eyes was a symbol of his vocation. It was like the white dust that powders the stonemason's hair. The conditions of his work, facing open furnaces, gave him certain peculiar complaints. He was given to insobriety at times, and to missing his passage in a foreign port. There was always something of the buccaneer in his make-up, and "trouble in the fireman's forecastle" was one of those things every engineer took as a matter of course. So far from sharing Mr. O'Neill's Hairy Ape's social philosophy, he had more of the peasant's mentality, being often a miner or agricultural laborer who had drifted out to sea. He had no illusions about supporting the fabric of human society, but he sometimes caused society inconvenience by striking against the shipowner's conception of a living wage. He was often much more than a mere shoveler of coal, and could be depended on to give marvelous service in a breakdown and to do his duty in a disaster. We might curse him, but we could work with him, and he earned his pay. When the safety valves lifted with the engines opened out to full speed, he leaned on his shovel and watched the gauges with an air of philosophic pride. The machine was working, but he was the man who was behind it. He could light his pipe with a bit of red coal from the fire he was burning down for the next watch to clean and sit on an upended bucket under the ventilator for a few minutes.

Nowadays he cannot light his pipe.

Smoking is forbidden. At that he will probably be a cigarette smoker, and while he is in the fireroom he is technically deprived of tobacco. The residue of petroleum which is burning in the furnaces is far from dangerously inflammable, but accretions of gas will form in corners and under the boilers, and the rule is supposed to hold. The ashes are gone, and so is the old devil-may-care rollicking humanity of the fireroom. From the day he joins, the new-style fireman is aware of an invisible peril, the peril of petroleum, and it works an unconscious but indubitable change in his personality. He is no longer the ruthless dominating character with perhaps a personal reputation for being able to get steam, but a subdued operator of a costly installation. He watches many gauges and thermometers, and the meter ticks off the exact number of gallons of oil he uses. When he wants to clean his tubes a valve is opened and the tubes are blown clear, as you may see by the occasional puff of black smoke that leaves the funnel to leeward. He watches a ground-glass screen at the base of the stack as he starts the new burner and sees the smoke clear from it as it passes up the stack. Instead of breaking his back shoveling coal from side bunkers to the feed-pockets, a slow silent pump transfers his oil to and from any part of the ship. He has enough fuel to go round the world. All he knows of its actual existence is the faintly acrid odor of hot asphalt in the pump room, and the boom and dazzle of the flame beyond the burners. He is no longer a Hairy Ape. He is merely a detached assistant. A high school girl, with an hour's instruction, could take his place. And instead of four, five, or fifty of him on watch, one man to each fireroom is ample.

Beyond all this, which applies to the firerooms of oil-burners, the contrasts between old and new are worth consideration. The tradition of sailing vessels was very strong, and seamen are fundamentally conservative. Methods abolished in shore plants a generation earlier used to confront us at sea. Ships built in Scotland in ultra-modern yards with every electric appliance could go to sea with only a hammer and chisel and a few wrenches for tools. To cut a hole for a bolt in a steel bulkhead half an inch thick this writer has been handed nothing save a hammer and a piece of steel which he had to grind on an old bumpy grindstone and temper himself in a bucket in the fireroom. The excuse used to be that a good man could go round the world in an engine room with a corkscrew, a hammer, and a piece of string, and do all repairs therewith. Scotch frugality and manual skill combined to fashion a convention of everlasting toil. The change to oil destroyed this to a great extent. Electric power being available in every modern vessel, there was no longer the excuse for working oneself to death to save a shilling. But we have the paradox that in the old-time ships, where we had to work field-days every day of our lives to keep her going, and often had breakdowns as well, there were very few mechanical aids, whereas in a modern electric-drive oil-burning liner, which needs about as much attention as a good typewriter or adding machine, the tween-deck storerooms bristle with electric tools.

Indeed, it is worth imagining for a moment, the stupefaction of the shade of some old chief engineer of the slow speed pre-war vintage, if he were to revisit for a watch the engine-room of one of the new oil-burning turbo-electric rigs which have gone down the ways in the past twelvemonth. He will have rest now, one hopes, because there was precious little for him afloat. With his old Scotch tank boilers, with natural draft, with a funnel damper that took

three men to close, with only a dubious old evaporator between him and a salt-water feed; with poor coal, and perhaps a fireman or two sick with cramp, he used to drive his old triple-expansion job at sixty revolutions and eleven knots from Barry Dock to the Western Islands, on to Philadelphia for a cargo of case-oil to Singapore, to Surabaya for sugar to Brooklyn, in time to snatch a cotton cargo in Savannah for Liverpool. He probably dropped half his fireroom crowd on the way, picking up what the captain and the consuls could find him, which was not much, and often cleaning a fire himself to show them how. He dropped perhaps a score of miles a day from what he should have made at full speed, and there was never any end to the trouble about the ashes. He had a little dynamo which he shut down in the daytime, and all his auxiliaries were reciprocating steam engines which ate steam like mastodons and exhausted into a hot-well instead of the vacuum of an auxiliary condenser. He carried about a hundred and sixty pounds on the boilers, and his donkey boiler, a Victorian convention, was never by any chance big enough for its work because the makers of donkey boilers did not go to sea and had no knowledge of seagoing firemen.

His shade, hovering in the air above a turbo-generator turning at three thousand revolutions per minute, on steam at four hundred pounds to the square inch, would discover nothing in the modern engine room that he could recognize save perhaps the main feed pumps, which do not change much. The main turbine is generating current at three thousand volts, which is carried in huge, guarded cables to a locked chamber of transformers. The rest of the engine room is packed full of electrically propelled machinery. There are auxiliary turbo-generators for port use, for driving the windlass, the winches, the boat hoists, and the steering gear. The pumps for sea water, for fresh water, and for bilges are electric. The refrigerating engines are electric, and so are the forced-draft fans for the boiler-room. The main propeller shaft is coupled to a huge alternating current motor running in a steel housing through which air, cooled by sea water, is driven by large fans. And instead of a throttle and a reversing lever, with a couple of starting valves, down on the lower platform, our shade beholds his successors on the upper grating standing before three handsome levers below an instrument board, which levers control the main switches. Red, blue, and green lights go on and off as the maneuvers are made, and he may note that any grounding in any section of the electrical plant is indicated in colored lights and by bells of various pitch. He sees the main condenser suspended on great springs under the turbines, and he observes wistfully that all the things which gave him so much heart-break are no more. In the boiler room he notes the white enamelled bulkheads and the gleaming pneumercators which show to a decimal how much fuel stands in the settling-tanks. He sees the pressure gauges standing at four hundred pounds without variation the whole twenty-four hours day after day, and he concludes that the millennium is now arrived on earth. He floats up a ventilator and wanders over the sea until he meets some ancient tramp, almost as obsolete as an Elizabethan galleon, and he hears once more the clank and racket of an ash-bucket in the hoist, and the peremptory rattle of a shovel-blade against a furnace door as a fireman calls the coal-passers to send down more coal.

IV

In the smooth maritime mechanisms described above it might be difficult to

discover anything resembling the perils and dangers of the sea. But the advent of petroleum as the great source of energy for transportation has brought into being whole fleets of tankers for carrying the lighter distillates in bulk. These vessels are hurrying to and fro across the oceans, and in and out of coastwise lanes, so rapidly following one another, like cabs in a street, that only those connected with them know anything about them or have the faintest notion of their existence. And in truth it is better for our peace of mind when traveling by sea not to know that passing us in the darkness are tankers filled with naphtha, benzine, and gasoline. The men who run these ships are a race apart. Their volatile cargo, so inflammable that the thunder storms that pass over them are a menace, creates in their minds the same quiet fatalism we used to note in the crews of mine-layers during the War. Many of them vanish without trace, struck by lightning in lonely seas and blown asunder to sink like stones. Their enemy is the natural electricity of the earth's envelope. The flow even of salt water along a rubber hose generates static, so that men innocently washing out a gasoline tanker may strike a spark from the metal nozzle to the steel hatchway and blow themselves to pieces. And sometimes, hurrying on their lawful occasions in the darkness, there are collisions.

We may imagine, for example, the aforesaid shade of an old chief engineer floating near the starting platform of an oil-tanker in Cape Cod Bay a year ago, heading for the Canal into Buzzards Bay, and loaded with high-test gasoline. He would not know much about that engine room because of the Diesels. There was no steam anywhere, only the high rectangular block of the cylinders above the closed crank-cases and a smell of hot oil. But the engineers, two of them, were standing by because of fog. The ship was running half speed. Every few seconds the air-whistle sounded. The engine room and quarters were right aft, in the manner of oil-tankers. Between the engines and the holds full of gasoline was a cofferdam, an empty space a yard wide, for safety. Captain Jones, of the *Pinthis*, was on the bridge with his chief officer, that Tuesday evening in June, peering through the fog, listening with extreme attention to the movements of nearby shipping. It was very wet and cloudy all over New England that night, and in Cape Cod Bay the fog was dense. It was so dense that as our shade halted by the boat davits on the bridge they could not see half the length of the *Pinthis*, and the engine room was invisible. The whistles sounded with mystifying vagueness now clearly, now dimly, now not at all. There was a ship near, however, Captain Jones thought, on his port beam. He heard the whistle again and again over there, though he could see nothing. Once he stopped, and in the dank silence the whistle sounded far off. Perhaps it was Number Four Gas and Whistling Buoy. It was close by here. Captain Jones started his engines again at half speed. He wanted to get through the canal ahead of the Boston steamers.

What he did not see, though our shade could watch it mournfully with his disembodied gaze, was one of those same Boston steamers coming straight for him. Suddenly whistles sounded very close. There was the loom of a ship in the fog, a high straight prow reaching out and moving monstrously near. Captain Jones gave a warning blast and rushed to reverse his engines. The high stem was suddenly nearer, and going astern of him. He saw the lights of the forecastle scuttles, the gleam of boats and deckhouses. Now that he could see, it was too late. The ships floated up to each other, magni-

fied in the fog in bulk and speed. Captain Jones, with hands upraised as he stared over the bridge of his ship, saw that lofty wall of steel slide past him and plunge into his engine room. The *Pinthis*, cut through her groin, reeled and swung. The merciless grind of steel on steel, the bursting of iron castings, the reaping and riving of riveted plates lasted but an instant. The men on the tanker's bridge saw figures on the high forecastle running, heard shouts and orders, saw dark heads thrust out of round lighted windows, and then saw no more. The *Pinthis* hung to her destroyer. Her heavy Diesel cylinders had crashed into the bow plates of the oncoming *Fairfax*, the frames of her poop castle were hooked to the other ship's hawsepipes and anchor gear. The *Fairfax* had her engines pounding full astern to clear, but the *Pinthis* hung to her, and she began to swing. The torn metal sprung and squealed and sent out streams of sparks. Suddenly the world dissolved in a great flame. The gasoline was pouring into the sea. The fog turned to enormous coils of black smoke that wound about the *Pinthis* and hid from those who lived for a moment the manner of their ending.

The sea was on fire. Between the two ships the water was spouting and blowing and exploding under the intolerable heat of the burning oil. For an instant it showed to the watchers on the *Fairfax* a phantom ship, a thing of red flame and rolling darkness, from which only shocking detonations burst forth in the commingling of water and oil in her holds. And then she was gone.

Away off in the thickness of fog and smoke the *Fairfax* lay on fire, and her people in agony were leaping into the burning sea. They fought to reach the bulwarks and jump to certain death. They flew over the rail into burning lifeboats and died there. They clutched at boat-falls and lowered themselves, in an insane ecstasy, into hell. They could be heard calling to their loved ones to die with them. It was as though they desired to join the doomed crew of the ruptured *Pinthis* now careened and silent at the bottom of the sea.

From such ultimate disaster there can be no complete deliverance. Collisions in fog are as old as sea-commerce, and many a bireme sank in the heavy mists of the Ægean. Oil only accentuates the horrors of the impact. And those who spend their days on such craft become alert and careful. They achieve a philosophy faintly tinged with a special fatalism of their own. They know that under their feet, which must not be shod with iron nails lest they strike sparks on the steel decks, there are stored the potential elements of a death of extreme violence. Their ships are forever stripped for action, shorn of the comforting lumber and dunnage of passenger gear. In their quarters the equipment has the austerity and the ironclad massiveness of a battleship's ammunition chamber. There is about the tanker something of the arid cleanliness of a penitentiary on inspection day, and the crew do not appear on deck save for duty. They hide in their cabins, where alone they may smoke and indulge in the human weaknesses of cards and conversation. As they go ashore at their special docks, over which hang the dense and treacherous vapors of oil distillates, they move with quiet and unsmoking celerity until beyond the heavy gates. At any moment, within those gates or on the ship far out at sea, in quiet anchorage or tidal basin, they may suddenly go missing. They are always going missing. They are the devoted and unassuming servants of a world that, almost without comprehending, is running on oil.

FATHER OF EIGHT CANARIES

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

AS I enter the laboratory, there is a crash against the outside of the window, and in the same instant a blackness. A hawk. He has got my female canary. She was standing on the top of the lower sash, and he drove at her, and at the sight of him she fell like lead between the panes.

Father canary is quiet this morning. He saw. The very way he does not search for her proves that he saw.

So I go to the bird store and get another bird—the plain one. She enters the laboratory as if she had had a call to be father's wife. Father cuffs her and pushes her, and is fond of her. Father is all fire, and she is a woman, and I do not know whether he means to, but after a while he has put it into my head that probably he is too much for her, that probably he would be too much for any one woman. Therefore, in March I am again at the bird store and have let myself be talked into buying still another bird, a striped one, slim and proud. When the striped one enters the laboratory father comes quickly, but she does not so much as look at father, flies past him to his cage, and when he would also enter his cage she drives him out. She is used to one bird in one cage and values what she is used to. Father and the plain one go under the radiator and in that unnatural place make ready for the night.

Months pass. Then of an afternoon father and the plain one have a sudden interest in threads, papers, cloth. The striped one is standing on a cork, eating cork, but pauses a moment to observe the thrift. She pipes, once. It is a pipe as definite as a wink, and father comes. And she comes to me. She knows I shall point my finger at father and that he will fly away; and that is what she wants. She likes father but is afraid of him, feels there is something he is after but does not feel sufficiently to understand what it is. It makes her very charming, this having something and not knowing what it is, and he after it, and she afraid and taking pleasure in being afraid.

At sundown a further energy enters the plain one, and without provocation she drives the striped one off the cork, and also off the chemical bench when the striped one takes refuge there. And she does more. At sundown father likes to sing and likes to pour that song right into the striped one's ear, but this evening down comes the voice of the wife in tones I have never heard her use before, father going busily to a piece of string and pulling at the string with all his might.

II

The first-born is a boy. Already he is pushing his two sisters to the side and keeping his open mouth where, if his mother is dispensing at all, she is sure not to miss him. Odd arrangement of nature to give him who has most mouth most food!

I call him the owl. That is because

with a few feathers round his eyes he looks like one. And the odd arrangement keeps up and, as might be anticipated, the owl is the first to jump from the nest. Maybe he does not jump. Maybe he just loses balance. Anyway I find him all alone on the concrete floor. I try putting him back into the nest, but he has grown so big he does not fit and only loses balance again. Father shrieks to see me so near the nest, and the sisters perfectly understand father and sink right down, and neither one lifts her head. Then I hear below me the high-pitched pipings of the owl, interrupted by the mouthfuls, and am careful not to look. The owl is being fed.

Food makes the owl more confident, and soon he has hanged himself on a string, and I must cut him down. And when at midnight I return he has vanished. The last time I saw him was six o'clock. If he has hanged himself again he is dead. I move everything in the place, look behind everything, even down into the drain of the sink, and into every open drawer, then open every drawer that is not open for fear I may thoughtlessly have opened it and closed it and he may have slipped in during the interval. At last I sit down and think, and when I do that I know what has happened. He has been stolen! And I know too who stole him. I never liked the man, and now I hate him. But there is nothing I can do to-night. It is three o'clock already. I get into my bed but cannot sleep, get out again, search again, get in again, and with dawn have philosophically reconciled myself—men are hawks and none of them can help his nature.

But, I hear a piping. I do not really. I only think I do. I have been listening so hard I am having an hallucination of hearing. Nevertheless, I search again, and hear the piping again. This sort of thing could make one mad. Finally I get Clem, and together we push from the wall the heavy glass case that is all but concreted in, and there, blinking in the unexpected light, stands the owl. And he would have stood there till he rotted. He is gloomy. I take him into my hand. He looks gloomily around, then, presto, has flown straight across the laboratory into the path of his mother and is demanding food. She is as amazed as I. She hesitates. He beats her. This baby beats his mother. Father comes and perches on the lowest branch of the tree that I have brought into the laboratory, is not sure whether he ought to take a hand or not.

Afternoon. The striped one has been thinking she needs a bath and goes to the rim of the black bath bowl, but the water is so cold. It is hard to make up one's mind. She wets her face. She hops to the other side of the rim. She prances all round the rim. She wets her feet. Silly, but that water is so cold. Father catches sight of her. She catches sight of father, and now clearly it is her simple duty to abhor all thoughts of bath whatever. She flies obediently to me, alights on my writing and, sitting next my pen, cleans her feathers fastidiously.

And now the striped one also has a family, one child striped like herself, the other two plain like father. An intelligent mother. If you are intelligent in one thing you are apt to be in another. She was born intelligent, then early came here where that intelligence could not but be daily sharpened by the competition, by the fact that she was second, was not the first in father's life, was not the wife really, and, therefore, was not able to rest but must go on using her wits. To-day she is coaxing her three children round the laboratory, is showing them how, if you cannot get to a high place by one flight, you may by two, providing you have

intelligence enough to locate a perch between before you start.

There are eleven altogether in the family now, the plain one having had two more. It is evening, and not an unusual evening except that the striped one, after sitting on eggs for three and a half weeks, has had to admit there was no life in them. That is not pleasant. It is wearing to sit on eggs. Father thinks she ought to sit longer, drives her back by threatening to make love to her, but does not convince her; and when he is safely up behind the green window shade she leaves them for good.

She goes to the pan of ashes and eats ashes. Presently everybody goes to the pan of ashes and eats ashes. Two bump, and stop eating, and two mouths go wide open, and terrible threats come from the bottom of two throats. The owl's first sister gets ashes all over her, tries to clean herself by rubbing herself against the side of the ash pan. The owl sees her and chases her, but the owl's second sister sees him and chases him, and the striped baby chases her, and soon everybody is chasing everybody and everybody is chirping. Then the telephone rings, and everybody is still.

Then the striped one uncovers a mystery—a fuzzy coat which has been left on the piano. She goes to the fuzzy coat and picks fuzz, red fuzz—a striped yellow bird with a red fuzzy beard. The others watch her. The others count on her to uncover the mysteries and on themselves to watch. Then everybody is picking fuzz and everybody has a red beard. Fuzz does not much interest father. Something else begins to. The striped one flies. And he flies. He gives her no peace. It worries me. Round and round the laboratory they go. I hurry, play a few notes in the treble, and it is wonderful as beautiful, the way he changes the direction of his flight from her toward me, alights on the sonatas, his little chest already flat.

Then everybody starts to the window to look at the rain, and the babies put the tips of their bills where they think the drops are and flap their wings as if they were actually out in the shower.

Then the striped one uncovers another mystery—the seed bag has been left open. What she would like would be to jump into the seed bag, but it would be dangerous in such a half-dark hole. She jumps. Everybody knows the danger, and when I rise everybody flees, something guilty in their tails.

Then everybody prepares for the night. Four transom rods are not many for so many birds. One rod has four on it, so one gets shoved off, flies to the next rod, and shoves off someone else. Then three birds have their heads tucked under. Then five birds have their heads tucked under. Then father has his head tucked under, is a fluffy ball that you could not tell from the rest.

III

A whole year passes. Many things happen in that year, but they are the common things of common life, the kind of year that slips back and loses itself in a line of years. Father's feelings toward the plain one are what they were, and toward the striped one what they were; but where they have changed is toward his art. At the bird store they said father would be a fine singer, but he is more, is a great singer, has power with frailty, like Mozart. And father does by no means sing only for his women, but for the song; practices many hours every day. He likes a broad platform. The top of the book closet is very good. He comes out to the edge of that, plants his feet, fills his throat, flattens his chest, and begins. Or he comes to the

piano, perches on my Beethoven sonatas, ever so often reaches down and eats of my Beethoven, on some pages has eaten as far as the first printed staff, then remembers again that he is practicing. He selects a few notes of the theme I am playing and repeats them over and over. When the theme modulates he modulates, feels his way note for note from one key to the other, does it in the same quick yet half-groping manner that the human singer does. And he sings true. Last evening he was imitating a bobwhite, repeated the call as he would a theme, the result not at all like a bobwhite, but never any doubt what he was trying to do.

The striped one was tired after the last eggs, and she has more eggs, has sat on these close to three weeks. There was too little time for rest. These especially have exhausted her. Again and again I have told myself that I must take them away, and yet I hated to, and the nearer the hatching the more I hated to. Yesterday in the quiet I could already hear that faint tap on the inside of the shells, sign that they within are thinking of coming out, a feeble sound yet definite as a gong.

Suddenly she rises from the eggs. I am struck by this partly because it is too soon after the last time she rose, partly because I have been worried, partly because of something in the way she rises. Father is struck too. She has alighted on the lowest branch of the tree, and father has come quickly, has alighted beside her, close, close beside her. Something is wrong! Father flattens his chest and begins vigorously to sing. She drops to the floor, dead.

There is no doubt. Warm as life, but already that strange difference. Poor father. His voice is broken. He keeps right there on the branch in front of me.

Could it have been the lettuce? At the bird store they say that farmers sprinkle their lettuce with some extract of tobacco. But I washed the lettuce, and the others ate of it too. And yet if her heart was weak and the closeness of the eggs weakened it further, might not a very little of the extract be enough to kill her?

So beautiful her body and changing so fast. She begins to look very different, still very dear, but very, very different.

Father keeps right there on the branch in front of me. I talk to him a bit. He loves her so. He is fond of the plain one, but this, this is another matter. She was such uninterrupted life. I think he could never have seen her pick lazily at a seed, or lazily at a piece of string, or take a lazy flight. She was always absorbed. Often I had the feeling she was talking to herself—this very morning when she may already have been dizzy. I was having my breakfast, and she came as usual to help herself to my eggs. None of the others ever did that. I think of the midnight when I returned to the laboratory and she was gone, and I looked and looked and called, called, and then out she stepped from a hole in the stovepipe, very quaint, soot all over her, shook herself, rubbed her eyes, and went to her supper, and carefully paid no attention to what I said. Poor father, to have to be right there and see her cut off in that blunt way!

He leaves the branch, flies to the piano, calls up to the nest, tries to make her answer. Does he not know? Oh, yes, he knows. He calls in the gentlest pianissimo, and does not look into the nest but comes back to the branch. What is death to him? Is it just an absence, as to a child? Or the great irrevocable cold?

The striped baby who has stayed in the corner on a pot of earth now goes right past the body but does not look.

He did not look either. None of them does.

The nest is the most beautiful striped mother ever built. She built it in the tapering where the bamboo staves come together on the inside of a Japanese umbrella. Four eggs, and one of the babies out. It will not live.

Two days have gone. Last night striped baby was sleeping in striped mother's place, likes to be by herself too. And all yesterday father did not sing, and not the day before, but this morning he tried and broke down. Powerful and frail. He did not try again all morning, but now, as if he had made up his mind he would, he does, and forces his way through, a viciousness about it. Absent-mindedly the owl breaks in. The owl thinks father is going to give a lesson, but father is only singing because the world must go on, so sidles over and delivers the owl a whack, from which the owl scoots but returns. A son of the second generation comes too, stands at the other end of the back of the chair, father now between them. Neither son is making a noise, but their nearness is annoying, and father is not happy. Then presently he is sorry for them, invites them to sing, gives them one of his extraordinary lessons, works with them as with himself, puts an excitement into the teaching that few human teachers would understand.

The sons flat their notes and their trills are uneven. When father sings it is as if he were letting the whole earth come up through him. The sons, on the contrary, are careful, but they try. If father moves a step the owl moves a step, keeps himself right in front of father, facing father. The owl has been singing on one tone, and father takes that tone up an octave and trills on it and keeps trilling till it seems something inside him must break. The owl cannot. He has not the muscles yet. This singing is work. The song of birds is not, as some people think, fully formed in nature, but a deliberate art passed from bird to bird round the world and through time.

Father gives, gives, gives, when he is teaching and when he is not. This morning as dawn came along the edges of the green window shade I lay awake, and father flew from his transom rod and talked to the dawn, a low warbling. Then I saw the strangest instance of his giving. In the night I keep open one window and one shade; and there was father at that window, pushing rape seeds through the screen into the mouths of the sparrows who were also awake and waiting outside.

IV

Winter has come, and snow has blown through the screen, and late this afternoon the ten were playing in the snow. They are used to cold. They are big almost as the younger of the sparrows, and heavily feathered, and generally equal to their world. And the laboratory being dirty, they are dirty—dirty, big, ready for weather, and free.

To-night there has been a turn in the weather. This afternoon was unnatural, balmy as spring, but with evening snow fell, and with darkness icy winds began to blow. It is eight o'clock. It is the thirteenth of January—and six of them are gone. Out there in that night! Yes, and father among them. It is the boy who does the chores; he opened a screen, and when one bird slipped through, left open the screen so that the one might come back. Six of them—more than half my little family—in that dark, in this changed weather, no knowledge of how to find food, of how to find water. If it were summer or autumn—but better not to think. Better simply to do what we can do.

A number of us go down to the lot

with lights and soon see the owl's first sister close to the building perching on a branch. Perhaps if I were to drive those still in the room away from the windows and then snap on the lights, perhaps she would fly in. The reverse happens. The lights only frighten her, and she flies off in the direction of the engine house, perches on another branch. It is dark, and I can come very near now. Carefully I throw a rope over the branch, carefully draw down the branch, but again something frightens her, and this time she disappears into the night. I should not have done that.

In the laboratory the music has kept uninterruptedly on. If there is music surely father must stay near, and if father stays near, probably the others will too. But as well not to hope much for to-night. As well for to-night to try not to think, to sleep instead, to get up with the dawn and begin the playing then. Father will be wanting his breakfast, and that ought to help. But can they withstand this cold?

Toward three o'clock Wiggles barks, and I am awake. Then Wiggles is still. Then on the roof I hear steps—a cat. Could she have seen something unusual in the trees?

With dawn the playing begins, and father's ears save his life. As soon as he hears the music he is out on the sill among the sparrows. The Piper of Hameln is no fancy. He was real, that man. The sparrows are disturbed by father, do not know what to make of him, but do not hurt him, perhaps remember the rape seeds. Or perhaps when father hears the music it is so plain he knows what he is about that the sparrows feel his decision and let him alone. Anyway they are quiet, and when I open the screen he comes right in. And immediately he is in he joins in the music, sings as hard as ever I have heard him sing, understands just what has taken place, and helps in the work. Downstairs the woman is saying that two more are around the house now. Meanwhile across the street the owl is saving himself with his voice, sings outside a lady's window, and she lets him in. Then one of the two downstairs comes up to the screen and is let in. And another. And another. All come in but her I drove into the night with my bad thinking.

In the room there is such an excitement, and it keeps up for hours. Everybody is telling everybody. They were outside! The whole night long! In the trees! Secretly they are glad to be in, but they have some right to brag. Every now and then the excitement gets so high that father cannot sing, but must listen a little to what they are saying, then nervously goes to work again.

By noon the first sister has not returned. I have gone in all directions. She is a female and can only chirp and is not apt to save herself with her voice as the owl saved himself; and perhaps her ears are not too good either. By night she still has not returned. *Le bon Dieu te garde!* The snow is beginning again.

V

February now. I am moving them from one room to another. I have intended this moving ever since the night they flew away.

My friend is with me and is helping in the catching. I am always uneasy about this catching, this taking a bird into your hand. There is so little body under the feathers. The way I did it the last time was to put food into the Mexican cage, then tie a cord to the door of the cage so I could open and close the door at a distance, then trap them while they were eating, one or two at a time, afterward transferring them to a second cage. But it is not a good way. The plain one caught her foot and was several weeks getting right. So when I brought them from

Santa Fé I drove them instead out on a screened porch, then moved toward them with a sheet, slowly narrowing the space in which they flew till it was so narrow that I could pick them one after another off the screen.

That is how I do it to-day—and father is killed. "Look there! It's father!" That is what my friend cries, and my friend is right. It's father with his back against the screen, jammed there, his tiny leg with the band around it raised in fright, and a terrible look on his face. It is over already. His neck is broken.

And I am to blame. The idea was mine. A sheet had not been immediately to hand, so I decided a thin blanket would do as well. A blanket to catch a canary! Little father pays —is crushed between the blanket and the screen. And he could have lived so many years yet, has to die so young—poor little father dies like Mozart too.

There never was such a singer. Neither of the sons will ever sing like that. He had strength of voice and strength of body more than any two of them together. It was with his voice he saved the others that night. The woman downstairs, when I tell her, shakes her head, says he was such a good bird, that he took such good care of the others. And she is quite right. That he did. And the neighbor woman shakes her head and says that tomorrow the sun will shine, and he will not see.

I take him out where the ground drops toward the pit and bury him there. I know that elderly ladies do that with their animals, and I know what four-fifths of the world thinks. It is the kind of day too for a sentimental burial, wind and flying cloud and drizzle. I begin to turn up the earth, then look at him again as he lies there in my hand, the left foot with the band around it still raised in fright, and I leave him instead in the open air, in a clump of grass, the first grass anywhere about, a stone next his head and a dead tree above. And I feel very sad.

THE HEYDAY OF THE FORTUNE TELLERS

BY TRAVIS HOKE

FORTUNE tellers are flourishing as never before in generations. The drawing of horoscopes, numbering of names, staring at glass balls, table-tipping, and muttering over teacups find an increasingly large number of believers. One million three hundred thousand radio listeners in a year respond by mail to Evangeline Adams's tri-weekly broadcasts; a million and a half a year ask the astrologer Dolores for advice; a magazine article about an unnamed soothsayer brings 11,700 inquiries; newspapers print daily horoscopes, the astral predictions of Belle Bart, and the algorithmic forecasts of Elaine Hale Williams. In New York City twenty-five million dollars a year cross the palms of clairvoyants. Even phrenology and physiognomistry revive; Rosicrucian temples spring up in California and New York; gypsies open "mitt joints" in vacant shops. There is a rising urge for the esoteric, a tidal wave of faith in applied mysticism. Unquestionably, millions of adult Americans believe that the future can be foretold. Still others are casting about for some excuse to believe.

If this return to astrology and its sister arts came with the economic depression it would be notable merely in the psychology of despair. If it appeared only among the humble and unlettered it would show nothing more than the tenacity of superstition. But when the revival is at least ten years old and still gains fervor, and when, in a literate day, the converts include such supposedly intelligent people as bankers, Cabinet officers, and Governors of States, the phenomenon grows extraordinary enough to warrant examination.

All the oracular arts are prospering, but the stoutest are astrology and numerology. Astrology, first practiced when priests foretold Babylonian floods, ascribing to stars an influence since become a matter of meteorology, is the brand of sorcery now most respectable, most favored by the well-to-do. Stock market operators buy or sell according to its indications; business men subscribe to periodical horoscopes; a Governor of a western State signed legislation at hours astrologically dictated; women competent enough to earn a hundred dollars a week steer their love affairs by astral navigation. Numerology, a fumbling with the letters of names, runs second to astrology in popularity, and may even have more devotees if not such eminent ones.

Both are "sciences," of course. When palmistry, crystal gazing, and trance mediumship first thrived there was no need of convincing people through proof. Faith and fear were sufficient. Once it was enough to say that the stars guided man's destiny. But now that science has become a shibboleth, the mechanism of influence must be exposed; and so we are told that the stars are full of vibrations and wave-lengths busy ruling the affairs of earth. Thus "Cosmic rays vary with the season of the year," according

to Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Director of the Institut Astrologique de Carthage, and "the planetary vibrations, partly reflected, act more readily on the physical body. Natives [those born under the influence] of Saturn are tall, bony, pale, and melancholy. Jupiterians are round-faced, ruddy, frank and laughing. Vibrations direct from the sun influence more the character." Numerology goes in for vibrations, too: one's name vibrates according to the sum of the vibrations of the letters which spell it. This is science. Anything about vibrations is science.

The hoary aspect of astrology seems to heighten its authority as a science, and its claims to antiquity, at least, are valid. It was born some eight thousand years ago, after dwellers on the Tigris and Euphrates found that flooding rivers signalled the time for planting. There was no calendar then, no year, nor any conception of the regularity of seasons, but as crops must be planted before the floods, it became necessary to predict their coming. The job of forecasting, like so many other offices then and since, was taken over by priests, who for several centuries thought well of human entrails, the movement of insects, and symptoms of royal ailments as meteorological instruments, but who eventually were forced to the discovery that the astral bodies moved in regular procession, and that when certain planets reached certain positions the floods followed. The Babylonians readily accepted the clerical story that stars rule human affairs as well as those of rivers. If the movement of heavenly bodies could predict spring floods, why not births, deaths, and the arrival of ambassadors from abroad?

II

The ancient map of the heavens is still used: a girdle, the Zodiac, around the sun's path, divided into sections called houses or signs of the twelve constellations, originally named for details of Chaldean anatomy but now Latinized—Leo the lion, Pisces the fish, Taurus the bull, etc. The signs serve also for months, from the twenty-first to the twenty-first; thus Aries the ram is March 21 to April 20, Taurus the bull, from April to May. Each house, of course, has its special influence on human character and destiny.

But about the Zodiac move the planets, each with its own peculiar influence, which may well be at cross-purposes with the stellar influence; all of which so complicates matters that, says Evangeline Adams—perhaps the most comfortably established American astrologer—the influence of the rays is akin to that of light shining on plants under a dome—"a dome divided into twelve parts always moving, each part a color, all crossing and recrossing. The plants would grow better under yellow sunlight than they would under purple or mauve. Others wither under too bright a ray." So auspicious, for example, is the light shed by Aquarius, between January 21 and February 21, that eighty per cent of the occupants of the Hall of Fame were born then, as were Lincoln, Dickens, and Tallulah Bankhead, Miss Adams finds. Cardinal Gibbons (whose horoscope was strikingly like that of Houdini), George Bernard Shaw, Miss Anne Morgan, Shelley, and Ethel Barrymore are Leo natives, whereas Cancer sponsors Calvin Coolidge, John D. Rockefeller, and Rider Haggard.

Of such prime importance, in fact, is the state of the heavens at birth that some astrologers specialize in Natology. By drawing the horoscopes of husband and wife it can be stated with precision when is the best hour for them to arrange to have a baby; and persons intending to place children

for adoption do well to get horoscopes of them and of the prospective foster parents before making a decision. Several years ago Natologists noticed that many people born about the 19th of March, June, September, and December died during a short interval of time. Others had nervous upsets, still others fainted. Even Mayor Walker of New York fainted; he was born on the nineteenth of June. The moral is plain.

The practice of astrological science, then, is the locating of a date on the Zodiac and, by somewhat mysterious mathematical processes, determining the quality and strength of the influences then prevailing. That, however, is a mere beginning. "Any book on the science can tell you what aspects are favorable and unfavorable," says Miss Adams, "but you must have wisdom to weigh and interpret and apply the aspects to the individual." By this means many intricate puzzles are solved. The late Reginald Vanderbilt was born when Venus was in Scorpio in opposition to Mars, for example. After weighing and interpreting and applying these aspects to the individual, Miss Adams came to the conclusion that this blend of influences is what makes a man "insatiable in his pursuit of beautiful women," thus answering an enigma of the ages.

It is, however, an ill star that vibrates no one good. When Miss Adams first came to New York she drew the horoscope of the proprietor of her hotel, the Windsor. She foresaw grave disaster for him—and rather favorable conditions for herself. He stepped out of her room into the midst of the Windsor Hotel fire, and next day the newspapers printed his account of her prediction next to the story of the catastrophe, establishing her instantly as a seeress of the first magnitude. Although it is impossible to escape the fates that the stars ordain, one who is forewarned may take precautions that frequently mitigate evil influences. Finding herself some years ago under astrological conditions that promised no good, Miss Adams decided not to go riding on her tall horse Jupiter, but instead, mounted a gentle mare. The stars had their will of the mare, which bucked and threw Miss Adams, but she was not injured as severely as if she had fallen from the superior height of Jupiter.

Since the Windsor fire more than a hundred thousand people have called on her for consultation, and she has never had time enough to see as many as wished interviews. Interviews, during which the consulter sits in a chair designated as the Seat of the Mighty, cost $50 each, but for $10 a personal horoscope may be had by mail, or a "delineation" and the indications of the succeeding six months for $20, or a monthly forecast of world conditions for $1. There is none of the awesomeness of the traditional "wise woman" about Miss Adams, nor any eerie atmosphere in her quarters in Carnegie Hall, New York. Instead, she is placid and even jolly looking, and her studio home is rather businesslike with assistants typing horoscopic charts and mailing mimeographed prophecies to subscribers. The Seat of the Mighty has supported some weighty clients. One of America's greatest bankers learned astrology there, and during the last years of his life received a regular service of indications of future happenings in politics, business, and the market. A former president of the New York Stock Exchange was another of her clients, as was Caruso, who consulted the stars as to the most propitious dates for starting voyages. A senator asked for astral advices on his chances for nomination to the Presidency; the answer was that he would fail of nomination

but would profit, nevertheless, and eventually he became a member of the Cabinet. She cast a horoscope for the *S. S. Mauretania,* launched under Pisces the fish, and predicted that its career would be more successful socially than financially.

She has been consulted in nearly every important divorce case in New York in the last thirty years, she says. In one case the five persons concerned consulted her severally at least two years before the public knew there was trouble. She foretold the infidelity of a wife three years in advance. Occasionally foreknowledge from the stars has been used in ways she could not approve—as when she predicted the early death of a rich suitor for a client who also had a poor suitor. The girl married the rich man, he died within the year, and she then married the poor man. Apparently the stars dealt out the greatest good for the greatest number, but Miss Adams felt ill used. She herself married a man whose horoscope attracted her.

In all astrological clienteles women used to predominate, but now there is an equal number of men. Women used to ask, How can I hold my husband or get rid of him? Shall I meet the right man? Shall I become engaged this year? Now they are anxious about careers in the movies and trips to Europe. Since October, 1929, however, the greatest number of inquiries from both men and women have to do with the earning of daily bread. Buyers ask when their judgment is apt to be good; theatrical managers when to produce plays, and playwrights when to start writing them. (Judged by its fruits, the theatrical department of the Zodiac cannot be too efficient.) Husbands ask about building homes and taking out insurance. An Episcopal clergyman tries to find out when to start dieting for his gout. A girl in the Kentucky hills wants to know whether to call back her lover. A mother in Pasadena asks what to do with a child who beats his dog. A lifer in the Mississippi penitentiary inquires about his chances for a pardon. The president of a manufacturing company orders horoscopes of several hundred employees, to determine their fitness for their jobs. A magnificent vindication of astrology, this last. Stars indeed rule man's destiny if a clerk fails of promotion because she was born under Aries. The vibratory prowess of Saturn should be quite apparent to discharged bookkeepers and their families. Glorious is the venerable "science" that predicts these events, and they happen; marvelous are its sage interpreters and its clean-cut American business giant with a mind keen as any Chaldean's.

Certain other astrologers have tremendous followings. One Dolores, who has appeared in a "mentalist" act on the stage, broadcast readings two half-hours a day for a year, offering horoscopes by mail at two and five dollars. One million and a half people responded; there are not many more members in all the Protestant Episcopal churches in America. Six hundred thousand sent money in their first letter; the Presbyterian Church in the United States spent less on education and pensions in the same year. Dolores broadcast from what is known as the "Public Service Station." Wallace Everett Brown prepares a daily horoscope for the largest newspaper syndicate in the country, together with indications, usually cheerful, for birthdays, and answers questions: "Vera—look for silver linings, beginning about the middle of February." "C.R.N.—If the marriage is delayed after June next year it will be doubtful," etc. Belle Bart draws the horoscopes of infants considered important by Sunday newspapers. Not so well

known as these, perhaps, but possessed of considerable power, was L. Howell Lewis, who had for clients many city and State officials. He constantly advised two State governors, and one of them is reported to have followed his instructions so implicitly that he would sign bills only at the moment Lewis considered auspicious astrologically; a three-million dollar school aid bill had to be signed between 11:30 and 12:26 o'clock of a certain Thursday —and was.

Remote in Tunis, Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Ph.D., is infrequently consulted by Americans in person, but he is noted for his profound researches and his editorship of *The Seer*, official organ of the Institut Astrologique de Carthage. Dr. Rolt-Wheeler has been an ordained priest and a stock raiser, is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a member of the American Anthropological Society, has published several dozen books for boys, edited the *Science-History of the Universe*, and composed such musical works as "*Mon Cœur*," "Madness of Love," and "*Le Grand Lit*." He brings his versatility into his astrological work, for he offers courses by mail not only in three kinds of astrology (seventy lessons), but in the oracular sciences, and will promptly forward a Kabbalistic talisman on receipt of name, birth date, and price. This dauntless prophet's recent forecast asserted flatly that there may be attempts at assassination along the longitude of the Balkans, with probable serious injury to a person of royal blood; that there are to be religious troubles in Spain, and even world-wide financial troubles this winter.

If rectification—the discovery by astrology of the hour and minute of a person's birth and the prediction of the future from this information—sounds like the last word in science, consider location, which is the finding of the spot on the earth's surface where astral influences will permit the client to live most happily and successfully. Perhaps the most eminent specialist in location is L. Edward Johndro, who has on his hands at this writing a problem that greatly interests him because of its complexity. His client is a song-writer who lacks inspiration in Minnesota, does well in San Diego but is unhappy there. It will take at least three weeks to ascertain his optimum place of abode. "The horoscope must be properly rectified," says Mr. Johndro candidly, "for most of the rectifications submitted are in error because they are worked out on the Ptolemy arc" (it seems there really are persons naïve enough to work on the Ptolemy arc!) "and it must be projected for planetary electromagnetic phasing exactly as any sinusoidal wave problem in alternating-current engineering . . . and the fixed stars checked over to get a favorable latitude for the client's particular purpose." Here is astrology at its choicest—the sonorous terminology, the implication of scientific backing, the ruthless avoidance of sense—all the appealing gravity of a child at make-believe. The learned Johndro phases the planets and checks fixed stars for three weeks, and the gleeful client thereupon dashes off mammy songs as he basks in sinusoidal waves.

III

The most striking aspect of the present wide belief in astrology is the ease with which so many people accept the premise on which the system stands. Persons who are otherwise intelligent, who habitually draw reasonably correct conclusions from given data, never balk, somehow, at the notion that stars give off something that makes human beings what they are and what they are to be. Not only those who

despair, but persons who have done well with life, who get ahead, stake their fortunes on a supposition they do not even try to test. Persons who understand the functioning of a motor well enough to choose an automobile on performance accept without question the statement that a heavenly body makes them tall or short, rich or poor, well or ill. Persons who make sure that a radio works before they buy it, nevertheless pay money to anyone who promises to tell them when to buy, sell, or marry, and decide the most important issues of their lives on the word of a voice advertising toothpaste. It is a gaudy paradox that a race whose name is a by-word for shrewdness, caution, and practical guile should give over in droves to a footless will-to-believe.

Occasionally the remnant of a critical faculty asks for proof, whereupon it is pointed out that the moon causes the tides. This, of course, is indisputable. The argument that the ancients possessed certain knowledge denied to moderns is usually reliable, too, but the ancients in their wisdom decided not to mention the planets Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, discovered within the last century and a half, nor did they find it expedient, in handing down their mystic lore, to advise those on whom their mantles have fallen that the houses would shuffle their positions since they were first neatly spaced around the Zodiac.

The discovery of the planet Pluto in 1930 was an event of tremendous importance astrologically, of course, and its reception was significant. It was not taken as a blow to the validity of the science, as might have been expected, but was gladly hailed as a missing link which accounted for the failure of various predictions in the past. A contributor to the *Journal of the National Astrological Association* asserts that it will take a long time to identify its special influence, but already several volumes have been written about it by the more swiftly recondite observers. (This conservative writer, incidentally, cast the horoscope of the stock market and blames its uneasy situation on its position in Gemini. He states also that the Hawley-Smoot tariff act was signed at a time when all influences were favorable. He does not, however, reveal the future indications for Messrs. Hawley and Smoot and for the Republican Party.) Laurel Miller, a New York practitioner of note, did not use the advent of Pluto as an excuse for past errors. Through plotting planetary influences, she predicted the discovery not only of Pluto but another trans-Neptunian planet, she says. She named them Eslar and Tasmu. Eslar turned up exactly where she expected it, and quite understandably she is indignant that her name for it was not used. Tasmu still hides.

The customary rebuttal to all charges against astrology is, that it works. And so it does, with commendable originality. Six astrologers consulted by one person all propounded widely varying horoscopes and none discovered from the stars that the inquirer was married. With even chances of success, a radio astrologer predicted that the Lindbergh child would be a girl. Most successes in prophecy are remembered, failures forgotten. The stock answer is, that the stars are never wrong, but that astrologers may be, which is admittedly an argument to end all argument.

IV

By contrast with astrology, numerology, or algorithmics, is simplicity itself, and its authentic age is tender; for though it modestly claims only an Egyptian origin, it was "rediscovered" in England about thirty-five years ago. It is a great favorite with people of the stage. Essentially it is about what a

Middle Ages half-wit would remember of an hour with the Kabbala, but it can work the same miracles as astrology, it can be learned easily and self-applied; it is, so to speak, the clairvoyance of the kitchenette. The services of an expert make readings complete and accurate, however, and there are many who follow numerology as a profession. One of the best known, Elaine Hale Williams, former actress, dancer, and private detective, explains the science meatily:

"Numerology is the science of numbers. It was taught by Pythagoras, about 600 B.C. He learned it from the ancient Egyptians. In India and the Far East it continued to be much used, being mixed with astrology and horology. You are your name. The name shows the inner desire, the impression that is made upon others, the natural ability. Whenever the full name which was given at birth is not signed regularly there is a definite influence or cloak that is thrown around the individual with each signature. It is often a great drawback to an otherwise successful vibration. It is well to have the signature adjusted by a capable numerologist." Numerological rays, we gather, go from the individual and astrological rays come to him; it would be interesting to know what happens when the rays collide. No doubt some seer is ready to broadcast the details for a mouthwash company.

Numerology is the only variety of clairvoyance that concedes to the believer a fighting chance to control his fate—by changing his name he changes his vibrations. Neysa McMein, the illustrator, found success only after she had changed her name from Moran, for example; and the marriage of Natacha Rambova, born Hudnut, to Rudolph Valentino was considered a triumph for numerology. Astute persons often use one name for business dealings and another for love affairs—a practice not confined to believers in numerology, however; and Miss Williams has a client, a doctor, who will buy no watch, automobile, or surgical instrument that is not auspiciously numbered. Another client has been importuned to donate fifty thousand dollars to a group of people who wish to build a church. Through Miss Williams's determination of lucky and unlucky dates he has been advised when to give battle and when to absent himself from the community, and has been enabled to withstand the pious pressure for some time. There are indications that he will emerge triumphant in the end.

There are schisms in numerological ranks as there are in the astrological, heresies as vain as the Ptolemy arc. The same Laurel Miller who predicted Pluto and awaits Tasmu has uttered harsh strictures on the Pythagorean numerology, proclaiming the Kabbalistic doctrine as the one true faith. It is based on twenty-two mystic characters from the Emerald Table of Hermes, who took them from the Chaldean calendar; and she points out that Moses formed the original Hebrew, and Palamedes the original Greek alphabet, from the twenty-two hieroglyphs. With such prominent alphabetists on her side, Miss Miller might be thought to have all the best of it, but comparatively few American names can be spelled with even twenty-two hieroglyphs, so that Miss Williams and Pythagoras do very well on the whole. Then there is Arlyne Chalmers, a Pacific Coast numerologist, who has a considerable following for her Numberscopes, which she describes as "A Blueprint of Your Entire Life $15," even though her "Advice for a Year How to Meet Your Experiences Each Month" costs but $1.25. Still other numerologists of a dissenting order predict the future of anyone who will write out seven numbers at

random and send them along with the money.

Such experiments with the occult as astrology and numerology convince, with their patter of science and antiquity, thousands who would be ashamed to sit in a tea room while waitresses pore over the leaves. More thousands need only the conviction of lowered lights and hushed voices—for them the crystal ball, the knave of spades, the spirit trumpet serve equally well. Yet not all the believers in the lesser magic are lowly placed. During several years a millionaire Chicagoan maintained a private chapel in New York, with a medium and his wife constantly on call to summon spirits for counsel. Whenever he was unable to go to New York the spirits obligingly advised the millionaire by telephone. Evidently they imposed secrecy on him, for when a newspaper ran him down with the facts he gallantly intimated that the chapel was, after all, only what is technically known as a love nest. Wall Street brokers were prominent among those who endowed a "university" and a "hospital" for Edgar Cayce, of Virginia Beach, who gives "psychic and physical readings" in a state resembling a trance.

Most professional spirit mediums elect themselves pastors of "churches," but the more successful prefer to restrict their clienteles to a small number of the wealthy. Commerce thrives in "test books"—compilations of data on persons of known gullibility sold by brokers dealing in spiritualistic paraphernalia—and there have been quietly conducted prosecutions of insurance-company actuaries who sold to mediums information about wealthy policy holders. It is not clear why the recital of one's medical history by a fat woman in a wrapper should prove that there is life after death; but it does, and also that spirits can foretell the future, and that handsomely engraved oil-wells should be bought. Knowledge of the past is the psychic equivalent of astral vibrations.

Neither the phrenology of Gall, Spurzheim, and the Fowlers, with their bumps of amativeness and conjugality, nor the face-reading systems of Simms and Lombroso, with their graspativeness or love of gain, physioelpicidity, degenerate ears, etc., was intended to be used as clairvoyance; but in their evolution to character analysis and vocational advice their practitioners come near enough for most purposes to the foretelling of the future. Nor is straight out-and-out phrenology dead by any means; there are practicing phrenologists in most cities, and the Tope School of Phrenology in Bowerston, Ohio, not only publishes *The Phrenological Era*, gives courses by mail or in person (including books, calipers, and diploma) but boasts: "Not without a student in thirty-five years."

All sorts of obscure beliefs prevail. Hex doctors practice in Pennsylvania. The Institut Astrologique sells for five dollars "Kabbalistic Talismans, either Zodiacal or Planetary, prepared on virgin parchment (the actual skin) on the day and hour most propitious to the consultant." R. C. Jones mails his custom-made talismans from West Virginia for seven dollars to twenty-five dollars, payment in advance. "Namasta" is a cult of which the priestess, Mizanna Wolff, Tonganoxie, Kansas, will say only that "It satisfies." Osman, in Washington, D. C., compounds Psychic Perfumes, assuring the user a lucky vibration every day. For some reason not made plain, there is a kinship between occultists and adherents of the less orthodox schools of healing. Thus, a favorite contributor to the *Journal of the National Astrological Association* is none other than Dr. Louis Arthur Yurman, Drugless Physician, Psychoanalyst, Vocational Counsellor, Chiropractor, Naturopath, and

Psycho-Physiotherapist. The Doctor is also chief of clinic at the Puderbach School of Massage.

V

Astrologers resent their classification with fortune tellers, particularly at this moment, when the Society of American Magicians, having caught some of its fellows telling fortunes back stage, is bringing pressure on the police of the country to enforce the laws against clairvoyancy. Mr. Hal Olver, husband of Dolores, appearing for the defense, attacks fake astrologers as well as numerologists and palmists, and proposes State examinations and licenses for astrologers, to put them on a plane with physicians and barbers. Unfortunately for his scheme of reform, the laws of most States forbid the practice of fortune telling, but the laws notoriously are not enforced, nor, in many cases, are they up to date. The antique New York statute classes as disorderly persons acrobatic performers, circus riders, men who desert their wives, and persons who pretend to tell fortunes.

Some fifteen years ago astrologers were exalted above wife-deserters when a New York police magistrate decided that an astrologer "had raised astrology to the dignity of an exact science; she went through an absolutely mechanical mathematical process to get at her conclusions," but since then higher courts have held otherwise. Justice Nott decided that astrologers were fortune tellers; Justice Houghton termed the pretense to occult powers a fraud; Justice Kelly ruled that the methods by which prophecies were made was not material. New York fortune tellers get by on the technical ground that they do not utter predictions but "indications," and that they do not exact fees but merely accept gifts. Now and then one is arrested, for, strangely enough, the real character of plain clothes police is not made known by the lines of the palm, nor do the planets have anything to say about raids.

The Federal Radio Commission, though in this instance it long denied itself the power of censorship, now frowns so efficiently upon the broadcasting of horoscopes that several profitable contracts have been cancelled by large stations. In Los Angeles, as might be supposed, various brands of soothsaying proclaim themselves religions and are, therefore, permitted to broadcast, but in New York, as was noted in Judge Kelly's decision, not even religions can work against public welfare. Nevertheless, if the religion take the trouble to incorporate itself, the law seemingly cannot touch its employees who give "psychic readings." The Cayce referred to was recently arrested in New York and tried for telling fortunes. A policewoman testified that she had asked for advice on matters of finance and health [only licensed physicians may treat illness in New York], that Cayce had answered her questions as he lay on a bed with his eyes closed, and that she had not joined the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Inc. (Motto: That They May Have Life and That They May Have It More Abundantly.) Magistrate Erwin discharged Cayce and his assistants. "To hold them guilty," said he, "would be to interfere with the beliefs of an incorporated ecclesiastical body." What enlightenment the policewoman gained on her hypothetical pains and investments was not revealed, though it formed part of the papers in the case; and a cameraman who photographed Cayce was dispossessed of the plate, a procedure rare indeed in New York police courts.

"Witches appear to have been in bad repute in all jurisdictions since

2000 B.C., but witches, bad as they were, always occupied a different plane from fortune tellers," Judge Kelly remarks. "The latter have always been classed with rogues and mountebanks and generally disreputable members of society to be summarily dealt with for the good of the community."

Yet, with the law and tradition against it, fortune telling of all kinds flourishes. The takings in New York City, for example, are estimated at a sum several million dollars greater than the city usually expends on its water supply, its judiciary system, or its fire department, and almost twice the amount spent on parks and museums.

Faith in the supernatural has never quite died out anywhere, of course, but in America its footing was at least precarious after Salem days; and with the turn of the last century only a few mediums and palmists and astrologers survived, and only the ignorant followed them, excepting occasional personages such as those who reposed in the Seat of the Mighty. Then the revival began, led by the mediums and inflamed, a few years later, by the fervid sponsorship of Lodge and Conan Doyle.

The monumental credulousness of this pair overwhelmed lesser souls. Sir Oliver accepted psychic phenomena on evidence that he would have rejected for an experiment in physics, and standing, to the public, as one of the great scientific minds of his time, forced even educated persons to the conviction that if his searching intellect could accept spiritism, theirs must. Sir Arthur, because he solved fictional mysteries backward, ranked as the great detective, the keen scenter of trickery, rogue-proof—it seemed inconceivable that any medium could fool him. So strong was his will to believe that he ascribed psychic powers to Houdini, arch-enemy of spiritism. His sincerity never being questioned, though it endured many exposures of the most impudent fakery, he preached the gospel with tongue and book and thus unwittingly delivered thousands into the clammy hands of scientific camp followers. The influence that Lodge and Doyle had upon the people of this country by their advocacy of spiritism can never be reckoned in terms of money and stupefaction. It may be contended that their testimony, however mistaken, brought consolation to the sad at heart; but no one can deny that a shady and disreputable trade was given dignity and respectability by these sincere but misguided men. Riding in on the wave of enthusiasm came the astrologers and the numerologists and the rest, gaining repute and authority and credence until, in the last ten years, people of the utmost conservatism and respectability and even intellectual pride unashamedly avow beliefs almost as logical as faith in Santa Claus.

Mankind, it would appear, must have hope or consolation, whether from astrologer or physicist, psychic or priest. Make daily life however safe, however easy—there is still to-morrow to face. Man cannot yet face it unarmored of faith that his destiny is ordered; without the conviction that his destiny is ultimately benevolent he could not withstand the blows that daily assail him. Nor is the intervention of occultists in matters that touch the general welfare necessarily more foolish or more evil than that of higher styled rogues or mountebanks or experts. Many a medium might govern a State as well as some present governors, and perhaps as entertainingly; might run a cabinet department or a bank as well as Albert B. Fall or Saul Singer. Elaine Williams can foretell the course of the depression as well as Doctor Julius Klein;

Dolores may be a better prophet than Simeon Fess. All may be equally well intentioned, all are equally guessers.

But you cannot hold fortune tellers responsible for their guesses, you cannot adjudge their intent. It is occasionally possible to run to earth a dishonest politician and imprison him but you cannot jail a spiritualist for befuddling minds, you cannot fine a palmist for guessing wrong, even though it break hearts and wreck fortunes. They take no chances when they guess; the odds are with them, and you cannot stop them from guessing so long as people want them to guess.

The greatest harm is not that which fortune tellers inflict on believers, but that which believers inflict on others. When fortune tellers corrupt the reason of their patrons they make them unsafe to deal with. Whose loyalty and skill are safe with an employer who discards his judgment of men and work for wholesale poppycock about vibrations? What man can invest his savings on advice born of the mutterings of a cataleptic?

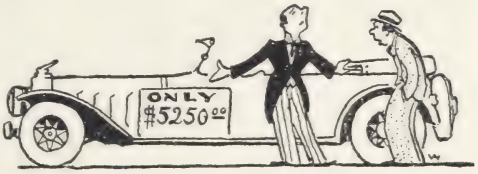
Yet people want fortune tellers to guess, despite the frowns of the law and education, despite repeated demonstrations of their incompetency as guessers. There must be some instinct at work that is stronger than law and learning.

It will be remembered that before the occult revival, religions in America had begun to "modernize" themselves, were tendering seeming reconciliations to science, were trying, generally, to adapt themselves to a place in modern daily lives—and were departing more and more from a reliance on faith. Genesis was being attuned to Darwin, the *credo* blended into social service, pulpit thunder was hushed into suave comment on current events. At the same time science was becoming a national idol. Each day some new marvel appeared—wagons ran without horses, voices issued from boxes, men flew, phantoms moved on screens; after to-day's miracles who could scoff at to-morrow's? Science worked these wonders, science made things and sold things and bestowed comfort and wealth; blessed be the name of science. It became the best-advertised product in the land, it was beatified to the point where anything stamped with its seal must be accepted on faith. Credulity became a national trait, zeal in science worship a laudable one.

But science has gone the way of religion, it has been popularized, its magic exposed and explained and handled. In the last ten years both religion and science have grown commonplace, half understandable, not awesome. It is in those ten years that the occult wave has mounted highest. Neither the consolation of religion, evidently, nor the enlightenment of science reaches deep enough into the needs of man. Science takes the veil, and religion lets in logic; man gains logic and loses heart. It must be that neither religion rationalized nor science sanctified gives man what he craves. It begins to look as though man still needed faith beyond logic, hope in things unseen, charity from a source too distant to be scrutinized. The times are ripe for a new faith, for a big gesture, for a new messiah, a prophet. Logically, he should come from the psychoanalysts, for they deal with souls on earth. Logically—but when was faith logical? Like as not he will be a hysteric, preaching a belief in madness.

Meanwhile, fortune tellers flourish, and they will always flourish, for they offer what religion cannot promise nor science provide. Religion deals with futures too remote. Science, near to becoming a religion, predicts futures in the mass. What man wants is a glimpse of his individual future, not in heaven but on earth.

The Lion's Mouth



MY PRIVATE DEPRESSION

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN the depression first came along I thought that it was going to be my golden opportunity. Within a few months I fully expected to be the man of the hour. Events, however, have not worked out that way, and to-day I am just as disgusted with the whole business as are Mellon and Morgan. The depression can end to-morrow for all I care.

Nevertheless, at the time, my reasoning seemed to be logical, and even now I cannot understand exactly what was wrong with it. The main point was this: In all the histories and biographies that I had ever read I had found the doctrine that whenever Nature, or Fate, was contemplating a great social emergency, she always, in secret, trained up a man to meet it. For example, a patriot army would be lost and wandering in a wilderness, when *pop!* up would spring a Xenophon or a Daniel Boone. Or, again, the world would have a sudden, pressing need for some novel gadget—say three-cornered hats. Immediately it would be discovered that, out in a little town in Arkansas, was a queer, fanatic genius who all his life had been making nothing else.

Now, briefly, that is exactly the position that I occupied in relation to depressions. In the autumn of 1929, just before the storm broke, there was no one in the world who knew as much about depressions as I did. Economists have always said that depressions come once in seven years, but I knew where they spent the rest of their time. I myself went off the gold standard before I could vote, and during the boom days when every shipping clerk had at least two cars and even authors commuted semi-annually to Europe, my own standards of living were still keyed to the panic of 1893.

At the same time it wasn't a bad sort of life, and when the great depression arrived I believed that I saw why those long, bitter years had been forced upon me. For, just as the French and Indian War occurred apparently for the sole purpose of training George Washington, and just as the Mexican War produced Grant and Sherman, so could I now perceive that Destiny had been grooming me for exactly this occasion. What my more prosperous friends would shortly need would be just such a seasoned veteran as I was—a hardy campaigner who, for twenty years, had fought depression from tree to tree.

"Pete," I could imagine my friend Dick Dives as saying, "how can you sit there so calm and collected? Don't you realize that American Brick has gone down to fifty-three?"

Then I would rise and take the center of the stage in front of the fireplace, facing these frightened captains of industry and pallid, shaking millionaires.

"Gentlemen," I would say, "now pull yourselves together. Don't lose

your heads. I understand that this is your first smell of gunfire, but other men, no better than you, have gone through worse than this. You call this a depression? Why, frankly, it isn't even a dent. Listen to Dick Dives, there, worrying himself sick because American Brick has gone down to fifty-three. Look at Mike Margin, here, shaking like a leaf because United Paint has passed its dividend. Consider Bill Bullion, blue and despondent about nothing except a few bags of coffee in Brazil. Piffle! Small stuff! Why! if you want to know what depression really means let me tell you about the time in 1920 when I lost my last quarter down the kitchen sink!"

Also there was another side to the matter, one that seemed to play even more directly into my hands. In those grand, happy, prosperous days of 1929, my particular share of the world's overproduction consisted of a very abandoned farmhouse, a third-hand Ford, and a shiny blue suit for all occasions when corduroy would not suffice. For publicity purposes I got on well enough by adopting the Thoreau pose, the next-to-nature platform, but in my own mind I was not without certain vagrant desires. What I secretly craved was a sport suit of real Harris tweed, a racing runabout, and a snappy week-end in some gilded hotel. In prosperous times, of course, I might as well have wished for a private planet but, as the depression wore on, these things began to look possible.

Now all this time—I must pause to relate—the small, rural corner of the world which I was able to observe had been going on about as usual. The rich were still rich, the poor were still poor, and those in between were buying oil furnaces. Tenderloin steak had gone down perhaps three cents a pound but, on the other hand, sausage had risen. There was, to be sure, some talk about men out of work, but if you wanted a man to clean up the brush pile at two dollars a day—well, just try to find him.

In the cities, however, I understood that things were tragically different. Week-enders who came up, now and then, all told the same story—gloom, gloom, and a black cloud of despair. "Don't go to New York," they all said. "You simply can't imagine the hopelessness of the atmosphere." The big hotels, they told me, were all closed above the first floor. The automobile agencies were crammed to the roof with five- and six-thousand-dollar cars that had been repossessed from insolvent stockbrokers; and shopkeepers all over the city were standing at their doorways with tears in their eyes, begging the public to come in and carry off the merchandise. Indeed, it was not very long before several of the most tragic cases began to unfold themselves before my own gaze.

The first was that of Dick Dives himself, who drove into my yard one bleak autumn afternoon, too nervous and worried even to come into the house. Ever since the start of the panic I had heard that Dick had been very "hard hit." In fact he had been so hard hit that the previous summer he had not opened his country place in our neighborhood but had taken his family on a fishing trip to Colorado instead. Even now he had been able to snatch only a few hours from being hard hit in order to take his son up to Dartmouth in the Packard. His own case, however, was not nearly as pitiful as that of Mike Margin.

"Poor Mike," Dick reported. "He's been absolutely wiped out—gone to the wall. I saw him two weeks ago and he's a nervous wreck."

"But what is he going to do?" I asked, anxiously, wondering whether I ought to wire Mike and offer him the cot over the corn crib.

"Well," answered Dick, gloomily,

"the doctor has ordered him to Jamaica for the winter, but as soon as he's well he's going to join his family in France."

Poor, poor Mike! What an awful thing to be wiped out and have to go to Jamaica! I felt almost guilty as I turned into the house to put some more wood in the chunk stove and stick a piece of newspaper into the crack by the window frame. But still, I mused, there was no use being morbid about this thing. What could I do? What would be my little bit? Then suddenly it occurred to me. Buy! Buy! That was what everyone had been shouting for months. "Unlock your savings accounts!" "Stop this senseless hoarding!" All right. I would start the ball rolling. I would go down to-morrow and open one of those shuttered hotels on Park Avenue. I would tell the merchants in bijoux and finery to dry their tears.

The next morning, however, as I reached the junction, eight miles away, and waited for my train, the situation did not seem quite so clear. From reading the weekly financial reviews in the newspapers, I had supposed that the railroads of America had practically ceased to exist, but the station agent showed no great excitement even when I asked for a Pullman seat, and when the 8.33 pulled in, a few minutes later, it looked exactly as it had always looked ever since I had been a little boy. In the parlor car there were just about the same number of people, doing just the same things. A man ahead of me opened a newspaper, showing a picture of three large yachts under full sail and, over his shoulder, on the same page, I read that, "Ten Thousand Watch Tilden Reach His Old Form." Even as we approached New York I saw no signs of the dead city that I had been led to expect. In the suburbs there were the same well-kept lawns, the same acres of closely parked cars, and the same groups of boys playing football in the sandlots.

"Oh, well," I mused, "we Americans are a plucky people and keep up appearances. It will be different when I begin to talk business."

As the first step in my relief expedition I took a taxi to the Grand Bauble Hotel which, I had heard, was virtually in the hands of a receiver, but as I followed a porter with my bag through the lobby, my perplexity began to deepen. Except that it had been newly done over in light blue and silver, the place looked exactly as it had looked the last time that I had seen it, nine years before. There was the same army of bellboys rushing back and forth, the same number of well-dressed people in the blue velvet chairs, the same smell of cut flowers and cigarette smoke, and in the distance the same orchestra was still playing the barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffmann." The room clerk looked at me with the same supercilious stare.

"Room and bath?" he asked, curtly. "Eight dollars"—exactly the same price that it had been in 1922.

This meant that, instead of staying three weeks, as I had planned, I could stay just twenty-four hours, so I left my luggage and hurried out on my second errand. Five or six blocks away I found the show rooms of the Superstunt Motor Car Company and here things began to look a little more promising. In a setting of palms in the window was a huge, nickeled, twelve-cylinder touring car with a card marked "Driven Less Than 3,000 Miles." As I entered, a well-dressed young man approached me.

"I would like," I said, "to look at some used cars—very slightly used."

The salesman studied me estimatingly. "How much do you wish to pay?"

As a matter of fact I wished to pay about fifty dollars but I answered

noncommittally, and the clerk called a sulky boy who took me up a freight elevator to a huge, barren loft where stood about twenty very dingy looking wrecks that could have been duplicated in any country garage. They were from three to seven years old, and the prices ranged from four to nine hundred dollars. I returned below and approached the first salesman.

"But haven't you," I asked, "any newer cars—say one that has been repossessed?"

"Only this one," he answered, pointing to the nickeled Leviathan in the palm grove. "Five thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars. Brand new, it would have cost you six thousand."

Well, anyway, I could buy a new suit of clothes—but what is the use of going on with the pitiful story? All afternoon I shopped from Fifty-ninth Street to the Battery with the same results that I had had at the hotel and the motor car agency. Dozens and hundreds of suits were offered me for thirty and thirty-five dollars, but, when I looked at the kind of suit that one really wanted, the price was just what it had always been—eighty-five to a hundred.

Tired and bewildered, I wandered back to the Grand Bauble for dinner, completely conquered by this bankrupt town. It was now dark, and I knew that up home the kerosene lamps were just being lighted in farmhouse windows, but on Fifth Avenue the limousines were still milling, three and four deep. Through the long windows of Cleofont's restaurant I saw a table of early diners in evening dress while, at the door of a club, a group of poor, refugee stockbrokers was coming out from what had obviously been a cocktail party. I crossed over to Park Avenue and approached the Grand Bauble but, just as I was about to enter the revolving door, a man in a silk hat, with a white muffler and cane, came bursting out of it. Absently he started to toss an apology, then suddenly gave a roar of recognition. It was Bill Bullion.

"Pete!" he exclaimed, "Where did *you* come from?"

"Oh, just down from the hills," I replied. "I'm going back to-morrow."

"You lucky, lucky devil," murmured Bill. "I don't suppose that any of you people outside of New York can realize what this depression actually means."

For a moment I did not answer as I looked at the oceans of taxis speeding up Park Avenue. My eye took in Bill's glistening hat and a glimpse of white evening shirt that showed through his muffler. From the hotel behind me came a low hum of voices and a fresh burst of music.

"No, Bill," I answered, slowly, "I don't think we can."



"LISTEN TO THIS, DEAR"

BY JAMES THURBER

IT IS a commonplace that the small annoyances of the marriage relationship slowly build up its insupportabilities, as particles of sediment build up great deltas. And yet I have never seen, even among the profundities of our keenest researchers into divorce, a competent consideration of the problem that is created by the female's habit of interrupting the male when he is reading. It is, indeed, more than a habit; I believe it is a law of woman's behaviorism as deeply rooted as her instinct to attract the male. And it causes almost as much trouble.

In the early ages of mankind, woman's security, and hence her con-

tentment, were assured by the activity of the male and jeopardized by his inactivity. The male rampant—killing animals for food and for clothing, digging out caves, and putting up huts, driving off enemies—early came to be associated in the mind of the elemental female with warmth, well-being, safety, and the kindred creature comforts. Lying down, or even sitting down, the male was a symbol of possible imminent disaster: famine, exposure, capture and servitude, even death. Any masculine posture of relaxation or repose, therefore, became a menace which must be removed.

The reasonable dismay of the primeval female at the sight of her mate doing nothing was so powerful that it remains ineradicable in the mind and the heart of the female of to-day, although logical motivation for her original dread has largely disappeared with the shaping up of our civilization. The softer centuries, it is true, have reduced her primal terror to a kind of hazy uneasiness, just as they have tempered the violence of her protest, but the instinct to prod the inert male into action nevertheless persists. Where once woman shook man, or struck him with a rock, or at least screamed imprecations at him, when he sat down to draw pictures on the walls of the cave, she now contents herself with talking to him when he is reading. The male's ability to lose himself in the printed page brings back to the female, from vanished wildernesses, the old, dim fear of masculine inertia.

"I must tell you what happened to the base of the Spencers' child's brain," a wife will begin when her husband has just reached the most exciting point in the sports extra's account of a baseball game or a prize-fight, and she will proceed to go into details which, although interesting, or even horrific, lack the peculiar excitement of competitive competition to which the husband has adjusted his consciousness. Or she will say, "I want you to listen to this, dear," and she will read him a story from *her* section of the evening paper about a New Jersey dentist who tried to burn up his wife and collect her insurance. Telling the plots of plays, and speculating as to why a certain couple were drawn together, or drifted apart—as the case may have been—are other methods a wife frequently uses to interrupt her husband's reading.

Of the various ways of combating this behavior of the female, open resentment, manifested by snarling or swearing or throwing one's book or newspaper on the floor in a rage, is the worst, since nine times out of ten it will lead to quarrels, tears, slamming of doors, and even packing of suitcases, and the disruption of family life. The husband may gain, by this method, the privacy of his club, but he will no longer be in the proper frame of mind for quiet reading. He will find himself wondering where his wife is, whether she has gone home to her mother, whether she has taken veronal (I am dealing, of course, with those high-strung, sensitive couples who make up such a large percentage of present-day families). He will then fall to recalling miserably the years of their happiness, and end up by purchasing a dozen roses for his wife, and five or six rye highballs for himself, after which he must still face the ordeal of patching things up, a business made somewhat easier perhaps by the fact of the roses, but correspondingly harder by the fact of the highballs. This whole method of protest, in a word, takes a great deal out of a man and is not to be recommended.

The best way of dealing with a wife who tells long stories of the day's happenings, or reads accounts of murders aloud when her husband has settled down to his book or journal, is to pretend to listen but not really to listen at

all. To the uninitiated this may seem simple, but the husband who has perfected the method knows that it calls for a unique bifurcation of the faculty of attention, and a remarkable development of the power of concentration. In order to go right on with his own reading while his wife is talking, the husband must deaden his mind to the meaning of her words and at the same time remain conscious of the implications of her inflections. Thus he will be able, at the proper places in her recitation, to murmur an interested "yes?" or an incredulous "no!", although not following her narrative at all and still getting the sense of what he is reading. "Um," "Hm," and "Um hm" should also be freely used, but never "Hm?" for it denotes a lapse of attention. Exclamations of astonishment or high interest, such as "You don't say!" are extremely dangerous and should be interjected only by the oblivious husband who is so sensitive to the tempo and pitch of his wife's voice that he can be positive when she has reached some (to her) important climax in whatever she is relating.

This form of deception is, of course, fairly easy to practice when the female is reading aloud, for her eyes must naturally be upon the printed page before her. It is not so easy when she is relating an occurrence, or a chain of occurrences, for her eyes are then likely to be upon the male. In this case he should contrive, as soon as she begins, to drop his magazine or newspaper on his knee, as if he had abandoned it—all the time, however, keeping the type within range. I know of one husband who drops his newspaper on the floor before him and then bends over it with his hand to his brow, shielding his eyes, his elbow on his knee, as if he were intent upon his wife's words. He continues to read right along, however.

A defense against forward passes, as they say in football, must also be carefully built up by the inattentive husband. By forward passes, I mean sudden and unexpected questions which the wife is likely to fling at any minute, such as, for example, "Would you think Hilda Greeb capable of a thing like that?" In building up a defense against this trick play, the husband must keep a little corner of his consciousness alert, like the safety man on a defensive football team, for all sentences beginning with "would," "should," "are," "have," "can," and the like. In this way he can spot a question coming in time to have some sort of response ready. In the case of the question we have already cited, "Would you think Hilda Greeb capable of a thing like that?" it is probable that either a "yes" or a "no" would see the husband safely by the crisis. If he says "yes," the wife will probably say, "Well, so would I of course," and if he says "no," she will probably say, "Well, of course *I* would, knowing her as well as I do." However, each particular husband, knowing the twists and turns of his particular wife's mind, must work out his own system of defense against forward passes. The greatest care should be taken by every husband, however, to answer only those questions which are directed to him. He must, I mean, be on guard against "inner-quote queries." For example, if a wife should say, in the course of whatever she is telling, "So I asked her, 'what time is it?'" the husband is lost if he is caught off guard and replies, "About a quarter after eight, I think." This is bound to lead to accusations, imprecations, quarrels, tears, slamming of doors, etc.

I know a few husbands who simply evade the whole problem by giving up reading. They just don't read anything any more. It seems to me that this is cowardly.



Editor's Easy Chair



HOPES AND ANXIETIES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT makes our current world so interesting is the uncertainty every morning of what will be in the newspaper. At this moment of writing the items of most concern come from Asia, about the disparities of view of China, Russia, and Japan. Nothing that comes out of Asia in the line of international politics will be much of a surprise because it has been so long recognized that anything may happen in that continent; but whatever concerns the three powers named affects about a billion people. When so many people as that are disturbed and likely to get into war, it is surely time for the Western World to take thought of what may happen to it, and meanwhile to persuade its nations to get together. That this would happen—that apprehensions furnished by Asia would promote amity and co-operation in Europe—has been predicted this long time. Watch now and see if that medicine has begun to work.

Nobody can afford a war just now, not even the United States. Everybody concerned in the last war is still busy trying to pay for it. For Japan, it is true, it was not a serious expense, nor yet for China. Soviet Russia hardly existed until after the War and has not assumed any of its liabilities so far as generally known. But still Japan is not a rich country and now feels the pangs of the Great Depression. Russia, though solvent, is very, very busy with self-development; China is sufficiently chastened by her domestic military operations. An outside enemy who would tie her together might do her good; but the Chinese nowadays are not a fighting people, but inclined to express themselves by the boycott and the bandit, rather than by organized, formal hostilities.

What we want to know particularly in starting the new year is how a vast disturbance in Asia might affect Business. We are concerned about Business, not because we are over-interested in material things, but because we have looked to it to provide the machinery of life. We don't want the State to support us; we want Business to do that, and Business is willing enough if it can. At this writing wheat has been going up, silver is rising, and stocks show sympathy with them. Our concerns look better.

The great question that everyone wants answered is how long will it take for prosperity to come back; how much must be done before that can happen; how many monkey wrenches must first be taken out of the machinery of Europe; how much tumult must disorder Asia before it can be reorganized; what settlements must there be of debts and such things; what boundaries must be re-ordered before people can live peaceably inside of them; what

navies have got to be maintained; what armies, and what for?

We are not in the League, not quite, but people concerned about the immediate future of mankind come to Washington and talk with our ministers. M. Laval from France has just been here; Signor Grandi from Italy has, at this writing, just arrived. Others have been here, others will come. They all have the same errand—how to keep the peace of the world. Certainly communications on that subject have opened remarkably. They had to open.

The folly of a great many things is seen, and yet the things are so much a part of life that they cannot be suddenly discontinued. There are warships—Mr. Hoover wants to stop making them, and the blood of the Navy League runs cold at the prospect. It is a large matter and may have to be discussed in Congress. It is highly technical. We common people do not know much about it. It will have to be put before us in a few words and very simple figures for our opinion; but perhaps our opinion will not be asked. In Japan the organization and use of the army and navy are matters which concern the generals and the admirals and the Emperor; the Japanese government has little to say about them. So one reads, and it may be true; and the electorate of the United States has very little to say about armies and navies except at times to support demands for increased pensions. Whatever is done about our naval problem will probably be unsatisfactory to an important number of persons. The same is true of what can be done about the Polish Corridor, about any other problem in Europe, or about Prohibition in this country.

A CLERGYMAN in Maine writes so gently in deprecation of so much discourse about Prohibition in "The Easy Chair" that one is encouraged to try to make him and other objectors see what the principle is that binds many devotees to the drive against Prohibition. Most of the Drys seem to think that most of the Wets are merely fighting for more and better and cheaper intoxicants. Oh, well, better drinks are desirable and proper enough to go after; but to thousands of serious-minded Wets drink is merely something that happens to be mixed up with a much more important and serious matter, to wit: self-government in the United States.

These Wets say the real trouble of Prohibition is that it has interfered *too much* with free will in the United States. Most of them will admit that some interference was warranted, though there are those who hold to the thought that if government let rum entirely alone it would take care of itself. There would be no great profit in selling it, no revenue from it, good drinks would be very cheap—cheap enough perhaps to drive out bad ones—and the responsibility for drinking would come back to the drinker. That is an interesting theory but not likely to be tried, but serious modifications of Prohibition enforcement are likely to come soon. Millions of people do not like it and would like to repeal the Amendment and try something new.

Our correspondent in Maine cites Evangeline Booth and Jane Addams as witnesses of the great amount of good Prohibition has accomplished. No doubt it has done good. It has dried the country up considerably, and in many places that process has been beneficial. Many families are better off for Prohibition, but also a good many families are worse off. What is wanted is to keep most of its benefits and be quit of as many of its drawbacks as possible. Few persons want to go back to what we had before the Amendment began to operate, very

few; but somehow if more potent drinks come back and are lawful again they will have to be sold, and about that there will, of course, be difficulty.

When Mr. Morrow, candidate for Senator in New Jersey, unexpectedly spoke his mind about Prohibition he said in substance: "Give the management of drinks back to the States!" It is common sense to do that because our communities differ so much in habits and circumstances. Murder is murder in San Francisco, Colorado, Alabama, New York, and Massachusetts. Nevertheless, all those communities and all the rest attend to it each in its own way. But in the use of beverages in those States and in the other States there are great differences, and to put them all under the same rule is not and never will be sensible.

Mr. Morrow's modest suggestion was to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment substituting for it one that should restore to the States the power to determine policy toward the liquor traffic, and should vest in the Federal government power to give all possible protection and assistance to those States that desire complete Prohibition against invasion from States that do not. That is what he said in his famous speech as a candidate for the Senate, in which to the amazement of politicians he spoke his mind about current Prohibition.

Another view is that of Mr. Clarence Darrow. It never surprises anybody to have Mr. Darrow speak his mind: the surprise would come if he did not. Being asked the way out of the woods of Prohibition and whether he would repeal the Amendment, he said repeal was pure nonsense. It could not be done. The things to repeal were the Volstead and Jones acts which provided for federal enforcement, and then put nothing in their place. The Amendment, he said, does not compel any federal legislation. The Dry States could enact State prohibition; the Wet States could make and sell liquor as they saw fit, only they would have to use some sense about what they did.

If that could not be done, if the Volstead and Jones acts could not be repealed, Mr. Darrow was "for a continuous nullification as our method of relief from Prohibition and corruption." Nullification, he said, is the way in which we get rid of the majority of obsolete and unpopular laws.

THERE are those who seem to think that the Constitution is a document like the Ten Commandments. But that is not so at all. The purposes of the two are different. The Ten Commandments were issued to regulate human conduct; the Constitution was devised to provide for co-operation of States in government and to defend the rights and preserve the liberties of the governed. When the prohibitionists won and contrived to insert in the Constitution the commandment "Thou shalt not drink" they put in something that did not belong there and was quite foreign to the rest of the document. Most of them seem still to be totally unconscious of that fact. They consider the objections to Prohibition to be based solely on the desire for better and cheaper alcoholic drinks. They argue that an immense improvement of human life has come with Prohibition.

There has been quite a lot of improvement, but most of it had come before Prohibition. Between 1880 and 1910 there was very substantial progress in abating the worst features of rum. Drinking in business fell off and especially in business hours. Rum had been used commercially by agents to get orders and facilitate trade. That was disastrous to the health of the agents. It wrecked so many lives that it had to be stopped. Great corporations like the Pennsylvania Railroad

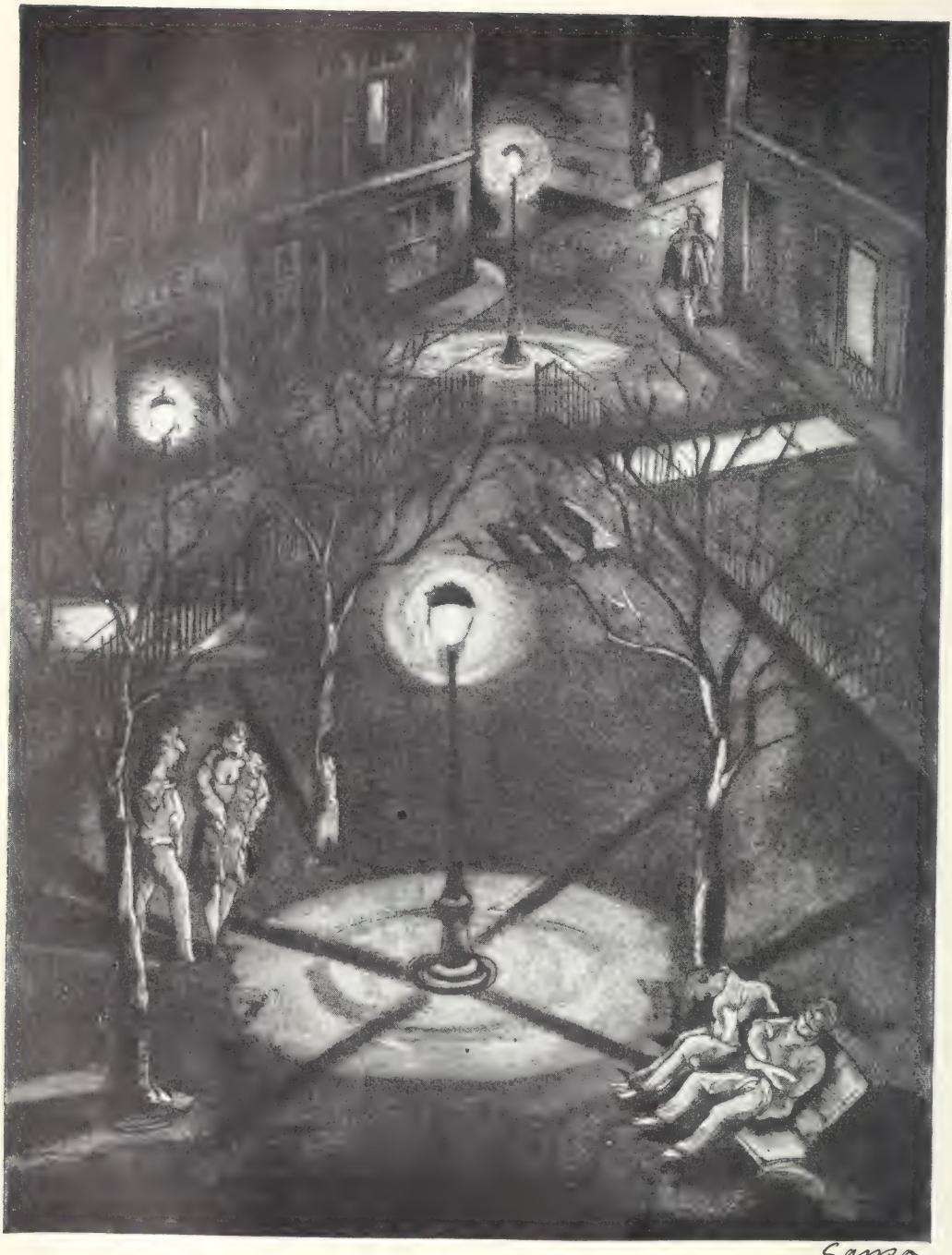
threw it out. People like Evangeline Booth talk about what went on in New York in 1884 as though the change which has come since was due to Prohibition. Mrs. Booth probably did not walk down Greene Street from the south side of Washington Square as long ago as 1879 or 1880, and does not remember the appearance of the women who leered at passers-by through half-opened shutters from the houses that bordered on the sidewalk. She possibly does not remember the group of dives about 32nd Street and Sixth Avenue in 1878 or 1879, or even later. Those spectacles had passed away long before the coming of Prohibition. If there was still something going on on the Bowery, at least it was not then the dreary place it is now.

Over-concentration of the mind upon the evils done by alcohol may lead to oversight of another form of damage from other sources. The Bible says "The love of money is the root of all evil," and it has been said that this is a bit misleading because the real root of evil was the love of power, and what made money desirable was the power that came with it. It was the special aim of the Constitution to save the mass of the American people from the love of power in individuals and in groups. The Fathers would not have a king; they would not agree to have a dominant aristocracy. They spread the power out as thin as they could, Hamilton and Jefferson representing the conflicting ideas on that subject. The love of power has done far more harm in the world than rum, long as the rum bill is; for the love of power is responsible for nearly all the wars. The moderate Drys may well ask themselves now how far the cause of Prohibition rests on the love of power among its leaders.

The question of the distribution of drinks if the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed or the Volstead Act finally falls down is going to be difficult. If rum regulation comes back to the States it will be decided in various ways in various localities. Some persons, like the Rev. Harry Fosdick, object strongly to the Government going in the rum business; they do not want the liquor stores to be kept by the Government. But as to that there is this to be said—if the Government taxes beer or intoxicants of any kind, it is in the liquor business quite as positively as though it kept a shop and sold bottles over the counter. Our Government is not squeamish about its business associations. With anybody that pays it taxes it is so associated. Of late it collects the income tax quite impartially from anyone who has an income. It is not too proud or too squeamish to share the gains of the bootleggers; the profits of brothel keepers are not exempt if they are discovered, nor yet, apparently, the gains of thieves or kidnapers. The Government is in business with anyone whose gains it shares; and there will be those who will think that it might better keep the rum shops or even the beer shops than tax the trade.

Among the products of Prohibition are innumerable soft drinks, the immense increase of candy shops, the development of new functions in drug stores and the habit of eating in them, probably an increase in the consumption of tea and coffee, and in some cities the development of speakeasies as eating places.

Will all these institutions fade away if the Amendment or the Volstead Act is repealed? Probably not. Nothing that can be done by legislation is going to put us back to where we were in 1918. Our new habits may be modified but they will not be eradicated. They may be greatly improved. Heaven send that that result awaits us.



PARIS NIGHT

By Emil Ganso

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

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Harpers Magazine

OUR CONFUSION OVER NATIONAL DEFENSE

SHALL WE LISTEN TO THE PACIFISTS OR THE ADMIRALS?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

A PALSY of bewilderment has overtaken that distinguished American, Mr. Plain Citizen—that well-known patriot portrayed by the cartoonists as a small man, slightly cross-eyed, wearing large glasses, wrinkled trousers, and crumpled shoes, and bearing on his countenance the marks of labor and sacrifice. The cause of his bewilderment is obvious. He wants peace and security for his country and his home, and yet he is continually beset by clamor about the perils of impending wars, the starvation of the Navy, and promises of peace.

What he wants seems simple to him. As he sees things, national defense means defense of the American heritage —the land, people, and institutions on this continent. It is his country and his home which he wishes to have protected against foreign invasion. But when he inquires how this is to be done he hears discordant and confused voices.

On the left he finds the advocates of peace discussing, not national defense, but good will among nations, seeking to spread the spirit of friendship at home and abroad, and relying upon treaties, the World Court, and the League of Nations. All this is highly praiseworthy but it does not seem to bear directly upon the cause of national security which he has at heart.

Then he listens to the professional defenders—the Navy League, the big navy advocates, and the apostles of armaments and superiority. They generally speak in technical language of guns, tonnage, naval bases, trade

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routes, and supremacy on the seven seas. Their technology overwhelms him, for it is couched in terms unfamiliar to lay ears. It is impressive. And every now and then, above the roar of the technical battle, he catches notes bearing on the foreign policy of the United States government, as if, after all, that is to be a determining factor in armaments, peace, and security. Evidently here is a situation that must be cleared up before our bewildered citizen can recover his equilibrium.

Arousing himself from his lethargy, he decides to inquire for himself, so that he may act intelligently and with public spirit, as the teachers of civics inform his children in the public schools that all good citizens should. He starts with the assumption that all good citizens love their country and want to see it well defended. He has heard the old slogan, "In time of peace prepare for war," and he thinks that the job should be "adequately" done. At the same time he believes in peace and "business as usual," and hopes that things may be so managed as to stave off the calamities of war. In this mood he looks about for himself. And what does he discover?

II

First of all he finds peace praised and celebrated as the greatest good to be attained in international affairs. A score or more of peace societies and ten thousand peace advocates warn him that the next war will blast soldiers and civilians alike, lay his home waste, and cover our rocks and rills with a layer of poison gas. Thereupon he asks what the friends of peace are doing to prevent this major disaster. He unearths many things in the quest. Pacifists have organized immense societies with imposing lists of imposing citizens serving as sponsors. They send parsons, professors, journalists, teachers, and other estimable people around among the nations of the earth spreading the spirit of good will and interpreting the respective civilizations to one another. They hold grand banquets where Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Turks dine together in brotherly love and listen to noble words on the merits of peace. They exchange decorations, titles, honors, and university degrees. They get up peace pacts for governments to adopt and induce them to put their signatures on the dotted lines—always with appropriate "reservations." They urge the merits of the League of Nations and the advantages of the World Court.

Everywhere, in short, our bewildered citizen hears peace extolled. Nowhere any more do responsible statesmen speak loudly of the uses of war in developing "virility." To be sure, a few admirals and generals seem to believe in the ancient creed; many old men, who escaped service in the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War, praise martial virtues from armchairs in clubs; and a host of hard-boiled men of action continue to think that "we need a war" every now and then to tone up the body politic. But the noble art of fighting as a good thing in itself receives no open praise in this country from our leaders in public affairs. The glow of martial pomp has disappeared in the slime of trenches, the welter of gas, and the darkness of the undersea. Even general staffs safely ensconced in departmental offices, having read about what happened to the high commands in Russia, Germany, and Austria after the last grand débâcle, seem to look with some trepidation on the next trial of causes by battle. So our bewildered citizen is confirmed in the opinion that peace is a good thing and should be maintained.

He then looks about in the tons of peace literature at his disposal for edification and tries to get at the philosophy of the business. Early in the search he comes upon the report of the Church Peace Union for 1931. He reads that this society was founded by Andrew Carnegie. It is sponsored by some of the finest men in America, many of them doctors of law, divinity, and philosophy. All of them, with perhaps the exception of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., rightly command wide respect throughout the Republic.

The report of the Union tells of its activities. The field secretary "gave three weeks to the World Educational Institute in the colleges and universities of Indiana and Missouri. Perhaps the most unique opportunity presented itself in conducting the conferences on 'World Friendship' at the Eighth World's Christian Endeavor Convention in Berlin, Germany." On page 27 it is related that "it has been a fine year for Interchange work. Never has there been so much interest manifest in this endeavor. One difficulty has been to concentrate our efforts. There is an ever-increasing number of Americans who desire to go to Europe—preachers and laymen—at their own expense, for the purpose of interpreting the best that is in American life to others and to take with them the spirit of friendliness to other peoples and to become familiar at close range with the religious, social, industrial, and political conditions of those countries." There have been other activities. "The Peace through Art Committee acquired a small exhibit known as the International Hope Chest. . . . The Chest traveled into many States during the summer, visiting vacation schools, Bible schools, county fairs, etc., and met with universal favor."

In enlarging the exhibit, it appears that the agents of the Union devised this scheme of thought: "Follow the Goodwill Line from the International Hope Chest, through China—the land of the compass and the peaceful teachings of Confucius, through Belgium—the land of lovely laces and the famous Louvain Library, through Germany—of beautiful toys and the homeland of Kant; and many, many other countries! Until the Goodwill Line arrives at its Goal—Interdependence+International Friendship=World Peace."

From what may be called the lighter literature of peace, our bewildered citizen turns to the heavier documentation. Here he reads reams of statistics on the costs of armies and navies and discovers that his own Government spends about eighty per cent of its annual budget on wars, past, present, and future. He runs through solid speeches by informed leaders on the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and other formulæ for allaying the distempers of nations. Scarcely a single effort on the part of peace advocates and their governments to adjust international relations amicably escapes ample recording. There is certainly no dearth of authentic and valuable materials on the ways and means and problems of the peace movement. All this is certainly excellent, thinks our plain citizen, even if difficult to arrange in his mind in a satisfactory picture.

But not all pacific activities are covered in the formal reports of the peace societies. Our bewildered citizen must examine the news of the passing days. The files of the New York *Times* are open to inspection. In the issue of May 19, 1931, there is an account of eighty boys and girls who exchanged friendly greetings around the world over the radio, under the auspices of a great peace organization. One of them declared: "I think we can say the air all around the earth to-day is full of good-will greetings." Five days later the faithful *Times* reported

that several clergymen held a parade in protest against the display of bombing planes over New York City, and carried banners labelled: "The way of Jesus and Gandhi is stronger than guns." On June 22, 1931, the *Times* announced the establishment of a new cultural center for art, literature, music, science, and education, "with the ultimate aim of assuring international peace." In the autumn Canon Rogers, chaplain to His Majesty King George V, insisted at Columbia University, in an open meeting, that "the adoption by the nations of a doctrine of forgiveness is necessary to settle the disturbed social and economic problems of the present."

Not long after the Canon offered his solution for our "disturbed" problems, the *Times*, on October 22, 1931, gave a good spread to a dinner at the Waldorf —a "Friendship Dinner. Good will, not military might." Many of the best citizens were present, among others Thomas Lamont and Charles M. Schwab, who served as "members of the board of honorary chairmen." At ten o'clock the room was darkened in honor of Edison, and a pianist softly played, "Lead Kindly Light." Then upspake Sir William Robertson, chief of staff of the British Army during a part of the World War, and said: "I want to submit now that another way can be found by which nations can live together without having periodical recourse as in the past to butchery and barbarism. Give a will to peace in any way equal to the will to war which nations were too frequently taught to cultivate before 1914. When disputes arise, approach them in a just and friendly spirit, as gentlemen, not as brigands." (So it would seem that peace is possible if responsible officials act in a friendly spirit, as gentlemen, not as brigands. This is a bit of a shock to our bewildered citizen, for he had never thought that it was possible for high officials of his Government to act as brigands; but still he accepts the information as a part of his education in peace.)

Enthusiastic as our plain citizen may be about good-will trips to the land of beautiful toys, and about approaching international problems in a spirit of forgiveness and as gentlemen rather than brigands, he finds, in the course of his review of peace plans, very little which bears upon the question uppermost in his mind. It is apparent that most of the advocates of peace are not thinking primarily of national defense, but of overcoming the growing war machines by pledges and promises of friendship and good will among nations. Of the excellence of this hope in itself there can be no question, but the central issue of national defense is not clarified by the spread of sweetness and light. All, save a handful of extreme pacifists who, as Justice Holmes once wittily remarked, take the Sermon on the Mount very seriously, agree on the proposition that there is to be national defense. Yet they do not say exactly what is to be defended; or how it is to be defended by policy and arms. While approving all the noble virtues which they celebrate, our bewildered citizen does not see a guarantee of security for his country and his home in their programs, promises, and activities.

III

So much for peace. Now our bewildered citizen must listen to thunder on the right. The Navy League, founded mainly by armament-profit makers, pours pamphlets and news stories upon his head, frequently if not weekly or daily. From its offices stream reams of statistics on tonnage, guns, battleships, cruisers, ratios, and parities. It abuses President Hoover for proposing to cut down the Navy budget in time of national distress,

accuses him of abysmal ignorance, and demands more ships, more fighting gear. On its press releases sapient editors comment, while they print columns of its stuff as "news." The President of the United States says that Army and Navy officers tell him that we are prepared now to defend our shores against invasion. The Navy League retorts, in effect, that he does not know what he is talking about. Congressmen threaten both him and the League with an investigation.

Meanwhile the navy men in Congress prepare to prepare. They announce a bigger building program—more cruisers, more guns, more of everything in the fighting line. They give out or inspire news stories that break into the first page bemoaning the dire fate hanging over the country, deploring the dearth of good fighting craft, insisting on larger appropriations for the Navy. So this is to be one of the burning issues in Congress. And in the end it comes down to cases: What kind of ships are to be built and how can anybody know whether the ships constructed will do what their sponsors propose? There is the rub for our bewildered citizen who must do his civic duty by making known his sovereign will to the gentlemen who represent him in the Senate and House of Representatives.

Naturally our bewildered citizen asks first about battleships. Are they necessary instruments of national defense? He turns to the experts for light. On the one side he finds Admiral Sims quoted as saying that modern warfare has made them obsolete and that the best place for them in the next war would be as far up the Mississippi River as it is possible to run them. On the other side the high experts of the United States Navy League tell him that the movement to abolish battleships emanated from a British brain, that Great Britain does not need them to defend her widespread commerce, that she wants swift cruisers for this purpose, and that she is trying to delude the American people into abolishing these sea monsters in her own interest. Between the two stand the submarine men. Many of them declare that the battleship is as much out of date as the ox cart, that the undersea boat can blow them all out of the water whenever they leave their bases, and that admirals oppose this contention merely because submarines are dirty and dangerous, have no ample deck spaces for grand displays of pomp, provide no capacious and luxurious quarters for officers, put men and commanders on an overalls level, and smear grease on gold lace. So far, more confusion.

Well, anyway, Congress appropriates money for modernizing American battleships. On what theory does it spend the taxpayers' millions? How does it get a sound, intelligent view of the battleship question? The answer is simple. It does not have any clear idea of what it is doing, for it relies principally on naval experts. The method of its system is illustrated by the following passage taken from the official documents of the United States. On April 17, 1930, the committee on naval affairs of the august House of Representatives, the Hon. Fred A. Britten, of Montauk Point fame, in the chair, held a hearing on battleship expenditures. To get light, it called a specialist in ship designing, Rear Admiral Rock, before it to testify.

A member of the committee, Mr. Lankford, asked the Admiral: "Those battleships, before they are modernized, are comparatively useless in modern warfare, are they not?" To this the Admiral replied with a precision that would delight an engineer: "They are not as efficient as they should be." Thereupon the following colloquy took place:

Mr. McClintic. How many battle-

ships did we use in the World War?

Admiral Rock. We were ready to use all of them.

Mr. McClintic. Did we fire a single shot from a battleship?

Admiral Rock. I think you are getting out of the line of my specialty. I am not a seagoing officer.

Mr. McClintic. It is true that they did not fire a single shot in that War. Is it not true that most of them were put away in reserve?

Admiral Rock. There was no naval engagement on this side, but there were a good many shots fired during the last war on the other side.

Mr. McClintic. We could have sent some battleships over there?

Admiral Rock. We did send some.

Mr. McClintic. Battleships?

Admiral Rock. Yes, sir.

Mr. McClintic. Where were they? Did they participate in any battle?

Admiral Rock. They were in the Grand Fleet, but whether they were in the Battle of Jutland, I do not remember.

Recalling that the Battle of Jutland took place a year before the United States entered the World War, our bewildered citizen adjusts his goggles and inquires whether Admiral Rock was born before or after that celebrated sea fight. Taking up the expert testimony anew, he then reads a profound statement on the point by Mr. Britten: "So far as that is concerned, Count von Luckner told me that the ship on which he was chief gunner went all through the Battle of Jutland and never received a scratch." On such scientific, authoritative, expert, informed, and informing illuminations the taxpayers' money is voted to modernize battleships. Presumably if it were not for the Washington Conference limitations and wicked British propaganda, the United States would be building battleships by the dozen to meet the cries of the Navy League for safety.

Finding the battleship issue so splendidly clarified by experts, our bewildered citizen takes up the cruiser question. The newspapers fairly bristle with the subject. He is informed that national defense and national honor demand more cruisers and bigger cruisers. What kind of cruisers? There's the rub. But there is official light on this issue also. It was fully, almost savagely, discussed during the hearings of the Senate committee on foreign relations on the London Naval Pact of 1930. Owing, perhaps, to the wiles of the canny British (the state of whose country since 1918 throws light on their canniness), the American delegation at the London Conference agreed, among other things, that the United States was to have three six-inch gun cruisers instead of three eight-inch gun cruisers which the Navy Board demanded. Thereupon a storm broke among naval experts on this side. Secretly or openly some of them opposed the ratification of the treaty, bringing up the three-cruiser business in support of their contention. If certain of our admirals are to be believed, Admiral Jones in particular, the very safety of the Republic hung on two inches' difference in the guns of three cruisers. Senator Reed brought the whole matter down to this point of dispute. He asked Admiral Jones point blank whether the whole issue under discussion did not narrow down to this, and the Admiral, without cracking a smile, said, "I consider that a very vital point."

How did it happen that the United States delegation at the London Conference was defeated on a vital point, made this "concession to the British"? Senator Reed brought that out, too. He asked Admiral Pringle whether it was not a fact that there was a sharp division of opinion among the American naval experts advising the delegation on the merits of six-inch gun cruisers

and eight-inch gun cruisers. The Admiral had to admit that there was "quite a difference of opinion on the subject" among his own brethren. Then Senator Reed squared away and fired a broadside at the Admiral: "So that the delegation was faced primarily with the responsibility of deciding between these two groups of naval officers what was the best thing for the American Navy, was it not?" The Admiral countered with expert brilliance by replying: "I should say that there was a conflict of opinion among the naval officers there; yes, sir."

Still merciless in his search for hard facts, Senator Reed hauled Admiral Jones on the carpet again. This was the same Admiral who seemed to think the heavens would fall if the United States had to take three six-inch gun cruisers instead of three eight-inch gun cruisers. Senator Reed now confronted him with a letter which he [Admiral Jones] had written to the Secretary of the Navy about a year before, saying a good word for the six-inch gun cruiser. The Senator read to the Admiral some of his own words: "It must be remembered [the Admiral had said in 1929] that there are conditions under which a six-inch gun unit would be of more value than an eight-inch gun unit. . . . The advantage naturally lies somewhat with the eight-inch gun, due to its greater range, but this advantage rapidly disappears when the two units come within range of gun-fire control in view of the much greater rapidity of fire of the six-inch gun and the fact that its destructive effects are sufficient to properly disable an eight-inch gun unit if sufficient hits are made."

Having invited the Admiral, in effect, to eat his own expert words delivered in 1929 or reverse what he had just said in 1930, Senator Reed asked him: "Is that [the 1929 view] still your opinion?" The poor Admiral was evidently covered with confusion. Senator Johnson, who seems to be afraid that the Japanese Navy will sail in and capture Hollywood, tried to save the day for him, but in vain. The Admiral admitted: "Generally, it may be considered my view at this time." Senator Reed flashed: "That is all."

Obviously admirals had differed among themselves and one admiral had differed in 1930 from himself as he was in 1929. But the merits of these guns remained an unsettled question. Senators sought light on that. They asked Admiral Pratt for information, and he answered: "The eight-inch gun is a corker where you have clear weather and high visibility, but much of the time you have fog and all sorts of trouble, perhaps, ahead of you, and under those circumstances I would prefer the six-inch gun to the eight-inch gun."

Through the smoke of the senatorial inquest, two facts emerged into daylight. The eight-inch gun will shoot a greater distance, and the six-inch gun will fire more rapidly. From this it follows that in clear weather the eight-inch gun cruiser has the advantage in its longer range, but in thick weather, when fighting is at closer quarters, the six-inch gun cruiser is better because its fire is more rapid and its projectiles will easily pierce the armor of an eight-inch gun unit. There was the whole business in a nutshell. Whether the United States should have eight-inch gun units or six-inch gun units, therefore, depends on the kind of weather Providence will provide for fighting in the next war. On this subject neither the Navy League nor the Naval Board could render a useful expert opinion. The issue should have been referred to the experts in the United States Weather Bureau.

With this momentous issue cleared up (at least as clear as weather forecasts can make it), our bewildered citizen

finds himself confronted by alarming news that after all there are grave doubts among experts about the utility of the ten-thousand ton cruiser for national defense. In the New York *Times* of July 21, 1931, he reads, to his alarm and amazement: "The Navy has found that its eight new ten-thousand ton cruisers roll so sharply in rough water as to interfere with effective gun fire, and has ordered alterations designed to overcome this fault. The defect was discovered at target practice." He reads further that last winter the *Salt Lake City*, one of the new ships, rolled so badly in a heavy sea that she snapped off the top of her foremast. Then he learns that the *Northampton* and four other cruisers cracked their stern posts while out at sea. Where had the naval experts been? The designers? Had they guessed wrong? What was to be done? Was the news false? In any case, anti-roll tanks were to be installed and the bilge keels widened—at the taxpayers' expense. This was embarrassing to the Navy Department. It is more embarrassing to our bewildered citizen, because he hardly knows how to advise his Congressman to vote on the new cruiser bill. It would be shocking to have these big cruisers roll over in the next war and miss the enemy.

Right on top of this distressing exposure of curious designing in the Navy, which was responsible for the rolling cruisers that cannot shoot straight, came the still worse news that the ten-thousand ton cruiser was likely to be abandoned entirely in the future as no good to anybody. The news came from Great Britain, from that towering naval expert, Hector Bywater. It was printed in the New York *Times* of August 2, 1931, shortly after the story about our rolling cruisers. Mr. Bywater said that, at the time of the Washington Conference, England had on the way to completion five cruisers, each of 9,750 tons, with seven and one-half inch guns—much more powerful than the six-inch gun cruisers then generally popular among fighting men and in wide use. Great Britain would not scrap these new vessels built by experimentalists; so the Conference, said Mr. Bywater, "foisted on the naval world a new ship fundamentally unsound in design." Now that big-navy men are shouting for more big cruisers, a famous navy expert tells them that they are all wrong, that the treaty cruiser is unsteady, useful only "in an absolutely calm sea," too light in armor, too heavy in guns, and, generally speaking, a complete fizzle for fighting purposes. With devastating logic Mr. Bywater seems to prove that the big cruiser is a total loss. Of course he may be a wily British propagandist trying to outwit the experts in our Navy League, seeking in British interests to stop the United States from building these big boats. Have not our Navy League specialists been telling us that Great Britain wants to confine us to light ships of the cruiser type? At any rate, our bewildered citizen, fumbling around in this fog, does not know whether to ask his Congressman to spend more money fixing up the keels and bilge tanks of our big cruisers or to sell them for scrap iron to the shipbuilding companies.

IV

Discovering from their testimony and declarations that the technicians are themselves divided even in the field where the laws of materials and gravitation rule supreme, our bewildered citizen wonders about the cause of their divisions. A closer examination shows that they are in fact thinking about two things at the same time—fighting engines and foreign policy. Some of the technicians evi-

dently have in the back of their heads the idea of preparing for any kind of a war with any power or combination of powers anywhere in the seven seas. In their documents asking Congress for more ships and bigger guns, they include maps of the whole world showing its trade routes, the flow of commerce, and naval bases. Clearly they have something in mind besides defending the American heritage on this continent. At bottom they really want a navy big enough to obtain the same kind of supremacy for the United States on the seven seas which Great Britain had for nearly three hundred years and has now lost, for all time, it seems. These technicians talk about defending American commerce, if need be, by war against Great Britain, France, Japan, and any other powers, singly or in combination.

Their language is often vague, to be sure, but there is no doubt concerning their heart's desire. Whoever questions this may find abundant elucidations in the profuse hearings of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, duly printed in huge quantities over the last fifteen years, and in the hearings of the Senate committee on the London Naval Pact of 1930. A good example is the testimony of Admiral Charles F. Hughes, before the House committee on January 16, 1928. In those pages will be found a discussion between the Admiral and members of Congress on the possibilities of keeping the trade lines to Europe open in case of a war with some European power, specifically Great Britain. The Admiral speaks firmly about naval convoys and keeping the ways of trade clear by armed power. If necessary, apparently an American fleet is to go over and beat Great Britain in her own waters. Judging the past by the future, the United States, if it had possessed a big navy (how big, no one seems to know), should have smashed the British interference with American trade in 1914–17 and kept the channels open to and from Germany. And in the future "adequate preparations" must be made, it appears, for just such contingencies. That may be magnificent, it may be war also; but our bewildered citizen wonders if it is not far removed from the defense of the American heritage on this continent.

He turns his eyes to the Pacific. On the portents of this theater, Admiral Bristol spoke with assurance before the Senate committee in 1930. The Admiral had in mind the possibilities of a war in defense of the Philippines. Whether they are subject or independent, they must be defended in distant Pacific waters against Japan. The American Navy, he said, must be ready, if necessary, to steam into the waters of Japan, strewn with mines, covered by bombing planes, and defended by her battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. All this lies hidden behind the curtain of the future. Senators were startled. How much will it cost? One of the Senators asked the Admiral to make an estimate, and the Admiral answered as follows: "It means a long campaign. The last war cost $24,000,000,000, and it was a very short war. If you had no bases over there and you have to start out on a long campaign, that will take a very long time, and the Lord knows what it will cost."

Perplexed by this possibility the bewildered citizen asks: Why get into a war with Japan? Who would profit from it besides the munition makers? After the Japanese Navy has been beaten in its own waters, what will it cost in the lives of boys to land an American army against Japan's efficient forces? And after Japan's millions of fighting men have been overcome—by, let us say, two or three million American doughboys trans-

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ported across the Pacific with fighting gear—what will be done with Japan? Will the cherry-blossom empire be annexed to the United States? Will reparations be collected? How, and in what amount? What if Great Britain should decide before the fighting is over that it would not be well for her to allow the United States to become dominant in the Pacific, and should throw her weight on the side of her former ally? Although senators and admirals sitting cheerfully in Washington did not see fit to ask themselves such pertinent questions, our citizen, who is no expert in naval affairs or politics, may knit his brow a little and ponder on the imponderables as well as on tons, guns, and bilge tanks.

V

Light begins to break in upon our bewildered citizen. All the tons of big-navy verbiage sift down to this (to employ the substance of the Navy League's argument): the United States must have a navy strong enough to defend American trade everywhere and to carry on and win a major operation in any waters of the world against any power or combination of powers. There is the case in a nutshell. Defense of the American heritage on this continent is an incident in this almost cosmic strategy. The United States is to be as supreme on the seven seas as Great Britain once was, is really to take the place of Great Britain as the one dominant world power—"to seize the trident," as von Tirpitz hoped to do.

Obviously this is a matter of foreign policy, and the number of fighting engines necessary to enforce it is a detail. Is this policy possible, leaving the argument as to its desirability to other minds and other occasions? Its implications are clear. The Washington Conference agreement limited the capital ships of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan on the basis of the 5–5–3 ratio. The London agreement of 1930 extended the ratio principle to other naval craft. In other words, by solemn convenants, the government of the United States has denied itself the right of supremacy. It has proceeded on the assumption that Great Britain is to be secure against the United States in her home waters, that the United States is to be secure in her home waters, that Japan is entitled to equal security in her home waters. If America is to have a navy big enough to win a major operation in any of the seven seas against any powers, then ratios and limitations must be thrown overboard.

Suppose they were discarded, would it be possible for the United States to attain the supremacy so ardently desired in many quarters? The curtain of the future does not part. It is sometimes said that the United States has more money than Great Britain and Japan combined and could outbuild them. But would Great Britain and Japan, while straining every nerve in naval construction, sit idly by and wait for their doom?

If there is any revelation in history at all, they would not. In such a gigantic program undertaken by the United States they would see their own security in their home waters menaced by an overshadowing power. They would not wait until the United States had completed its unconquerable armada. They would effect a combination and strike before their doom bell had been rung. To expect them to do otherwise would be to expect them to commit slow suicide. Great Britain did not wait until von Tirpitz had the trident in his hands. She joined the combination that smashed him and ruined his country. Admiral Mahan is far behind the times. No power can be really supreme to-day on

the seven seas. Against any nation that now attempts to gain supremacy, the forces of the world would be quickly united. Such, at least, seems to be the lesson of the past twenty-five years. The fact that it is painful to the die-hards of Great Britain and to the American Navy League is irrelevant to the issue in hand.

Security for the American homeland and adjacent waters is possible. Defense of the American heritage on this continent is possible. Great Britain and Japan have conceded it in the Washington and London agreements. Although President Coolidge and Mr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, extended the American homeland to include every dollar invested anywhere on earth, President Hoover has called the nation back to sanity. In his Navy Day address last October, he said clearly and firmly: "The first necessity of our government is the maintenance of a navy so efficient and strong that, in conjunction with our army, no enemy may ever invade our country."

There is something that the plain citizen can understand. He will have cause for rejoicing if advocates of peace will accept it, and if President Hoover, standing squarely upon it in the coming months, will help the world to learn the imperious lesson contained in the formula. On this doctrine the navies of the world may be brought down relatively to a police basis, and the enormous establishments which impoverish taxpayers and hourly threaten the world's peace may be reduced to reasonable proportions.

JADE PENDANT

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE feel of jade
Makes people less afraid
Of death. I wear
A pendant on my bare
Throat. There
My fingers, frightened, run for comforting.
To-day I learned a small, breath-stopping thing:
The carved white pendant, delicate and frail
Like a small petal bravely cool and pale,
Is imitation. I unclasped it then . . .
I thought a while, and put it on again.

THE END OF THE PARTY

A STORY

BY CHRISTOPHER GEROULD

THE white concrete road sang under the tires of the roadster, sweeping into the range of the headlights, rushing smoothly towards the car, and disappearing beneath it. Beside the road trees and fences swam past, half lighted, more slowly than the road. Behind them was darkness. Overhead a few stars and a pale, white crescent moon shone without giving light.

A girl was driving the car, and a boy in evening clothes sat close beside her with his arm round the white-fur wrap on her shoulders. Another couple, heads close together, formed a dark triangle in the rumble seat.

The boy and girl in the front seat were singing off-key and loudly to keep the whipping wind from dashing the words of the song away from the singers themselves.

"*Auprès de ma blonde,*
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon
Auprès de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon
dormir."

The boy broke off the song. "That's a lousy song to sing when you're going fast. It's a marching song. Let's try another."

"All right, professor, what'll it be? We know 'em all."

"Don't know . . . Gawd, how fast are we going?"

The girl looked at the yellow glow of the speedometer on the dash. "Sixty-five. Not fast enough to get away from our friends up there." She nodded over her shoulder at the moon and stars which were cleaving evenly through the dark skies to keep their same relative positions to the car. "How're you feeling, Jed?"

"Swell. How about you?"

"I *feel* swell, but I'd hate to have to interview the family just now."

"Want to let me drive and catch some rest?"

"Never mind. I'd rather do it myself. I prefer to take my own chances on a binge."

"You may be right," Jed said. "My sense of distance goes all flooey when I'm at all tight. I can drive but I hate to. Want a cigarette?"

"Thanks." Jed took out two cigarettes and a lighter. The girl took hers and bent her head to reach the flame cupped in his hands. There was a shock and a wrenching scream. The girl jammed on the brakes, and the car skidded to a stop, facing across the road.

"What was it?" she asked. "I wasn't looking at the road." Her voice was low and frightened.

The pair in the rumble seat sat up, moving apart, and said together, "What's wrong, May?" Jed opened the door of the car and slid out on to the road. He leaned against the side of the car with both hands. "Tom and I'll go back and look, May. You and Eve stay in the car."

Tom threw a rug aside and scrambled out of the rumble seat. He and Jed set off down the road.

Eve mechanically patted her hair and asked again, "What was it, May?"

May was holding on tight to the steering wheel. "I didn't see. I was lighting a cigarette. It—it must have been a dog."

"It didn't sound like a dog. It sounded like . . . Oh, God!" She began to climb out of the rumble seat, looking down the dark road where the boys had gone. She stumbled and fell on her knees. As she was getting up, May opened the door and joined her. Together they started toward the boys, whose voices and footsteps they could hear ahead of them.

Walking down the road, Tom said to Jed, "Did you see what we hit?" Jed did not answer for a moment, and when he did his voice was carefully under control.

"It was a man. I saw him out of the corner of my eye while I was holding the lighter."

"Oh, Jesus! Do you think . . .?"

"We were going sixty-five when we hit him."

They walked on in silence, looking into the shadowed ditches beside the road. Then they saw what they were looking for. A shapeless black heap of rags lay on the concrete. Jed ran to it and, kneeling, snapped on his lighter. One side of the man's face was like raw beef, and trickles of blood ran from his mouth and nose.

Tom, bending over, put his hand inside the coat and shirt and drew it away suddenly, covered with blood. He stood up and groaned and began to walk around in a little circle on the road. Jed sat balanced on his heels for a moment, then capped his lighter and stood up. "Did you feel his heart?" he asked.

"He didn't have any chest . . . it was all soft and wet." He continued in his circle, and Jed began to swear softly under his breath, choking back ever-quickening sobs. Tom stopped walking and beat his fist against his palm again and again. "We'll have to . . ."

May's voice called from up the road, "Where are you, Jed?"

Jed did not answer. He was crying softly to himself. Tom called, "Stay where you are. We'll be with you in a minute." He looked at Jed for a moment and then walked over and slapped him in the face. "Shut up," he said, "you'll have me doing it too in a minute." Jed stopped crying and wiped his face with his sleeve. Tom took his arm, and they started up the road.

As the boys approached, Eve and May were standing huddled together twenty yards from the car. May, peering into the dark, ran to them as they came near. "Jed, what is it? What happened?" Eve came forward more slowly, and Tom put his arm around her shoulders. Jed looked at the road and said nothing.

Suddenly Tom snatched his arm away from Eve, took a handkerchief from his pocket and began to wipe his hand. He looked at Jed, who was still silent, staring at the road with his hands clasped behind him.

Tom said, "You might as well have it. We've killed a man."

"A man?" May's voice went up into the falsetto and broke. She fell down on the road. Eve grabbed Tom by the shoulders. "That's not true, Tom, is it? You're trying to scare us. It was a dog, wasn't it? A dog that ran out in front of the car? It must have been a dog." Jed was carrying May back to the roadster, staggering a little with the weight.

Tom said, "It was a man . . . he had no chest." He began to laugh quietly.

"It couldn't have been. You must be wrong. Let's go back and look

again." She started down the road. Tom caught hold of her and held her tight. She began to cry. "Let go of my arm, Tom, you're hurting me." Tom bit his lips to stop laughing and pulled her back towards the car. He opened his mouth, choked, and said, "We'd better look after May. She's in a bad way." Eve stopped struggling and turned towards the car. Glancing at his hand, Tom put his arm around her shoulders.

The roadster completely blocked the road, the headlights shining into the ditch and picking out a dirty newspaper and a broken green bottle. As they approached, they heard May say ". . . no one on the road when I looked away."

Jed said heavily, "We were all drunk." Eve made a protesting noise but didn't say anything. May and Jed were sitting in the front seat. Tom pushed Eve down on the running board and stood alone in the road. "What's the nearest town, May?" he asked.

"Hilton's about four miles away."

"We'll have to go there and 'phone the police. We'd . . . we'd better take that"—he jerked his head—"along with us."

Eve began to laugh shrilly. "Five-passenger car. Where'll we put him? Let him sit on Jed's lap." She laughed with her head thrown back until she slumped off the running board to the ground. She lay there screaming and crying while Tom stooped over her.

In the roadster, May said, "We can't go to the police, Tom."

"We've got to."

"But mother . . . Jed, we can't stay. I'd get arrested. Mother'd die if I was arrested. We've got to get away."

"It was an accident. They can't arrest you, May."

"But I was drunk. We all were, Jed. You said so yourself. They arrest you for that. I'm scared." She raised her voice. "Tom, put Eve in the car. We've got to get away."

Tom stood up, his pudgy face white, and started to say something but stopped. He looked for a moment at May and then bent again over Eve. His voice came softly as though from a distance. "You can't run away from an accident, May."

May beat her fist on the steering wheel. "We've got to get away from here. We'll be arrested and in the papers and everything." Her voice was shrill.

"They might find out who it was, if we ran away," Jed said, "and then it would be worse. We'd better go for the police. I'll say I was driving."

"But it's my car, Jed, and everyone saw me driving when we left." On the ground beside the car, Eve had stopped screaming and was crying softly. Tom lifted one of her arms over his shoulder and turned. "Help me get her in the rumble seat, Jed." Jed climbed out and lifted her by her other arm, and the two boys carried her round to the back of the car. Eve stopped crying and said, "I want to go home." She pushed the boys away and stood up, leaning swayingly against the rear fender.

Jed looked at her. "We can't run away, May. Eve's all covered with blood."

May put her head in her arms on the steering wheel, and the other three were silent, waiting for her to speak. At last she looked up with a white smile and said, "I'll be good." She opened the door of the car. "You and Tom go and get—him. Eve and I'll get in the rumble seat."

Far down the road they heard the beat of a motor. Eve, who had climbed into the rumble seat, looked at the glow of the approaching lights with a vacant face. "Maybe they've got a five-passenger car," she said, and began to giggle.

THE FALLACY OF PROFITS

IS THERE ROOM FOR THEM IN THE NATIONAL ECONOMY?

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

"FOURTEEN Billion Dollars Lost in Stocks in Day."

Thus the newspapers described the events of October 29, 1929. And tens of thousands of persons, the country over, were painfully convinced that it was true. Since then the loss has continued until now it amounts to over fifty-seven billions on the New York Stock Exchange List alone. And the American people as a whole feels poorer than it has felt for years.

But what, in reality, has been lost? Not money—there was scarcely half as much money in the country as the loss on that one day. In fact, there is considerably more money in the country now than there was on the day mentioned.

Not capital. Capital is correctly defined as material goods used in the production of wealth. There are just as many factories, machines, department stores, steamships, locomotives and cars and miles of railroad to-day as there were in 1929.

Not utility. These instruments of production are just as capable of turning out goods as they were two years ago.

Not stocks and bonds. All of these beautifully printed and impressively signed sheets of paper would, if placed end to end, extend just as many times round the world as before the slump.

What has been lost is value—money value, paper value, fictitious value. And it has been lost just because it was fictitious. What was lost was never there.

Our present sense of poverty is due to a pervasive and pernicious dual fallacy, the fallacy of computing wealth in terms of capital and evaluating capital in terms of money. Intrinsically—that is, viewed in the light of the purpose for which it exists—our capital is worth just as much as it ever was. What its money value is is of no consequence whatever. We are indeed poor to-day, but it is not because of a depreciation in capital, but because of a shrinkage in the true substance and measure of wealth—purchasing power. If the purchasing power of the country could be doubled overnight we should suddenly find ourselves a rich people once more. The value of capital would probably rise accordingly, but this would be an effect of our riches, not a cause or a measure of them.

The value of capital is not in itself, but in the goods that it is capable of producing. The value of the goods, in turn, is in the possibility of their being sold in the general market. And, finally, the possibility of their being sold is dependent on the aggregate purchasing power of the market. Discover the way to restore purchasing power and you have discovered the remedy for the existing depression. Find out how to maintain purchasing power and you have found out how to prevent depressions in the future.

Our whole confusion in this matter is a result and a manifestation of our inveterate habit, in which we have been trained for a century and a half, of thinking of ourselves as producers instead of consumers—one of the most remarkable instances of inverted logic on a large scale that mankind has ever displayed.

II

Closely related to the capital-wealth fallacy, and a part of the same topsy-turvy philosophy, is another widespread misconception, even more devastating in its consequences—the illusion that a nation may get indefinitely rich by saving and investing. This is a concrete expression of the prevalent assumption that what is good for the individual is necessarily good for society. The truth, on the contrary, is that there is a rather numerous group of social evils for which the obvious personal remedy is not only no social remedy at all but may actually aggravate the social situation. A simple and pertinent illustration of this truth is found in a period of unemployment like the present. When there are not enough jobs to go round, the natural solution for the individual is to improve his economic efficiency in the hope of increasing his chances of getting one of the jobs that exist. But this does not increase the number of jobs, and if he succeeds in securing one it simply means that some other worker loses his job. And if any large number of workers adopt this expedient, thereby materially increasing the productive effectiveness of the entire labor force, the result is to intensify the tendency to overproduction that is the basis of the whole trouble, and so to make the general unemployment that much worse.

The futility of attempting to solve such a situation by personally desirable methods may be illustrated by the offering of a concert that will attract twelve hundred persons in a hall that will seat one thousand. Obviously, the personal remedy for you and me is to go early. But that does not solve the social situation—two hundred persons will still have to stand. And the larger the number of individuals who adopt this personal solution, the worse will be the resulting confusion and the greater the total amount of time wasted. The only real solution is to hire a larger hall—or a poorer singer.

The realization of this distinction is what creates the difference between social work and social engineering. It is social engineering for which the urgent need exists to-day. Social remedies, based on a scientific understanding of the factors and forces involved, are the only means of bringing back good times.

The specific fallacy that national prosperity may be achieved by the same means as personal prosperity is of ancient origin. It was the central tenet in the doctrines of the school of economists known as the Mercantilists. Perhaps its best known expression is in the book by Thomas Mun, *England's Treasure by Foreign Trade.* The basic idea was that a nation might get rich by selling more than it bought, and thereby piling up accumulations of the precious metals. It is exactly this idea that lies back of the familiar phrase, "a favorable balance of trade." The same idea is inherent in the notion that a nation which has been victorious in war may enrich itself by exacting money payments from the loser—a fallacy eloquently and brilliantly exposed by Sir Norman Angell in his epochal book, *The Great Illusion.*

The understanding of this group of fallacies rests upon a clear comprehension of the nature of modern wealth, particularly capital, and of the business system that has been built up around it.

III

If at this point in our discussion it is necessary to put on the academic cap and gown and delve into economic theory, let the reader not be dismayed. The application to our present business predicament will shortly be clear.

The first key to modern business is co-ordination of factors. The typical productive enterprise of to-day is carried out by the combination of two or more out of a total of five basic factors. Four of these factors are very well known. They are land, labor, capital, and organization. The first two are indispensable: no production can be carried on without land and labor. A simple illustration is furnished by a child picking huckleberries and eating them. But only an infinitesimal proportion of actual production is carried on without capital. It is the enlarged importance of capital, and its domination of the entire economic field, that have caused the present to be known as the capitalistic era, and at the same time have unfortunately obscured the significance of one or two of the other factors.

In order that land, labor, and capital may be combined into an effective unit, some directive skill, initiative, and control are necessary to determine the relations of these factors to one another and to guide their operations. This element has come to be known as "organization," and it, too, is virtually indispensable, being present in a minor degree in even so simple an activity as the child picking berries.

Such an organized combination of land, labor, and capital is the characteristic productive unit of the modern economic system. More and more, all businesses of every sort are coming to be conducted on this basis, with each of the four factors clearly recognized and delineated, and each given its appropriate place in the general scheme. It is the dominance of this type of unit that gives the color to modern economic life and determines its trend. When all businesses are organized on this basis the modern system will have reached its perfect flower, and its characteristic tendencies will be exerting their full influence. Such a culmination is clearly previsioned in modern life, and the evil nature of some of its consequences is already distressingly plain.

Such a productive unit is clearly a definite whole, and as a whole it must belong to somebody. This brings us to the fifth factor, which is the second key to modern business—ownership. This fifth factor, although seldom mentioned in the ordinary discussions, is just as indispensable as either land or labor. It has been strangely misunderstood or ignored in the traditional and conventional teaching of economics. Every budding young economist prates glibly about land, labor, capital, and organization. Very few, if any, realize that ownership is an equally distinct and equally important factor in production. It is this lapse on the part of the technical economic advisers of modern society that contributes largely to the existing chaos.

The reasons for this lapse, to be sure, are not difficult to discover. In the early Nineteenth Century, when the new industrial order was just beginning to take shape, and when the new science of Economics was being developed as its intellectual god-parent, the factors of production were not nearly so clearly differentiated as at present, and the factor of ownership, in particular, was so completely merged in one or another of the others as to be wholly obscured. The dominant element in production was the figure, so exalted in conventional economic analysis, of the entrepreneur. He was likely to combine in his own person the functions of landowner, capitalist, and organizer. He

also owned the business. But his ownership of the business was so wholly taken for granted that it never occurred to him to distinguish it as a separate function, and the economists did not perceive the logical necessity of doing so.

But with the development of the modern type of business, particularly the joint-stock form of ownership, all this has changed. There are now five —rather than four—basic and distinct factors in production. Indeed, the segregation of ownership as a separate factor is just as characteristic of modern economic life and just as determinative of its traits as the expansion of capital. That such a factor exists, and that it is independently rewarded by society, may be illustrated by the case of a young American who has inherited a business from his grandfather. He himself has contributed no land, no labor, no capital, nor any organizing skill. He takes no part in the running of the business; the entire staff, including the manager, having come to him with the business. In an extreme case he may not even know what the business produces. He spends his whole time in Europe and comes no nearer to engaging in actual production than supporting the gambling establishments of Monte Carlo and the race tracks at Longchamps and Auteuil. But society recognizes his place in the scheme of things and compensates him with an income.

Now the characteristic feature of ownership in most Western societies is that it is vested in private persons, individuals or legal persons. Indeed, this is so characteristic that merely to mention it seems superfluous. But this is precisely one of those commonplaces which are so familiar that their significance is not comprehended and which must be visualized in order to understand the nature of everyday phenomena. Private ownership of businesses is not necessarily inherent in human nature, nor in society. They might be owned by groups, or by society itself.

The third key to the modern business system is profit. This is unquestionably the dominating motive in contemporary economic life. Our whole industrial and commercial organization is geared up to the idea of profits. Profits are the goal of every business enterprise, the rosy dream of every young go-getter who clasps in his moistly eager hand the crisp certificate from business college or correspondence school. Profits of fifty or one hundred per cent are the ear-marks of successful stock investments or market manipulations. Everywhere is the tacit assumption that profits may be permanent, universal, unlimited in volume.

A remarkable statement of this doctrine was furnished by John J. Raskob in an interview in the *Ladies Home Journal* for August, 1929, entitled "Everybody Ought To Be Rich." After dilating upon the wealth-producing qualities of common stocks and the desirability of borrowing in order to consume and to invest, the author concludes with the statement, "The way to wealth is to get into the profit end of wealth production in this country." That such a statement could be written only three or four months before the great crash demonstrates the complete lack of grasp of fundamentals on the part of some of the business leaders of the country.

There is no aspect of modern economic life so little understood, even by professionals and experts, as profits. It is this failure to understand that accounts largely for the futility and confusion of the immediate situation.

Let us attempt to get a clear picture of the nature of profits, the reason for their existence, the possibilities of their expansion, and the limitations within which they develop.

IV

Under a system of private ownership of property, including businesses themselves, every factor in production must be compensated by society; otherwise it will not be supplied. The peculiar compensation of each of the four familiar factors has long been recognized, and elaborately expounded, by economists. Each has its name. The reward of land is rent, that of capital is interest, that of labor is wages, and that of organization—well, we are forced to confess that on this point the economists are far from unanimous and far from clear. They talk vaguely of salaries and of profits and of residual claims. This uncertainty, however, is easily traceable to their failure to recognize ownership as a separate factor, with profit as its reward. As a name for the reward of organization, in the absence of a better word, we may adopt the term "salaries."

Profit, then, properly defined is the reward that society pays to individuals for the ownership of businesses, and of nothing else—not of capital, nor of land, nor of labor.

But why should individuals be rewarded merely for ownership?

From Socialist ramparts, far and near, resounds the echo, Why?

This, however, does not settle the problem. Certainly a practice so widespread, so nearly universal, must have an explanation, if not a justification.

In the first place, under the existing system, businesses must be owned by someone; and nobody would bother to own them if there were not some reward. There is, however, in addition one genuine service that the owner renders—he does assume the basic risk of the business as such. The landlord, the laborer, the capitalist, the manager are all supposed to be guaranteed their returns—a supposition, alas! all too often contrary to fact. But in theory there is a contract between them and the owner which assures them of their income. To be sure, the security of this contract depends on the stability of the business; and everyone participating in the business runs some chance of loss. It must also be recognized that, in spite of recurring industrial depressions, the risks of ownership are largely reduced by the stabilization of industrial processes and the possible wide diversification of holdings. If such a depression represents risk, surely the other elements of production bear their share of it. But even so, the risk of the owner stands in a class by itself.

In the last analysis, however, it must be admitted that the owner gets his return because he *can* get it, and our concern at present is not so much to inquire why he should get it as how he can get it, and how much he can get, and for how long.

The owner of the business can get a profit because he owns the product. The total output of a productive unit belongs to the owner of that unit, and to him alone.

This is another feature of our modern mores and economic law which is universally taken for granted, and of which, just because it is taken for granted, the significance is almost completely obscured. There is a vast amount of muddy thinking on the subject. We hear frequent repetition of such phrases as "labor's share of the product." Now only in a figurative and moralistic sense has labor any share in the product. Never, at any time, does any part of the product actually belong to labor. *Out of* the product labor receives its compensation. But this is not because of any ownership of the product, but because labor's contract with the owner calls for compensation, and the owner has nowhere else to get it from than the product.

The same thing is true of the other three factors in production. Neither the landlord, the capitalist, nor the manager *as such* ever owns one iota of the product. That prerogative inures to the owner alone.

If the owner can meet all his fixed obligations for land, labor, capital, and management, and other charges on the business such as the cost of raw materials, advertising, insurance, bribing of legislatures, etc., and have anything left, he has a chance of a profit. All of these expenses, of every kind, must first be paid out of the product.

Of course, in real life all these transactions are carried on in terms of money. Particularly, the product does not take on its full significance until it is transmuted into money. This means that it must be sold. The situation may, therefore, be expressed thus: The owner's only chance of profit consists in selling the product for more than it has cost to produce it. Any excess in the selling price over the cost of production represents clear profit. The whole crux of this inquiry then is, How, and to what extent, can owners of businesses sell their goods above the cost of production? The whole future of the capitalistic system hinges upon the correct answer to this question. It is a matter of common observation that an individual owner may do so. The fallacy alluded to lies in the assumption that *all* owners may do so. To demonstrate that this is an impossibility necessitates an inquiry into the nature of the market, the sources and extent of purchasing power.

V

For this purpose let us imagine the present tendencies of economic evolution carried to their full efflorescence. Let us also exclude all consideration of foreign markets, which would not affect the basic principles but would complicate the exposition. Let us imagine, then, a perfectly capitalized, self-contained society.

In such a society every productive activity of every sort, large and small, would be organized on a strict business or accounting basis. In every business each contributing factor would be distinctly identified and specifically rewarded. No person would be engaging in any productive task except as a landlord, a laborer, a capitalist, a manager, or an owner. If any individual combined two or more of these functions in his own person his total income would be properly assigned accordingly. All income, therefore, would consist of rent, wages, interest, salaries, and profits. All but the last would be fixed in amount by contract with the owners. The owners—the sole participators who work on a contingent basis—would be rewarded by the residual item of profits.

These profits would depend upon the total purchasing power of the society. This, in turn, would be equivalent to the total income of the society apart from profits, which finally would consist of two main categories. First, the aggregate of rent, wages, interest, and salaries paid by all the businesses. Second, the total amount of a miscellaneous item, withdrawn from previous products, which may be called "owner's advances," and which includes the cost of all materials, insurance, advertising, etc. But the total of these two categories is also precisely the total cost of production of the aggregate product. In such a society, accordingly, the total purchasing power of the market is exactly equivalent to the total cost of production. How, then, can the product be sold for more than the cost of production? Where is the extra purchasing power to come from? The answer is flatly, It cannot be sold for

more than the cost of production. There is no surplus purchasing power.

How, then, can there be any profits?

In such a situation there is just one possible way of achieving profits—a *part* of the product may be sold for an amount equal to the *total* cost of production. The remaining portion of the product may be made a source of profit. But how, and to what extent? That is the nub of the whole problem.

Suppose that this process has been carried out. Let us say that four-fifths of the product has been sold for an amount equal to the total cost of production, leaving the owners in possession of the remaining fifth. Is this surplus product profit, or can it be turned into profit? In one sense it is profit. The owners have a lot of goods on their hands that are exclusively theirs, which have cost them nothing. The shoe manufacturer has twenty thousand pairs of shoes, the radio manufacturer three thousand radios, and the farmer five hundred head of cattle. No owner need lack for goods of his own production. But this would be a very dreary and disillusioning conception of profits.

There is just one other possibility. The owners may trade—or in a money economy, sell—their goods to one another. The final problem as to the ultimate possibilities of profits depends upon the extent to which this can and will be done and what returns in human satisfaction it yields if it is done.

To aid in the analysis of this problem let us imagine first of all a society in which the concentration of ownership has been carried to its extreme culmination. There is just one owner—all the businesses belong to him. He has sold four-fifths of the product to the rest of his fellow-citizens, for an amount equal to the total cost of production and the total income of the society, and he now possesses the remaining one-fifth. What can he do with it? Obviously, he cannot sell it—nobody has any money to buy it with. There is just one thing he can do with it—*he can consume it.*

Such a man would certainly be the wealthiest person in his society. He could live in a degree of luxury unimaginable to the ordinary citizen. He could so manipulate the production of society as to leave a minimum surplus of the common staples that he did not wish and a maximum of those refined products that brought him pleasure. But his wealth would not be infinite. Only those goods would constitute wealth which he could actually use for his own gratification. All the rest of his surplus product would be absolutely meaningless. In brief, his profits would be limited by his capacities for personal enjoyment of material things.

Now suppose that, instead of one owner, there were two, each owning residually one-tenth of the total product. They would naturally exchange goods with each other, and each might enjoy all the material delights that his heart could wish. But above that, the excess goods would be totally without significance, for there would still be nobody to buy them. The profit of each would be limited by his personal capacity to enjoy. So if there were ten owners, or a thousand, or ten thousand, the situation would remain the same. So long as the surplus profit remaining above the cost of production were sufficient to give each all the material supplies he craved, the profit of each would be equivalent to his capacity to consume. It might be less, but it could never be more.

There thus emerges what appears to be a general law: In a fully capitalized society true profits must always be limited by the owners' capacity to consume.

VI

Now, how does all this link up with the actual facts of life? To what extent are these hypothetical conditions realized in the contemporary economic situation? Is the foregoing generalization applicable to the living owners of to-day and their profits?

There are obviously some important divergencies. In the first place, the entire productive activity of a modern society is by no means completely reduced to an exact accounting basis. The various factors of production are hard to identify, and the "tagging" of the various items of income is difficult to accomplish. It is particularly hard to differentiate profits from other kinds of income. In the second place, ownership is not confined to a single group of persons who participate in production simply as owners and nothing else. Nor is the actual ownership so highly concentrated as the illustration assumes. It is very widely dispersed. There are millions of petty stockholders who own only a few shares apiece, but who are, nevertheless, to be included in the total factor of ownership.

Nevertheless, there is a very significant resemblance in a modern society to the situation outlined. While there are enormous numbers of small owners, especially in agriculture, there is at the same time a relatively small group of persons whose ownings make up a very considerable portion of the whole; so much so that highly concentrated ownership is really a feature of modern life. As a hint, though not an exact expression, of this situation, may be cited the estimate that in the United States one ten-thousandth of those who realize income get over one-fiftieth of the income. Also, while all production is not yet reduced to the standard economic pattern, yet there is a powerful tendency in that direction; and a very large proportion of the total activity is carried on through large concerns organized in that way. And this is what is really important in a discussion of this sort, which concerns itself with the characteristics and manifest destiny of an economic system organized on a complete profit basis.

The central fact is that a very large proportion of the product, on completion, belongs to a very small group of exceedingly wealthy persons, who dominate the situation. Their position is fundamentally similar to that of the small group of owners assumed in our hypothetical illustration. They are the ultimate holders of enormous amounts of goods which are left after the public has consumed as much of the product as it will at prices sufficiently high to leave a "margin of profit." Their problem is what to do with these goods, and it is the difficulty—indeed, the impossibility—of finding an answer to this problem satisfactory to them that lies at the very root of many of our modern economic evils, including such depressions as the present.

Owners such as these can have, practically speaking, all the consumption goods they wish. If the theory, so prominent in economic analyses, that human wants are unlimited, were true, they would have little fault to find, and society would suffer only from the spectacle of their hyperluxurious living. But the theory is not true. Persons of extreme wealth practically never want to spend all their income on personal consumption. A very large portion of it they wish to save and invest. John Jacob Astor is reported to have said, "I can do nothing with my income but buy more land, build more houses, and lend money on mortgages." But before the excess goods can be invested they must be sold and turned into money. And there is no way of selling them. For the whole purchasing power of the community has been expended in re-

turning to the owners the entire cost of production in exchange for a portion of the product. Naturally, the larger the amount of product held out for profit the greater is the difficulty of turning it into profit. This is the inevitable dilemma of all owners, the nemesis of the profit system.

Any person may demonstrate to himself the falsity of the assumption that human wants are unlimited, with respect to the goods that exist at any given time, by imagining himself possessed of unlimited purchasing power, and then asking himself how many of each particular item he would buy in a year—how many pounds of beefsteak, pairs of shoes, toothbrushes, opera tickets, Rolls Royce cars, private yachts, all the items in a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. He will discover that his desires for every particular class of goods and, therefore, for all classes of goods, are strictly limited. And if the desires of each individual are limited, the aggregate desire of society is limited. With purchasing power highly concentrated in a relatively small group, as it is in modern society, the effective limitation on the demand for goods becomes greatly increased beyond what it would be if purchasing power were evenly divided.

There is, to be sure, one seeming avenue of escape, which is readily enough perceived by any intelligent owner, and eagerly seized upon by owners as a class. This is to manipulate production in such a way that a large part of the product, instead of appearing in the form of consumable goods, will be capital in the true sense of the word, that is, goods designed for use in the production of more goods. It is theoretically possible for owners as a class to arrange things so that the surplus product left after they have gratified their consumption wants shall all be in the form of capital and shall promptly be set to work producing more goods.

Unfortunately, this process is not permanent in character, but is inherently self-limiting and self-destructive. For the ultimate purpose and justification of all production is the creation of consumption goods; and the final requirement of a healthy state of production is that all these goods shall be consumed. The more the productive plant is enlarged, the greater is the total volume of the product, and the larger the proportion remaining unsalable after the purchasing power of the market has been exhausted. The sole motive for investment is the hope of selling the product at a profit. The multiplication of the product on a system essentially unstable simply aggravates the evil. The whole idea of maintaining prosperity by a constant increase of invested wealth is excellently characterized by the classic example of the village that undertook to support itself by taking in one another's washing.

This is particularly true because the big owner is usually also a capitalist. His income includes interest as well as profit. By increasing his capital he augments also his interest, thereby enabling him to satisfy his consumer wants, and leave a still larger portion of his surplus product to be disposed of. Indeed, it would doubtless be economically preferable if the large owners spent their entire incomes in the most fantastic extravagances of consumption, though the social repercussions might be bad enough to more than offset the gain.

Not only owners, but income receivers of every sort who can squeeze out a little surplus above their consumptive expenditures, are continually yielding to the temptation to spend this surplus for production goods, land or capital, that is, to invest it. In "good times" this seems to be a desirable and natural thing to do. For a while things continue to run along very

smoothly. Owners invest a large part of their profit receipts in new productive plant, and others invest what they can. This increases the demand for goods of various sorts, especially raw materials, and also for labor, land, and managerial skill. This creates a temporary impression of prosperity, and owners are encouraged to put still more of their income to productive uses. So it goes on. But all the time the volume of surplus product, actual and potential, is rolling up, and eventually, usually rather suddenly, owners wake up to the fact that their businesses have turned out more goods than can possibly be "sold at a profit," and are busily engaged in multiplying the surplus. Panic-stricken, they issue orders to curtail production, shut down plants, lay off men, cancel orders—and behold! a depression.

The key to the whole situation is in the nature of profits and the system of ownership. It needs no argument to show that the more widely ownership is distributed, and the greater the number of persons among whom the surplus product is divided, the greater is the chance of owners exchanging their surplus goods with one another, and eventually disposing of them all without exceeding the consumptive desires of any. If ownership was perfectly evenly divided, and the product owned on an exact per capita basis, there would be no excess product at all —unless the society were so mad that it kept on working feverishly because it had nothing else to do—but then, there would be no profits either. For when everybody owns just as much as you do, you cannot make anything out of your ownership.

And so it appears that the generalization stated above is not only true and applicable to existing conditions, but is actually operating in our midst. In the long run, and for society in general, profits are, and must be, limited to the owners' capacities for personal consumption.

That a depression like the present is fundamentally a matter of ownership and profits is shown by the fact that it manifests itself primarily in a slump in dividends and in the value of stocks. For stocks are simply certificates of part-ownership of businesses; and dividends, in the strict sense, are distributed profits. There is a vast amount of popular confusion on this subject, which adds to the difficulty of grappling practically with the defects of our economic system. This is due partly to a careless use of the word "capital." The average man uses the term capital to include all his invested funds, whether represented by stocks, bonds, mortgages, or even deeds to real estate. Correctly defined, the returns on bonds and mortgages are interest; the returns on land are rent. A part of a dividend may also fall in these categories, if the company in question has spent part of its stock receipts for the actual purchase of land or capital instruments. But the true dividend is a payment on that part of the cost of a share which represents actual ownership in the business as a whole. It is, therefore, profit. Consequently, when profits fall off dividends are cut down or discontinued. And since the value of a stock is dependent entirely on its dividends, the price of stocks descends to the depths.

The whole situation is due to the fact that the multiplication of product has outrun the effective purchasing power of the market. The inflated stock values of 1929 rested on delirious hope, not on any actual purchasing power. That is why they were never real.

We have already in this country a productive plant capable, if continuously and efficiently operated, of turning out about four times the amount of goods that we now produce. What

colossal folly to imagine that we can increase our wealth and promote our prosperity by increasing this plant!

A more even distribution of purchasing power has frequently been urged in the past on grounds of justice or mercy. It is time now to realize that, apart from all sentiment, it is essential to the maintenance of prosperity and the preservation of economic stability in the most realistic sense. A social system in which a small proportion of the population has income far in excess of its desires to spend on personal consumption, while the great majority has consumptive desires far in excess of its income, is economically unsound from the foundations up.

VII

At this point the question naturally arises, If all this is true, how is it that the profit system has succeeded in maintaining itself and dominating society for so long?

The answer to this question is manifold. In the first place, it has not been for long. Compared with the whole span of human existence, the dominion of the profit system is but an instant of time. Nor, indeed, has it been eminently successful.

In the second place, the decades during which the rule of profits has forged to the front have been really only a transition period. The organization of society on a profit basis is still far from complete. A great deal can happen in a transition period that is quite different from—often diametrically opposite to—that which will prevail when the transition is complete. The process of "modernizing" industry has been of sufficient scope to maintain genuine, but ephemeral, conditions of prosperity over an extended period. But the basis of such prosperity is in the expansion, not in the nature of modern industry itself.

Again, there has always been a foreign market to affect the situation. Until recent years, this foreign market has been composed quite largely of countries which were not highly developed industrially and were not themselves organized on a profit basis. They have contributed to the realization of profits in the more advanced nations. The general spread of modernization and the profit motive over the world is undoubtedly one of the explanations of the worldwide character of the present depression.

Then again, during this period there have not only been profits—there have also been losses. And every loss makes possible a profit. Every time goods are sold for less than the cost of production it releases that much money to buy other goods at more than the cost of production. This is why some individuals can do what all individuals cannot do. While it would doubtless be a gross exaggeration to say that during the past hundred years the losses in industrial society have equalled the profits, yet they must have offset them to a very considerable degree. The losses of a depression like the present eat up the profits of a long antecedent period.

But probably most important of all is the fact that production has not been carried out on a strict accounting basis. Particularly, many values have entered into the total income of society which have not been credited to any particular account. Foremost in this category are various irreplaceable natural resources, both of an agricultural and mining character. The appropriation and depletion of the farm and forest lands in this country, the withdrawal of iron, coal, gas, and oil, not to mention a host of other substances, have released a sufficient value for which no accounting is made to provide for a stupendous total of apparent but spurious profits. Society as a whole

has lost as much as it has gained in these directions.

And so in the end our inquiry into the nature of profits leads us to the conclusion that the possibility of profits increases in direct proportion with the increase in the number of owners. But as the recipients of profits increase, the per capita profits diminish until they cease to be a significant motive. Thus we arrive at the seeming paradox, which, nevertheless, contains the vital principle of the matter: General profits are possible only when they are so widely dispersed that there cease to be any profits at all. A social system that allows itself to be dominated by the profit motive is doomed to recurrent calamity and eventual catastrophe.

EREMITE

BY LIDA ELLSWORTH

ALL that she asks of Heaven any more
Is strength to close the door
Against imagining—
Against the too wild wistfulness of spring,
Passionate sorrow when the lilacs die
And days unmarked go by.

Strange that the lovely summer can be borne,
The light on waving corn,
Day-long, the drone of bees
In blossomed locust trees;
In these are peace, and stolid duties done
Cheerfully, in the sun—

But only inland, where sweet winds are blown
From meadows newly mown;
Wiser for her to be
Where no winds blow from marshes by the sea.
Knowing full bitterly her strength would fail
At sight of a white sail.

WINE ON THE SEA

BY WILLIAM McFEE

HE WAS a gentleman, and the mystery has always haunted one of his ship's company—how he ever sailed the seas so long?

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was not only gentlemanly but genteel. He was more like a barrister on a vacation than a shipmaster. He could be seen, when the weather was fine, taking the air on the lower bridge outside his cabin and carrying a cane to correct a slight aristocratic limp. He was tall. His shoulders were stooped in a perpetual courteous endeavor to hear what you were saying and to set you at ease. When he went ashore, if the port were anything at all, he wore spats and a monocle; and even derisive observers in the forecastle were proud of their Old Man. To see him stepping gingerly down a tarry ladder in such regalia, his hands encased in large gauntlets, which the watchman had to keep handy against his commander's return, was food for thought. We loved him, and we basked in the reflected glory of his social achievements. Some of us were once privileged to behold him even more gloriously arrayed. He then reminded us, not of poor things like barristers or stock brokers, but rather of a character out of a William Le Queux romance. The second engineer gripped our arms fiercely, and said, "Look, look yon! Him in the patent collapsible top hat and the funny coat. Isn't that our Old Man? Yes, by God, it is." It was late at night. We were passing the opera house in an Italian city, and the audience was coming out under the arcades. Our Captain, in an opera hat and cloak over evening dress, with a white tie and a long cigar he was about to light, stood before us, prepared to enter a cab. He did enter it and was driven away, to our stupefaction, with some local grandees. The fourth engineer, who came from a northern mining town and who had never seen such splendor in his life, asked timidly what kind of rig that might be now. The second sagely opined that our Old Man must have all kinds of money to go round like a blooming toff ashore. "The steward tells me he has his wine by the case, and there's a cask o' the stuff in the lazarette under lock and key, aging for him."

The steward, indeed, could tell much more than that. He was, he said in a moment of confidence, a valet as well as a steward; and it was sometimes six shirts the Old Man would throw down in a rage before he found one to suit. All with boiled starch bosoms and cuffs, stiff as sheet iron to get the studs into, the steward said. And then he'd have to run and prepare an *apéritif* and bring it in on a tray. Sometimes it was a shot of Hollands and Angostura bitters. But the Old Man had a special case of old sherry and he liked a tot of that with bitters before he went ashore.

Here, in brief, we had an idealist upon the ocean. That ship was a seven-thousand-ton freighter of eleven

knots, a tramp whose wanderings would keep us from England a year or so; and nobody wore any uniform. Our Captain, exiled from his home in a Hertfordshire village some twenty miles from London, maintained the dignity of life in his own way. He was undoubtedly meant for a more lofty station. His thin ascetic face, clean shaven and weathered to a brick red by his years on the bridge, gave him an agreeably aristocratic tone and belied his fundamental friendliness. Had it not been for the traditional discipline of the sea, he would have had us all in the cabin to dine with him and, in his own phrase, crack a bottle.

The bottle with him, in fact, was a symbol of hospitality. His was a genuine understanding of the grape. Whisky he was not so eager to discuss, though he often "sent a bottle along" after a spell of special work. But he would come forward of the bridge on a fine morning in the Indian Ocean, to where we were overhauling a cargo winch, and seat himself on the hatch for half an hour. He would make jocose remarks about it being dry work and he would mention the wines of France and Spain. Ports like Bordeaux and Rouen he would speak of with emotion, recalling his own youth when he was in sail. Invariably he would demand of us why we, with our lives before us, went to sea. "It's a wasted life," he would announce gravely. "You're dead before you ever live. No wine, no women, no song. Much better buy a farm and settle down."

He had a farm, we discovered, in that Hertfordshire village. At any rate, his wife kept chickens, and the children had a pony. Who shall say whether he really meant it when he regretted his life at sea? Looking back, it appears that he had an existence most admirably suited to his temperament. He had his share of that puzzling eccentricity which confuses us so often in the English. He regarded himself as holding an outpost of the Empire in that old tramp-steamer's cabin and he was not ashamed, on the Sovereign's birthday, to "open a bottle of fizz" and give each of us a small glass to toast His Majesty. "Like lemonade with a dash of beer in it," our callow, inexperienced fourth engineer remarked to our displeasure, and added that, "the bubbly stuff made a man wink all right."

In port, of course, our Captain took his diversion with landsmen, and we heard only by hints transmitted through the steward of those high junketings. He kept up the custom, however, of entertaining a brother captain on board. It was after these occasions that our steward was most eloquent and would wish he had a billet with a skipper of the old school. Yet he took a cantankerous pride in the style of the function: the cabin silver and crystal so flawlessly polished and set out on the sideboard; the extra lamps on sconces by the brass stove, the decanters of various wines, the heavy tantalus of four cut-glass bottles filled with two kinds of Scotch, John Jamieson, and a fine pale rye. There was an epergne on the table, which the Captain had picked up in Charleston, silver napkin rings, and a grand cruet of six bottles. There were six slender-stemmed glasses for wine, which the Old Man would clean and polish himself with a silk handkerchief and put away in a mahogany case lined with green baize.

What the brother captains thought of it would be a problem for a psychologist. Sometimes the party would include a wife sailing with her husband, and on one occasion (it was in Genoa) two daughters came with their parents from a neighboring steamer. Old friends of our Captain. To these men, whose narrow philosophy viewed their

life at sea as only a means of saving money for a suburban retirement, such gracious hospitality would savor of madness. Our chief engineer would inquire, at the messroom table, where we sat around a not very clean cloth, what was the use of all that snobbery? To him our Captain's vintage Burgundy was "red ink" and the green chartreuse "sticky stuff." He reported to us that although our Captain never ate fruit, he would purchase oranges, peaches, grapes, pomegranates, and purple plums to pile in a silver basket on the cabin table. "He says he likes to look at it!" our chief engineer shouted, and he added in an undertone, "Now what can ye do with a man like that?"

What indeed? Yet it was surely a civilized impulse which made our Captain preserve the gracious amenities of life. I have seen him by chance, through the open scuttle on a fine night in the tropics, in his befrogged blue-silk smoking jacket, seated at a table in his cabin, enjoying a glass of wine. I have heard him, seated on the forward hatch in the Red Sea, descant upon cafés and restaurants in many harbors. The Captain spoke of Simpson's in the Strand, where he said the boiled beef and carrots, with a glass of Dublin Stout, was the best in the world. A bit of Stilton to follow and a dock glass of port at Mooney's wine house afterwards—a perfect meal.

There was the time when we were loading cotton in Brunswick, Georgia. We had left Boston on Christmas Eve in a snowstorm, and New Year's Eve found us in that forlorn little place far up a mosquito-haunted river. We had made merry ashore and at midnight we cut loose with whistle and gong in the conventional fashion of those easy-going days. We gathered outside the Old Man's cabin and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." He came out (in silk pajamas) and thanked us, promising to send a bottle along, and wished us the same.

That voyage, crossing the Atlantic in ballast to catch a cotton cargo, we made heavy weather of it. Twenty-three days, in the face of ceaseless westerly gales, we pitched and rolled and lay to in the midst of the gray desolation of the winter North Atlantic. Our Captain had something to say about her trim. He said she should be down more by the head. He even maintained that she ought to be an inch by the head to make her best speed. This was so unusual our chief would not hear of it; but I believe it was true. Our Captain said once, "She's like me. I have to be down an inch by the head too." And once I saw him, outside the Criterion in Piccadilly Circus, his opera hat at a rakish angle, his cloak making him look very much like an umbrella, his step a trifle unsteady, and his monocle hanging over his shoulder, hailing a hansom with his cane. He was down an inch or so by the head.

Even when he once put the ship ashore we gave him our peculiar loyalty and rejoiced when the chart was found to show the coral reef incorrectly. Dimly we sensed that he was something we might not see again. He kept up his position among us as Englishmen in Central Africa will dress for dinner among savages. He preserved a palate for good wine and old liqueurs, while we solaced our weary bodies and unregenerate souls with beer and trade whisky. He would put himself out for us, remembering our needs and advancing money from his own store rather than spoil our pleasure. He did things well, with a quiet dignity and an obliviousness of the cost which bespoke the gentleman born. Then came a voyage when he was no longer there. A new captain, in heavy blue serge, a person resembling a retired butcher, looked us over.

Our old captain was at home in Hertfordshire, seriously ill. He came to sea no more. A year or two later I met the chief in a foreign port, and he told me the news. There was a faint note of exultation in his voice. "Died!" he said loudly. "And they tell me he didn't leave a penny!"

II

It is a far cry from dear Captain G., with his cask of old sherry in the lazarette, maturing against the retirement that never came, to our nights ashore in the wineshops of the world. In those days before commerce became a desperate game in which both sides lost, we used to spend a few days in port. Cargo machinery did not work at the speeds common now, and at night we shut down, one officer in each department keeping watch on board. The rest of us were for the beach.

The Mediterranean was the trade we all desired in those days. French ports were too close to England; we had no pay day. The western ocean ships were workhouses, and the American Atlantic seaboard had small appeal. "Out East" was too long. Men got stale lying off the steaming coasts of the Indies, where life was fever-stricken and barren of romance. What we called "The West Coast" (of South America) meant either nitrates or guano, and there was nothing there. We looked forward, we who were plowing the long sea lanes, to a charter for Mediterranean ports, with perhaps a grain cargo from Novrossisk or Odessa, and a call on the homeward run for coal at Algiers. Here in the closed circuit of the ancient sea were harbors for our delight, where wine shops glowed a welcome along the front, and the sights and sounds and smells evoked a sense of solidarity with all the generations of mariners who have left their ships to roll ashore.

There is rumor nowadays that the modern young seaman passes our old haunts with averted eyes and hurries to a soda fountain, where he riots on nut-sundaes and ginger pop, and reports back on board by six bells in the first watch. It may easily be true, because in all ages men who did not drink have gone to sea, and have been regarded as good shipmates by the unregenerate. In a score of years of close contact with seamen and engine fitters there was never a case of a man or boy being derided for refusing liquor or saying his prayers. They would even come with us, sitting sedately with a lemonade or grenadine and seltzer, or that peculiar and unpleasant libation of those days, a celery tonic. Some would drink beer in moderation, refusing spirituous liquors. They would mysteriously vanish before midnight, leaving us to migrate to other taverns along the waterfront. Chief engineers of vinous proclivities would express satisfaction on hearing that their new second was a teetotaler and a married man. So much concentrated virtue was a comforting guarantee of security when the chief felt the urge to make a night of it in Marseilles or Genoa.

The votaries of alcoholism as a fine art, however, are not to be confused with these genial practitioners, nor will their praises be sung here. They constitute a problem apart and need concern us only slightly as we contemplate Jack Ashore. Their habits disrupt the social fabric of the ship. They reveal a disturbing dexterity in running amok with a razor in their later stages, and they cultivate a deplorable skill in peculation, stealing money and clothes to sell ashore when the master refuses to advance the balance of their wages. They are often not seamen at all, but renegade landsmen, seeking in the forecastles of tramps an escape from the intolerable

respectability of their lives, and laying their burdens upon those who have to drive them.

Officers who have "a weakness" are in another category, and their technic is naturally more subtle than that of poor Jack Ashpit or Bill Bowline. One comes to mind at this writing, second mate of a seven-thousand-ton collier loading for the Canary Islands and bound thence for Savannah to load cotton and phosphate for Liverpool and Runcorn. A middle-aged person whose gray hair, florid features with fine purple veinings, and imperturbable fluency of speech impressed us deeply when he joined in the Surrey Commercial Dock, which is London River. He engaged us all, singly and in groups, in conversation. According to his own account, he had been the victim of incredible misfortune. Most of our second mates were mere boys, and he explained his own acceptance of so poor a position by saying he was waiting for a command which had been offered him. He had already commanded steamers far bigger and better than ours. On his first command he had been given an incompetent chief engineer who had run out of coal two days from port and he, Mr. Jack Temple, had to accept a tow, and of course was asked by the underwriters to resign. Deeply sympathetic, an employ he had served for years offered him a ship. Coming out of Constantinople with the anchor apeak, his chief officer, an incompetent ruffian, had not taken care to have the windlass brakes screwed up, and the anchor had gone to the bottom, picking up the electric cable which crossed at that part of the Golden Horn and breaking it to the tune of twelve hundred pounds sterling. He had had to resign. There was a command coming shortly, however, and he had no objection to making this trip, to pass the time, "in this old hooker."

We were very much impressed. Mr. Temple had the air of a cosmopolitan sea rover. He was never at a loss. He held forth to us on the remarkable experiences he had been through in North American ports like New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Mobile, and Galveston, "since I lost my wife." He had apparently a poor opinion of us in England, preferring the Yanks, as he called Americans. He used American expressions such as "gee!" and "guy" and "Hell bent for election," which he had picked up while on time charter out there. He clipped his speech to contrast it with our softer phrasing, which seemed to confirm his suspicion that we were "poor fish."

But what was our consternation to discover that our new sophisticated second mate did not drink! To our suggestion, clustered about his door one evening on anchor-watch, that he join us in the second engineer's cabin, he informed us curtly that he never touched it. We must have stared at him, lying there in his bunk reading a good book, as though we had suddenly penetrated to the cave of a supposedly extinct animal, a vestige of a prehistoric era. He sensed the tautness of the atmosphere and, swinging his legs over the bunkboard, sat up. He put the book down and passed his hand over his gray hair. "No," he said, "I never touch it. I find it interferes with my studies." He glanced at the book on the drawer top. It was the Bhagavad-Gita. He said he was taking a course in oriental philosophies. "The trouble with you sea-going guys is all you do is booze. Never get you anywhere. You ought to make some use of your time at sea. Fit yourselves for a good position. You get on a liner, and a passenger starts a conversation, and you can't handle your end of it. Dumb! What the hell! Think of the chances you miss."

This was awful. We withdrew.

The bottle of Red Label the Second had worried out of the chief for some unpleasant bilge-diving we had been through tasted bitter in our mouths. We suffered from conviction of sin. It was unfortunately true that we were wasting our time, ruining our health, neglecting our opportunities, and drowning our meager intellects in our inebriating cups. And we had not even the excuse that we had not been provided with a shining example. Our example shone steadily from the forward cabin in the port alleyway. Passing his window, we could see him in his bunk, smoking a virtuous old pipe, reading up on oriental philosophies, forging ahead of us in the race for fame and fortune. We sailed for Las Palmas.

In that delectable harbor, where convivial beverages were good and cheap, our second mate would not go ashore. He dazed the third officer, who would have cheerfully deserted the ship and embarked on a course of intensive drinking if he had possessed the money, by telling him that he, Jack Temple, would keep every night on board. When Sunday came and we took a carriage for a drive up to Santa Brigida, and returned heavily laden with demijohns and gallon bottles of Canary sack, our second mate refused any refreshment. The oriental philosophy he was studying seemed to engender in his mind a misanthropy no liveliness on our part could dispel. It was true that our Mr. Jack Temple was never drunk, but even our far from subtle minds could distinguish between his mood and an untroubled sobriety. We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise, and the door stood open to our feast; but we lacked the experience to detect the symptoms of coming disaster. We failed to recognize the ominous lull that presages the storm. We went our careless ways, and after a fortnight's sojourn in the Elysian Fields, we sailed due westward for three weeks across a warm, windless ocean, blue as heaven and so cluttered with brown gulfweed that our main injection-valve was always getting choked. So we came to Tybee Island and sailed up the river to Savannah. Word came down to us in the engine room from the third mate, who had heard the pilot tell the Old Man. Georgia had gone dry again. The saloons were shut up, so if we-all wanted a drink we-all would have to try a blind tiger on Oglethorpe Avenue. It was the fourth engineer's first trip to sea, and he inquired timidly why we had to go to a blind tiger for a glass of beer. It was a simple matter to undeceive him, and while the customs officers sat in the cabin enjoying the Captain's whisky, we hurried ashore to test the truth of the pilot's statements.

Mr. Temple, however, turned in. He was now in his element. He could talk the stevedore's language. He called us along to Number Two Hatch when the colored boys were screwing cotton, "to hear the blackbirds sing." He threw himself into his evening debauch of oriental philosophies with tremendous zest. It was almost as though he was discovering in those improbable volumes the secret of occidental rejuvenation. He achieved the triumph of being accepted at his own estimate. We went our bibulous way in Oglethorpe Avenue and let him alone, save that when offered a drink we assumed a shocked expression and said, "No, thanks. I never touch it." And then we sailed for Liverpool.

In the excitement of being paid off and getting leave to go home for a few days I am afraid we forgot about Mr. Jack Temple. He did not go home. He had, he said, no home "since I lost my wife." He stayed on board while we caught trains to Glasgow, to Shields and London. And in the excitement of returning to duty, getting the over-

hauling done, discussing the next voyage (to Genoa with coal), we did not notice that he had left the ship. "Gone to Cardiff for a couple of days to stay with friends" the steward told us, and we forgot him again. Steam was up, and we were due to sail that evening on the tide when word went round the ship that Jack Temple was on board. The stupefying news was that he was drunk, full to the guards, with his back teeth awash, and had been seen through his window by a quartermaster trying to hold a corkscrew steady long enough to stick it into the cork of a fresh bottle. The same quartermaster reported several more bottles in a bag on the settee.

He had arrived in a cab, and the first hint of anything unusual had been the spectacle of the cabman shoving Mr. Temple back from the edge of the dock, a service which Mr. Temple acknowledged by laughing loud and long and sitting suddenly down beside the horse. Eventually, after attempting to lead the horse towards the gangway, Mr. Temple was himself persuaded to accompany the cabman on board, where he immediately introduced him to the cook and tried to draw them both into his cabin for a drink. Frustrated in this act of spontaneous but inopportune hospitality, he shut himself up and was heard singing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" in a disagreeable tenor voice somewhat out of training.

If Mr. Temple had remained in seclusion he would have been allowed, in spite of his rather dismaying performances, to sleep it off. But having refreshed himself with about three-quarters of a bottle of whisky, he became convinced that his presence on deck was urgently required. In the state he was now in he was under the impression that he was in command of the ship. Fortunately the Captain was ashore and his quarters locked up. Foiled in taking official possession, Mr. Temple wavered forward and found the boatswain working in the chain-locker, a new length of anchor chain having been installed. With miraculous good fortune, Mr. Temple safely descended the iron ladder from the forecastle into the dank steel cavern, lighted only by candles, where the men were working. Unaware that a new and transfigured officer had begun to supervise their labors, the sailors ignored Mr. Temple's contradictory commands and were proceeding to close the manhole leading down into the darkness where the chains were stowed when Mr. Temple suddenly lost his balance and disappeared.

It was a situation to try the most resourceful of boatswains. As second officer, Mr. Temple had had very little to do with the sailors. In the candlelight, his face bloated, his shore clothes smeared with rust, his tie swivelled under his ear, his derby hat dented and askew, his eyes glazed with the awful preoccupied benevolence of the inebriate, he was probably mistaken for a new ordinary seaman with a full charge of sailing-day liquor. But he had fallen down among the chains. Ominous clangs of falling links made them act with feverish haste. They found a hurricane lamp, and while the boatswain lowered himself by a rope, they showed a light. Mr. Temple, with a broken leg doubled up under him, was found with a fathom of chain across his chest. He was hauled up and was carried along to the bridge deck just as the Captain stepped on board.

The scene was dramatic. That Captain was starchy. He lived his life entirely apart from any other human being on the ship. We did not even know whether he drank water or wine. He had the impassive temperament of a bureaucrat and gave us the impression that we were

all cogs in a wheel of which he was merely the master cog. His personality was entirely submerged in the rank of master. If you accepted his incognito and kept your own place on the ship, he was the easiest of commanders.

It was dramatic because the starchy Captain, seeing his second officer, whom he had just curtly mentioned in the office as "not bad; seems sober; rather old, though," carried into that officer's cabin in very bad shape, was immediately concerned. Accidents on board, with a Compensation Act in force, were very much the Captain's affair. He was supposed to avoid them. Concern, as he entered to examine the damage, changed to impenetrable sphinxlike reserve. He smelt the mephitic alcoholic atmosphere, saw the bottles and the glass, the disarray of Mr. Temple's shore suit. He gave orders briefly to have him taken to the hospital.

That was the end of Mr. Temple with us. He passed on to other fields of glory. No doubt he recovered and secured another billet. We heard vaguely that he had engaged a lawyer to sue our owners for an accident incurred in the line of duty. But our starchy Captain, who knew all about that kind of thing, had taken down the evidence of the crew, had hunted up the cabman at his stand at the station, and had it all sworn to. Mr. Temple had no chance. When he went to sea in another steamer he would have a great story to tell. He would return to his oriental philosophy and Commercial Spanish for Beginners, and regale a fresh lot of innocents with the tale of his incredible misfortunes.

III

No doubt an extreme case. Had he gone with us to the Mediterranean on the next voyage he might have escaped his destiny. We had Christmas at sea, and our starchy Captain, a very different person from Captain G., told the steward to send us a bottle. Quite impersonal. We reached Genoa a few days later, and the pilot brought the news that four other ships of our line were already arrived. In those blessed days there was no wireless; the element of surprise, the luxury of conjecture, the isolation of a ship at sea—all these were ours in the Golden Age of coal-charters to Genoa at eight shillings a ton. Moreover, the conjunction of five tramps flying the same house flag (a red Staffordshire knot on a white ground) was purely fortuitous. That house flag was to be seen in every corner of the Seven Seas. One had come from the Black Sea with wheat; another was discharging general from Glasgow; one had cattle from La Plata in her 'tween decks; and the fourth had arrived two days before with twenty street cars for Turin and the machinery for a cotton factory. And here were we with sixty-five hundred tons of Welsh steam coal for the Italian railways. And New Year's Eve was to-morrow night.

Those who were there will be old and gray before they ever forget the gathering of the clans, seventeen strong, collected from those five ships. Tied up along the outer mole, except the *Nutfield*, who had the street cars and was in the Inner Basin, we got ashore quickly and walked past the huge *lanterna* to the street of the wineshops on the front. We had supper in the back room of Mother Machree's and the three-liter flasks of the dry red wine of Asti stood within reach all down the table. We sampled it critically, and when the black coffee came in thick midget cups, we drank half of it and filled up the cups with cognac, a shrewd fortifying against the deep drinking that was to come. This was a special night. We met old

shipmates for the last time on earth. The solemnity of the occasion was a dark background for our mirth. The *Nutfield* soon after went across to the westward and foundered with all hands. The *Mayfield* went ashore on the Isle of Man in a fog and sank. Mother Machree, Signora Magri, a beetle-browed Ligurian woman with tremendous arms and heroic bosom, kept the wickered flasks renewed. And the wine took hold. It brought us to a condition of sanguine serenity which softened the contours of our austere destinies. It obliterated the years of toilsome and ill-paid seafaring. It induced in us a superb optimism, as though all our dreams were about to come true, and enabled us to set forward upon a series of mounting ecstasies until we reached the crisis at midnight in the Café Verdi.

Moving slowly forward from wineshop to wineshop amid the glitter and noise of the Principe, we became aware of a new urge. Someone said that we ought to go up town—someone with reproof in his voice. Here we were, said this voice, boozing like a lot of sailors on the front, as if there were not ree-fined places of entertainment up town. Miraculously, we were in chariots ascending the steep streets to the upper town. Below us in jewelled magnificence the Gulf of Genoa lay spread, assaulting the heart with its beauty. In the cabs ahead some of us were singing up the steep Via Cairoli, and from balconies marvelous down-looking female silhouettes leaned out to watch our passing, remaining cold to our erotic salutations. On the Via Roma and in the Galleria Mazzini we deployed seventeen abreast, thrusting delightedly through the milling crowds of merrymakers. We surged across to the Gambrinus Bier Halle and ordered liters of splendid foam-crested Löwenbräu. We jammed into the long, narrow Orpheum, where an orchestra of girls, from Russia, Roumania, Bosnia, Malta, and East London Jewry, played patriotic airs. At eleven-fifty-nine we might have been seen in the great hall of the Verdi. Waiters, carrying trays piled with incredible numbers of glasses, flew past us. Utter strangers made room for us at their tables, recognizing us as seafarers from our calloused hands, clumsy clothes, and weathered faces. The blare of a great band deafened us, and we made amiable gestures to show that we drank the healths of all mankind. The junior sixth engineer of a Hamburg-Amerika liner hammered the table with a huge seidel, boomed "*Prosit!*" and drank. The noise swung upward to its peak, augmented by the crowd rising. Men sprang upon tables and waved goblets as though they were the leaders of a Dionysian frenzy. So dense was the crowd at the supreme moment that trays of glasses, upheld by waiters hemmed in, seemed to float, as by some vinous miracle, above our heads, borne on a surging wave of song, an unearthly alcoholic compound of "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Marseillaise," "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King."

IV

Such celebrations, of course, are few and far between. Memories arise of quiet harbors around the shores of the ancient sea, where we put our knees under the heavy tables in some Iberian wineshop with an earthen floor, where the wineskins leaned like bloated dusty swine against the white-washed wall. "Black wine" they call it in Murcia, tasting not of Flora and the country green, but of tarred pigskin. It is wine at its roughest, and when you are used to it you will like it. It has authority. It is no thin tipple like Chianti, but is of a full body with a coarse yet not masculine

tang. It is like some black-browed Spanish jade, handsome and powerful and female, but not refined. Try it with a platter of eggs and pork fried in olive oil, or with Spanish bread and a handful of olives, after a walk about the hills of Aguilhas. Drink it with your supper of pork sausage after a bullfight at Cartagena, or take a swig from a bottle in the hot dusty excursion train which takes you back, after the *fiesta de Toros*, to Almeria. It will be, in your memory, one of the vital things of Spain.

In the same way the rosin wine of Greece, as seamen find it in the Greek Islands, furnishes an experience which no New York speakeasy, no pretentious Parisian café, or Havana bar can duplicate. Apart from the physical disability of such wine to travel, it is true in a spiritual sense that the enjoyment of it can be achieved only on the spot. You need the sea voyage in ballast from Genoa or Venice, let us say, with a gale off Cape Matapan and a squall south of Naxos. You need several days of salt beef and canned vegetables, and the purgative vigor of what some Mediterranean port authorities used to call drinking water. You need a breakdown or two of a minor nature to give you a stretch of terrific labor. You need the right companions to go ashore and climb the steep hillside to Megalovahdi. And possibly you need our particular tribune.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to remember just what took us to that tribune or what a Greek tribune is supposed to do. Probably it was that extraordinary voyage to Salamis Bay, whither we had been ordered by a pilot who believed we had come from Alexandretta, which was in the grip of bubonic plague. We had come from Alexandria, where there was no plague save of flies, and our Captain, the best of men, had the bright idea of getting a sworn declaration out of us and filing it with the tribune, as before a notary public. We went up, then, from the tiny cove where our ship lay at anchor, to the town which crowned the hilltop, to swear that we had been sent to Salamis Bay, which is close to Athens, and had lain there for certain days in quarantine, causing grievous loss to the owners, at forty pounds a day, of two hundred pounds sterling. This we did, in the lofty bare office of the tribune, before his battered cedar-wood rostrum, listening respectfully as the interpreter converted our bluff honest English into a melodious gibberish which echoed in the high room like the sea in a cavern. Whereupon, having chanted "So help me God!" in a solemn manner, we fared forth into the sunshine of that precipitous street of Megalovahdi.

It was at this moment that the tribune emerged also, and revealed himself as a short friendly man with a large mustache, a heavy watch chain, and bright yellow American shoes. He invited us to join him, making an immemorial sign, the sign which Bacchus himself probably used when standing treat to Ariadne on Naxos. Our Captain, the best of men, who had a large mustache and a heavy watch chain himself, understood at once. We followed, and almost immediately we were drinking the wine of the country, drawn from an immense bottle holding at least a gallon. A divine smell, which turned out to be a tunny of heroic size frying in the kitchen, blended with the peculiar aroma of a wine like liquid rubies. Bread, made from wheat ground in the windmills above the town, lay in yard-long loaves about the coarse blue tablecloth. Our glasses held a pint, and were replenished. Our tribune seldom had distinguished visitors from the outer world. He ordered other bot-

tles, and soon they stood like splendid cupolas about the table. The fish and bread, with a wooden bowl of purple grapes, small but very sweet, a dish of ripe figs of exactly the same color as the enormous jelly-fish in the sea, which are like fabulous amethysts, made up a meal transcending even those served at Tokatlian's in Pera, at the Danieli in Venice or at the Old Bourse Bar in Alexandria. We began to thaw out from our British reserve and pay some attention to the interpreter's rendering of the tribune's account of his son in America, who was earning three dollars, or fifteen drachmæ, a day. We congratulated one another upon our good fortune. We drank one another's healths and united in telling the tribune, through the interpreter, that he was a jolly good fellow. We told the interpreter that he himself was in the same noble category. The interpreter responded with a confession that he in former days had been a seaman and would go to sea to-morrow if his wife would let him. We stood a round of bottles of the ruby-colored rosin wine and invited the local Greeks who stood at the door to join us. Our Captain, the best of men, stood a round and informed us that we were to go back to the ship at once.

Our passage down the steep street of that little town remains one of the unsung odysseys of the Ægean. Many wineshops were entered, and the local vintages compared with what had gone before. We found a bottle of Greek brandy, and the effect of this, after the wine, was electrical. We encountered a subtle yet disarming beverage called mastic, which tasted like a blend of absinth and quinine. It turned milky when water was added, whereupon the second engineer, who disliked milk, took it neat. The interpreter, as the sun set in glory beyond Hellas, chanted what may have been a Pindaric ode. The second engineer burst forth in praise of a mythical Scotch maiden named Bonnie Lassie, and our Captain, the most tolerant of men, begged them both to hold their noise. While waiting for our boat on the beach, just such a beach as the cunning Wanderer must have used when he had to mend his storm-strained gear, we sat in front of the fisherman's tavern and took to rosin wine again. The sun set, and the cove darkened between the towering cliffs of limestone which amplified our voices as we sent forth musical howls of "Fernfield ahoy!" The valley rang with our voices. Out of the glittering dusk came our boat and into it we tumbled, helping our good Captain with all due ceremony, and encouraged by the fishermen who were also pushing off for a night on the water. From behind the eastern shoulder of the mountains floated a moon like a silver shallop, as though just launched from Delos. Even our respectable old ship looked like a fairy tramp, a transfigured galleon in that sudden glory. The silent sailors pulled us to our gangway. We realized that our interpreter, lying asleep in the bottom of the boat, would have to be sent back to the beach, where his wife was now addressing us in uncomplimentary language at the top of her voice. Her name, it seemed, was Thalassa. Or was it her rival she was reproaching, the siren sea who was luring her man from her side? Presently her cries grew fainter, and a new voice proclaimed from the deck of our ship above us that we were to move under the ore-tips at daybreak. Slowly we climbed the gangway and dispersed. To-morrow we would load six thousand tons of iron ore for Rotterdam, where the good Dutch beer on the Sandstraat was only a penny a bottle.

NOTES ON A NEW BIBLE

BY ELMER DAVIS

THE mere suggestion that a new Bible is needed may offend the devout. What, they will ask, is the matter with the old Bible? Well, the chief thing the matter with it is that nobody reads it. The clergy read it, of course, though they are increasingly given to preaching about something else; a good many children are still exposed to carefully chosen bits of it in Sunday school; and some people read it for its literary or historical or psychological value, as they might read Lucretius or Thucydides. There are others who may or may not read it now, but know it because in childhood they were nourished daily on the sincere milk of the Word. But those people are over forty—most of them over sixty; and not many of them have imposed a similar discipline on their children.

If you doubt this try it on your friends, especially your younger friends. See how many intelligent, educated moderns can identify even the commonest Scriptural quotations or allusions. They may recognize the language as "Biblical English," but they will rarely be able to tell you who said it, or in what context. A few decades ago the Bible was the cornerstone of an education; whatever else a cultured man knew, he knew that first; and the unlettered were likely to know it even if they knew no other book. But the faith that rested on the infallible Word has faded, and knowledge of the Word inevitably faded with it.

The Fundamentalists may still profess to believe the Bible from cover to cover, but in a world so full of other things they find less time than their ancestors found for reading it. The intellectual wing of modern Protestantism seems to regard the Bible somewhat as students of politics regard the writings of the Founding Fathers of this republic—the views of able and earnest men on topics of major importance, valuable not only in themselves but for their sentimental associations; but to be used with caution as a guide to the problems of our times. That is a sensible way to regard the writings of the fathers, sacred or profane; but it is no way to get the general public to read them. Most readers of this magazine, whatever their attitude toward religion in general, will probably feel that the loss of faith in the inerrancy of Holy Writ is in itself a symptom of improvement in the human mind. But, as usual, we obtained this freedom at a price. Quite aside from its religious content, the Bible had values that are almost lost, and there seems little hope of their recovery.

I am speaking, as any American Protestant must, of the Bible in English, the King James Version, and of the unique position which it held for three centuries in British and American culture. The Fundamentalist theological student who refused to learn Greek on the ground that "if English was good enough for Jesus Christ it is

good enough for me" may be a figment of invention, but the story dramatizes a truth more important than any question as to the language Jesus used. The cultural background, the intellectual and emotional subsoil of English-speaking Protestants is not what the writers of Scripture (good, bad, and indifferent as writers go) actually said, but the magnificent if sometimes inaccurate English into which the translators of the Authorized Version rendered it—chapter headings and all.

To anyone brought up in that tradition the Bible in Latin (though it too is part of our cultural background) seems somewhat less authoritative, and the Bible in French or German is hardly the Bible at all. The Greek and Hebrew originals, I suppose, grow familiar to scholarly clergymen who use them daily; but a reader who has no Hebrew and has made only casual excursions into New Testament Greek feels that the actual words of Luke and Paul sound less like the Bible even than the Latin Vulgate, to say nothing of the King James Version. Such a phrase as "the abomination of desolation" means something to anyone familiar with the English Bible, though probably not what it meant to the Jews who invented it; whereas *to bdelygma tes eremoseos* is only an echo from a college examination paper.

That is our Bible—not what the prophets and evangelists actually said, but what King James's translators made of it, with the interpretations, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, that generations of the devout have read into it. Occasionally it misrepresents the originals, not so often with its faults as with its splendors. Professor Goodspeed of Chicago, in the introduction to his translation of the New Testament into modern idiom, remarks that it was not written in literary Greek (though St. Luke wrote well, and St. Paul too) but in "the common language of everyday life," and that consequently it should be translated into the same sort of language. The men who wrote it had something to say which they considered of primary importance, and they were unconcerned about their style except to make sure that people understood them. Goodspeed's translation has an undeniable power—the power of the original, the power that comes from single-minded earnestness and clarity. But it does not sound like the Bible.

To have something to say and to say it as clearly as you can is the best recipe for a good style; and the writers of the New Testament had it. But the translators of the Authorized Version had something else, something more like magic. The magic may have lain in the incomparable richness of Elizabethan English, or it may lie in the three centuries of tradition that intervene between our time and theirs. But whatever it comes from, it is there. Goodspeed's straightforward rendering must hold you by its content, if it holds you at all; and for most of us that hold is gone.

The book that for three centuries was known to every English-speaking person who knew any book at all derived its authority from its content, of course, in the day when everybody was a Fundamentalist. Its ethical effect on a people who took the teachings of Jesus and the braggart bluster of the primitive Yahweh as equally inspired, and equally authoritative, was perhaps more bad than good; its value as cultural history was long obscured by dogma; but its value as literature was immense and irreplaceable. It was the only great literature with which the average man ever came into contact. If other great literature happened to come his way he might ignore it, as hard to comprehend and alien to his interest; but he struggled to

comprehend the Bible, at its hardest and most alien. He did that not because it was literature, but because it was the Word of God; but he could not help getting some purely cultural values out of it. That so many able men sprang from nowhere in the early days of this republic may have been due to the sudden release of biological and economic repressions; but that so many of them who had little or no education could talk well and write well was due chiefly to the fact that they had read one book and reread it till they were drenched in its language.

And when they quoted or adapted its language people knew what they were talking about. The Bible provided a common cultural background that had as much value as an extra language, and a language of great richness; every Scriptural allusion called up a whole chain of associated ideas. For the educated, another such background was provided by the Greek and Latin classics. Till fifty years ago in this country, till twenty-five or thirty years ago in Great Britain, a quotation from St. Paul or Isaiah, from Vergil or Horace was at once a short cut and an evocation of endless resonances; it enriched the melody with orchestration.

If there is flatness and aridity in modern writing it may be due to the vanishing of those two great common denominators of culture. A contemporary writer in English has the feeling of working in two dimensions where his predecessors worked in three or four —especially in this country, where the only literary allusions that can be made with any confidence that they will be generally recognized are to the works of Amos and Andy. The English seem to be almost as badly off; their schools still teach the classics, though not so much as they used to, but their speakers and writers no longer quote them. Rudyard Kipling may go down in histories of English literature as the last important writer who really knew his Bible. The trade of writing would be easier and more agreeable, the pastime of reading would be more remunerative, if those common backgrounds existed still; but science which has made our lives so much more comfortable, and has at least begun to brush the cobwebs from our minds, has exacted its price. There is so much more to learn nowadays that hardly anybody has time to study Horace or Thucydides unless he expects to make his living by teaching them; and the Bible is read for pleasure only by the rare eccentrics who would read Horace or Thucydides for pleasure.

II

There will always be people like that, but it seems impossible that the Bible can ever again be the book of a whole people. Our ancestors did not read it for pleasure; they read it to learn the way of life. People stopped reading it when they began to suspect that the way of life could be better learned elsewhere, or to doubt if there is any way of life at all. Nothing could be written now that could make any plausible pretense to supernatural authority; a substitute Bible would have to gain readers solely on its own merits.

Obviously, then, there can be no substitute for the King James Bible as a cultural influence; nobody can write such English any more, and if it could be written only lovers of good writing would read it. But the Bible has its religious aspects too; and from that point of view it can perhaps be, if not replaced, at any rate supplemented by something more useful to our time than the Mosaic cosmogony or the prophetic interpretation of history. A new Bible could never

mean to anybody what the old Bible has traditionally meant to the orthodox —the inerrant, sufficient, and final message of God to man, not to be added unto or taken away from under penalty of plagues and reprobation. But it could mean what the original nucleus of the Bible meant to the Hebrews before the Exile—a guide, as accurate as could then be constructed, to the way of life as then conceived. There was no abhorrence of profane knowledge in those days; the writers of the earliest Bible did not have much of it but they used what they had. As surely as any modern rationalist, they were convinced that the way of life depended on a correct understanding of man's relation to the universe. They wrote an account of that relation, including interpretation of the past and forecast of the future, based on the knowledge which they had and subject to such revision as the increase of their knowledge required. There is no reason why twentieth-century writers cannot do the same; some, whom I shall presently discuss, have already done it.

A new Bible for our time must be at least negatively limited by science; it might speculate with more or less confidence in extra-scientific fields but it could not affirm what science denied. Considering that science has got into the habit of denying what it affirmed yesterday, and will deny to-morrow what it affirms to-day, it may seem a waste of labor to try to write a scientific Bible at all. Any speculation as to the future of man must take into consideration a range of millions, if not billions, of years; it begins to seem as if all the time there is will not be too much for evolution to distil the traces of the primitive anthropoid out of us. And just at present the most respected scientists think that there is not going to be nearly as much time as they hoped for a few years ago. "Looked at in terms of time," wrote Jeans in the spring of 1929, "the message of astronomy is one of endless possibility and hope." But in the fall of 1931 Jeans had come to the conclusion that the end of all things is several trillion years nearer than he had previously supposed; and Eddington agreed with him that the time available for evolution may be only a beggarly few hundred thousand years. Hardly enough to do the still-too-human race much good.

But this curtailed 1931 time schedule of evolution may be nothing but ancient error by 1933. The universe is expanding, says Jeans, at a prodigious rate; the nebulæ are running away from one another so fast that they cannot have been running very long. Thus not only the future but the past is shrunken to a tiny fraction of the size which science had lately attributed to it—too tiny, perhaps, to give room for the evolution which has already occurred. But I do not suppose that Jeans and Eddington will go back to the theory of a six-day creation to get themselves out of that difficulty; they will go ahead; and it is at least as likely that they are wrong now as that they were wrong two years ago. At any rate, the men from whose calculations these theories have been spun do not seem much worried about the Cosmos's expectation of life. This new theory may be true, but something else may just as well be the explanation; and the universe may live long enough to laugh at the doctors.

At any rate, we can do nothing but work as well as we can with the most plausible knowledge we have. That was what the writers of the first Bible did; the man who wrote the story of the Creation in the first chapter of Genesis thought that this was most probably the way it happened, and the man who wrote the divergent story in the second chapter of Genesis

thought he knew better. (The final editor who left them both in the definitive text, as a stumbling-block to later literalists, may have been a scrupulous person who could not make up his mind which was more plausible and decided to let his readers take their choice.) You may think that if Jeans and Eddington refuse to allow us time enough for evolution, and if Planck and Schrödinger and Heisinger have upset the laws of human thought, we might as well go down to the corner speakeasy and get drunk instead of worrying about the way of life. But you will not find Jeans and Eddington in the corner pub, or Planck and Schrödinger and Heisinger in the neighborhood Bierstube; they have returned to their laboratories to go on from there and see what else they can find out. It may be a little less lugubrious next time.

Any Bible starting from their findings would need frequent revision; but so did the first Bible. There was no unalterable canon in those days; whoever got the upper hand in politics could rewrite the Scriptures to fit his own ideas. Truth was not the facts as men of old had set them down, but their interpretation from the enlightened modern point of view of King Josiah's time. The writers of a new Bible must be considerably more scrupulous about the record, but substantially they would be doing the same thing for the same purpose—setting down an account of man's relation to the universe, an interpretation of the past and a forecast of the future, as a guide to the way of life.

III

The sole contribution of ancient Israel to universal culture, says Bertholet, was the teleological interpretation of history—the explanation of what has happened by what is going to happen, the construing of the historic process in relation to its goal. As usually practiced this has been the worst of human errors, because men put the cart before the horse; they discerned the goal by revelation or intuition and then doctored the record to fit. Pious historians who thought that the Hebrew people was the destined heir of all the ages—or the Roman people, or the German people, or the American people, or the Nordic race, or the adherents of some variety of Christian doctrine—have explained the past as only a prologue to this foreordained consummation; and foreigners have been duly slaughtered or heretics burned to make the problem work out to the answer given in the back of the book.

This happened because teleology was concerned with what God meant to do with man (each teleologist, of course, being certain that God's purpose was identical with his own). Teleology might be a useful tool if we turned it around and tried to find out from a candid study of the past what man may be able to make of himself. Evolution seems to be tending to some goal which we do not yet discern; and man seems to be able to influence it, and its goal with it, if he can bring himself to spend as much time on self-improvement as he does on the improvement of dahlias and race horses. The interpretation of the process and the concept of the goal are still as humanly fallible as those of the authors of Deuteronomy and Revelations; but we know that they are human and are ready to revise them when they prove false, as were the ancient Hebrews until the disastrous end of King Josiah perverted the teleological interpretation of history into an apologia for the past mistakes of the interpreters.

Does this leave God out? Only the God of the traditionalists. There is

room in the scheme, if you like, for the God of the Modernists, whether you consider him the senior partner in humanity's collective venture or only a distillate of man's best aspirations. And that other God—the vaster, bleaker, inscrutable God of Neo-Spinozism, the God Who is the universe—the scheme has room for him too; the only question is whether it has room for anything else. A Spinozist interpretation of history must take into account God's purpose for man to this extent—that we do not know and probably shall never know what that purpose is, or if God considers man at all; that at any moment God-the-Universe may see fit to abolish us for no reason that we can comprehend; that in all his endeavors man can count on no more than the insecure freedom of a prisoner out on bail. This will not be a popular creed till the human race is a good deal farther along; but I believe it is what we must come to, and a few men have already had the courage to grapple with its toughest implications.

One of these is General J. C. Smuts, whose presidential address to the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science attacked the problem of reconciling the history of man who is trying to climb up with the history of a universe that seems to be running down. He did not solve it—perhaps nobody will ever solve it—but at least he looked it in the eye. "While the smaller world of life seems on the whole to be on the upgrade the larger physical universe is on the downgrade. . . . In life and mind Nature seems to have discovered a secret which enables her to irradiate with imperishable glory the decay to which she is physically doomed." He observes that "beauty and holiness are as much aspects of Nature as energy and entropy," but he does not shut his eyes to the fact that the majority tendency in the universe, so far as we can now see it, is downward.

Perhaps this address, and anything else that could now be written, could be no more than source material for the first draft of a new Bible. The two men who first practiced the teleological interpretation of history are so far forgotten that scholars know them only as J and E, but out of fragments of their work the Old Testament is largely built. Now the last decade has seen two interpretations of history in the light of modern teleology. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* purports to be a record of fact; Johannes V. Jensen's *The Long Journey* is a work of the creative imagination; but there is a good deal of history and a good deal of imaginative creation in both, and they are both interpretations of man's past in terms of purely human purpose.

They are good beginnings, but hardly more. Mankind in Wells's book is only a magnified Wells. Jensen's story is a magnificent dramatization of tons of anthropological data, but it is as rigorously and exclusively a Nordic Bible as the Old Testament is a Hebrew Bible. You do not need to be, or think you are, a Nord to get a high emotional value out of the story of the man who, when all the rest of the tribe was fleeing southward from the spreading cold, turned stubbornly back, and learned to live on the ice. But Jensen's climax is the voyage of Columbus; and when he makes Columbus a Lombard, with a Visigothic crew, you can see that he is as determined as Ezra and Nehemiah to exclude the uncircumcised from the congregation of the Lord.

One experience with the consequences of trying to universalize a primitive and purely nationalist Bible ought to be enough. Wells and Jensen have broken the ice; but the J and E of our new Bible are not yet born.

IV

But teleology includes not only the past but the future, not only history but apocalypse. The naïve faith of a true apocalypse can hardly be recovered now; but men may still speculate on the future, and if their speculations are informed with that "emotional attitude toward the universe as a whole" that J. B. S. Haldane sets down as one of the essential elements of religion, they may be not mere inventions but myths. "A true myth," says W. Olaf Stapledon, "is one which within the universe of a certain culture expresses richly, and often perhaps tragically, the highest admirations possible within that culture." Here again Wells broke the ice. His interest lies in the near future; but Haldane and Stapledon who have tried their hand at creation of myths of the remote future might never have done it but for his example.

Haldane's myth, "The Last Judgment," appeared in HARPER'S a few years ago; it was limited in space and in objective, but within those limitations it was a very creditable specimen of apocalyptic vision. Stapledon's *Last and First Men* is a book, a long book; and if he could write like the Wells of thirty years ago it could be put into a modern Bible as it stands. Stapledon admits that present knowledge is rudimentary and that his forecast of the future may seem, even to the next generation, laughably naïve. But there are spiritual values in the Old Testament prophets, rudimentary and naïve as their knowledge seems to us. Stapledon's guesses may be mostly wrong but he gets his teeth into the central problem of philosophy and morals—the apparent antipathy between human striving and the direction of the universe, between man's will and God's. We have not made much progress with that problem since the Old Testament was written, and we may not be much farther along when Stapledon is as ancient as Job.

Haldane had no room for discussion of the immediate future; he assumed world federation, world peace, world prosperity, and the unbroken progress of man's conquest of Nature until evolution ceased because the human race had everything it wanted. After millions of years that Golden Age came to an end; the use of tidal power had drawn the moon toward the earth, to disintegrate at last in a rain of rocks and fire which made the planet uninhabitable. Most of the human race ("unable," as Haldane remarks, "to look a million years ahead") sat and waited for the catastrophe in resignation, or in optimistic hope that it would never really happen; but a forward-looking minority explored Venus and directed the evolution of its descendants to fit them for life on that not very hospitable planet. There a select and disciplined few were able to found a new human race, far more serious-minded, to which the individual was nothing, the collective determination everything—a race which could look forward to such accomplishment as the selfish individualists of earth could never have envisaged.

"Man's little world," says Haldane, "will end. If humanity can enlarge the scope of its will as it has enlarged the reach of its intellect, it will escape that end." So it will, if God-the-Universe remains neutral. Haldane assumes that He will; in a brief article the assumption was perhaps necessary, but Haldane seems an optimist by temperament. Lately he has professed faith in a God much like the deity of the Modernists—an efflorescence of man's highest resolves called forth by the presence of a crisis; apparently a God who, like the Fire Department, works only when somebody turns in an alarm. No one can

say this is not so; and certainly in "The Last Judgment" Haldane carries his readers a long way and shows them a spacious and noble vision.

But Stapledon goes vastly farther in space and time and opens up a prospect of frigid and inhospitable magnificence. The ancient Hebrews thought that no man could look on the Face of God and live. Only a brave man could look on the face of a Spinozist God and want to live; but Stapledon has tried it. If more men keep on trying it, even though like Moses they are permitted to see only God's back parts, we may begin to get a little farther along.

V

Haldane's myth carried man forward forty billion years, and assumed that our species would attain to such perfection as its nature permits and stay there, till the transit to Venus necessitated the evolving of a new breed of men. Stapledon covers two billion years, in the course of which evolution, sometimes spontaneous and sometimes directed, created eighteen successive human species before an incalculable and inexplicable eruption of near-by stars—an apparently arbitrary gesture of God-the-Universe—extinguished man forever. Meanwhile there had been a removal to Venus when the moon's disintegration was impending, and a further removal to Neptune when the approaching collision of the sun with a mass of dark gas promised to make the inner planets uninhabitable. Neptune was the *ne plus ultra*, even for the men of two billion years hence; when the whole solar system began to go to pieces there was no other place to go.

This vision of the future is simply the past enormously magnified—a recurrent rhythm of catastrophe and recovery, a series of brilliant cultures that rise and flourish and wane and fall, with long dark ages between. It seems more plausible than a continuous upward progress, especially in these present times, when people are wondering if man's intellect is capacious enough to control his inventions, and if his emotions are anywhere near stable enough to control his brain. *Last and First Men* sets the attainment of emotional maturity far in the future, after dark ages that covered nearly ten million years. What became of the First Men, the species to which we have the dubious honor to belong? Well, they did not immediately wipe themselves out in air wars, as so many gloomy prophets of to-day are predicting; they created a world state under American domination that lasted four thousand years. But before that a series of air wars had pretty thoroughly wiped out Europe and the skepticism and "dispassionate yet creative intelligence" which Stapledon finds more common in Europe than in America.

The America that bested all its rivals was given over to a dogmatic religion blended of Behaviorism, Fundamentalism, and the worship of motion; and the Americanized world state was a sort of Greater Los Angeles whose dominant interests were sport, piety, and legalized fornication. Thought was a crime, and capacity for thought was virtually extinct; so when the oil and coal were exhausted men lacked the brains to find a new source of power, and their civilization collapsed. Of later human races one learned how to disintegrate the atom before it learned how to be careful, and in consequence disintegrated most of the earth's surface and population. The Second Men, most attractive of all to the present-day reader (since they were all that the best men of our time vainly aspire to be), were overthrown by recurrent invasions of the Martians; the Fifth Men flourished

brilliantly till they had to move to Venus, where the strain of adaptation degraded their descendants for ages to a sub-human level; the Ninth Men similarly degenerated after the removal to Neptune; and so on.

Catastrophe and degeneration are possible; the history of Rome and Knossos, the legends of Atlantis are proof enough of that. If there has never yet been a world catastrophe, it is perhaps only because there has never yet been a world culture. But recovery is part of the record too; after most catastrophes man has recovered, however slowly and painfully, and recommenced the long climb upward. Some day that evolutionary trend may eradicate the faults that make us the architects of our own catastrophes; loyalty to the trend and determination to help it along if you can must be the essence of future ethics—as it has been, if not always explicitly, of the best ethics of the past.

But that is only half the story. Even if we learn how to end war, abolish poverty, stamp out disease, and build the New Jerusalem on earth, we are still prisoners out on bail; helpless in the hand of the God-Universe if He chooses to close that hand on us. This is the theme of Stapledon's myth, which only dramatizes what he had already set forth more compactly and technically in *A Modern Theory of Ethics*. "Much that seemed very bad to Queen Victoria," he writes, "is judged by us to be very good. Yet the difference between Queen Victoria's horizon and our own is perhaps less than the difference between us and the span of all being." This is pure Spinozism; what seems bad to us may seem good to the God-Universe, and vice versa. The philosopher is content to acknowledge the contradiction; but the moralist has to try to make people like it, and that is not so easy. Spinoza thought that if you only understand the universe well enough you must love it; and his disciple Lippmann accepts that solution with a rather appalling nonchalance. Agony and disaster are very interesting; the man of insight will appreciate their intellectual beauty and won't care how much they hurt. Stapledon fights it out on the same line and goes a good deal farther. I cannot say he is convincing, but at least he realizes that agony and disaster are not to be dismissed with a neatly turned phrase.

Even his First Men were occasionally tortured by the perception of the conflict between "the intransigent loyalty to Life embattled against Death" and their vision of the "alien and supernal beauty" of the Whole. A hundred thousand years after, a new Messiah "saw the game that I was losing, and it was good—good no less to lose than to win. . . . For me as a character in the play the situation was hideous; for me the spectator it had become excellent, within a wider excellence." But he was a rare spirit, born before his time. Millions of years later the finely organized Second Men had their emotional balance upset by the endlessly repeated disasters of the Martian invasion. "Remote generations had earnestly longed to feel the racial tragedy as a factor in the cosmic beauty"; but their descendants did not feel it, doubted if anybody had ever felt it, and even questioned if there were "any such cosmic beauty to be experienced." The Fifth Men, even before the approaching lunar catastrophe overshadowed the future, were tormented in their felicity by reflections on the multitudinous miseries of the past. They believed that "behind the physical order and behind the desires of minds was a fundamental principle whose essence was æsthetic," so they tried to accept whatever happened as part of the universal beauty. But like us feeble primitives, they found it

easier to say they accepted than to accept.

The Eighteenth, last and noblest of human races, found themselves in the same dilemma when they unexpectedly faced extinction. They had learned to temper their desires by "relentless admiration of Fate," to enjoy the game whether they won or lost, even to regard the impending annihilation of mankind as "superb though tragic." But man seemed to be the highest product of the cosmic process; if his struggles and agonies were to end in what Fosdick calls "a hopeless cinder heap" the universe was falling short of perfection. So the Eighteenth Men could not reconcile themselves to the prospect that "the cosmos enterprise itself may fail, the full potentiality of the Real may never find expression." Simply, they were disappointed in God, and felt a moral disapproval of Him for not making the most of His opportunities.

But this was an individual emotion. The Eighteenth Men were able to wake occasionally to a racial consciousness; and in that state they felt no distress over their own approaching end, but only "the ecstasy which admires the Real as it is, and accepts its dark-bright form with joy." This ecstasy of acceptance is the core of Stapledon's ethical theory—an emotional experience in which you recognize that the judgments of the Lord, however inexplicable and ruinous, are true, and righteous altogether. No one can argue with an emotional experience; but to justify it intellectually is another matter. I do not know either Lippmann or Stapledon, but from their writings I surmise that Lippmann came to the doctrine of acceptance as the conclusion, however paradoxical, of a course of reasoning; whereas Stapledon had the emotional experience first and then evolved a theory to explain it.

There is a "cold fervor of acquiescence," he writes in the *Ethics*, in which "we seem to approve of the universe for being." But to approve of the universe either intellectually or morally you must give it the benefit of a considerable doubt, and suppose that it has higher beauties beyond our vision which outweigh the rather deplorable aspect presented to human perception. Most of us would agree with Santayana that what we can see of the universe is interesting but by no means respectable. But go into a fit of ecstasy and you can regard it (as the Eighteenth Men finally did) as a sort of musical composition which can be appreciated æsthetically. "It is possible," writes Stapledon, "even in the compulsive reaction to pain in one's own flesh, even while helplessly watching a beloved's pain, to be, precisely in the act of frenetic revulsion, coldly, brilliantly enlightened not as to the excellence of pain, but as to the excellence of the universe." It may be possible; but it is the martyrs, not the spinners of theory, who must teach us the trick.

This ethical Higher Synthesis gets you into logical difficulties that backfire on your ethics. Biology seems to move forward but it needs all the help we can give it; if loyalty to the life struggle is the highest duty, how can you reconcile it to abject acquiescence in a disaster that sets the clock back a million years? You may have to accept disaster because you cannot prevent it; but if you bind yourself in advance to like it, you can hardly get up much enthusiasm for an onerous struggle whose hard-won triumphs you are content to see annulled in the long run.

Stapledon tries to get around this by holding that there is no such thing as the long run; ecstasy is (or at least may be) "a supratemporal hyperbiological fulfilment." Modern physics is much concerned with "two-way

time"—physical time, which is not what we commonly call time at all. Ordinary biological time is a one-way street; the mill can never grind with the water that is past. But physical time is indifferent to direction. Events have sequence, but you can read the sequence forward or backward. What was still is, and what is to be is already; the present is "caused" by the future as much as by the past.

The revered Einstein (if the Associated Press quotes him correctly) has lately declared that it seems mathematically plausible that what we call cause is really an effect, even in the field of human behavior. You do not do a thing because you willed it; you willed it because it was already determined that you were going to do it. Which is to say that aside from the First Cause there is no cause at all; everything that ever happened or ever will happen is an event eternally existent, and ordinary time is a mere illusion. It is only by a trick of false perspective that victory seems to be annulled by subsequent defeat; victory and defeat are alike eternal, so you ought to be satisfied.

Physically this may be sound doctrine, but there is nothing new about it except its name. For two thousand years men have tried without much success to reconcile it with loyalty to the life struggle (otherwise known as the freedom of the will); and I do not see that you make the reconciliation any easier by calling it two-way time instead of predestination. If it seems to be true we must hold fast to it, whether it encourages commendable emotions or not; but its relevance to the temporal and biological world we live in is open to doubt. All events may be predestined, but people who assume in practice some freedom of the will are likely to live longer and more comfortably than those who trust that the Lord will provide. A thousand years ago Islam was far ahead of Christendom; that it fell behind is ascribed by historians largely to Moslem acceptance of the doctrine of predestination in an extreme form. The twenty-two runs scored by the Philadelphia Athletics in the late World's Series may be eternal events, pre- and post-existent, outweighing in supratemporal reality the nineteen runs scored by the St. Louis Cardinals. But on the baser temporal plane the Cardinals so combined their runs as to win four games and the series, and the Athletics had to take the short end of the money.

Many men have reconciled these contradictories to their own satisfaction; but they have done it not by thinking but by an act of faith or a mystic ecstasy. Stapledon says that the Eighteenth Men often reached by pure reason conclusions like those of our mystics, but he does not try to explain how that could happen. It is a statement of his faith, whose fruition is prudently postponed for two billion years and ascribed to the operation of a wholly unprecedented mode of consciousness. Meanwhile those of us who have not risen (or sunk) to the mystic level may find more nourishment in the remark of Henri Fauconnier: "It is preferable that we should not know if our destiny is really the work of our hands. Irresponsible, we should lack fire; responsible, we should agonize with remorse. No religion dares to rescue us from this uncertainty." And the philosophers who dare seem able to rescue no one but themselves.

VI

These criticisms of a theory, however, do not detract from the value of a profound and courageous book. Stapledon has tackled the toughest problem yet encountered by man, and

if he has not solved it, neither has anybody else. Books like his we need and shall continue to need as far ahead as any man can see. More and more people are losing faith in the old way of life, and many have come to believe there is no way of life at all. Perhaps not for the individual; but the race is made up of individuals, and if there is hope for the race it means brighter prospects for the individuals of the future in whom our blood will run, and our good intentions may come somewhat nearer fruition.

But it looks as if the way of life is not so much to be found as to be built, through a wilderness at present unmapped; and while not many of us know enough to help with the surveying, we can all lend a hand at the road work. "Most good actions," says Haldane, "merely serve to stave off the inroads of chaos on the human race. The man who creates a new idea, whether expressed in language, art, or invention, may at least be cooperating actively in the plan. The average man cannot do this, but he must learn that the highest of his duties is to assist those who are creating, and the worst of his sins to hinder them." Unfortunately it is not always easy to say what is assistance and what is hindrance. The gentlemen who assured us that the depression was not going to amount to anything meant to assist, but it looks as if they hindered. The Japanese generals now operating in Manchuria are certainly hindering, yet no doubt their intentions are of the best. Socrates may have been only half right when he said that virtue is knowledge; but the doctrine has some point in an age when good intentions are fairly common, and knowledge is appallingly rare.

The old Bible showed us, by the lights of its authors, what was help and what was hindrance in the endeavor to get the human race forward. We have somewhat brighter lights at our disposal now and we had better use them. A new Bible must of course for a long time be the book of a few. The masses did not read the old Bible because it was the opinion of wise and earnest men; they read it because it was the Word of God. You cannot make them feel the same way about the word of H. G. Wells or W. O. Stapledon; especially as it promises no eternal bliss for the individual, but only an uncertain hope for the race. But the original Bible must have been the book of a few, and those few brought a whole nation around to their way of thinking; the New Testament was the book of a few, yet it conquered half the world. Some day even the average man may be interested in dispassionate studies of his relation to the Universe; he had better be, unless the inroads of chaos are to overwhelm him before he gets anywhere at all.

The concept of the goal will change as we go on, and so will ideas of the best way to get there; sacred writings of the present and the future will be superseded as the sacred writings of the past are being superseded now. But their values need not be lost. You can get something out of the opening chapters of Genesis even if you do not accept them as literal truth; and the spirit that is in Wells and Jensen, in Stapledon and Haldane will be worth something when their personalities are as completely forgotten as those of J and E.

WOULD I HAVE CHILDREN AGAIN?

BY SYDNEY CLEVELAND

"IF YOU had your life to live again would you bring children into it?"

Had anyone asked me that question seventeen years ago when three babies kept me trotting on happy feet, day and often night, I should have placed the blithe order, "I'll take half a dozen, please." But even then I'd have learned to add, "If you'll pay delivery charges." The high cost of production had warned me with an early pinch; had, in fact, forerun the first baby.

But in that far-off day finances were the only drawback. My heart and my back were willing. And never once had the question of my ability to train children raised its complex head.

Seven years later I should have answered the same question still in the affirmative. But with a blending of restraint. I'd have cancelled my order with the wholesaler for a job lot. And some of the joy would have been crowded from my assent by a doubt here and there. Life had been getting in a little dirty work with me at the milestones.

I still had and enjoyed three children —but not the three I'd started my motherhood journey with. I had been forced to let one little boy slip away. And, watching him go, realizing how the monster Life could twist a mother's heart like that and then stalk heedless on its way, I told myself the child was better off; he would be spared a lot of pain.

But the weeks and months that followed his going were empty as my arms. Perhaps—another baby. . . . I wavered between temptation and fear for three years, then began praying that it be a boy.

It was. But Life had begun to curb my high courage. I was learning to balance each pleasure against its pain, to compare each gift with the price I paid.

My oldest girl at ten years was rather a naughty little girl. She had spells of unadulterated cussedness that only a thorough whipping could bring her out of. I resented having to whip her. It did not seem an intelligent way to treat a child. But we had to pass our lives in the same house, and I could not let her run it at ten so I whipped her into temporary conformity with social usages.

The second girl at six was still sweet and gentle, and the new baby was, of course, darling. But a new dread of their innate potentialities was turning my buoyant self-confidence to a more becoming humility.

So, ten years ago my answer to the question of children would have been "I'll do the best I can with the ones I have," and the doubt that had wormed its way into my consciousness would have prompted, "but look at big sister!"

Well—there should be no more. I would see to that.

In my perplexity over the children through the years that galloped past I turned my mind to their immediate

origin, to their father and to me, seeking the reason for the net result that was unfolding in three distinct patterns from the same material, the same effort at shaping.

Once in my idealistic youth I had read a widow's prayer that her child in growing up should be exactly like his father. I thought it a beautiful sentiment and I kept it by me. Now was the time for me to take it from the murk of dreams and give it the benefit of light and fresh air.

If I myself had been widowed seventeen years before, I might have given voice to the same prayer. I say I *might* have. I had my ecstatic moments. If my husband had died, as the years slipped by and the lives left in my charge unfolded, and I sought in them vainly for his martyred nobility, I might have found comfort in laying the blame on the Lord—or in the lap of circumstance—or in looking up some sin in my private ledger that I must expiate.

But my husband lived. The glamour of novelty, respect of convention, force of habit gave way, one by one, to the stronger pull in opposite directions of natures essentially antagonistic. The oil of harmony that lubricates the machinery of domestic life so that it lulls to contentment with its busy hum, dried at its source. The tinsel of our life together wore off and disclosed the thin fabric it had brightened as nothing but shoddy, cheap stuff on which we had dreamed of weaving beautiful patterns.

With the clear eyes of disillusionment I was able to face the fact of our union and name it for what it was rather than for what my husband hoped it would be and what I had dreamed it might be. It was all a grotesque mistake. We had pooled the very commonplace metals that composed our two separate natures and had dreamed that by the alchemy of high hopes and the biological urge we might produce pure gold.

Did I now pray in my heart that any one of our three children would grow up in the image of its father? I did not. Not by about four disgusting habits and I wouldn't venture to say how many uncontrolled impulses. The situation looked rather hopeless.

In something of a panic I considered other men I knew. Would I have chosen any one of them as the father for my children to pattern their lives by?

One was generous and lovable. Too generous and lovable. Any sob sister could work him for a month's rent. And had done so! One was thrifty and made much money; to prove it he bought every labor-saving device from a cream-whip to oil heat. But let his wife ask for money for clothes! One was a Big I man, very prominent and seldom at home. His wife was not even an echo; was more of a continuous grumble.

So it went. Not a man among them a model father. I seemed rather unfortunate in my men friends. The trouble was that they were too distressingly human. I hoped my boy would avoid each one's particular fault that became ranker with the years, quite choking out puny virtues.

I leave my friends to their own problems and return to more intimate and immediate concerns.

My husband drinks; not immoderately, he insists; but steadily, I maintain. It keeps up his good humor but lowers his mentality and moral standards. He has reached the point of asseverating that he has no objection to anyone, man or woman, becoming thoroughly intoxicated so long as he or she remains good company. He himself always manages to be that—provided, of course, one doesn't set too high a standard. The children, for example, always seem to find their

father amusing. They do not admire him, I think, but they like him.

The mellowed atmosphere in which he moves blinds him to the inevitability of a rainy day, opens his purse strings, induces friends to rally around. He's a jolly good fellow, and the imbibing world and its wife slap him on the back and tell him so. They do not particularly admire him, I think, but they like him.

To me who live with him, who was brought up with the fear in my heart, of God, strong drink, and debt, the idea of being responsible for a duplication of his type is calamitous. But I realize that what to my generation was a sin to the present is a mere complex, and I try not to view it too seriously. In his own circle of friends my husband is very popular. He will be missed when he is gone—which is perhaps something to have lived for and more than a lot of us shall have achieved. He is no worse than the average. *But*—he is no model for young sons.

This babbling sociability, then, with its attendant good and evil, is my husband's chief contribution to our matrimonial melting pot.

And what do I personally add to the compound whose chemical reaction is to determine the content of three young souls? Naturally, since I can't bring myself to fall in with my other half's easy way of living, I incline toward the opposite extreme. I am that deadly bore known as a good woman. I am sober-minded and I am thrifty—provident. I am intelligent and I am self-respecting. I think I am honest and unbiased in this estimate until I recall that of my own free will I chose to marry the man I did some twenty-odd years ago. Then I'm frank to admit I don't know about myself.

But I do know I am without appeal. When my humdrum existence is over, those who survive me may be briefly inconvenienced in doing for themselves, or in leaving undone, the many things my busy hands have accomplished. But there will be sighs of relief that my watchful eyes are released from further watching, that my hide-bound prejudices are stilled, and my family can proceed to "express itself," uninhibited.

Out of the many things that I am, emerges the convincing realization of the thing I am *not*—that is, a pattern on which young girls might shape successful lives.

II

Still, out of this mixture of masculine personality—if one might care to characterize so euphemistically my husband's trait—and of feminine character-of-sorts, one who firmly believed that "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world" might hope that a well-disposed fashioner of entities would be able to find some combination worth perpetuating with which to endow the souls of our progeny. But consider this picture:

Our oldest girl, the one who at ten had to be whipped, is now twenty. She still should be whipped—in spite of her charming smile, her disarming friendliness that nine times out of ten means she has no money and her gas tank is empty; in spite of her warm heart that would give her last dime to a beggar (someone will give her another dime; even if no one offers it she doesn't mind asking; she's broad-minded).

Isn't she a beggar herself? She has sympathy with the whole begging tribe. She's improvident. Soon her days will all be rainy ones, but she enjoys rain.

She is young now and carefree like her father. She closed her books one tempting fall day in her freshman year at college and refused to open them again. She was barred from examinations. She stopped studying during her second month in business school,

where I sent her as a last resort; and, fortunately for me, their system of financing let me out of further expense on her account there. The college tuition had had to be paid for the year, and she had made use of about two months' worth. Now she loafs between hectic week-ends, hoping some good man—no, I don't believe her hopes feature the adjective—will succumb to her charms and marry her.

She would not make a good wife; would not do her share, just as she does not do her share here at home. She would be fascinating for a time; but one tires of her fascination when one probes for depth back of it and finds only self-interest, expediency. She has no idea or intention of controlling her impulses, no strength of character. She smokes incessantly, will never force herself to do a thing she dislikes to do but should—such as walking for exercise and health, dieting for the same reason.

She has begun to take an occasional drink for sociability with friends, though she insists she does not need to; that she has pep enough without it. Which is true. Why shouldn't she have pep? She never lowers her vitality with work. But the vivacity will gradually succumb in the pointless kind of life she leads and she will try to bolster it with proportionately increasing libations.

She is a very pretty girl, is wonderful company, and is extremely popular. But as I see her she is not at all pretty.

It is because I am fond of her and fear for her that I paint her so sharply. Wherein have I failed? Was the material inferior or was I a blundering craftsman? Should I have avoided the whippings and tried reasoning? But even at twenty she's not very reasonable.

Her one aim seems to be marriage. But I do not feel that I, with my uninteresting virtues, have been much of a success in the role she has chosen for herself. How could I train a daughter to do better at it, particularly a daughter who scorns every suggestion of training, every attribute I hold praiseworthy?

Disappointing as she is, the lovable qualities of her nature balance the inefficient ones. She is no worse, taken as a whole, than the young people she goes with. She is no less prepared for what is ahead of her than I was at her age with my heavy leaning toward the intellectual that left me light on personality.

It is because I am so conscious of my own falling below the mark—and the mark wasn't high—that I dread the dead levels she seems to have set for herself. She has no ambition, no aim any farther ahead than her own lovely nose; and all I can see as a result of her way of living is a severe bump of that sensitive feature. Ahead of her is the menace of Life, grasping with grim determination the business end of the hickory stick of experience that supplants the ruler I used to apply to her refractory little seat. And I have a dreadful premonition that I shall be the one who suffers most from her punishment.

I grant that I may be wholly wrong in my demands, my expectations. My idea of the worth-while life may be obsolete, out-moded. Even so, it is my idea.

If I could bring myself to blunt the prod of my ambition, my pride, with the periodic application of alcohol's insinuating glamour; if I could come to look on a life of three meals a day, an evening of off-color stories with congenial friends and a night of sound sleep as enough to ask; if I could cultivate the chronic inebriate's fatuous good-humor . . .

Oh, well, I couldn't. Nor can I reconcile myself to the possibility of my daughter's being reduced to such an extremity, even though there might

be many to commend her adaptability.

Wasn't it Shaw who said we should never succeed with the experiment of prohibition until we offered in place of the thing we forbid something equally effective in clothing life's unlovely shape with beauty and in bolstering man's puny ego to some approximation of his ideal?

But not for me! I may envy the witless his simple content but I would never ask to change places with him. Nor do I crave the responsibility of having brought into the world his slightly brighter sisters and brother.

So when the question is put to me, "If I had my life to live over again would I bring children into it?" I am constrained to answer in the negative. Life has stripped me of the needed degree of sublime self-confidence. I have lost all faith in the three mediocre products that have resulted from the dross of our very mediocre union.

I may be wrong to judge the possibilities of the three by the failure of the one. But she was the one of greatest promise, the most original of the little selfish animals. If they had been kittens, she is the one I should have saved for her lovely markings and bright outlook and I should have drowned the rest. Now her originality is smothered in her animal selfishness.

I am exceedingly fond of the three. Don't think that because I can analyze them so coldly my heart doesn't bleed for them. But I admire them no more than I admire their father or myself.

I feel they are no better equipped than I was to face life down and insist upon being themselves, free from the yoke to which circumstance and their own mad response to natural impulses will bend their backs. Not so well, in fact, since they lack the incentive and the solace of my far-flung vision.

And for myself I can't see that the few flowers I have gathered along the way of the journey I began with such high hopes compensate for the weariness near its end, for the memories I find I must shudder away from.

It is the children themselves, their care and expense and our duty to them, that bind us to the profitless toil of the straight, steep, much-traveled road. Without them one might step aside to investigate mysterious byways with a congenial friend. One might perhaps even keep to the shady lane, the whispering stream in the woods, the simple life; never again forced into the hot, dusty, humdrum way that leads to a marble slab in the village cemetery.

The only reward that might make the game worth the candle would be the feeling that I was leaving in my place a child equipped to carry on when my strength fails. I cannot feel that.

The alternative is freedom for myself to develop whatever simple talent I have—distinctly *not* child-raising—to my own enjoyment and perhaps a measure of benefit to man.

But deliberately to choose, after what I've learned, to bear children in my own image, to be bound and disciplined and bowed to the yoke of the prison we call Life . . . Children who will in turn bear more slaves in their own image . . .

No. Not again. Not for me.

Seventeen years from now my memory may have dulled to facts, my vision brightened to the promise in baby faces. But at this particular twenty-year milestone as a mother—I would resign if I could.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE American college president is a unique institution. No country in Europe has his exact analogue. The rector of a continental university holds office only for a few brief years; so, too, do the vice-chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. If the newer universities in Great Britain have tended to develop a chief executive officer who has permanency, he is *primus inter pares* rather than the master of his institution. He rarely interferes with the university curriculum. He is still more rarely the controlling factor in appointment or promotion. If he sought to dismiss a teacher on grounds of intellectual disagreement, he would find himself opposed by a tradition as vital as any in English academic life. English universities have rarely, if ever, been made by the direction of any single man. They take their character from a thousand varied personalities among which it is difficult to discover with precision the extent of the individual contribution.

The American scene presents a very different spectacle. To most men the university is embodied in its president. The Harvard of Eliot, the Yale of Hadley, the Chicago of Harper are almost epochs in the intellectual life of American civilization. The President cuts a big figure in the public life of his day. His pronouncements are "news" in the technical sense of the term. He has it in his power to alter radically the perspective of his institution. His interest in a particular subject, his zeal for a particular teacher, may give special shape or color to the character it assumes. When President Eliot chose Langdell as the Dean of the Harvard Law School and when Mr. Lowell decided upon the division of Harvard into "houses," they were embarking upon experiments of a crucial kind. Weak college presidents there have doubtless been in abundance; but the man with a policy and character can stamp himself upon an institution with a force that is unknown in the universities of the older world.

The thesis of this essay is the simple one that a university president of the American type is an undesirable feature in academic life. I shall argue this on three essential grounds. I shall seek, first, to show that as a governmental institution the power he embodies is only dubiously helpful to the purposes of a university. Second, I shall try to explain that his position in relation to a company of scholars does not develop the best results from their qualities. Third, I shall try to argue that the institution in itself is a definite hindrance, especially under American conditions, to that academic freedom without which no university can possibly fulfil its proper function.

II

In the normal institution the President is the connecting link between a body of trustees, whether publicly or

privately appointed, and the teaching body of a university. It rarely happens that the trustees are intimately acquainted with the teachers; they are, therefore, largely dependent upon the President for knowledge of their value. Upon finance, buildings, size and promotion of staff, new developments, relations with the alumni and the outside world, for the purpose of the trustees, the President is the essential vehicle of all vital information. No one else has the same access to the trustees. No one else can know the bent of their minds, the best way to win their assent, the things it is inadvisable to attempt in the light of some predilection that may be encountered. The day-to-day business of the university is in his hands. Few things can be considered, in any aspect of its life, save with his approval. Most things must be discussed through the medium of his personality. He is the responsible pivot on which the whole university turns.

No one, of course, can deny that a great President can, with such powers, be a potent force for good; Eliot at Harvard showed clearly what a man can do who has a big conception which he is prepared at all costs to drive through, and who knows a big man when he sees one. But great Presidents are rare in this, as in most branches of life. The normal President can hardly be expected, at one and the same time, to be a skilful executive, a good judge of academic reputation, sufficiently aware of academic developments as to know which require financial emphasis, an effective beggar among rich men, and a person of such standing in the general community as to win respect for the university by the public pronouncements he makes. Yet all these things, at least, a university president is expected to be. The conception in itself is that of a superman. I think the evidence suggests that supermen are the exception and not the rule.

For once the institution is of considerable size, the President's knowledge of its inner life is necessarily at second-hand. He depends upon deans, the casually acquired information of a dinner-party, the knowledge gleaned because a particular problem has become urgent. His trustees can rarely be well informed. They can advise about investments. They can warn him against some teacher of heretical views whose presence is a danger to the flow of manna from the wealthy. They can give general encouragement or general warning about the policies placed before them. They can put him in touch with possible sources of fruitful revenue. They may help a little by their private prejudices or particular knowledge of some man or department in the institution. But a wise board of trustees can hardly hope to do more than this without an interference that is bound to result in grave error. For the average trustee knows little about either the personnel of the university or the subject-matter with which it is concerned. The board needs expert advice upon every occasion when it descends to particular judgments. And, in general, it is upon the expert advice of the President that it must depend at every turn.

But, of course, the President is not an expert. He depends in his turn on what he can pick up as he goes on his way. If there are no outstanding men in his university he must act, for the most part, on hearsay evidence. The more, therefore, he can convince his trustees by objective evidence, the better his position. Promotion for A because he has written a book. A laboratory for B because otherwise he will accept the offer of a rival university. A house-plan for Yale because there is a house-plan at Harvard. New buildings instead of better salaries be-

cause the donor X prefers the immortality of stone to the more impalpable values implied in an advance in the economic status of professors. A chair of fine arts instead of more money for physics because some trustee has a belief in the æsthetic value of the genteel tradition. Emphasis upon athletics, with a new stadium if possible, because three football defeats running by the university's chief rival have persuaded the alumni that their alma mater is not what it was. Vast expenditure on geography, and the closing down of other departments, because geography is the President's hobby and he hardly knows that other subjects can exist.

If the President is a weak man, some trustee, or group of trustees, will dominate his policy, or he may be the pathetic mouthpiece of the energetic wire-puller on the faculty. If he is a strong man he will use his trustees as a screen to secure additional protection for his personal policy. And he is bound to suffer from the illusion of size. Most trustees are business men to whom financial growth is the test of a President's success. He must, therefore, cultivate the Foundations, wealthy men, and the big corporations. If a rival president gets a big endowment, he must go one better. He dare not offend the rich upon whom he depends. He must be interested not in the digestion of experiments, but in their extension. Bigger and better libraries, larger dormitories, a bigger stadium, all with appropriate dedicatory exercises, are the key to the ideal. Honorary degrees must be dangled before appropriate persons. Speeches must be made which vocal public opinion welcomes as the words of a "sound" man. He must never be a socialist; he must use large, abstract words like "liberty" sufficiently often not to be recognized as a deliberate reactionary. He must lead a blameless private life so that the public has assurance of the soundness of his morals. Without necessarily belonging to a particular Church, he must explain that he has an eager confidence in the social value of undenominational religion. He must cultivate, in personal relations, a happy mixture of heartiness and deference. All distinguished foreigners who visit America should, if possible, be invited to the university so long as they are safely conservative or in important public office. If he goes abroad he should meet a sufficient number of the eminent to be in the news while he is away; a public dinner in Paris or Budapest may, if tactfully arranged so as to appear adequately spontaneous, enormously enhance his reputation with his trustees.

Governmentally, in fact, the President is the inevitable prisoner of the special university environment created by American economic conditions. They define his possibilities and his purposes. He will be chosen because he fits into the pattern they involve. You cannot imagine Abraham Flexner at Harvard; you doubt whether Felix Frankfurter would be called to Columbia. The position demands men who are political conservatives, prepared to accept size as the measure of greatness, successful in raising money as the condition of size, tactful, able to make a rousing speech. And such men are proliferated over the American universities. What emerges in the business of governing them is the narrowness of the circle within which policy is made. It is direction from above, instead of co-operation from below. The structure is a pyramid in which only the apex emerges effectively above the horizon. As a system, no doubt, it is an overwhelming financial success; at least four American universities have endowments greater than the total endowments of all British universities. But the basis of government is too narrow for effective leadership to be

possible. The things it is bound to emphasize are the public values rather than the intellectual values. The things it cares about are the things which push upwards the apex of the pyramid; the glory achieved must enhance the presidential position. From the very nature of what life demands among a company of scholars, the governmental position of a university president seems to me singularly unfitted to realize the best that can be attained.

III

And this is even more true in the context of the relation between the President and his faculty. There are, doubtless, universities, of which North Carolina is a notable example, in which the President and his academic colleagues are genuinely a company of scholars genuinely concerned to promote the objects for which a university exists. But that position is more rare than most students of university matters would care to admit, and the position in many universities necessarily militates against it.

For the first problem is that of size. In the larger American universities the President knows his colleagues only in a vaguely impersonal way. A great scholar here, a renowned teacher there, may emerge for him as definite characters about whom he has ideas; but, in general, he does not know very much about them. And since the university is organized upon the basis of an elaborate system of grading, that means a real difficulty of making appointments or promotions with any real approach to justice. They depend largely upon the opinion confided to the President by men who possess his ear, or upon some chance impression he has formed, or volume of publication, or availability for executive work. A man may miss his chance because someone of whom the President thinks well dislikes him or disagrees with the theories he puts forward. Or it may be that he is registered in the presidential mind as lazy because he has not published a book for five years. Or he may insist on doing his own kind of research when what is wanted is the kind of research which will interest the Foundations and bring appropriate endowments to the university.

Anyone who has had experience of this relationship knows only too well how thoroughly unsatisfactory it can be. I have known professors who wrote only the type of book they thought likely to interest the President. I have known others, whose intellectual quality was pre-eminent, left to stifle for long years in the arid backwoods of a denominational college, because the most powerful of the presidential intimates were jealous of their work. One of the most distinguished American philosophers was left to languish until late middle age in an inferior position because those who dominated his department did not understand work which, in its special realm, was famous all over the world. Another university did not invite a famous scholar to its faculty because the President thought it already possessed all the Jews the traffic would bear. In yet another case, a distinguished professor, whose name had for years been almost a legend in Europe, was hardly noticed by the President until the sudden conference upon him of a popular prize brought him to the notice of the trustees and led to a rapid cultivation of his friendship in the highest quarters.

A university, I take it, has two essential tasks. It must, in the first place, add to the sum of new knowledge; and it must, in the second, prepare the new generation for entrance into the tradition of scholarship. The institution of the President makes neither of these any easier of accomplishment. For the

scale of the university requires publicity for its maintenance; and there is a necessary tendency for the men to succeed who have either executive competence (in the direction of which the President approves) or can get results sufficiently quickly to be the basis of a request for further endowment. Long-term value in investigation becomes at a discount compared with the values which the world outside can be made to understand with speed. I spoke last year to a university President who hardly knew the name of one of its most distinguished scholars because his work lay in the kind of field which does not interest the Foundations; and he heard from me with surprise that, though young, this particular scholar was far better known in Europe than names to which the President himself attached significance.

And the hierarchical system is bad because it unduly enhances the power of the President. There must be innumerable men in American universities whose promotion has come from a threat to move elsewhere. One of the most delicate academic operations is for a young teacher to balance the chances that such a threat will fail of its effect against the necessity, somehow, of getting an increase of salary. Unless a man has the faculty of personal salesmanship his claims are likely to be overlooked. Advantage always lies with the man of personal charm, who can make himself useful in a score of administrative ways, who writes the "nice" kind of book, against the chances of the scholar who lives apart in that state of resentful coma which is called research. And the existence of the academic hierarchy makes it difficult for effective criticism of the President to have voice. In the lower reaches it easily becomes regarded as lack of co-operation; in the upper it causes one's recommendations of men or policies to be inadequately weighed. If, as in an Oxford college, all members of the staff were on an equal footing, once a period of probation had been passed, I venture to think that the whole psychological atmosphere of the American university would be changed.

As it is, the power of the President over his colleagues induces excessive timidity in them in the whole range of academic policy. Doubtless they explain their silence to themselves by saying that they must not let down the institution; but, in fact, it is because the price of antagonism is more than most men can afford to pay. It is, of course, true that there are exceptions to this rule in every university; but I believe that, in general, it is true, and borne out by the relatively small number who have any part to play in shaping university policy. Outside a very narrow range of persons, most professors hardly know what is happening to the university as a whole; and, not seldom, a policy may be pursued there over which they have little opportunity of influence. It is notable, in this regard, that the atmosphere of colleagueship is always more intense and creative in the professional schools of a university than in the ordinary undergraduate and graduate colleges. That is because the existence of an expert professional opinion is a real check upon the President in a way that does not exist in the non-professional branches of a university. The result upon a professional faculty is an *esprit de corps*—a coherency of attitude—that gives them a real independence it seems difficult to secure in other aspects of the university life.

But, in the college, the possibility of effective dissent from presidential policy is almost inevitably remote. There is rarely representation of the teachers upon the board of trustees; there is little chance of continuity of access to them. Finance, for the most part, is an uncharted sea for the teachers since, as

a totality, it is regarded as outside their province. The President can govern by dividing. He discusses economics with one set of professors and chemistry with another; they do not share in the making of a co-ordinated whole. Effectively, the controls are all centralized, so that at the periphery no one can really gauge the necessity or desirability of a particular line of action. One knows of Presidents who do not even consult their faculties about promotions or appointments. One knows of universities in which vast sums are secured, in an atmosphere of complete departmental ignorance; and the teachers have then, whether they approve or no, to protect the good name of the university by doing their best not to look the gift-horse in the mouth. And the sanctions at the President's disposal are always formidable unless the recalcitrant professor is a really eminent man. Good form demands that one does not attack him in the open; it is unconstitutional to go to the trustees behind his back. The result on the average dissenter is that he is content to let things take their course; and he is assumed to agree to a policy with which his disagreement may well be ultimate.

Such a position as I have described is no caricature. It is the logical outcome of the academic environment that has been evolved. It seems to me wholly unjustifiable except upon the assumption that the President is a great man; and I have ventured to suggest that great men are rare. It exalts the administrator to a position where he is, however subtly, a dictator, in whom success or failure is largely accidental. He does not really utilize the full academic resources at his disposal; he uses those only that are "available" in terms of the special pattern he is seeking to weave. Men and measures alike are subordinated to that end. The university's needs do not mean those needs conceived to be such in terms of a full and free discussion by academic equals. They mean that actual selection which the President persuades his trustees to accept as desirable. And here the motives which determine the selection may be largely remote from what is either objectively desirable on the one hand, or likely to evoke the fullest co-operation of the faculty upon the other. Presidential authority, in a word, is out of harmony with the kind of power required in a university to maximize its fullest development.

IV

The reaction of the President upon academic freedom is, of course, only a special aspect of the faculty relationship I have already discussed. But it has an importance so outstanding in the university life of America as to require a separate emphasis. There is, of course, no single generalization possible; the situation varies with every board of trustees and every president. But certain features are common to the landscape as a whole, and it is with these, above all, that I desire to deal.

No university teacher can pursue his teaching adequately, or do his researches with a full mind and heart, unless he can speak the truth that is in him without regard to its substance. His intellectual activities, therefore, must be unimpeded. He has, in return, the obligation to pursue his task in a scientific spirit. He owes it to the university not to leap into utterance without the careful and critical examination of the facts upon which he bases his conclusions. But, once he has made that effort, the university, in its turn, cannot penalize him for what he has to say without destroying the peculiar quality upon which its whole value as an academic institution depends.

It cannot be said that this has been

the characteristic atmosphere of American universities; and I venture to believe that the institution of the President is one of the causes of its absence. Partly, this is because he has to satisfy his trustees; and the sacrifice of an uncomfortable teacher is one of the most facile burnt-offerings to place upon their altar. Partly, also, he has to raise money; and the presence of a notorious socialist among his faculty may easily be an undesirable hindrance to that end. Partly, again, he has to placate the alumni of his institution; and a teacher whose utterances they dislike may easily make his position a difficult one. It is the very eminence of the President in the academic pyramid that makes him the court of appeal from any of his professors who arouse dissent by what they have to say. And it is the logic of that eminence that he should seek to avoid the prospect of public discussion by securing, as far as he can, the services of men to whose views objection is not likely to be taken.

Availability, in a word, is usually a prerequisite of academic appointment; but availability is also the keynote of mediocrity. Yet mistakes in appointment are made; and the presidential system has developed its mechanisms for preventing them from becoming too frequent. One method, particularly favored in the State universities, is to refuse permanent appointments; men are engaged only for limited periods. If a teacher then proves obnoxious to some powerful interest, and the danger of public outcry is small, he can be dropped from the faculty. The most remarkable recent instance of this habit was the dismissal of Professor Herbert Miller from Ohio State University for making a speech in India at a nationalist meeting against which it is literally incredible that any reasonable human being could have taken exception. But the grounds may not necessarily be political. A President who finds that some teacher raises difficulties for him for causes unconnected with the quality of his work can always use the renewal of appointment as a lever against him. I have even known a case where two professors were obnoxious to a board of trustees; and the President concurred in the sacrifice of one in order to retain the other. Insecurity of tenure, in a word, makes a weak President the instrument of his trustees' prejudices; while a strong President can use his power to refuse recommendation of renewal as a means of pressure against inconvenient opinion.

But the danger is not confined to academic security. It touches also the whole question of promotion. Wherever this is not, in its nature, automatic the teacher must tread carefully in an approved path if he wants to be certain of moving upwards in the hierarchy. I have known men deliberately to refrain from the expression of deeply felt opinions upon matters where they were expert because of fear that their promotion might be compromised. I have known others who refused to write books about controversial subjects for the same reason. I have even known men to remain silent upon purely academic issues because they did not want to court presidential disapproval. When in 1919 I was a lecturer in Harvard University and ventured to express the opinion that before the Boston police strike was condemned it should at least be understood, many of my then colleagues told me privately that they approved of my attitude but could not say so in public through fear of the consequences. I know a professor in a famous Eastern university most of whose platform utterances are followed by a presidential inquisition; and the desirability has been suggested to him of submitting the manuscript of his public lectures to the President for

criticism. Other cases continually occur of warning so given as effectively to result in censorship. A distinguished professor was asked not to pronounce upon the verdict of a famous trial lest he prejudice the fund which was being raised among the alumni of the university. Another university President explained to a young teacher whose articles had aroused opposition from the trustees, that the President would defend him at the cost of his own position, but would do nothing for his promotion. I select illustrations only from a theme as wide as university life itself. Its lesson seems to me the clear one that no teacher can really be free who is subject to the uncertainties the environment implies.

For he must know how rare it is, once he meets with presidential disapproval, for posts to be forthcoming elsewhere. A man who has the name of being a person who arouses controversy ceases to be "available"; and he is, virtually if not openly, blacklisted by other institutions. University Presidents scratch one another's backs, perhaps in order that they may not scratch one another's faces; and few have the courage to take on a teacher whose appointment is an implied criticism of the action of an eminent colleague. I know of one teacher of high distinction, dismissed during the War for non-existent pro-German sympathies, who has never since obtained academic employment; and this although, at his own university, a group of friends offered to found a chair in his behalf.

No one, I think, who is at all seriously informed of the present position can doubt the difficulty of equating academic freedom with the presidential system. Just as the President is made the prisoner of the interested public, so the professor, unless his appointment is permanent, is the prisoner of the President. He must not be obtrusively radical; that disturbs the trustees and the alumni. He must display an adequate decorum. He must prove himself by publication, especially of that annotated genus called academic. He can be extreme in physics or chemistry or the Scandinavian literatures; there he cannot be checked by the business world. But he is a nuisance to the President if he announces heretical views on matters of social or political concern. Like Charles Beard, he may find the atmosphere of perpetual friction so irritating that he decides, to the personal loss of hundreds of Columbia students, upon freedom outside. Or, like Thorstein Veblen, he may wander from university to university in a vain effort to discover a spiritual home.

We do not know the price paid for the present system because we do not know the extent or the intensity of the suppressions it involves. Most men who suffer from it cannot reveal their suffering; they have to conform because they have no alternative vocation. Presidents, of course, pay lip-service to freedom of speech in universities; and the system as it is can always be explained away by men who have never felt its incidence. It is also true that there is an immense range of variation in the degree of control that exists. The private universities, for instance, have, on the whole, better traditions than the State institutions. But I do not think any gathering of half a hundred liberal-minded men could fail to reveal a sense that, under the present conditions, they have experienced the necessity of being silent where their conscience urged them to be forthright; or that the substance of teaching in the social sciences affects them quite differently from the way in which it affects their conservative colleagues. No doubt the Harvard Overseers were troubled by protests against Professor Chafee's Victorian liberalism; but I doubt whether they received any

protest against Professor Carver's rapturous picture of the fullness of American economic democracy. And I should be inclined to guess that Professor Carver has never felt that anything is seriously wrong with the system that obtains. Those who have experienced freedom rarely appreciate the protest of others who find slavery in that freedom. Men think differently who live differently.

But I venture the guess that if every American professor were guaranteed security of tenure, the atmosphere of American universities would be widely different from what it is. I venture the guess, also, that if departmental recommendation were the sole avenue of promotion, there would be a far larger number of really critical treatises from the younger teachers in American institutions. I cannot otherwise explain to myself the disparity between what they say in Europe and what they write in America. I cannot otherwise explain, either, their passionate interest in the liberal movements of the Old World and their stolid indifference to the liberal movements of the New. On vacation in London or Paris or Berlin they will speak far more strongly than I have done of the more impossible mandarins of the American academic scene; in America they are either silent or they attempt defense in terms of the difficult role a President has to play. I cannot believe that the necessity for this constant avoidance of judgment upon basic questions is a healthy state of mind; and I believe, therefore, that there is a basic incompatibility between academic freedom and the presidential system.

V

This does not mean that I would fly to the opposite extreme and take refuge in the syndicalism of Oxford and Cambridge. That method, also, has grave drawbacks upon which it is not my business to enlarge here. What I should like to see is faculty representation on the governing bodies of universities, with policy shaped by a committee upon which the teachers had at least one-third of the representation. University appointments and promotions should be made by an academic body, subject only to the approval of the governing body beyond. The tremendous hierarchy of the present academic structure should be abolished. In its place, there should be a system which demands probation for some such period as five years, with permanence of tenure after that period. And I would insert in the charter of each institution a clause which definitely stated that no teacher should be dismissed for the expression of religious, social, or political opinions.

In such a scheme the university President would begin to assume his proper proportions. His functions could at once be divided into those of an initiatory and those of an executive nature. In the latter realm, in which finance would be an integral part, he would be far less interested than now; and much of his work would clearly devolve, as at Oxford, upon a professional financial officer who did not concern himself with academic policy. In the former, I doubt whether a permanent President would be either necessary or desirable. He would tend to be much more like the rector of a continental university: an eminent scholar, chosen by his colleagues, to guide the destinies of the committee on policy for a number of years. He would consult, at every point, the representatives of the teachers in the university and be responsive in this way, as he is not now responsive, to the movement of academic opinion. The necessity of re-election would prevent him from becoming an autocrat; and the fact that he owed his position to his academic colleagues would prevent

him from becoming dependent upon non-academic trustees. When he went to the Foundations with a policy he would not, as now, be running, as is so frequently the case, a private hobby of his own. He would be independent alike of alumni and of wealthy benefactors. No doubt, for some time, such a university would be poorer than those which depend upon pleasing the rich; but I believe that the gain in self-respect would more than compensate for the loss in endowment. For no teacher would need to feel that there was a contingent penalty for giving the best that was in him; and everyone who felt that he had something to contribute to university development would find the means of effective institutional expression. That is the life of true freedom, for it exalts the moral stature of those who participate in its exercise.

I quote foreign examples with diffidence to an American audience. But I think it is worth while to point out that the kind of scheme I am advocating has been tried in Great Britain, in Germany, and in France without the loss of either intellectual or moral advantage. I would venture, indeed, the assertion that corporate self-government is one of the essential reasons for the respect in which Oxford and Cambridge are held in English national life. The measure of the success which attends an English university is, in fact, the degree to which the outsider cannot impose standards or traditions upon its functioning, on the one hand, and the absence of personal domination from within, upon the other. I do not believe the American scene is different; and the American zeal for education is so much more profound than the European that I think the adoption there of the necessary safeguards of freedom and personality would result in proportionately greater gain.

At present, the outsider has the feeling that an institution which began in quasi-monastic conditions has now become an inferior edition of the business corporation. The whole psychology of industrial enterprise permeates its administration. Concern for the full use of the plant; effective salesmanship; a proper sense of the importance of presidential direction; a nice subordination of the employees with, at the same time, a suggestion-box to leave the illusion of a share in the enterprise; the continuous enlargement of the factory; a pride in the satisfied customer; one could almost, without unjustifiable caricature, transfer the terminology of the business world to the academic

Yet a university which thinks in such fashion has already lost hold of the law of its being. Its standards are gone, its morale is in decay. From the service of knowledge it will turn to worship the idols of the marketplace. A university has no concern with immediate values. It is a company of scholars whose gaze is turned to the contemplation of the eternal. To set it free for that great task is to put the temple of truth upon an eminence. And a society which is prepared to embark upon that adventure in tolerance has already discovered the secret of civilization.

WOMEN HAVE NO CHOICE

A STORY

BY LEILA SHELLEY

"I HAVE always hoped—" said Thyrza, and trailed away into some glamorous words about success and love.

Adrienne was not listening. She sat leaning back in her chair with her eyes on the dead brown garden in the March sunshine, letting her breakfast coffee grow cold. She was drowsy, and still tired from traveling all the day before. After Chicago, the old house was peaceful as a forest in midsummer: the breakfast table in a sunny window, the wood fire crackling behind her, her aunt's dear aging face and plump form. Aunt Thyrza, who had always hoped . . .

"—for you, the advantages that I never had," Thyrza was saying earnestly. "Not so much money as freedom—being able to do what you want to."

Adrienne looked at her aunt's serious, wistful face and said nothing. It was beyond belief that anyone should think her free. Was there ever a woman less free? Chains bound her. Aunt Thyrza was a chain, the office in Chicago was a chain, and the fellowship in Paris, and Gerald, all were chains. She struck a match and lighted a cigarette, biting back a sigh at the thought of Gerald Leybach.

"I'm thinking what this fellowship will mean to you," Thyrza continued. "Why, it's a wonderful thing! I've always wanted to send you to Paris. You need the work there, but you know how it's been. The money—since the War it's been nip and tuck to get along. Oh, I think surely you'll get it all right, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—anyway I hope so," Adrienne answered, and it was a lie.

"Of course I don't know a thing about architecture," Thyrza admitted. "It's always seemed wonderful to me how you could plan a building out in your head and then figure in all the lumber and the cost of things, and get it built exactly the way you planned it. But I do think you're good, Adrienne! Anybody who could take this old tumble-down barn and do it over as well as you did . . ." Her eyes wandered about the beautiful little room, marked the English wallpaper, the bright hangings, the simple old-fashioned furniture that Adrienne had found and brought in to replace Grandmother Benedict's knobbly walnut.

There across the table sat Adrienne herself. For months she had not seen the girl. Thyrza looked the young figure up and down: the thick hair, vaguely waving, the slender shoulders in a blue flannel robe, the long white hands, the pale face, and the dark eyes veiled in wavering smoke. How tired she looked, and troubled.

"Sometimes I think you don't want to go to Paris," Thyrza said.

"I have to want to," Adrienne answered, smiling. "It means every-

thing to me. But you know I shall hate going, too. One gets in a rut, I suppose." Hell! thought Adrienne. Why couldn't Aunt Thyrza understand? But when you thought of it, how could she, living as she had lived? Like a nun in a cloister. Never to decide, never to take a train and leave what you loved, never—Adrienne wondered if Aunt Thyrza had ever been in love.

"You mean you hate to leave your friend Gerald," Thyrza ventured, half mockingly. Adrienne had written about Gerald. Thyrza was not sure about him.

"Well, of course," Adrienne admitted, "Gerald is a comfortable sort to have around." Good heavens! Comfortable! Had she ever had a moment's comfort from Gerald Leybach? Had it not always been as it was now, a bitter combat, her pride against his pride, ambition against ambition, desire against desire! But Thyrza could never have known the meaning of love like hers. "I'll miss him lots," she continued calmly, "going about to exhibitions and concerts and all."

"Do you—like him so much?"

"Yes." The little bitter monosyllable hung heavy in the air. Thyrza felt its weight, and sighed. She had wondered about this painter chap in Chicago, pondering Adrienne's guarded phrases. Now, in one short word, she knew how it was. But you cannot ask a woman whether the man she loves loves her in return. "What does Gerald think of the fellowship?" she asked, feeling her way cautiously.

"He doesn't know I may get it," Adrienne answered. "I wrote to him night before last, but of course I haven't heard yet. He had to go over to Columbus for a few days. So he doesn't know." The spurt of volubility thinned away, and Adrienne sat silent, elaborately smoothing the ash off her cigarette against her plate. But now he knew! She tried to imagine him reading her letter, seeing through her pretenses, a smile starting in the corners of his blond mustache. He always saw through.

"Oh," said Thyrza, "then he doesn't know you've applied for the fellowship."

"I mentioned it to him," Adrienne said casually. "He didn't think much of it." She remembered his laughter. It had happened on one of those cold days when their love was at its lowest ebb. They never quarrelled, but at these times they drew apart, tired and puzzled, and Adrienne thought of the end. On such a day she had heard of the opening and had applied for the fellowship. That night she had told him of it, rather defiantly. And Gerald had laughed. "You won't get it," he had said. "You don't want it in the least. You will stay here with me." Adrienne herself laughed now. "Gerald's not much of a feminist," she said. "He admires me immensely, but as an architect—pfui!"

"I'd show him," Thyrza snorted. She began to feel an animosity toward Gerald creeping over her. To control herself she rose and began to carry away the dishes. A man—one of those men who despise women and can't live without them, who expect a woman to crawl about. Thyrza set the coffee pot down hard on the kitchen stove. She was getting to be a narrow-minded old maid. It was forty years since she had said good-by to her lover at the door of this very house. Through those years a slow corrosion in her heart had worked unchecked. The ruin was complete, she thought, as she felt in herself the wish that Adrienne should lose her lover, should be cast adrift to make her own place in life.

For how could she wish that for Adrienne—how could she wish it for any girl, remembering her own youth? The thought of George Winters cut through her like a knife, and to dispel it

she went back into the sitting room where Adrienne was.

Adrienne was sitting on the floor before the fire, playing with the cat. "After all," she said, "there's no one like Toby." Her long white fingers buried themselves in the black fur, while her eyes narrowed in the firelight. No one like Toby, she had said; and she had meant, no happiness like the peace of quietness, firelight, unhurried meals, sleeping cats. Suppose Gerald should marry her! Suppose they had a house, security, permanence, respectability. They could have children.

"And Gerald," Thyrza pursued, crushing out her rancor. "Is he so good—I mean, is he a good painter?"

"He's a swell painter," Adrienne said. "He's been very successful, sold a lot of things. But aside from that, he is really good. He sees to the bottom of things." Was that true, she wondered—she could not tell about Gerald's work. In retrospect she could see his pictures, row upon row of them, brilliantly conceived, colorful as an August garden, full of hard sunlight and bitter humor. But she knew that she never saw his pictures truly; in each one she saw his face, his smile, his love. Still, he was successful . . . and if he married her . . .

Thyrza dropped into a low chair and mended the fire. "Do you—ever think of marrying him?" she asked boldly.

"Frequently!" Adrienne laughed.

"Then you *are* engaged?"

"Oh, no, we aren't." This would take explaining. Would Aunt Thyrza ever understand—would she ever understand herself? "I suppose we're very well off as we are," she said carefully. "Of course Gerald's in and out of the city a lot; a home wouldn't be much use to him. He usually goes to New Mexico in the winter, sometimes abroad in the summer. And of course I'd have to be in Chicago." It was all true. She had told herself so a thousand times. Yet still she liked to imagine him settled, domesticated as Toby here, the lion in him suppressed. The lion . . . Was it necessary for him to make this trip to Columbus, or had he gone to see Norma Thomson? Other women . . . Thyrza would never understand that Gerald was an unsuccessful monogamist.

"Men are selfish," said Thyrza. "They won't make adjustments, because they don't really care enough. Only for themselves."

"I suppose so." Adrienne sighed, and rose to her feet. "All women, of course, are models of self-sacrifice and generosity!" How could she have said a biting thing like that, when Aunt Thyrza stood before her, the kindest woman in the world?

"Oh, women," Thyrza answered, laughing. "Women have no choice!" Some women, she amended to herself, as she folded the breakfast cloth away. You could not say that of her sister, Isabel Archer, any more than you could say of her father that he was a selfish man. Yet there was herself; there was Rachel, Adrienne's young mother, who had no choice but to die; and there was Adrienne.

"It's spring here," Adrienne exclaimed, looking out the kitchen window at the upper pasture, where faint green was appearing. "I can't get over it—there was a foot of snow when I left Chicago."

"It won't last long," Thyrza replied. "We had snow the first of the week. Spring here comes and goes. But it's nice to-day. What do you say we go out and look over the farm?"

Adrienne brought two old sweaters from the hall, and they stepped out into the yard, with Toby capering at their heels. They surveyed the lawn, the vegetable garden, the asparagus beds; they walked slowly to the end of

the long grape arbor and passed through the gate into the lower pasture.

"It's quite a farm," said Adrienne, meaninglessly, because she had no words to express her feeling toward her home place. From the top of the pasture they looked down over the little remnant of the old Benedict farm, and beyond to the thorn-apple hedge that shut out the hubbub of First Street.

"This is a lonesome place to me," Thyrza commented. She had sold most of the old farm years ago, and recently the real estate agents had cut it up into small dreary lots. On every side the old earth that she had first seen in wheat fields and cattle pastures was laced with concrete streets and set with rows of small modern houses. In the middle stood Thyrza's three acres, green and unkempt, a sentimental anachronism.

"You could make a lot of money by selling this land or building an apartment house on it," Adrienne observed.

"You can do that when I'm gone," Thyrza said. "I like it this way. The neighbors hate it, but I'm off to myself."

"That's what I like about it too," Adrienne assented. Off to oneself; that was the dream and the destruction of the Benedict kin. A breed of hermits—yet not that, either, for always, like Adrienne herself, they were reaching out for others, for the one other, the elect, to share their solitude. And it would not work; they were not understood. Gerald Leybach had come near understanding, but not for always, not for long.

They sat down on one of the shelving white rocks that cropped out of the hillside. It was good to feel the sun on their shoulders. Uncle Toby lay in a patch of dusty earth at their feet, alert, watching some robins and catbirds in the orchard.

"I used to play in this field," said Adrienne. "It's a good hill for sliding in winter."

"You and the Maddern young ones and Bob Hayward," Thyrza reminded her. "Remember Bob?"

"I should hope so!" Adrienne smiled. She used to be in love with him when she was thirteen or fourteen. But he never knew, and now she did not know what had become of him. "What's he doing now, I wonder?"

"He's a road contractor," Thyrza told her. "He married a girl from Illinois. They have three children, four maybe it is."

"Good Lord!" Adrienne felt suddenly old yet half proud that she had taken the path that she had. She was successful; she was beautiful now; and at the same age Bob's wife would be already aging, careworn, ordinary. Bob's wife had only Bob; and Adrienne had Gerald Leybach, sophisticated, glamorous, a personage. The personage had a private life, and she was the center of it. "People like Bob grow old quickly," she said.

"Yes," Thyrza said absently. She must have grown old quickly herself, she thought. She had been old for centuries. Yet Adrienne had never been so young, never in her life so young as Thyrza was that summer of '86, when she used to sit on these very rocks with George Winters beside her. She could see the young Thyrza sitting where the old Thyrza sat now; the slender, dancing, vital body in the place of these heavy limbs, these sagging breasts, these hard, wrinkled hands. In this very spot, save for an interval of years, a girl that was herself had, on a June night, received a proposal of marriage and accepted it.

"What are *you* sighing about?" Adrienne asked, prodding her aunt in the ribs.

"Just thinking," Thyrza admitted, with a little laugh. "You look kind of solemn yourself."

"Thinking, too, I guess. It's a fool thing to do."

"Yes." Thyrza looked at Adrienne's tired, intent face. The girl was sitting with bent shoulders, her long brown-stockinged legs extended in the sun, her eyes fixed on the orchard and seeing beyond it. The future; Adrienne was seeing the future. But time would march by in its own high-handed way; the future would become a present, then a past, and Adrienne would be sitting as Thyrza sat now, looking backward. "But you can't help thinking," she concluded aloud.

"It's worst when you are in love," Adrienne said.

"I know," said Thyrza, very low.

Adrienne looked at her aunt with a faint unbelieving curiosity. "When you were my age," she asked, "were you so much in love, too?" She had not thought of it before; it made her a little sick to realize that Thyrza, that a woman of Thyrza's quality, had played for the same stakes and lost.

"I was younger," was all that Thyrza said. She got up slowly, feeling a stiffness in her joints, and hobbled toward the garden gate. How young Adrienne was, how incredibly young, under the smooth veneer of book-learning and city ways! She was twenty-six, but she knew nothing; women count their age only by scars. Thyrza, leaning against the gate in the sunshine, could feel the blood pulsing in her old wounds. Unthinkable years bowed her shoulders. She thought of the spring weather in '86, when she had fallen in love.

To look back over those days was like turning the pages of a book which, from numberless rereadings, one has learned by heart. It seemed to Thyrza that she remembered all the walks she had taken with George Winters, all the long summer evenings they had spent together in her father's orchard, all the frocks he had admired, the flowers he had stuck in her hair, every endearment, every promise, every kiss. It had all ended years ago, before Adrienne was born; but she remembered it all.

Thyrza started at the sound of Adrienne's voice. There was the girl plodding up the hill, with Toby wriggling in her arms. From some mysterious fountain laughter had welled into her voice, young vigor into her step.

"After the catbirds, this beast was," she said. "He's an anti-social beast, an enemy of society. Got no sense of right and wrong. Have you, Toby, have you, have you?" She squeezed the old tom cat hard against her body and ran down the garden path with his claws digging into her shoulders.

Thyrza followed slowly, smiling. After all, Adrienne was young; Adrienne could suffer a wound and the flesh grow again with only a faint scar. She was so lovely; there would be other men. It was not with her as it had been with Thyrza: one man and no other all her life long. Girls were different these days; they must be different, harder and healthier.

Adrienne dropped the cat on the porch and passed into the hall and up the stairs toward her room. As she ascended, alone, the gaiety faded from her eyes and she felt the old heaviness in her limbs. Something in Thyrza's look came back to her. Aunt Thyrza had played and lost. She had made a false move and she had lost everything. . . . You never knew in advance whether a move would be good or bad. The letter she had written to Gerald—perhaps it would end everything.

She could not know. She permitted herself for a moment to think, supposing it were the end! Beyond the hall window lay the hill, the town, the sunny world, outside herself and totally without meaning or excuse for being. France, fellowships, Gothic cathedrals,

houses to be built, people to know; all the senselessness of life.

"It would be easier to die," she said.

The morning wore quietly on. Adrienne wandered from room to room, doing slight things, pausing to talk or to light a cigarette. Without confessing her uneasiness to Thyrza, she was listening for the door knocker or the telephone bell. She had asked Gerald to wire her, but perhaps he would not. To him it would be a matter of course—one way or the other foreordained, without room for argument. Only she could not tell which way. What was Gerald saying to himself, now, as he looked through her letter? He might be saying, "Good Lord! A fellowship in Paris that would separate me for three years from the girl I want to marry? She can't take it." Or he might be saying, "It is Adrienne's great opportunity. She must take it."

She sat for half an hour over the morning paper, reading the murder cases, the stock market, the radio programs, reading anything that would take up time while she argued with herself about going to the attic. There were things she needed from the attic, but could she hide herself away there, out of range of the bell and the knocker?

"I don't understand about the fellowship," Thyrza remarked, as she peeled potatoes for lunch. "Did you say there are several candidates still being considered for it?"

"No," Adrienne replied. "It's been offered to me, all right, but I haven't accepted it yet."

"Oh," said Thyrza. "But what did you say about a letter?"

"From Gerald," Adrienne confessed. "I thought I ought to get his advice before I actually accepted. He knows a lot more about such things than I do."

His consent, Thyrza commented to herself. "I should think you could make up your own mind better in a thing like that," she said acidly. She knew she was talking pure nonsense, applying the caustic gratuitously to Adrienne's wounds. There before her sat a free woman, an adult, an artist, an emancipated intellectual; there she sat like an Oriental in a harem, bound hand and foot by the word that a man might choose to pronounce. No, women had no choice.

At noon they heard the postman's step on the porch, and Adrienne ran to bring in the mail. But there was no letter for her; only an advertisement or two, and a letter for Thyrza from her sister Isabel.

"Well, that's that," Thyrza commented, as she finished reading Isabel's letter to Adrienne. "Isabel's letters are all alike somehow."

"I suppose she doesn't have much to write about, just the grandchildren and little things from day to day," Adrienne said. She had never found her Aunt Isabel's family interesting.

"She never did, even when Sam was in the Senate at Washington." Thyrza folded the letter and was about to replace it in its envelope. "Oh, here's something on the back—a postscript from Sam, I guess." She glanced at the brief note in her brother-in-law's scrawl. "He says, 'What do you hear from Adrienne? Tell her if she doesn't look out we are going to have another old maid in the family.'"

"Humph," said Adrienne. "That's a lot for him to be worrying about."

"That's his favorite joke. I've had that to put up with for forty years." Thyrza laughed. You could not begrudge Sam the fun that he had when for all those forty years and longer he had been married to Isabel.

Adrienne looked at Thyrza, who had been an old maid since before Adrienne was born. After all, old maids looked very much like old wives or old mothers; there was the same thickening line about the hips, the same flattening of

the breasts, the same soft, lined face and graying hair. Thyrza was a picture of her own future. Strange people, rude cousins, clumsy jokers like Uncle Sam, would be looking at her in years to come, and they would be saying, "Poor old Adrienne!" and "Just cut out to be an old maid!" And there would be no truth in it.

"Well, it's not a very funny joke," she said coldly. "A thinking person would know that just saying 'Old maid!' doesn't make a woman one."

"Oh, I guess there's no mistake about it," Thyrza laughed. "I'm not so young any more, and I've certainly never been married."

Well, of course; for Thyrza celibacy meant virginity.

"Did you—you don't mind my asking, do you?" Adrienne hesitated. "Did you give him up because you couldn't get away from home?"

"Yes." Thyrza had scarcely expressed it to herself in that way before. It sounded well. It must be true. "I had my mother on my hands, of course, and then there was your mother. She was just a little thing at that time."

"You must have wished many times that my mother had never been born."

"Oh, no, I didn't. Not after she was any size. Before she was born I hated it terribly, because it seemed awful for mamma to get that way after Isabel and I were grown, practically. But after she came I couldn't help but love her."

"I should have hated her," Adrienne said firmly. "Perhaps if my mother hadn't been born I should have been your daughter," she said, and then lost herself in an effort to think what of herself could have survived that change in parentage.

"No," said Thyrza, "I should have lost him anyway."

That was inevitable from the beginning. For the thousandth time Thyrza thought, as she left Adrienne and went into the kitchen to cook lunch, how she had lost George and what she might have done or left undone to hold him. Never, since the summer night when she had made her choice and had become an old maid forever at the age of twenty, had she been able to solve this riddle.

Thyrza had laid the table for lunch in the dining room, a formality in Adrienne's honor. They sat down in the stiff chairs and began to eat in silence.

"If I married Gerald," Adrienne said suddenly, "we should probably be unhappy."

"Very likely," Thyrza acquiesced, sighing. "Lots of people are. But why should you be, any more than anybody else?"

"Well, I can't do much of anything. I can't cook, for instance."

"He'd surely be able to hire a cook, wouldn't he? You oughtn't to have to spend your time in a kitchen."

"He would think I ought to know how, wouldn't he? And children—I don't know anything about children."

"Oh, you kind of pick that up as you go along." Thyrza carried away the plates and brought on the coffee and the early strawberries for dessert. "The trouble is, Adrienne," she said as she sat down again, "that you don't really know what you want to do. Do you?"

"I don't seem to," Adrienne replied. "It's like this, Aunt Thyrza—the common sense of the question all points toward my taking the fellowship and going on in my profession. But I just don't see any significance in the fellowship or anything else . . . without Gerald."

"That's just an idea," Thyrza affirmed. She could feel the denial in Adrienne's stiffening muscles, but she continued, "You get over that. I know how you feel, but that won't last." Adrienne shook her head, wearily, and Thyrza was sorry for her.

"You get over it," she repeated. "Other interests occupy your mind, and it is easy to forget—comparatively easy, that is. But it's later."

"The loneliness," Adrienne offered.

"Yes. It is better to be—married. For a woman, it's better."

Adrienne felt impatient at her aunt's halting speech. "You mean physically," she said roughly. "It's hard to get along without physical love."

"I suppose that's it. It gives you a feeling of inferiority, of being not quite normal somehow. And it—well, you suffer."

"I should think so," Adrienne admitted. "That's certainly a part of it." That part she had thought of before, and she had settled it in a bitter summary way. "But there are always other men," she indicated.

"Yes," Thyrza agreed. "That's what I hope for you, that you will marry someone else."

"I will marry no one. Gerald or no one." Adrienne leaned back in her chair, staring out at the pine trees. She saw the tragic map of her future as if it were laid along the straight line of Locust Street. She would not be able to marry Gerald. And she would marry no one; she would live in utter loneliness till her very death, and every contact with other human beings would make her more lonely. "But I don't intend on that account to live like a vestal virgin," she said calmly.

"What do you mean?" Thyrza asked.

"Well, of course, Aunt Thyrza," Adrienne explained elaborately, "things are not just as they were in your youth. Women nowadays—" She paused, thinking how she hated generalities. "At any rate, I, and lots of women I know—just because we can't get married, we don't simply suffer in silence to the end of time. I think a woman has a right to be satisfied as well as a man."

"It's not very easy—not even *nowadays*," Thyrza objected.

"No," Adrienne said, thinking of some days in the past. "But I'm not sorry."

"You mean that you and Gerald—"

"Yes. Don't you see—we were so much in love, and it was just a matter of course for us. I have my apartment, and he has a key—and it's just the same as being married, practically."

"Practically," Thyrza agreed dryly.

"I know what you're thinking," Adrienne said. "You're thinking if I had resisted him and 'held myself dear' then he would have wanted to marry me. That may be so. I don't know. But he might have left me sooner, and this way I have had what I have had."

"Far be it from me to say that," Thyrza replied, "or to say anything except that I don't know." She rose heavily and began to clear the table.

"You're a dear, Aunt Thyrza." Adrienne walked around the table and impulsively kissed her aunt. "I wonder if you still love me just the same?"

"You are all I have left to love," Thyrza said, holding the girl in her arms. "And I want you to know that I want you to be happy—I don't care how."

"Don't worry—I'm happy, I'm outrageously happy, nearly all the time." Adrienne smiled as if she had never shed a tear in her life.

Thyrza dawdled over the dish-washing, thinking of the conversation she had just had with Adrienne. "The same as being married, practically." Her niece, the child that she had reared so carefully, was the mistress of this strange man, Gerald Leybach. She had given herself to him without exacting from him so much as a promise. She was a bad woman. And Thyrza did not care in the least. She looked

upon the spectacle of her dear child's abandonment; she thought how shocking the story would be to her neighbors, to her sister Isabel; and she rejoiced. In the thing that Adrienne had done she found atonement for her own narrow life.

"He might have left me sooner, and this way I have had what I have had." Yes, Adrienne had had what she had had, and it was good; for Gerald would leave her. Thyrza could not tell why; there was no sense in the idea that a man could have a love like Adrienne's and relinquish it, but she knew he would do it. Her love for George Winters had been such a love, and he had tired of it. There was a quality in that love, in the unstinted, unconcealed passion of women like herself and Adrienne, that was too strong for men of George's caliber. It might be that there were men who could assay its worth, but George was not one of that number, and Thyrza was sure that Gerald was no stronger than George.

"She has had what she has had," said Thyrza, addressing the cat. "She has had that much, and you can't blame her."

Uncle Toby yawned deeply, and began to wash his face with a fine air of male detachment.

Adrienne sat at the writing table in her room, holding a pen poised above an empty sheet of paper. What could she say to Gerald? What was there, until she had heard from him, that she could add to the letter she had written two days ago? There was nothing more, not after she had wrapped her heart in an envelope and sent it to him special delivery. He had it now, that utterly candid letter, and he could judge for himself. For the first time she had spoken to him without reticence or pretense: "I would rather not accept the fellowship unless you wish me to. If I go, that will mean the end for us, and I don't know whether you realize it, but I would rather have you—if you want me—than any opportunity in the world."

She had thrown herself at his head. She had let him see that her love was not a free gift, to be picked up or laid aside as he chose; she had given him a glimpse of the snare that women lay for men, the net that must never be visible. Gerald would feel her hands reaching out to entrap him, and he would entrench himself in his freedom. Adrienne knew his feeling, and though she hated it she could not censure him for it. It was the way of men to cherish freedom, and the way of women to desire permanence.

In the beginning neither of them had thought of the future; in their imperative passion they had taken each other without question or promise. It had been a deeply satisfying love. They had been lovers for three years, and to Gerald their relationship seemed perfect and timeless. They had made a marriage without responsibility and without faith. Adrienne within herself knew that if their union lacked these qualities it was because they were not in Gerald's character, and no letter that she could write would implant them.

She had known him long enough to have learned and charted all the faults and weaknesses that were in him. She had come to him a fresh young girl, full of romantic ideals, and little by little she had remolded her love for him to fit the man she found him to be. She had learned to demand few considerations, because Gerald was selfish, and to appreciate instead the impulsive gifts, the extravagant flatteries that he enjoyed giving her.

And yet she had been deeply happy. She had been so happy that now, as she contemplated the end of their love, she could see nothing but emptiness stretching down the years. He loved so to

see her smartly dressed, to catch the admiring glances that followed them as they walked down Michigan Boulevard; but for that, what motive would she have to look charming? What pleasure would there be in reading books if she were not to argue with him about them afterward? And how did one become accustomed to hearing concerts and seeing exhibitions alone? Without his critical participation, the cynical enjoyment that had so often annoyed her to distraction, they were nothing. . . . Books, pictures, music, with all their delight made worthless. She had shared with Gerald all the good things of her life; without him there would be left only the pleasures that he had never enjoyed.

There would be only her work—he had never sympathized with that—and one other. She would never again be the shrinking girl that she had been when she first came to Chicago; she was more beautiful, she was older and experienced, and she was—she would be—utterly cold. She was attractive now to men; and when she was no longer engrossed in one man they would find her irresistible. They would pursue her, and one by one, without too much difficulty, they would overtake her; she would enjoy them each in turn, and when she tired of them it would cost her nothing to desert them.

And Gerald, in the meantime, Gerald would hear of her, and he would know that she was what she was because of what he had done. He would never respect her as an artist, no, not even if she achieved an international reputation; and *then* he would no longer respect her as a woman. He could not respect her—Gerald, in spite of some laxness, was full of old-fashioned notions about women—but he must pity her. He would pity her, and he would curse his own blindness for bringing her to this pass. And what would he be doing himself? Wasting his life, neglecting his art, the victim of scheming women. Ruined—two lives ruined.

Gerald ruined, Gerald a failure! Adrienne saw it, and it made her own life seem inconsiderable. She remembered a certain winter night when he had sat on her sofa, a night when they were both full of mellow gaiety over some success he had had, some picture that pleased him more than his work usually did.

"You did it, Adrienne," he had said. "If it weren't for you I should just be piddling around. Without you my life would have no center, no motive. I guess sometimes you think I don't care much for you, but there's this much you can always remember. Great art has a meaning back of it. I don't know how great I am, but my work does have a meaning, and it's you."

Not a month later she had heard the ugly stories about Gerald and Norma Thomson; he had been unfaithful to her; she had suffered, and he had not cared. But he had come back; he had repented; he had repeated all his declarations. Some day, she had thought, he would go and not return. But that must not be. Without her he was nothing. He would realize that, sitting in a hotel room in Columbus—where Norma Thomson lived—and he would write it all to her. To-morrow a letter would come, asking her to be his wife, to bind herself to him forever.

Adrienne dropped the pen and picked up a pencil and a ruler. She began to sketch on the paper before her an idea that had been hazy in her mind for several days. A little place facing the lake shore; rough stone walls, a row of glazed casements on the north for Gerald's studio, sunny rooms on the south for the children . . . they would have two children.

The plan was nearly completed when

Thyrza came upstairs, and supper was ready, and Adrienne was aware once more of time.

Supper that night was a cheerful meal; it seemed to Adrienne that food had never been more delicious, the old dining room, bathed in western sunshine, more beautiful. A band of yellow light fell across the bowl of marigolds that Thyrza had ordered from the florist; red spangles caught on the edges of the glassware and dropped their reflections across the old flowered plates. They sat long talking, and Adrienne described the house that she was planning.

"My last house," she concluded, as she leaned back in her chair, watching the smoke float upward from her cigarette. "Gerald would want me to give up my work, and I shouldn't care so much. Sometimes I think, Aunt Thyrza, that I only took up architecture because I have wanted all my life to plan this house—a house for myself and my family."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Thyrza, and thought of a time when she herself had planned a house.

"I suppose people who know me," Adrienne continued, "think of me as a modern sort of girl—emancipated, and all that sort of thing. But I'd rather be just ordinary and be married and have children and live exactly like everybody else."

"Well, you aren't ordinary," Thyrza replied. "If you were you would want all the time to be different."

"I suppose that's true, in a way. But, oh, Aunt Thyrza, can you see any reason why I shouldn't be just normal? I'm not a genius. I can do my work, of course, but when I think of having just that all my life long—why, I hate it. If I were cut out for that kind of life I should prefer it, shouldn't I?"

"It isn't what you prefer." Thyrza sat for a moment in silence, looking out at the western sky. "It's just what comes. But it may be as you say—I see no reason on earth why you shouldn't be right. And I think you would be happier married."

"Much, much happier." Adrienne in turn stared out the window, looking northward up the street which at noon had been a desolate map of her future without Gerald. To-night she felt calmly confident. With a little concentration she could hear Gerald's happy laugh, see his blue eyes narrowed in smiles, feel his arms closing around her shoulders. The long, long years as his wife, as Adrienne Leybach. She tried on his name as if it were a new dress. A bar of music from a Chopin nocturne that they had liked together ran through her head, and she went into the living room to pick it out on the piano.

Thyrza stood before the kitchen window when the supper things were cleared. A thread of music floated toward her across the hall, a tune half remembered and haltingly played, casual chords falling like drops of honey. It was a sad tune for Adrienne to be playing in her sanguine mood. But Adrienne's moods were brief; by now she might be in despair, and if not now, then to-morrow. Thyrza sighed sharply and fixed her eyes on the west, which now was banded with crimson and full of great clouds.

"Rain to-morrow," Thyrza thought, and a shadow of depression settled over her mind at the prospect. She turned on a light and went about tidying the kitchen, hearing still as she worked the stabbing notes of Adrienne's music. When she had finished she stood before the black pane of the kitchen door, not wishing to join her niece and interrupt her playing. She looked out until the darkness cleared a little and she could see the shapes of things lying in vague misty moonlight.

Some day it would happen to her.

Some day her life would blink out and leave a dark patch. No, you couldn't imagine it, but it would happen so. It was restful to think of death. Almost she would not have cared to die to-night, except that . . . Well, what, after all, was the thing that held her? It was the same that had made her cling to life all through the years. For the life of her she couldn't say what it had been; just now it seemed nothing at all, and yet—worth waiting for.

When Thyrza went into the living room she found Adrienne sitting in the dusk, her fingers quiet on the piano keys.

"Shall I turn on the light?" Thyrza asked.

"Let's sit in the dark, shall we?" Adrienne said. They sat down on the sofa beside the unlighted fireplace. Presently the cat came in and settled himself in the middle of the sofa, accessible to caresses from both sides. He broke the stillness with his loud, even purring.

"He's perfectly satisfied with us," Adrienne remarked, her fingers gently rumpling Toby's black fur.

"He's easy pleased," Thyrza answered. "For a man, he's pleasant enough to live with. He doesn't ask too much and when he is pleased he tells you."

"Food and love," Adrienne mused. "Those are not hard to supply. Most men are more complicated, and that's what causes trouble."

"Well, even Toby requires careful handling. For instance, I wouldn't for the world have him know that I depend on him to catch all the mice. If he knew that he would consider that he had me in his power, and I am sure he would take an unfair advantage. However it is, the whole thing is a part of his tremendous vanity. He is a thoroughly selfish cat."

"I know," said Adrienne. "Gerald Leybach is exactly like Toby."

"Most men are," Thyrza replied. "Childishly selfish and cruel even when they mean to be kind. It's because they don't grow up. In other things they mature, but towards women they never do. All their lives they treat women as small boys treat girls, or perhaps as they treat their mothers."

"I guess that's so," Adrienne sighed. "Everything has to come their way. But surely some men—"

"Oh, of course there are exceptions. My father was and so was yours."

"Dad was good, wasn't he?" Adrienne said. "I don't remember him much, except during the War, just before he was killed. But I thought he was good."

"He was the kindest man in the world, and always was," Thyrza replied. "Even when I first knew him—he was just a boy in college then. I suppose he had been brought up that way. But then, he had to be, with your mother. She was so young and rather delicate, and I guess I had spoiled her."

"That's always the way—it's the spoiled, demanding women who bring out the best in men. Next time," Adrienne said contemptuously, "next time I am going to be selfish and demanding."

"You won't," Thyrza answered, laughing. "You will treat the next one just as you have treated Gerald, and you will get the same return—probably."

"I don't think there'll be a next one," Adrienne said somberly. "If this is the end for us I shall throw myself into my work, and only you will ever know that that isn't what I have chosen. And I won't be interested in men."

"Maybe," Thyrza admitted. "But you're only twenty-six, and my guess is that you will keep on chasing after your idea of what love ought to be."

"Well, I shan't find it," Adrienne

said conclusively. "It would only be a wild goose chase."

"What else is life?" asked Thyrza. "What else but slaving for something in the future, something you imagine—something, if you could see it, that you wouldn't give a hand's turn for?"

Thyrza rose and went into the hall. Adrienne could hear her locking doors and turning furnace drafts, settling the house for the night. It was bedtime; the day had gone, and no word had come from Gerald. Adrienne dropped her head on the sofa arm with a shudder of disappointment. The future . . . other men . . . better men . . . and no Gerald! Gerald away from her, Gerald in Columbus with Norma. . . . She would have traded her future away to have lain in his arms that night.

Adrienne stood before the old-fashioned dresser in her room, brushing her hair. She pushed back the lamp shades, the better to examine her reflection in the tall shadowy mirror. In the strong light she could see gray hairs gleaming in the dark waves, and she pulled them out one by one. The lamps cast their light obliquely upward, throwing into relief the lines of her wide, straight nose and her curving lips; deepening the violet shadows around her eyes and the faint arcs between mouth and cheeks. In a little while, in half a dozen years, there would be more gray hairs than she could pull out, and there would be hollows that would not disappear under make-up. You could not hold it, even a dark woman with a thick creamy skin could not hold her youth forever. It would be no matter—she could not wish to be young forever, and it would not matter, if only . . . But there is nothing in old age for a woman alone.

How many times Aunt Thyrza must have stood before this mirror—in the old days it had been her aunt's room—stood before it and watched, by candle-light or oil-light or the unflattering morning sunshine, how her youth was going. Adrienne wondered how many years it had taken Thyrza to grow used to that process. Her hair had been slower to turn, but she must quickly have lost the glow in her delicate blond skin. Had the change been insensible and slow or had she wakened one day to the knowledge that her loveliness had faded? Had she smarted for many years under the stigma of being the family old maid? And how had she come, eventually, to treat her situation with casual humor?

"I'm getting morbid," Adrienne muttered and looked about for something to read.

She picked up a smart little weekly, full of clever short articles, slightly off-color cartoons, and pictures that were brilliantly conceived and did not look too much like anything. Adrienne turned through its homelike pages, pages full of the atmosphere of her daily life, and read nothing; it was dull and tasteless in this foreign air. She paused a moment to read an advertisement for a new kind of incinerator; that was a thing she must find out about. There was a notice concerning preserved kumquats at a Chinese importer's; she would get some of those for Gerald. . . . Or no, if she gave up the apartment, had no more tea on Sunday afternoons, left Gerald . . . On the next page there was an illustration for a drapery manufacturer, and she lost herself in a dream about a room hung with dark-blue chintz dotted with silver stars. What would you use with that?

"Oh, my God," Adrienne interrupted herself, flinging the magazine on the floor and dropping the ash tray on it with a thump. "I'm sick and tired of this—if he's got to throw me over I wish he'd make up his mind about it. People have lost their wits over less."

She snapped out the light and slipped down under the blankets, shivering as the damp spring air blew in at the open window. Gerald—Gerald—when had she ever had an hour's peace for thinking of Gerald and wishing for Gerald and worrying over Gerald? It would be a thousand times better if they parted, a thousand times better if he left her, that is, for she knew it was not in her to give him up of her own will. Better, much better, she argued bitterly and, arguing, dropped off to sleep as the rain began to fall on the roof outside her window.

The rainy morning was still gray and half dusky when Adrienne was awakened. For a moment she lay quiet, inclined to be cross at being disturbed so early. Then she remembered: at this hour there could be only one person at the door—a messenger with word from Gerald. She jumped out of bed and ran down the chilly stairs, pulling on a bathrobe as she ran.

"Special for Miss Adrienne Mason," the man mumbled.

She ripped open the envelope and sat down on the bottom stair to read the letter. For a second she could not begin it. She looked at the familiar round script without reading it. How many times she had received letters that looked exactly like this one! And always she had felt a wave of pleasure as she opened the envelope, followed by a vague disappointment over the contents.

"My dearest Adrienne," he wrote. "I'll begin by congratulating you. Of course I am not surprised that you won the fellowship, though to tell you the truth I had forgot all about it."

She knew he had.

"It looks to me like a great opportunity. I know what your profession means to you, and you know, my dearest girl, that I care too much for you to stand in your way. I am trying to think of your future happiness."

You could not tell what he was driving at. Adrienne hurried on, skimming through his fine phrases.

"Would rather have you in Chicago if it were only myself to consider . . . Happiest days of my life . . . Only woman I could ever feel was a part of myself . . . But—"

He was coming to the point now.

"—you are perfectly right in thinking that we cannot go on forever as we are. It is not fair to you, for you have your life to live, and I have no right to hold you there. I suppose you have thought of marriage."

Yes, she had thought of it.

"Adrienne, I am not a marrying man, and even for you I don't think I ever could be. You deserve a husband who will stick to you through hell fire, put you before everything else, give you security and peace. I think you will find such a man, but I could never be like that."

That was the end. He had written two or three pages more, but for Adrienne that was the end. She sat very still on the bottom step, clasping the letter against her knees. She had said it would be better if Gerald deserted her, and he had done it. She was alone now; she was free.

Freedom, she had that. She had not thought of it before. Somebody said—Freud, no doubt—that when a loved one died the grief of the bereaved was tempered with satisfaction, with relief over the solution of one problem in human relationships. That was what she felt, perhaps. That was the meaning of the lightness in her head that made her feel almost like giggling. She leaned against the wall and watched the newel post weaving slightly before her eyes. The silly block of walnut that had seen plenty of other Benedicts in their moments of crisis.

Aunt Thyrza would be glad. She

was probably lying there now, awakened by the knock and waiting to hear the word from Gerald. Gerald, the name that had meant to Adrienne the half of her life for years; more than half; there was only a little fraction of Adrienne sitting on the stairs now. She knew how a man felt when a shell took off a leg and left him living without a part of himself. She must go into Aunt Thyrza's room and tell her.

"Did you get your letter?" asked Thyrza. She sat up in bed and looked at Adrienne's face, guessing what the letter had contained.

"Yes, I got it," Adrienne replied, and marvelled at the coolness in her tone.

"What did he say?" Thyrza asked, although she knew. Adrienne's face looked flat and dead, and her voice was husky. She sat down on the bed, and Thyrza put an arm around her shaking shoulders.

"He wants me to take the fellowship. And I've been thinking, Aunt Thyrza —it's a hell of a lot better. After all, I've got my profession." The sound of her own voice put strength into Adrienne's bravado, and she hurried on. "As long as I hung around Gerald I'd be getting nowhere as an architect. Particularly if I had children. It's no use talking, you can't have children and succeed in any kind of work." She reached for a cigarette and sat smoking, curled up on the foot of the bed, her eyes avoiding Thyrza's and wandering out the open window. "It just wouldn't be right, Aunt Thyrza; I've got some talent, and I've got a little start in architecture. It wouldn't be right to let that go to waste. It wouldn't be fair to you after the education you've given me."

Thyrza said nothing. Adrienne was looking very white. After a moment's silence she threw her cigarette at the open fireplace and sank back across the bed. Thyrza cried out in alarm.

"Just a little dizzy," Adrienne mumbled. "I forgot—smoking before breakfast always gives me a giddy feeling. Be all right in a minute."

Thyrza got out of bed and padded into the kitchen in her bare feet. Adrienne could hear her fumbling about. Presently she was back, putting a glass of something to Adrienne's lips.

"Drink it," she said, with an arch smile that was somewhat out of place, Adrienne thought. "It's some of papa's—I keep it for sickness."

Adrienne drank the ancient whisky and sat up again, warmed and strengthened. "It's good," she said. "I'm going up to dress now. Don't look so scared—I'm all right now! I hope you don't think me an awful weakling."

Thyrza shook her head and could not say what she thought. Adrienne picked up the sheets of Gerald's letter, which had got scattered on the floor, and folded them neatly into the envelope. She remembered, as she stuck the letter into her pocket, that she had never finished reading it. She would have to do that, later, out of politeness; it was not that she was interested. No, she was not interested any more; she did not care what shows Gerald had seen in Columbus, what friends he had met. For Gerald was a stranger now; she could not know how long the blessed conviction would last, or whether it was only a passing illusion, but for the present Gerald was a stranger.

Thyrza as she dressed quickly and began to prepare breakfast heard Adrienne's step marching firmly up the stairs, heard her closing windows and running water for a bath. The girl was suffering but she would not break down; her wound would heal, her young flesh grow back stronger than before. They were solidly built, the Benedicts, built like their old house, to weather storms.

JAPAN'S ECONOMIC PREDICAMENT

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

JAPAN is of the Orient, but her conduct is startlingly unlike that of the other great Eastern peoples. While India pleads for the right of self-government, and China struggles to gather herself into a nation under the guns of European and American battleships that police her treaty ports and whip out their flags at the gates of Nanking, Japan moves under her own steam and follows a course of her own. What ails this people that their conduct should be so eccentric? By a supreme act of will, precipitated by American cruisers some eighty years ago, Japan broke away from the introvert Oriental tradition and set her feet in the Way of the West. Alone in the vast and multitudinous Orient, she has deliberately, systematically, and successfully transformed her political and economic institutions in conformity with Western standards. With feverish intensity and an almost naïve single-mindedness, she has labored to master the arts of Western statecraft and the scientific outlook and technology of the West. She has reaped the rewards and the penalties of her historic decision. With natural resources incomparably less than those of America or the foremost nations of Europe, her exigent problem is to find markets for the surplus capacity of her mechanized industries. Her present economic predicament, which accounts for the restiveness of her people, is a vivid epitome of the characteristic problem of Western civilization.

Japan's economic history during recent decades is a magnificent tribute to the creative power of Western genius as expressed in the application of science to agricultural and industrial production, the raising of the standard of living, and the conservation of life. Because of the formidable dimensions of the current economic depression, there is a strong disposition among us to sound a clarion retreat to the unmechanized simplicities of Walden Wood. It would be good for our American souls if we had the habit of more frequent resort to them, but their recreative ends are defeated if they induce the stale negativism of the hermit. For all our political bungling and the crass excrescences of our planless economy, the salient problem confronting us is a new and greatly challenging thing in the world. A journey to China and from China back to America has etched its features with sharp definition on this traveler's mind. Our problem is the intelligent utilization of the surplus which inventive genius has created; China's problem is to find room for the graves of her famished dead. The choice is between science with an economic surplus and introvert fatalism with hunger. The stirring fact about Japan is that, after weighing the choice for more than two centuries, she had the power of will to turn her back on the phantasmagorical gods of the East whom she had followed for thousands of years, and to make science her guide. The old gods

linger, confusing the issue; but Japan's strength and weakness to-day, like the strength and weakness of Europe and America, is in the measure of her mastery and the enlightenment of her application of the scientific method as the rule of wisdom in human affairs.

There is probably no country in the world where it is easier for the distraught Westerner to draw an indictment of Westernism against the background of a glamorous eden than Japan. The dignified, slow-moving grace of ancient costumes; the winsomeness of antique manners; the chaste beauty of traditional architecture in homes and inns and palaces and temples; the soft boom of bells; the contours of mountains and forests, —all are in contrast with the ugliness of smoke-stacks and tram-cars and awkwardly worn Western clothing with the bad manners that seem their inevitable by-products. Hideous billboards, yelping the merits of beer and pills up the slopes of Mount Fuji, and barbed-wire entanglements about the groves of Nara, where the sacred deer nibble up discarded wrappings of American chewing gum, provide a bitter frosting for the indictment. One need not be a complete sentimentalist to entertain the question as to whether in view of such evidence it was worth Japan's while, or worth the world's while to have her come out of her hermitage and follow the course charted by Perry's toy telegraph instruments, toy engines and railroad, and full-sized cruisers and guns. The answer is that when Perry came millions in Japan, too, were hungry, famines were of not infrequent occurrence, and infanticide was encouraged, sometimes indeed enforced, in an effort to keep population adjusted to food supply. Before Western science broke in upon Japan's tightly sealed hermitage, her people were widely subject to the none too benign Malthusian miseries, even as over wide areas the people of China and India are subject to-day.

It was not alone fear of conquest by superior armaments that prompted Japan's decision to follow the Way of the West; it was even more fear of internal dry rot and ethnic decay. Her basic problem, like that of England before her, was to find food and a place in the sun for a prolific population. During the long peace of the Tokugawa Shogunate she had managed by crude means to keep her population balanced somewhere between twenty-five and thirty millions. But the effects of such repression upon the mental health of her people were not happy. Rebellious discontent was abroad in the land. Had she not officially unsealed the doors of her hermitage it is probable that they would have been battered down from within.

How had the West found outlet for the surplus energy of the populations that multiplied with such astonishing swiftness during the first half of the Nineteenth Century? By the conquest of backward peoples, by the colonization of feebly held lands circling the globe. It was the majesty of guns and their conquests all about her that first made Japan seriously West-conscious, just as later her own Westernized victories were to make the West take serious cognizance of her. The meaning of modern arms was the first great lesson Japan learned from the West, and the grasp of the implications of that lesson had a great deal to do with the peaceful acquiescence of her feudal samurai warriors when her more astute statesmen resolved to "go West." Immediately the decision was made she put herself under the tutelage of experts from France and Germany and England and began the building of a modern army and navy. No doubt from the beginning, the most truculent of her warriors, who outranked all other classes in Japan, enter-

tained the grandiose hope that military mastery would yield such rewards as it had bestowed upon England and Holland and France, and in due course upon Germany and the United States. The West had then not renounced war as an instrument of national policy. What the West wanted the West reached out and took. Unfolding history brought prompt evidence of the substantial quality of such Western wisdom. Japan's victory over China yielded an indemnity which laid the foundations of her modern industry; ten years later, the victory over Russia yielded economic control of a vast empire in Manchuria. The opportunities afforded by the World War resulted in what a few decades before would have been regarded as fabulous military and commercial expansion and raised her to a co-ordinate place in the councils of the foremost world powers. In appropriate obeisance to that impressive achievement, an English language newspaper published in Kobe observed of the great naval dockyards in that city: "Here battleships as massive and murderous as any floated by the most Christian and civilized nations in the West are builded and launched. Where forty years ago wooden junks and sampans were being built, there are now dockyards where steamships of all classes are constructed, from tublike tramps to turbined torpedo boats."

But when I looked at those docks, the Washington and London Conferences had been held, and the largest and most completely mechanized of them stood idle and empty. Everywhere the social and economic foundations of the West were undergoing revolutionary change. The free lands of the earth were pre-empted or barred from the Japanese by immigrant exclusion laws. Except for a feeble dribble to Brazil, stimulated by a high-pressure colonization drive, more emigrants were returning home than were finding congenial domicile abroad. International economic rivalry in the laissez-faire riot of mechanized production had piled up surpluses everywhere that choked the channels of trade and left farm produce and manufactured goods to rot while bread-lines lengthened. It began to be seen that guns and nationalist imperialism were not enough. Japan's responsible statesmen were seeing this too, though her might-minded Westernized warriors champed at the bit and threatened to break under the rein.

II

Fortunately, the lesson of science as applied to armaments was not the only lesson that Japan learned from the West. Hardly less than her fighters, she has always honored her farmers. In the old days from seventy to eighty per cent of her people worked on the land, as more than half of them still do. Probably her greatest debt to the West is what she owes to the application of science to agricultural production. Partly, perhaps, because it was her successful wars with China and Russia that established her in Western consciousness, there is a tendency among us to think of her agricultural domain in terms of the more familiar magnitude of those countries. The land area of Russia is more than eight million square miles, and in 1930 more than two hundred and fifty millions of acres are said to have been sown to grain. China's land area is about half that of all the Russias, but she is said to have some hundred million more acres under cultivation. The total land area of Japan proper is 148,756 square miles, less than that of California; and of this only between fifteen and sixteen million acres are arable—less than two per cent of the arable acreage of the United States, about the same as the land in improved farms in

the State of New York, and less than half of the acreage in farms in the State of Missouri. On half of this meager allotment she grows her staple food, rice, grows it with an intensity of scientific cultivation that since 1880, when the available statistical record begins, has kept the upward curve of her total rice production rising more rapidly than the upward curve of her population. In 1880, when her population was thirty-six millions, she produced 4.46 bushels of rice per capita; in 1928, when her population had risen to sixty-four millions, her rice farmers were wringing 4.67 bushels per capita out of their flooded muck paddies. Japan imports a variety of foods, just as America does. But she grows enough to supply her own needs at a pinch. This is the gift of Western science. But Japan has followed the West also in her neglect of science in the development of a civilized conception and technic of distribution. Last winter there were great re-enforced concrete warehouses in Tokyo packed with rice bought up by the government in order that farmers might have money with which to buy cheaper foods brought in from Korea or Manchuria or Canada and the United States, and have something to spare for other necessaries; bought up and held to prevent a too drastic break in the market price, while the swelling ranks of the industrial unemployed were finding it difficult to buy any food at all.

Next to rice, fish is the most important item in the Japanese diet. Her people consume a little more than 50 pounds of fish per capita, as compared with 21 pounds in America; two and a half pounds of fowl and meat, as compared with 208 pounds with us; 21 pounds of eggs, as compared with our 33 pounds; and only 2.2 pounds of milk, as contrasted with our consumption of 760 pounds per capita. My figures, derived from government sources, show a weighty credit to sweet potatoes and radishes. But experience still places fish next to rice as by and large the most important food. While the arable acreage of Japan is midget as compared with that of the United States, her coast line is about two and a half times as long. Her enveloping waters provide the richest fishing grounds in the world. The catch of her fishermen accounts for one-fourth of the world's supply. They were not always so successful. The guiding center of the fishing industry is the Imperial Fisheries Institute, whose branch research laboratories and experiment stations are distributed throughout the country (some fish are fattened in the flooded rice paddies), and whose staff and scientific equipment are famous among ichthyologists everywhere.

These are typical instances not only of the adaptive but also of the creative intelligence of this extraordinarily dynamic people. For the rendering of technical assistance to her farmers and fishermen and for the diffusion of practical knowledge among them, Japan has one of the best and most competently staffed systems in the world. As a result of her skill in the mastery and applications of science in these fields, while from 1879 to 1925 her population increased by a little more than sixty per cent, her foodstuffs increased one hundred per cent, and her total agricultural production, including such items as mulberry leaves for the growing of silk, about one hundred and seventy-five per cent.

Because of such economic triumphs, there are Japanese as well as foreign experts who say that the trends "show that Japan needs to worry little about the problem of feeding her growing population" in the near future. The government Commission on Population and Food Supply, taking account of the possibilities of reclaiming some

further slight amount of unimproved land, and of still further increasing the yield of the rice crop both in Japan and her dependencies, especially Korea, last year made the reassuring announcement that Japan would be able to meet her own food requirements for some thirty years to come, although her population is increasing by more than six hundred and fifty thousands a year.

But calculations such as these oversimplify the problem. Food is only one item in the national as well as the individual family budget. The adoption of the Way of the West involved not only the method of applied science but also the ideal of a Western standard of living as the aim of that method. At the beginning of the process of Westernization, Japan's general standard of living was very low—for considerable sections of the population, close to the bare survival level. In spite of the increase and diffusion of wealth, there is substantial evidence that the incomes of both farmers and skilled workmen are hardly one-third of corresponding groups in the United States. While there is probably no population that carries poverty with more dignity than the Japanese, to live among them is to feel a grimly dissatisfied push against the limitations of such stringent standards. To produce just food enough to make the nation secure against famine, without providing any surplus for export, does not furnish the capital required to support the costly military establishment, to finance the great educational and other social services, or to initiate and foster mechanized industries, the most important of which, owing to the early lack of private accumulations of capital, have had to be started as government undertakings. To take care of these essential requirements, Japan has had to depend largely upon borrowed money and the development of her export trade.

III

To an almost incredible degree, Japan's economic progress hangs by a thread of spun silk. For years, upwards of forty per cent in value of all her exports has been silk yarn, and of this more than ninety per cent has gone to the United States alone. About one half of all her farm families depend for a substantial part of their money income upon the growing of silk; and in normal times from twenty to twenty-five per cent of all her factory workers are employed in silk filatures. To a perilous extent the capital economy of Japan depends upon the prosperity of America alone, and the ability of the American market to buy her raw silk. The effects of our business crash in 1929 spread through all Japan, with the devastating force of a major earthquake. Within a few months the price of silk had broken in half, bales of silk yarn choked the warehouses of Yokohama, the government was forced to a policy of drastic retrenchment, and unrest rose to almost riot intensity over wide areas of agricultural Japan. The government was constrained to adopt a Silk Stabilization and Indemnification Act which immediately involved the national treasury in heavy financial obligations. Japanese silk went the way of American wheat: the price decline and surplus supply of the one followed the other. Scientifically intensified production and helplessly unscientific distribution were both after the Western model.

Next to spun raw silk, the most important of Japan's export industries is cotton, woven cotton as well as cotton yarn. The high American tariffs against all kinds of silk tissues have reached out into Japan and made it difficult for her to capitalize the rare skill of her designers and silk weavers by the technical modernization of the silk-weaving industry. But her cotton

factories are very thoroughly mechanized, and in them she has proved that she has inventive as well as adaptive abilities. The Toyoda automatic loom is a Japanese invention, and is manufactured under license even in England. Cotton spinning was the first industry in Japan to enter power-driven factories, cotton weaving followed soon after; to-day their products are competing successfully in every world market. In 1913, Japan's 23,299 looms produced somewhat more than 416 million yards of piece goods; by 1929, her 70,210 looms ran off one billion five hundred and thirty-eight million yards. In terms of national income, but more especially in terms of company earnings, cotton yielded almost fabulous profits. As late as 1929, before the American crash and especially before the adverse turn of affairs in China, one of the leading cotton-manufacturing companies paid a dividend of 35 per cent, and made a net profit on six months' operations of 44 per cent while its reserves rose to 165 per cent of its paid-in capital. Before the World War the exports of cotton fabrics amounted to only 25,754,000 yen, or about half as many dollars; in 1929 they topped four hundred million yen. When raw silk was accounting for forty per cent in money value of all Japan's exports, cotton textiles registered twenty-five per cent of the total. Japan has no iron ore to speak of, the total, including low-grade ores, amounting to less than one year's normal consumption in the United States. She has relative abundance of fuel and bunker coal, but almost no coking coal adapted to the making of steel. Her one important mineral resource is copper, which finds stiff competition even in the domestic market from American and African copper dumped over her tariff barriers. Silk and cotton account for two-thirds of her exports and are her main reliance for fetching home essential working capital. Silk hangs by the single thread of the American market; recent months have shown that the dependence on cotton is equally precarious.

At the height of its recent prosperity the cotton industry marketed 46 per cent of its textiles in China, Hong Kong, and the Kwantung peninsula. The rest of Asia took 34 per cent. Japanese capital owned more than forty-one per cent of the spindles in China. The policy of the Shidehara foreign office was to cultivate Chinese goodwill, to foster the government in Nanking, to strive by all means to stabilize Japan's greatest market for cotton products, her greatest potential market on all accounts except silk. This required courage, for there was a strong element in Japan that disapproved of "pacifist internationalism" and demanded a strong policy. But the Minister of Foreign Affairs persisted and carried popular sentiment with him. Then on top of the renewed threat of rebellion against Nanking by Canton—the original home of the nationalist revolution—came the horribly destructive floods of last summer. The despairing Chinese people found emotional relief in anti-foreign and especially anti-Japanese protestations. The merits of the case, with its culmination in Manchuria, are not here in question. The important fact from the point of view of Japan's economic predicament is that boycotts against Japanese goods started in Shanghai and spread throughout China. The export of Japanese cotton goods to China fell from 46,000,000 square yards in October, 1930, to less than 400,000 square yards in October, 1931. There were parades of rejoicing in Lancashire when cabled orders from the East brought work and wages to the spinners and weavers of that ancient stronghold of the industry, while the workers of Japan went idle.

Japan's economic predicament is not her own only; it is the predicament of the entire mechanized world.

Having to work their way out of desperate economic situations is not a new experience for the Japanese people. Since 1897 when, stimulated by the cash indemnity from China, her factories began to get into their modern stride, there have been only six years —four of them years of the World War —when Japan's exports have exceeded her imports in money value. At the same time her expenditures on general public account have more often than not exceeded her revenues, and since 1924, particularly, her general account deficit has run into the hundreds of millions of yen. Addressing the students of the Imperial University in Kyoto, her recent Finance Minister, Inouye, declared that since Japan first entered into modern commercial relations with the rest of the world, she "has been engaged in one perpetual struggle to find the money to meet her obligations abroad" and—he might have added—the obligations of her prefectural and municipal governments. She has always met them. In spite of high rates of interest and the humiliating points below par at which she has floated foreign loans, she has never defaulted on a payment due. But her present, her persistent economic predicament, strikingly illustrates what all nations in the West have been learning with sorrow, what even America with her vastly superior capital and natural resources is coming to learn, that in the present development of mechanized industry and international trade no nation can solve its problems alone.

IV

However, there is still a powerful group in Japan that is naïvely bent on following the lesson first learned from the West. When the Western powers faced population and market problems what did they do? They conquered and colonized. The United States offers an impressive example at Japan's very door. More than a third of the population of Hawaii are Japanese, many of whom went there against the desire of their government, which yielded under diplomatic pressure, to serve the sugar plantations there. Was it not the great Daniel Webster who as Secretary of State declared it "as the sense of the government of the United States, that the Government of the Sandwich Islands ought to be respected; that no power ought either to take possession of the islands as a conquest, or for the purpose of colonization, and that no power ought to seek any undue control over the existing Government, or any exclusive privileges or preferences in matters of commerce"? By 1924 Japan was constrained to enact a law finally and completely expatriating all Japanese resident as citizens in Hawaii as the price of protecting them against persecution on the charge of dual allegiance. Such high precedents are cited by patriots in Japan who deeply believe that they would be honoring the wisdom of the West and so serving the best interests of their own people if in an otherwise pre-empted world they could arouse their nation to follow a similar course in Manchuria. When Japan, as the result of the Sino-Japanese war, got a foothold there, she was advised by a group of European powers that it would be in the interest of world peace if she would withdraw. Being then weak in naval equipment, she did. Then without any corresponding protest from Europe and under a secret treaty with China, Russia slipped in. It was Japan's turn to safeguard the peace of the world; and in due course Russia withdrew. Of all the vast area of China, the Three

Eastern Provinces, as Manchuria is called, have alone known peace and rising prosperity. The Japanese government and Japanese citizens have invested upwards of two billion yen in the development of Southern Manchuria. Why should she not make a Hawaii of Southern Manchuria, whose area is several times that of Japan proper, develop it, and bring it within her tariff walls? Although neglected by the governments of China, Manchuria is Chinese; and since Japan has established peace there, millions of Chinese have migrated from the revolution and famine-torn provinces to settle in Southern Manchuria. Japanese workers cannot compete with the lower standard of living of the Chinese. The weight of numbers would ultimately prevail against the weight of guns. And before Southern Manchuria could be made economically profitable, the established hostility of Chinese opinion against Japanese exports might strike a fatal blow to the economic structure of Japan. In the present condition of international economy the wisest statesmen of Japan know that guns are not enough.

In April, 1931, when the tension of Chinese feeling against Japan was growing acute, the Japan *Times* in Tokyo, which was said on occasion to speak with the voice of authority, devoted a special Sunday edition to Japan's Message to China. The front page box bore the headline: OUR LIVES ARE INTERDEPENDENT. The Message went on to state the reasons why Japan and China should be friends and "cooperate, to their mutual benefit, for the progress of civilization." No nation, the Message continued, is any longer self-sufficient. "Whether we like it or not, our lives are interdependent, and from that fact arises the hope of mankind's future."

That is true of all nations to-day; it is acutely true of Japan. With meager natural resources, having to import even her raw cotton from the United States and India and Egypt, facing the renewed and intensified competition of the industrially rehabilitated nations of Europe, and with a rapidly increasing population, Japan can survive as a great power only in a world where international economic planning and co-operation are made to prevail. Against the economic competition of the more highly industrialized West, her army and magnificent navy would be of little avail. Against the permanent hostility of China's hundreds of millions, her export industries would probably go down in defeat. Even while her armies have been marching in Manchuria, English cotton has recaptured some of the markets lost to her during the World War, and Russian manufactures have penetrated the Chinese markets even along her South Manchurian railway. Her military power and her economic strength she owes to the example of the West. Will the West give effective support to those among her people who are struggling against the tide of a war-inflamed patriotism? Will the West set a constructive example of economic cooperation which will convince her people that there is a better way to national security than the traditional Western way of imperialistic expansion? Will the United States give more than word service to the conciliatory program of the League of Nations by using the vast surplus of America not for the promotion of international competitive warfare but to balance the scale of opportunity among the less favored nations? Not Japan's future alone, but the future of all Asia, and maybe the proximate future of the world, turns on the answer.

A DOCTOR'S WIFE SPEAKS UP

ANONYMOUS

I HAD had to put the grocer off, saying that I would pay him in a few days. What I meant, but did not say, was that if any of several patients who owed my husband good-sized and overdue bills would only pay him we would pay our own bills with joy. Nora had heard the conversation in the kitchen, and was full of good Irish rage as I explained things to her.

"He'd no business to bother you," she sputtered. "He knows you and the doctor pay your bills. He's in business and he'd ought to know by now that doctors is always slow pay."

Kindly as it was meant, Nora's slogan, "Doctors is always slow pay" was little comfort to me then. And although the saying has become a family joke, I can still feel the bitterness of having had to explain and defend unnecessarily the credit of an honorable and hard-working member of an honorable profession.

As a bride I could not go about broadcasting the domestic economics of a young doctor. But now, after twenty years in his family, I am moved to take pen in hand and make some observations on patients and doctors and the practice of medicine; particularly as no doctors seem as yet to have arisen to discuss in the magazines the criticisms of many recent lay writers. A human and pardonable pride prevents physicians from defending themselves in the public prints, medical ethics or no medical ethics. They are driven to a hurt silence rather than to anger by many of the articles printed; which is noble, to be sure, but not very effective. Besides, they are too busy; they are used to being misinterpreted by frightened and grief-stricken people, and have schooled themselves to take criticism calmly and tolerantly. So it seems to me the time for someone who knows the human side of the profession but is not bound by its traditions to speak up in its defense.

To begin with, the question of medicine to-day is not so simple as it sounds. People talk as if it were all a matter of taking the part of doctors or being against them. As a matter of plain fact, medicine has become a well-established economic institution and, like it or not, we are living in a state of partly socialized medicine. Infectious diseases are controlled by public and semi-public agencies, and industrial and insurance medicine supplement the great free hospital and clinic services. Nearly everyone takes this all for granted as a good thing. Nearly everyone also approves of the public-health movements which have not yet developed to the point of becoming a part of city and State organization. All of this progress in health education and control of disease was started and is guided by doctors. No one doubts that the distribution of medical care and preventive medicine is a social and economic question of the first rank; and contrary to popular belief, medicine is far from blind to the situation, as even a casual glance at recent

medical journals shows. (Incidentally, I have noticed that when some new general remedy of management or policy has occasionally been brought forward in the lay press as a new and marvelous solution of the whole problem, it always turns out to have been a subject of discussion and often of trial among doctors for several years previous.) But the patient naturally is little concerned with these questions.

Criticism of medicine and doctors is more likely to be criticism of detail than of general policy. The more personal criticisms fall into two classes: those finding fault with the size of physicians' fees, and those finding fault with medical service. The latter includes bitter reports of mistaken and late diagnoses, and criticism of what doctors call "the handling of a case," with circumstantial accounts of disingenuous, high-handed, or pontifical physicians. Among the second class are also those harrowing stories of persons who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of poor doctors and bad hospitals.

II

First, the matter of high fees. The doctor in practice has one commodity to sell—his time, valuable because of his brains, training, and experience. He may have assistants who take histories and do preliminary examinations, but each patient must take a certain amount of the doctor's actual time. The physician cannot multiply his brains to reach a great many customers as can a manufacturer, a publisher, a farmer, or even a lawyer with a large corps of partners and clerks. His only way to increase his income as he grows in experience and reputation is to increase his fees. There are only twenty-four hours in each day, and it is physically possible to see only so many patients and to make only so many calls. The patient often does not realize that a doctor who charges high fees is one who refuses to do careless work, who is not unwilling to spend ten to sixteen hours a day at his work—which is usual among doctors—but unwilling to take care of too many patients, with the consequent haste, worry, and chance of error.

The lay public has been told over and over again that doctors as a class are ill paid, and I suppose it is willing to grant to the statisticians the accuracy of the average-income figures. But the patient who sees the successful physician in his prosperous-looking office, and is annoyed at the size of the bill for something which, after all, is a mere opinion and cannot be seen, tasted, or handled, may well contemplate the following facts. If a physician is a well-trained doctor and an honorable man, so that he becomes in middle life a reliable, experienced, and successful practitioner, he must, after his ten years of training in college, medical school, and hospital, still have had either some capital to live on while getting established in practice, or have starved till he was thirty-eight or forty years of age; if poor, he must not have married till he was thirty-five or forty, or else his wife must have money or a lucrative profession of her own; he must not take salaried jobs, even a half-time one, to keep him alive, except in connection with medical education, if he wants to be a first-class practitioner; he should do some research for several hours a day while his practice is small; he must do much unpaid work from the first, in clinics, in hospitals, and for private cases; he must not advertise or make money from a discovery, a patent medicine, or some instrument he may happen to invent; also, he must never appear to be unsuccessful. To these conditions must be added the important fact that a first-class doctor has, with luck,

from fifteen to twenty years between the time he is forty and his early death (the average age of death, according to the figures, being sixty) to make money enough to educate his family, provide for his old age, if he lives to have one, and for that of his wife.

This economic heyday of the doctor's career, when the fees are high, might not be so bad if life did not also after forty become so complicated for a doctor of any public spirit. This is true in villages, towns, and cities of every size. A doctor is expected, and expects, to sit on all kinds of committees, to be active in all kinds of medical, social service, and public health organizations; he often, with true missionary spirit, goes to make speeches and read papers in faraway and inaccessible places where no one could accuse him of hoping for any profitable sequel; he must still go to medical meetings for his own information and keep up with the literature as well as he can. The luncheon or even dinner conference is the final straw, and he is lucky at this period if he can dine at home twice a week.

I remember that when I was first married I made a proper call on an older woman, the wife of a very successful man. She spent an hour telling me to take good care of my husband and not let him work too hard. She told me that her husband, then in his fifties, was so busy that he had to eat his luncheon in his car, between hospital and office. I remember thinking then that if my husband ever had enough patients to make him busy, and a car to get about in, to say nothing of a chauffeur, I should never worry about his luncheon or anything else. I did not know then about the curious whirlwind that descends on doctors in their forties and fifties and drives them, no matter how they try to preserve their calm, patient exterior, into a passion of activity. At last they are having their chance; their profession with its problems is splendidly vast; the possibilities are limitless; life is short, and if they can't carry the world on their backs, at least they can try. And so they do.

In the large cities where most of the criticisms of medicine are heard, the matter of medical education complicates the situation. We are at present in a transition stage between the old apprentice system of teaching medicine and the new ideal of well-paid, full-time men for the teaching of practice as well as of theory; much clinical teaching is still done by men who are also specialists or general practitioners. It is not unusual for a doctor to teach fifteen or twenty hours a week in medical school and hospital (a schedule which would be considered good full-time teaching in any college), keep long daily office hours, and make calls, engage in consultations, or attend meetings of various sorts until midnight every day. Here again the vicious circle operates, to the confusion of the well-meaning patient. Because the doctor spends so large a part of his day in poorly paid teaching, in his unpaid public practice in the hospital, and in public health work—some or all of which are necessary for the broad experience which the public demands—he must earn his living from his private practice, in a comparatively few hours a day. In fixing his fees not only the law of supply and demand operates, if he has acquired a reputation, and his own desire not to take indifferent care of too many patients; the socialization of medicine has had its effect here, also, whether the doctor and patient think about it or not; and though the private patient pays only a fair price for the doctor's experience, he is also incidentally paying for the work the doctor has done for years and is still doing in the wards and clinics of some public or semi-public hospital.

No one can deny that there are avaricious doctors, men who charge fees that make their colleagues blush. On the other hand if the incomes of even the most grasping were averaged over their working lifetimes there would be none to equal the highest incomes in several other professions. That there are miserly rich people who, fearing extortion, hate to pay legitimate fees is also true. Every doctor can tell you stories like the following:

A few months ago a doctor's telephone rang at two-thirty in the morning. When he answered, a woman's voice demanded that he go at once to a town seventy-five miles distant to see a very sick patient. Money was absolutely no object, she said hysterically, and he must come. Neither the doctor on the case, nor the patient, nor the relative who was speaking was personally known to him. "If you refuse to come, I'll report you to the County Medical Society," said the telephone voice. The doctor kept his temper, reflecting that this kind of person was the kind who complains of doctors, and agreed amiably to go and see the case. He found the patient in no immediate need of consultation, did what he could, and got home again about breakfast time. He sent a bill for his regular fee for out-of-town night consultations—a moderate amount by the local standards for such work. The family were obviously people of wealth. After a delay he received a check for a little over half the amount with a rude letter. He returned the check, and has been forced to sue for his fee.

Young doctors are often the victims of situations even more unjust. A young surgeon was called out of town on an emergency case in an extremely rich family, and spent the night on the job and half the next morning in getting back to his office. He sent a bill for one hundred dollars and received a check for ten dollars. This presumably was considered enough for any young man.

One experience stands out in my memory from our own early married life. A patient who was a millionaire and half-owner of one of the largest retail stores in America, asked my husband to go out to a suburb and see one of his employees. He made it plain that he would pay the fee himself as he wanted the satisfaction of the opinion of his own doctor on the condition of this man. When he received the bill, which was a moderate one, the millionaire wrote a long letter protesting. The sick man was poor, said he, and the charge should be lower. To which my husband replied that we did not send our cook, for instance, to his store, with a note asking for a reduction on her stockings because she was poor and employed by us. The bill was then paid. This is only one of many stories I could tell of rich people whose idea of charity to someone who has aroused their pity is to ask exceptions and unusual favors for them at the expense of their own doctor. The doctor, who does plenty of charity work at regular hours in his hospital, is justifiably irritated by requests of this kind.

Many people with comfortable incomes who have not the rich man's characteristic fear of being overcharged, balk also at the ordinary charges of specialists. It seems strange to a doctor that a patient will think exorbitant a specialist's fee for a thorough and complete examination, though the sum is less than he frequently spends for an evening's entertainment at his favorite speakeasy; or object to a general practitioner's fee no greater than the price of one good seat at the theater.

Another point about high charges. What does not appear in the stories that one hears is the fact that some-

times a doctor, exasperated to inefficiency and insomnia by some unreasonable and troublesome patient, will be able to find no other way of retiring from the case than by sending a bill so large that he will be sure to be dismissed.

"We simply would not pay any such charge," say the family. "John sent him a check for half the amount and told him we would just get another doctor." The dinner-table companions innocently do not suspect that this was exactly what the doctor wanted. Now he sleeps at night, and some other practitioner, probably a younger one, takes his turn at being paid to stay awake and worry over this particular combination of temperament and maladies.

III

Many criticisms of medical service are no doubt individually valid. A doctor who has made a patient miserable by dissembling unsuccessfully his own lack of knowledge, by actual neglect, by too casual attention, or even by rudeness has fallen far below the standard that any good doctor sets himself. There are 156,440 doctors in the United States of America, and among them are bound to be some men who are less scrupulous, less careful, less honorable than the average. The mistake so often made by the victims of unfortunate medical and surgical experience is that, most understandably, by means of a common fallacy they have generalized from one instance, and thus indicted a whole profession from a single physician's mishandling of a single case.

The people who complain of the results of bad treatment in an emergency are really paying medicine a high compliment in their trustfulness. They expect, by their own statements, excellent treatment from any doctor called in suddenly in any emergency in any quarter of any city. They have not had forethought enough to acquire a regular physician by looking up the local doctors in the medical directory or calling up the county medical society or a recognized hospital and getting the name and address of a good doctor near their home.

Hospitals and their sins I know very little about. The one obvious fact about hospitals is that good medical care is expensive, whether paid for by city, State, private endowment, or the patient himself. Blame for the high cost of nursing care, too, is often laid at the doctor's door by people who twenty years ago would have been quite satisfied with the amateur attentions of their relatives but now expect two nurses as a matter of course. All costs of treatment have increased with medical progress. For example, at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, a municipal hospital where costs are kept as low as possible, the drug bill for a Type I case of pneumonia five years ago would have been perhaps seventy-five cents per patient during the course of the disease. During the past winter, because of advances which have been recently made in the treatment of pneumonia, the drug charges per patient for oxygen, serum, etc., come to about one hundred and forty dollars. This single example is typical of changes in many details of hospital management, treatment, and nursing care.

Now for the main and most serious criticism of physicians—that of wrong and mistaken diagnoses. In the first place the patient is very apt to ignore the element of time in diagnosis. The fifth or the twenty-fifth doctor who sees a case and makes the right diagnosis may have been called in just as the disease had developed to the point where the first one could as readily have recognized it. This time factor is almost as important as it ever was in the practice of medicine, and the

criticism that a doctor is slow in making a diagnosis is often unfair. The family of a very sick patient do not and could not, even with a course of daily lectures, know the constant elimination of symptoms, the narrowing down and differentiation of their meaning at successive stages of disease which the doctor's quiet watching of the case conceals. So much for this obvious matter. Anyone can understand its force when the children's measles come out on the fourth day, and the diagnosis becomes definitely not chicken pox. To the trained physician the development of subconjunctival petechiæ is just as obvious in making his diagnosis of subacute bacterial endocarditis as the spots of measles are to the mother who has checked up the type of rash in the family encyclopedia and recognized it herself.

Everyone is familiar with the fact that the scope of medicine and surgery has increased enormously in our own generation. Thirty years ago one of the most famous and skillful physicians in America ran his office in this way: whatever he could find out by his eye and ear, unaided by any instrument except the stethoscope (and the facts shown by a urinalysis when specially indicated), formed his basis for diagnosis. The collection of this information did not take very long, and the famous physician would often see thirty or more patients in his office hours. He also had two waiting-rooms. In one sat his five-dollar patients, in another those who paid three. Each was treated by the same methods; probably the five-dollar ones got a little more time and conversation and certainly they had the satisfaction of waiting in the company of cleaner sufferers. To-day no doctor of this man's position could possibly either make a conscientious diagnosis for five dollars or dare to give an opinion based entirely on verbal history and physical examination. The internist to-day can see and hear and suspect just as much as the doctor of thirty years ago, but he cannot be content with probabilities when new methods of examination may make them certainties. Where he can have his suspicions confirmed or dispelled he must as an honorable scientist ask for data more accurately collected. He may be able to say to the patient with no more heartening assurance and satisfaction than great physicians like Doctor Loomis did, that there is nothing much the matter and that, with care, he may live for twenty years; but his diagnosis and opinion are backed by the facts recorded by a blood count, a blood chemical examination, a tracing of the heart showing its contours, an electrocardiogram showing how it acts, chemical analyses if indicated, giving all the current gastro-intestinal news, and other accurate laboratory facts for which the subjective symptoms or the history have indicated the necessity. For the patient who has been lucky enough to have nothing but negative findings on his reports the end result is the same, but the verdict will cost him a great deal more than his reassurance of thirty years ago. The patient in whose laboratory tests, however, some obscure or early symptoms show up gets the benefit of all the new machines and all the patient investigation that people sometimes still like to make fun of.

At this point, however, it is well to remember that now as at every other time, the limits of science have not been reached. It is conceivable, even to-day, that after every resource of new and most approved medical method has been employed by the best doctor obtainable, the patient may go out and die of some unsuspected cause the next day. The scientist has not com-

pletely conquered nor finally explored the human frame and never can conquer old age. All he can say is this: "With all the resources at my command, I find your condition to be thus-and-so, and in the light of my experience I consider that so-and-so is likely to be your future." This attitude of medicine requires a more intelligent faith than did the dicta of the old *ex cathedra* physician. But the new attitude toward science in medical practice is an example of the substitution of matters of fact for magic that underlies our whole present-day world. That each man's health is so emotional and personal an affair to himself keeps the patient, human nature being what it is, from being as intelligent and rational about the processes of medical reasoning as he would be about equally complicated matters in his own business.

It is unfortunate that this same emotional attitude cannot, by a miracle, be suspended when people make their choice of a physician. For as every doctor knows, a physician has to be liked; must, in the common phrase, "sell himself," "put himself over" with his patients. The first reaction of the patient is always "I liked Dr. Blank," or the contrary. Comments on his work may follow, but the personal reaction always comes first. And it seems sometimes that patients are much more interested in whether or not they like the doctor than in what the doctor knows and can do for them. Medical knowledge and personal charm often go together, but not necessarily. When there is knowledge and little charm the doctor suffers and the public loses. When there is charm and little knowledge the patients and their families are frequently satisfied even to the point of unnecessary death, and unfortunately the doctor is frequently esteemed and successful. The blame for this situation cannot be said to be wholly with the medical profession. It is the patient who is the free agent.

So far I have not gone into the moot question of specialists. Here again, though several books could be written upon it, perhaps my observations after listening to both general practitioners and specialists for years in their occasional hours of ease may be of interest. I have gathered that the scope of medicine is now well beyond the bounds of any one man's lifetime or brain. There are also many subjects in medicine in which the processes, not only of research technic but of actual reasoning, are beyond the intellectual capacity of all but a few brilliant minds. And on a lower level, for example, no one who has not had special training in biochemistry can even begin to understand what a man who is investigating special problems in metabolism is trying to find out. After twenty years of living in the atmosphere of medical discussion I am often absolutely unable to follow what to a tableful of doctors, male and female, seem to be questions of vivid not to say violent interest. Except for the "and's" and "the's" the conversation might be in another language.

In spite of these tremendous reaches of knowledge, however, there is no reason why a general practitioner cannot be as competent and useful as ever. His difficulty is to know enough to know when he needs to call in the specialist. The patient's difficulty is often that from a confidence in expert knowledge, he goes from specialist to specialist as symptoms arise, never getting from any one doctor the intelligent supervision that can come best from one person familiar with not only all the medical facts but the personality and living conditions of the patient. The ideal state of affairs, no matter how socialized medicine develops, is for each patient to have a personal

physician, a real "medical adviser," who may very likely have a specialty of his own (no doctor can avoid at least a special interest in some one subject), but who knows the patient well and sees him at intervals. Whatever he can treat he treats himself. When he needs more help than his time, experience, or equipment in either technical assistance or apparatus can give him, he sends the patient to a specialist for an opinion. As a matter of fact, most specialists, surgeons included, have a few families for whom they act as general medical advisers over many years.

IV

Lay fallacies, under which I must say physicians stand up with surprising good nature, are often amusing. The lady who, again most illogically arguing from one case to a generality, blithely diagnoses and prescribes for her friends over the tea cups is merely funny, if she does no harm. Her knowledge of physiology could be put on a pin point, but she can be as dogmatic as the most profound of professors. She is no less illogical than nearly the whole human race, who in medicine, as in every other field of thought, are given to the fallacy of "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*" For example, if a cold gets better after doses of soda bicarbonate, this does not necessarily prove that the drug cured the cold. The cold-blooded, hard-boiled exclusion of factor after factor in the situation that goes on in controlled treatment would be an eye-opener to the cheerful laymen who go about advising some magic dose to all their friends.

Of the rich and arrogant patients there is little to say. Their physicians, no matter how unwillingly, and with how much loss of self-respect, are obliged to take account of the atmosphere of flattery and the assumption of infallibility that surrounds them. To continue to treat them, a doctor must develop a manner analogous to that of that wily race who "fool the white folks" as a matter of course, in order to maintain pleasant relations and a steady flow of the means of existence.

Unreasonable patients there are in every scale of living. I remember hearing about one man who had called a doctor for his wife one evening. Before the doctor started, another call came in from a woman just beginning labor. Naturally the doctor stopped to see the woman in labor for a few minutes before going to see the one whose call had come in first. The husband of the latter was furious, threatened suit, and did his best to ruin the doctor's practice by talking for years about the neglectful way he took care of his patients. In a small voice and as a wife and mother, I should like also to mention here the patients who wait all day, half sick, and call the doctor only when he comes home to dinner. If the delay is due to thrift, they should be charged double rates after six o'clock; if to consideration of the doctor, they should realize that an early call, which may forestall the necessity of later ones, and is made in the course of the doctor's day's work, is far less trouble for him than a special expedition in the evening.

It is not a coincidence that the most difficult patients to treat are of the class that are receiving the most consideration nowadays among constructive critics of the system of medicine. Those well-educated, intelligent (although not medically informed) people, with college educations and small salaries, are a source of far more worry and dismay to doctors than they realize. They usually come from the doctor's own kind of family and are pleasant and delightful as patients. They have ambitions, in their own lines, like his own. They exchange interesting bits of professional information with him.

They have eager, active minds and want to know all about everything in the office and why everything is done for them. Without meaning to, they take up so much time and require so much attention and understanding, and they can pay so little in proportion to what they need, that the doctor is obsessed with their difficulties. They, of all types of people, understand and appreciate first-class medical service. But they cannot pay for it. Certainly the individual doctor cannot afford to make them a present of it. What is going to happen to them, I do not know. They are the great problem of the individual doctor, as of the whole profession, just as that horrible item in their own budgets, "Health," is the great problem of their own domestic economy, even when some soft-hearted doctor, who in proportion to his expenses is probably as poor as they, has shaved his bills to a sum they can bear to contemplate.

In the discussions of the relations of patient and physician there is always much talk about treating the patient as well as the disease. The profession has been made responsible on this count for the growth, roughly synchronous with the expansion of medical knowlege, of the popular mystical cults and pseudo-medical professions. One point the public has overlooked. Many patients, difficult because of mental and emotional troubles of their own, need very little treatment for organic disease and much treatment of their mental health. They are introspective and suspicious, and need much more of the doctor's time than some other patient who is much sicker. Such patients often stay happily for many years with a physician who treats them as persons far more than he ever treats any of their physical ills. That such patients have large bills is inevitable, and no evidence of exploitation on the part of the doctor.

V

The profession of medicine is getting away from the over-sentimentalization it has endured for centuries. But unfortunately such pictures as that of the wise but poverty-stricken old country doctor of fiction, or even the young altruist such as Queed, have been superseded in people's minds too often by a picture of a hurried, silent man in a white coat, who is quiet and businesslike, and charges large amounts for ambiguous findings. I often find myself wishing that everyone who ever criticizes a doctor could go to the New York Academy of Medicine any night in the week and see a part of that education of its members which medicine, alone among the professions, carries on as a matter of course. Here one finds doctors of all ages, but mostly young ones, hurrying in with their bags between dinner and their evening calls—alert and interested, listening for hours to papers, discussions, and questions. A name flashes on the indicator behind the speaker, and a man or woman slips quietly out to the telephone. Long, carefully reasoned papers, lantern slides of intricate charts and tables seem to be followed as attentively at eleven o'clock as at eight-thirty. The doctors are tired, many of them are worried; but their obvious passion to know more keeps them in a state which to persons of any less intellectually exciting and dramatic pursuits seems thoroughly enviable.

I once asked a doctor who were his best patients—the pleasantest, the least troublesome, the ones with whom he got the best results. Without hesitating, he said, "Those who had a good doctor when they were children."

I suppose he was right. People who make good patients, and so naturally get the best care from their doctors, would be those who as children learned from the family physician that medi-

cine is not magic, that prevention is a part of practice; that vaccines, serums, quarantines, and diets, for instance, are ordered for good reasons. An appreciation of medicine may well be learned, as attentively as one learns to understand painting and music; for happiness in late and middle life it is quite as important as either.

It seems too bad to add the future of medicine to the pile of problems already laid on the shoulders of young people brave enough to have become parents. But the next generation will have much to say about it, no matter what we do now. We can only hope, for their sakes, that they will be less neurotic and unreasonable than our own generation, and that they will cooperate intelligently toward a fuller application of medical knowledge to the miseries of the world.

THE LONELY UNICORN

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

ASCENDING through the twilit wood,
Slowly he rose and strangely stood

In the dark silver of the trees,
Mane trailing mosses to his knees,

The moss between the ashes torn
By the dull fury of his horn,

And beautiful most fatally
Stood silently beholding me.

Still as the moon and white he gazed
Through the white trees and slowly raised

His lovely cruel head and then
Slowly and silently again

Descended to the wood wherefrom
To my destruction he had come,

And I could scarcely hear the sound
Of his white hooves upon the ground.

THE GREAT FACT-FINDING FARCE

BY LILLIAN SYMES

HE WAS the principal of a little grammar school in one of the bituminous coal districts—the school attended by children from the various company "patches" within a radius of five miles—and he had, by begging, borrowing, and threatening, kept the children alive with bean-soup lunches all during the terrible winter months just past. He knew more about "conditions," I was told, than any other man in that part of the country. He looked very tired and, unlike the mine officials, he did not ask for my credentials.

"Another investigation? That makes the third in the last two months. First the State Labor crowd, then some welfare group, now Washington. Oh, I know. You want to get the facts and you can't take one another's word for them. Lady, we've been surveyed to death down here. What we need is a little action. I've been here since 1916—through most of the investigations. You've seen the U. S. Coal Commission report? Eleven months' work with a whole army of experts and two years to get the results published. Well, they said all there was to say about coal in 1925. The things that were wrong then are worse now, just as they knew they'd be. More men out of work, more kids starving. Too bad we can't feed them reports."

His tired smile took the edge from his words, but I should not have blamed him if he had thrown an inkwell at my head.

That was last spring. Recently I heard that the State Administration had been so moved by the various reports on the coal fields that it has ordered—another investigation.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Like the words Liberty, Equality, and Justice that fall so quaintly upon our post-war ears, the term Truth has lost much of its significance to our pragmatic modern minds. Truth is, in the light of our experience, a jade who may be all things to all men—or like God in the late World War, an ally to every combatant. Nevertheless, the Biblical injunction has that quality of terse finality combined with noble sentiment of which our great slogans are made, and in adopting it as our own we have translated it into a form more in keeping with the national temperament—"Ye shall know the facts and the facts shall be sufficient."

Since we became "sold" on what we believe to be the scientific method, the accumulation of facts as a substitute, rather than as a basis for collective action has become a national gospel. To it we have transferred that faith which once reposed in Heaven, the Constitution, and American Womanhood. The intensity of our conviction that the sum total of a sufficient number of facts is wisdom is equalled only by our reluctance to do anything about the facts once they are found. In a period in which it has become possible to ac-

quire high academic honors by the patient collection of data on matters of interest to no one—including the acquirer—the practice of fact-finding in our social, political, and industrial life is rapidly assuming the aspects of a pure science, undefiled by vulgar, practical application to the common weal. As a result, our public, like our academic life, is suffering not so much from lack of vital information as from a psychic autointoxication induced by masses of unassimilated data with which we have neither the wisdom nor the courage to deal.

If anyone doubts this let him cast an eye at the history of the official fact-finding expeditions of our national, state, and municipal departments, bureaus or special commissions, and at the unofficial activities for the past twenty years of the thousand and one foundations, welfare councils, federations, associations, leagues, societies, boards, unions, and what not, constantly engaged in surveying our situations. Let him consider the public and private archives fairly bursting with valuable but dust-gathering data which had they been studied, co-ordinated, pursued to their logical conclusions and applied to the problems on hand would have enabled us to meet our present situation with some degree of preparedness and wisdom, and might even have obviated its more serious complications —a subject to which I shall return later.

It would be unfair, of course, to insist that all this well-meaning activity has been so much wasted effort. In those fields where it has not run afoul of any of the passionate prejudices and entrenched privileges by which we operate the process can boast of certain successes. In the realm of organized philanthropy and the social services, for example, sentimentality and hit-or-miss aid have given way very largely to scientific administration which is based upon careful surveys and which goes about its business in an effective and economical fashion. The obnoxious Lady Bountiful is disappearing, and it becomes increasingly difficult for the undeserving poor to put anything over on the fact-fortified case worker who considers "pauperization" a worse scourge than hunger; all of which may be hard on the undeserving poor but no doubt redounds to the benefit of the deserving "underprivileged."

There are other fields of successful operation in which the application of scientific principles involves no fundamental change in social outlook, personal prejudices, or private interests. In a volume published last year by the Russell Sage Foundation—one of our most effective and best endowed fact-finders—is presented a classified list of two thousand seven hundred important social studies and surveys made up to 1928. Unpublished reports are not listed and their name is legion. The bibliography covers a range of subjects, from sight conservation to regional planning, from deportations to unemployment. To trace the ultimate outcome of each study would be in the nature of a life-work, and to question the value of much of the information obtained would be foolish. But we need only to look about us in the year 1931 to realize that, however rich may have been the fruits of research in such fields as sight conservation, mental deficiency, child marriages, and regional planning, current practice in such vital but controversial matters as deportation, trade fluctuations, unemployment insurance, and industrial planning show an almost total unawareness of either past experience or accumulated data. For on subjects such as these we are satisfied to juggle a few statistics and then revert to those emotional biases of which psychiatry can tell us more than sociology. To the office-holder a realization of this fact is the beginning of political wisdom. As a result, the

fact-finding investigation is becoming increasingly popular as a safety valve for public indignation, a short circuit for possibly dangerous discontent. By the time the pros and cons are accumulated, the conferences held, the reports carefully edited, and then—a year or two later—finally published in a form that no one but a professional statistician can possibly understand, the public will be gnawing at a new bone of contention.

The practice of fact-finding had a legitimate and respect-worthy origin in a period in which we were somewhat more naïve about the mainsprings of human conduct. It was born of the application of the scientific method to the realm of our social economy and it was intended to supersede guess-work, good intentions, prejudice, or sentimentality as a basis for political and industrial action, intellectual leadership, social reconstruction. At a time when the older professions were becoming unbearably crowded it created a new one which helped to absorb that surplus of earnest young A.B.'s, M.A.'s, and even Ph.D.'s spawned each year by our institutions of learning. The questionnaire and the case card superseded the muck rake of less scientific and more colorful days; and an army of research workers, trailing degrees like clouds of glory—and too frequently in terror of drawing an unqualified conclusion—were turned loose upon a lethargic world to gather mountains of unrelated data from which we hoped political and social wisdom would be distilled. The prestige of the profession was derived largely from the success of research in the physical and mathematical sciences, it being assumed that a method of procedure which could disclose a bend in space, enable us to fling music across the ether, develop antitoxins and Drinker respirators and spin silk out of cellulose could also find the solution to poverty, unemployment, juvenile delinquency, and the liquor problem. Supplemented by sincere purpose and sufficient cerebration, it undoubtedly could. As one who has been at various times professionally engaged in the fact-finding industry, I have no desire to quarrel with that premise. I am concerned here with its application in a world of big and little vested interests —intellectual, political, financial.

II

It has been argued that the results of privately endowed fact-finding on important matters involving conflicting interests must be discounted even as a supplementary basis for public action because they can never be wholly disinterested. It is true, of course, that aside from the mere collection of statistical data divorced from any interpretation (and statistical data divorced from interpretation are necessarily sterile), private research may not be relied upon to publicize facts subversive of its original purpose. One does not expect the National Industrial Conference Board, with its imposing array of experts, to discover that the factory workers of New York State are grossly underpaid, the National Child Labor Committee to conclude that child labor develops sterling citizens, the Labor Research Bureau to assure us that Henry Ford's employees are over-indulged, or the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys to announce that the church has failed of its Christian duty in the Southern textile districts. Social science, unlike mathematics and chemistry, is neither a pure nor an exact science, as anyone who has listened to the testimony of experts on debatable subjects can testify. It is possible to find some facts to sustain almost anything. Nearly all organizations have a point of view to sustain, and when that point of view is involved in an investigation, the paid investigator,

even with the utmost sincerity of purpose, can usually find the facts that will sustain it. If he does not, the fate of his report is doubtful. His findings will either be so emasculated—otherwise known as "edited"—as to render them fairly innocuous, publication will be postponed until the facts gathered have become irrelevant, or complete suppression will be rationalized—in all honesty perhaps—on the grounds of untimeliness, insufficient evidence, inefficiency or prejudice on the part of the investigator, etc.

For example, the conclusions of a preliminary survey into the desirability of free lunches for school children in a Middle-western city were disregarded because they seemed too "socialistic" in tendency. The report of an honest investigation by a well-known research economist for a privately supported research group never saw the light of day because his findings did not bear out the contentions of those who subsidized the investigation that the cost of living had so declined that "real wages" had increased, and that, therefore, a wage cut was in order. Recommendations made by paid and impartial investigators for organized relief work in a group of starving industrial communities were disregarded because of the presence of a few Communists in those communities. Few experienced fact-finders have been without one or more such experiences; and while professional ethics and a desire for continued employment usually forbid them to air their grievances in public, when two or three are gathered together in friendly safety their indignation can become profanely vocal.

The situation of many professional investigators was ably described by Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin in an address of a year ago, in which he said: "The economic investigator is usually permitted to investigate no more than a small part of the whole institution. He is controlled by somebody higher up. He is not like the physical scientist who hurts only the theologians. He hurts or helps politicians, or business or labor or agriculture. Hence the insistence that his investigations must be colorless. He is forbidden to investigate purposes or policies, and even some practices. These indeed give life and color, but they are invidious, secretive, and they deal with living persons. It is safer to investigate them *post mortem*."

All of this, however, by no means invalidates all those mountains of social data, the finding of which has been paid for by persons with a large stake in the *status quo*. There are many troublesome fields in which investigation does not endanger the *status quo*, or at least that section of it upon which the large donor depends. A public-spirited millionaire whose fortune derives from electric power may contribute enthusiastically to a thoroughgoing investigation of the milk business even though he holds that such public utility inquisitors as Senator Norris are possessed of horns and a forked tail. The soundest and most courageous criticism of the Rockefeller "company union" plan (in Colorado) emanates from the excellent department of industrial studies of the Russell Sage Foundation. One would scarcely expect it to emanate from any fact-finding division of the Rockefeller Foundation. But even if one disregards all social conclusions drawn from private research as consciously or unconsciously prejudicial, there remains a valuable residue of factual information which, had we the collective wisdom to sift and sufficient non-specialized intellectual leadership to co-ordinate, could serve at least as a basis for that constructive thought and action so sorely needed and so conspicuously lacking in our national affairs.

If the results of private research in the social sciences are not always wholly disinterested, official and governmental fact-finding, on the other hand—representing as it does that amorphous thing called "the public interest"—is ostensibly "above the battle." In respect to the routine collection of facts by its various governmental divisions, this last is undoubtedly true, although even bare figures thus collected may be "interpreted" to fit a political formula—as witness last year's juggling of the Census Bureau's unemployment figures. But to expect a fact-finding commission appointed by Herbert Hoover to report back in favor of a federal "dole" would be as naïve as to expect a commission appointed by Al Smith, if he were president, to find the Noble Experiment a howling success.

As I write this, a senatorial committee is investigating the subject of unemployment insurance and its possible application in America. If there is any doubt about the redundancy of these hearings, let us recall the remarks made a few months ago by Senator Hebert, who somehow got to be chairman of the Committee in place of Senator Wagner who proposed the measure. It was Senator Hebert who disclosed the state of mind of the average political fact-finder on controversial issues when he announced to reporters: "I still have an open mind and I hope to hear exhaustive testimony on this vital subject. However, I have about reached the conclusion from interviews I have had abroad that *any* system of unemployment insurance will lead to the dole." [Italics mine.] The Senator undoubtedly could have learned more about the subject if he had stayed at home and read a book—such a book, for example, as Paul Douglas' and Aaron Director's recently published study.

Because of the publicity, caustic and otherwise, bestowed upon our twenty-seven presidential commissions, particularly the Wickersham Commission, there is a popular tendency to associate the whole gospel of "pure" official research with the present administration. This is not altogether just. If during the difficult past two years the national policy has seemed to be "In the midst of a crisis, be nonchalant, make a survey," that policy is not altogether without its precedents. The practice of surveying embarrassing situations that have already been super-surveyed at a time when they cry aloud for vigorous and decisive action, is a time-honored device for which the Romans undoubtedly had a word.

Since 1880, our Federal government has been the country's largest fact-producer and, in the words of one of its documents, "the greatest of all modern publishers." Many of the publications of its various departments contain mere routine statistics of interest only to specialists, and are the result of investigations undertaken in response to some specialized need for information, public or private. Many more are on technical subjects which have no relation to public policy and are, therefore, fairly certain of practical application. But others embody the results of exhaustive research upon situations which contribute to our present national pain and bewilderment. Upon the more recurrent of our social and economic difficulties, mountains of valuable data have already been accumulated—and forgotten. To illustrate, let me return to that outstanding example of a desperate industrial situation about which information is limitless and nothing has been done—the coal industry.

III

Coal is, and has been for many years, a sick industry. In periods of general depression, sick industries are points of

focal infection dangerous to the whole weakened industrial structure. If the social revolution ever comes to America its first sparks, I feel sure, will be lighted, not in Union Square, New York City, but in some obscure patch in the coal counties. Even before the industry became a victim of technical progress in other fields and its own *laissez-faire* industrial policy, its history was replete with violence, bloodshed, public discomfort—and investigations. From the Report to the President on the Anthracite Coal Strike made by Carroll D. Wright in 1902 down to the latest investigation of 1931, no problem in the country has been so industriously studied in all its aspects. Reports on wages and conditions in the coal fields have been made by various bureaus of the Department of Labor in fifteen of the thirty years since 1902. In 1914 the Commission on Industrial Relations went deeply into the problem of industrial unrest in the coal fields, and in 1915 the President's Colorado Coal Commission made a special investigation of the situation in that State. In the decade between 1913 and 1923, inquiries into various aspects of the coal problem were made by nine separate Senatorial and by eight separate House committees, and from these inquiries eleven thousand printed pages or between five and six million words resulted. In 1919 a Bituminous Coal Commission was appointed by the President, to be followed in 1921 by an Anthracite Commission. In 1923 even Mayor Hylan of New York appointed a commission to investigate the bituminous coal strike, and the committee's final recommendation was nationalization of the coal mines. State commissions have contributed their quota of facts. The Russell Sage Foundation has contributed two studies of employee-owner relationships and an excellent analysis of the insecurity of the coal miners' lot that goes deeply into one of the fundamental causes of the unceasing conflict in this field.

But most exhaustive of all was the report of the U. S. Coal Commission—to which my school principal referred. The Commission was headed by John Hays Hammond, and its report, filling five fat, closely printed volumes, was obviously no revolutionary document. But the report was made by disinterested experts and while it called, of course, for still more fact-finding, it closed with a long list of definite recommendations. These recommendations, conservative as they were, have never been acted upon. The report was a monument of industrious fact-finding and was dedicated to the proposition that "guided by facts rather than rumors, by information rather than prejudice, the people will be able to exercise wisely the powers of government over this type of private business." The people, as usual, did nothing. But we should have learned enough about coal, it would seem, to have been prepared for the present debacle in that field. To see, to-day, the final tragic fruits of our rugged individualism run riot in a great national industry in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio; to see dull-eyed, weazened, half-naked children drooping at their school desks because they are too starved to be able to sit erect (industrial chaos and resultant unemployment being no "act of God") is to see the public fact-finding investigation for the farce that it is.

And what are we going to do about it? That facetious paragrapher, Mr. Howard Brubaker, recently remarked: "A conference has been called to discuss the desperate situation in the soft coal industry. We begin to feel a Hoover Commission coming on." By the time this is printed that intuition may have justified itself. At the moment the efforts of Secretaries Doak

and Lamont to evoke a spirit of sweet reasonableness in the coal fields have resulted in little more than some figurative nose-thumbing on the part of the operators. It would be sardonically in keeping with past performances to meet the situation with another fact-finding commission.

Perhaps all of our great national expeditions in the pursuit of Truth have not been quite so barren of consequences as the coal investigations. I am aware of the claims made for the Iron and Steel Investigation of 1911–13. But it is impossible to measure the extent of its contribution to the eventual abolition of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. The existence of these conditions as late as the great steel strike and the Interchurch World investigation of 1919 indicates that something more than the facts about steel making was necessary to impress the need of reform on corporate sensibilities.

I am inclined to think that the Commission on Industrial Relations which functioned from 1912 to 1914 served a valuable purpose. It fathered no specific legislative action and produced no tangible results, but it did much to educate a generation in the cruder realities of the American scene. By the simple process of rubbing genteel noses in the muck created by thoughtless industrial policies, it undoubtedly helped to develop some of the outstanding cases of social consciousness among our great national philanthropists. It had its staff of experts to hold up the scientific end, as one of its members put it; but probably because its chairman, Frank P. Walsh, had sufficient political sophistication to realize that facts have no motivating power in politics, and that the best he could accomplish was the dramatization of "industrial relations" for the American public, each session became an absorbing social drama in which corporation heads, strikers, experts, labor leaders, social workers, and saboteurs followed one another on the witness stand. Its eleven-volume report is not yet dated. Its contribution to the literature of unemployment—the result of a study directed by Professor Commons—might still be read with profit by the members of our latest unemployment committee.

Too much discussion has already accompanied the work of the Wickersham fact-finders, and it is unnecessary to dwell at any length here upon that famous effort. The man in the street did not need a commission to tell him—after nineteen months' work at the cost of half a million dollars—that prohibition does not prohibit, that the third degree is practiced in our best police stations, and that poverty is a fertile source of crime—the last so daring a conclusion that only one member would definitely commit himself to it. On the explosive subject of prohibition the famous ambiguous report was, of course, inevitable. Even on such a non-political issue as police brutality, however, the Commission could not stand as a unit behind its trained investigators when regional sensibilities became affected. The city in which I live is one of those in which the police were accused—and quite justly—of using third degree methods. When civic indignation—not at the police but at the Commission—began to simmer, at least one member of the Commission hastened to explain that the Commission did not vouch for anything in the report. It was all the work of hired experts.

"We made no attempt to verify the information or the conclusions," said Commissioner MacIntosh of Seattle. "It isn't a Wickersham report at all."

The lengthy Stern-Pollak report on the Mooney-Billings case, an important item in the Commission's findings on legal lawlessness, would undoubtedly have been explained away in the same

manner if it had not already been suppressed. Certain contributions of value, such as the Van Waters report on the treatment of children in Federal prisons, undoubtedly came out of the Commission's activities. It remains to be seen what will be done about these. The Commission, however, is inevitably associated with the prohibition question. Ignoring all conclusions or lack of them on this issue, has the opinion of a single individual undergone any revision as a result of the facts found? Will any party program be altered or any political candidate revise his attitude in the next election on the basis of the Commissioners' work? The questions are merely rhetorical. We know the answers.

IV

To cover the whole history of official fact-finding would be to repeat, very largely, the story of the coal investigations. The job, in its entirety, awaits a Super-commission on Commissions which will deal not only with such fact-finding whales as the Wickersham body but with such minnows as the Hamilton Fish Commission on Communist Propaganda (whatever became of the "facts" it found?) and Presidential Commission No. 13, engaged at the moment in surveying our "national trends." It would need to consider the continuous fact-finding efforts of our Departments of Commerce, of the Interior, and especially of Labor, with their thousands of bulletins and special reports; for it is from these that some of our most significant social data may be gleaned—data which bear directly on our present national crisis. Had they been read and digested by an intelligent public as issued, many of our political and business slogans of the past ten years would have been laughed off the billboards and out of the headlines. Had we paid any attention to these facts when they were found many of our frantic current investigations along the self-same lines, with their enormous waste of time and money, would be unnecessary.

Could any candidate of any party, for example, have won an election on the slogan of "continued prosperity" if at any time during the past eight years we had paid the slightest attention to the discovery that the average family income in our sixteen major industries was just about one-half of what social experts have estimated as the minimum family income required for the bare necessities of life? Could anyone have talked about our "universal high-wage standard" when official investigation disclosed the fact that many unskilled laborers—such as the railway-track repairers in some of our States—were receiving the princely wage of seventeen cents an hour during the years of Coolidge prosperity? Or when our Bureau of Labor Statistics revealed an army of at least 1,800,000 unemployed at the peak of our greatest business activity? Or could anyone with the remotest notion of economic cause and effect and a willingness to look facts in the face, have failed to realize that the above facts, together with concurrent international developments, made a period of so-called overproduction and resultant depression a practical certainty in a mass-production world in which there are limits to even the conspicuous waste of the wealthy and in which a man who is underpaid must necessarily underbuy? Or, if we had acted upon any of the facts found in 1921, should we need to be re-investigating the same subjects in 1931? How many members of Congress have read the statistical study of the causes and extent of industrial unemployment in 1921 issued by the Department of Labor?

During and after the last depression, the Federal Children's Bureau—the re-

searches of which are among our most valuable governmental activities —made a sound and exhaustive survey of the effect of prolonged unemployment upon the health of the nation's children. The picture was not a pretty one, and its implications were obviously tied up with our whole industrial problem. Corrective action would have involved something more than May Day speeches on child health over the radio. One might think, however, that the facts found would be as eloquent for 1931 as for 1921. But it has been necessary in the very midst of the present crisis to gather more brand new data on this subject in order to convince State and national politicians that there is a vital connection between lack of jobs and undernourished youngsters—and that some ameliorative action is in order if we are not to develop a physically and psychically stunted generation. Undoubtedly the same thing will be repeated in 1941 with the same lack of effect.

Or, to return for a moment to the field of commissions and conferences, the Unemployment Conference called by President Harding in 1921, presided over by Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, and attended by a hundred leading citizens (many of whom are now functioning on unemployment committees), left behind it a sub-Committee on Unemployment and Business Cycles to prepare a comprehensive report on this subject. The report was published in 1923 and was based in part on an admirable study made by the National Bureau of Economic Research with the co-operation of well-known experts. The Committee's report ignored many of the more fundamental remedies proposed by the Bureau's experts. It did, however, recommend definite means of industrial stabilization and large-scale public-works planning which, if acted upon, might have saved us the past two years of national muddling on this subject and might have ameliorated, at least, the present crisis. Proposals based upon this program had been recommended by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor a few days before President Hoover's inauguration. But it was only recently and after much bitter opposition—on the ground that it was now too late for large-scale public work to help the present situation—that a permanent organization to regulate such public work in accordance with business conditions was passed. That organization will probably spend the next five years re-finding the facts about business conditions.

There is every indication that, in spite of our passion for statistics and our commitment to the expertising of public affairs, we are as ready to ignore expert testimony as we are the fruits of investigation when it conflicts with private interests or political policy—a process which Professor James Harvey Rogers has described as "hiding expert findings behind a false front of political expediency." Professor Rogers used these words in connection with the dismissal of Dr. Ray O. Hall, financial expert of the Department of Commerce, but the Hall case was not unique. The increasing dismissals and indignant resignations of experts, as well as the complete indifference displayed toward recommendations made by the nation's leading economists, indicate how superficial is our belief in the scientific method of conducting our public affairs.

All of this redundancy of effort, this failure to utilize the facts so relentlessly pursued, this ignoring of expert testimony is not, of course, typical of all fields of federal investigation. The researches of our Department of Agriculture into the problems of hog cholera and wheat rust, the analysis by its Food and Drug Administration of pro-

prietary products, the findings of the Department of Labor on the subject of phosphorus necrosis in the manufacture of fireworks—all may be relied upon, as a rule, to be translated into action and to achieve their purposes. But the uncovering of an odorous social situation that grows out of an untenable national policy, the discovery that selfish and unenlightened industrial management can involve us all in insecurity and misery, and that children in several States have been *literally* starving while other children a few miles away have been fed because their fathers were drought-stricken farmers instead of unemployed miners—all these merely serve to illustrate the growing conviction among research workers that in the social sciences, at least, facts, like virtue, are their own reward.

The practice of fact-finding as pure research is not confined to national politics. Harried New York State legislatures have used the method to dodge responsibility on more than one important issue. In other States departmental investigators have served somewhat similar purposes. The Federal Children's Bureau once made a study of child labor in a certain industrial community and revealed the fact, known to everyone in the community, that child labor was rampant. But the local industrialists sputtered with righteous indignation, and a State department made another investigation. It found no child labor.

V

Does political expediency deserve to bear all the blame for the obvious sterility of the great bulk of social research? I doubt it. Our social practice is rooted in the sacredness of private enterprise, and even when there is an individual official willingness to do something, this tradition acts as a brake upon public correction or the application of scientific principles. An apathetic and gullible public must be held responsible, for on the rare occasions when public apathy has given way to rage, things have happened. Most of us can remember a minor example of what fact-finding, backed up by an aroused public conscience, can accomplish. Its results may be found in that bulk of factory legislation which, even with inadequate enforcement, makes the State of New York one of the most enlightened commonwealths in the world in this field. But it took the ghastly tragedy of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire to arouse the public to a pitch of indignation that resulted in the appointment of the historic Factory Investigating Commission and the enactment of these reforms.

Part of the blame for public apathy, however, lies with the fact-finding profession itself, with its distrust of popular sentiment and the publicity that can create it; its tendency to address itself exclusively to its own narrow, professional audience, to develop the same sort of professional jargon and to surround itself with the same sort of mystical hocus-pocus that already characterize the legal and medical professions. The fact-finder has become too acutely aware of his professional standing and too little aware of his public responsibility. He is developing a standard of purely "professional" ethics which forbids the disclosure of socially important information which conflicts with private or political purposes. He is not always to blame for this. In times such as these, he must look to his job with as jealous an eye as any bookkeeper, reporter, or automobile mechanic. But even if he is under no economic pressure, the fetish of objectivity which seizes upon the fact-finder when he sits down to write his report usually robs it of four-fifths of its value.

This is no plea for "colorful" reporting. But I feel sure that if a small fraction of the passion and actual mental suffering I have seen manifested by investigators when confronted by some intolerable and heartbreaking condition "in the field" could be translated into simple, direct English and substituted for one or two of the repetitious tables in the average professional report, the results of such efforts would be more commensurate with the time and labor involved. I am inclined to think that all fact-finders should be recruited from the ranks of experienced journalists with noses for the relevant and a knowledge of how to state it, or from the ranks of such poets as Miss Clinch Calkins, whose *Some Folks Won't Work* told more truths about unemployment than all the Department of Labor reports rolled into one.

Recently I heard a well-known research worker who is also an appointive official express the opinion that even the most sterile and purely political of our fact-finding activities have their social value because the process of large-scale investigation necessarily focuses public attention upon the problem investigated. In other words, that a commission's activities have immense publicity value, in an age when a cause without publicity value is as unfortunate as a woman without sex appeal.

This last analogy is undoubtedly true, but I question the conclusion he rests upon it. To focus public attention upon a certain problem and then mislead it is as reprehensible as letting public attention slumber on in the midst of danger. To create an impression of having done something about a disease-breeding situation when actually nothing but a few statistical tables have been formulated, may lend a profound and scientific aura to political programs that are actually bankrupt and futile, but it will do nothing to prevent social and economic contagion. It may create a false and dangerous sense of safety, but it will not stave off a final day of reckoning.

That that day of reckoning, a day when we shall need to think seriously and act quickly, is rapidly approaching, no one can doubt who reads the international signs of the times. As I write this, Los Angeles is conducting its Community Chest campaign on the slogan, "Communism, the Dole, or Personal Sacrifice?" While other communities may choose to be less melodramatic than the Screen Capital in such matters, it is obvious that we consider it expedient just now that the public should be a little alarmed. Perhaps one more boom and another decade of purely academic "investigation" will restore our confidence in the workability of the *status quo;* but unless the next crash is to be the final one we had better start to do something with the facts we have found about this one.

We know enough *now* about the starvation- and violence-breeding anarchy of the coal fields, the futility of *laissez-faire* competition in the oil business, the possibly permanent breakdown of the cotton market, the inability of our present industrial organization to guarantee steady employment or prevent depressions, and the need of some sort of insurance to meet this situation. We know now that prohibition does not prohibit, that politicians are afraid to admit this, and that we are financing the criminal world by its personal nullification. We know now that we want peace, that no other nation can afford to attack us, but that our combined military and naval costs are the highest in the world. We know, in short, that whatever else may ail us, we are not suffering for lack of information.

How much more must we know before we can act?

PLAYING THE DEEP BASSOONS

BY STANLEY WALKER

THERE exists a mildewed tradition that the average newspaper man, chasing truth through the labyrinthine byways of this curious world, feels an instinctive and violent enmity toward the press agent. (To avoid confusion and to forestall hair-splitting definitions, it should be set forth at the outset that press agents are also known as public relations counsel, publicity advisers, advocates at the court of public opinion, good-will ambassadors, mass-mind molders, fronts, mouthpieces, chiselers, moochers, and special assistants to the president.) Personally and professionally the press agent and the journalist are supposed to be bitter enemies, alternately wheedling and doublecrossing each other. Hostesses, dreading discord, have been fearful of inviting representatives of both callings to lawn parties, literary teas, and even formal dinners.

One theory, held chiefly by wives, is that the newspaper man covets the pretty clothes, the enormous salary, the practically unlimited leisure, and the droves of fawning women which come so easily and naturally to the press agent; denied these sybaritic dreams, the poor newspaper man bites his nails and translates his inferiority into an unreasoning hatred of all publicity men, from executive secretaries to the meanest barkers. Whether this theory is sound or not, the dislike is supposed to be mutual, constant, and deep.

There is some sense in the legend, but it is mostly nonsense. As one who has been a newspaper man since the days when it was illegal to sell liquor to a minor, and a city editor for so long that the memory of any previous life is little more than a blur, I can affirm—to distort but slightly the familiar slogan of tolerance—that some of my best friends are press agents.

To be sure, the members of that amusing profession, like the members of so many others, range from the elegant to the scrofulous. They are, like judges and taxidermists, now acute and now incredibly stupid. They are engaged, for pay, in seeing to it that the interests they represent, whether it is Big Business or flagpole sitting, get a favorable, or at least a not too unfavorable, statement of their case before the public. Of all the phrases they know—and they know an amazing number—the one they employ most in their conversations with reporters and city editors is, "Give us a break, old man." It is, so help me, as friendly as that.

Press agents to-day, although their number has increased tremendously and the methods of the craft have undergone many refinements, are after the same thing they always have sought—free advertising for their bosses and the good will of the public. Frequently the goal they seek is perfectly legitimate; merely to allude to what the gentlemen primarily desire is not to brand them all as anti-social practitioners of a bastard art.

They are, in their essential aims,

virtually identical with their forerunners in an uglier and far coarser era. They are bill posters who, catching up with modernity, have had their nails manicured and have put on top hats. Some of them have achieved a disarming and even overpowering elegance. They have become much more important than they used to be, and when the pickings are good they know it, as does everyone else within earshot. At bottom eternally the same, the only really disturbing change I can discern in press agents, as human beings, is that each year they pass out fewer good cigars.

New York, as might be expected, is to the press agent what the blue grass is to the racehorse; unfortunately for the business as a whole, the public relations experts abound in such numbers that, particularly since 1929, the grazing has been painfully thin in spots. There are so many of them! The Federal census is little help in estimating the number at work, or hoping for work, in the city, because the majority hide under misleading labels. It has come to be regarded as vulgar to call oneself bluntly and without apology a press agent. But if the whiskers could be pulled from all of them, a count would probably disclose the fact that New York has more than five thousand press agents—more than the number of active newspaper men. And if all five thousand were swept away to-morrow by a tidal wave, another twenty-four hours would see another crop.

These men, for all the sneers directed at them by proud but hungry newspaper men, are of vast importance in determining what the public thinks, feels, and buys. What they do, indeed, affects an astonishingly large percentage of the news that reaches the American people. Somewhere, in one way or another, the hand of the press agent has appeared in the inception or development of many of the items printed in any newspaper—sometimes, by actual analysis, in more than half of the items. To state this fact is not necessarily to raise the suspicion of skull-duggery. A hypothetical social note, with only the names changed, will illustrate the stake which the press agent may have in the news:

> Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Twitchell Twombly, who passed the winter at the Royal Barracuda, Seven Keys, Florida, are at the Hotel Nottingham. They will sail Tuesday on the *Transparent* of the Dog Star Line for six weeks in England, and on their return Mr. Twombly, who is author of the novel, *Pent House Mama*, will begin an American lecture tour.

It is possible that press agents for the following, whether they had anything to do with the appearance of the item or not, clipped the innocent little notice as evidence just in case it was needed to show their clients: (1) for Mrs. Twombly, who is trying to go somewhere socially and happens to have enough money to hire a press agent; (2) for the Royal Barracuda, which might be deserted without a press agent; (3) for the resort of Seven Keys, which might never be heard of if it hadn't had the foresight to hire a press agent; (4) for the Hotel Nottingham, which, like all New York hotels of importance, must have a press agent if it is to have much standing; (5) for the Dog Star Line, which in the matter of publicity is the same as all other lines; (6) for the publishing house which is getting out Mr. Twombly's novel, and (7) for the lecture bureau which is going to send the author around the country as soon as he returns from England. There are two gentlemen, Mr. Twombly's own personal representative and the motion picture press agent for the company which is going to put his novel in the talkies, who might raise the number to

9, but that might be stretching the hypothesis a bit.

By no means should such an instance be construed as an indictment. If the responsible editors allow improper or dishonest matter—which an account of the fascinating doings of Mr. and Mrs. Twombly certainly is not—to get into their columns, whether by design or blindness, then they should be given a good talking to. To say that the prehensile finger of the press agent appears somewhere in the handling of many news items is only to say that he is getting along in human affairs, that he amounts to something, and that he and his calling are worth studying.

Charming though he may be, it is difficult to call the press agent a professional man. He may grow to that status; but at the moment such a rating accords him too much dignity, and his enterprises are so diverse that a lot of people would be confused. One press agent, with visionary fervor, will compare his work with that of John the Baptist preparing the way for the Christ; another, usually a low, plain-spoken fellow who in his younger days was a police reporter, will discuss the genuinely startling similarities between himself and the middleman in the operations of the world's oldest profession.

Whether he is the frock-coated and urbane gentleman who represents the public interests of a great industrialist, or the nervous, hungry fellow who is trying to resuscitate a dying religious sect, the press agent in New York has a field that apparently is without limit.

For New York, it must be noted, is a city which has seen publicity men representing Bishop William T. Manning of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, who has as much right as anyone to the title of First Citizen, and Larry Fay, the entrepreneur of milk, taxicab, and night club affairs, who has a fairly valid claim, if he wanted to press it, to the distinction of being Father Knickerbocker's Public Enemy Number 1.

The point, if there must be a point, is that the press agents for both the Bishop and the racketeer have performed valuable services for their principals which, in technic and essence, are identical. Doctor Manning and Mr. Fay could have exchanged press agents and, after allowing a few days for the boys to accustom themselves to new points of view, surroundings, and material, they would have felt that their public relations were as capably attended to as before. If that isn't true, then both the young publicity men have fooled me as to their ability.

II

The game, with much money at stake, is played on many levels. Between the high-priced Man of Ideas and the cheap faker there is a gulf as wide as that which separates the Archbishop of Canterbury from a Mississippi snake doctor. And yet, as a way of making a living, it has attractions for many men and women of more than ordinary intelligence. Publicity work draws to it the bouncing young man who doesn't feel any natural yearning to remain forever on a newspaper as well as the editor who wakes up some morning to the sound of hardening arteries and realizes that he is headed down a dismal blind alley. Take even a brilliant and healthy journalist who happens to have a hungry wife and children in old clothes, and dangle before him the old triple-threat devil, Easy Work, Short Hours, and Big Pay—try it on him and, unless he possesses marvelous stamina or is a dolt, depending upon how one looks at it, he will surrender.

The cracked-up newspaper man who finds himself pushed out of his profession because of progressive illiteracy, spavin, or too much bad celery tonic,

almost invariably turns to some sort of publicity job. Usually, because of his acquaintances, his judgment, or his personality, he can make himself useful to certain interests.

Another large group, among them some of the ablest, is made up of men who either had no newspaper experience or who were undistinguished reporters for a brief period. There is not necessarily anything in common between the talents of a great reporter and a great press agent; indeed, many of the leaders of each group would be utter failures if placed in the other.

Press agentry is the refuge of the incompetent; it is also the hope of the go-getter who wants to do Big Things and make Real Money. Many young reporters can be spotted early as having all the earmarks of born press agents, and there have been instances of city editors saying to such young men:

"Now, you're a pusher at heart, but you're not getting anywhere in this business. I know a good press agent job that's open. It will pay at the start three times what you're getting here. I'd advise you to take it."

And yet, to the newspaper man who is saturated with the peculiar glamour of his calling, it is always a little sad when a colleague, especially one of outstanding ability, goes into publicity work. Many newspapers dislike it so much when one of their good men leaves to become a special pleader for a political party or a soap factory, that they decide that, though he may be starving a year later, he will never be taken back. That is one reason why a great many fairly able men, seeking to return to newspaper work after publicity has proved less attractive than they expected, find the door closed. Here we have the visible effect of the jealousy between the men who worship the news and those who have forsaken it for the ballyhoo.

Will there ever come a time when complete mutual confidence will exist between the two? On some broad lines in the handling of public information there is no clash of interests, and there need be no clash, but in most cases the cleavage is there. The journalist, more truly than most men, has three masters—his own conscience, often a tattered and frayed thing, but his own; the aims of his publisher, which may be rational or quixotic, conservative or daring, and the whims of that delirious dragon, the reading public. The press agent, on the other hand, is the hireling of an individual, or a corporation, or of the leaders of a cause who have persuaded themselves that they are fighting at Armageddon. Thus his efforts have a singleness of purpose—to impress the boss with effective publicity results, which in most instances means either the ability to flatter his vanity or to show him large reams of newspaper clippings, preferably of a favorable nature.

Well, the press agent sometimes succeeds, though success may have cost him his hope of heaven. Some of the better-known publicity men have become so influential and respectable that the young man of to-day regards them with some of the same awe and admiration that the youngster of another generation reserved for Charles A. Dana. The big press agent (that is to say, the one who winces a little when he is called a press agent) has made good, which is not news to him.

The larger and more long-headed newspapers are always eager to find young men of exceptional promise to add to their staffs when the inevitable replacements, because of death, women, liquor, misplaced ambition, or mental sleeping sickness, must be made. One year my agents brought word that a certain senior in one of the larger Eastern universities was an authentic White Hope of Journalism. They were as enthusiastic as the scout who

wires to Madison Square Garden that he has found another Stanley Ketchel fighting in the sticks of the Middle West. This young man, the agents said, was a brilliant student, a promising writer, with wide interests, an engaging personality, born of an old but exceptionally vigorous family, and with Lord knows what other charms. I sent a message urging him to come and confer.

He seemed in every way to live up to advance reports. He had, as they say in the baseball training camps, everything. He said he was interested in newspaper work, but before we came to an agreement I said:

"Now, if you come on the staff, I should like to have it understood that you are coming with the intention of staying a long time, provided, of course, that you like the work and you turn out to be the man you appear to be."

He gave his answer instantly, and his honesty cost him his chance at the job. He said, "Well, to be frank, I'd like to come on the staff for a year or two, but no longer. Then I want to take up public relations work. There is more money in that." He mentioned the name of a man who has become known internationally as the head of a large publicity organization. He said this man would be glad to give him a job if he would first get some newspaper experience.

The Wonder Boy may have known his own mind, and yet such cases have made more than a few newspaper executives wonder why a paper should spend money and time and patience teaching young men the groundwork of journalism, only to find that the paper has been used as a hatchery for press agents—a starting point for propagandists who will devote the rest of their lives to the dissemination of material which must be combed, strained, and examined under a microscope before the beautiful germ of untainted truth may be isolated.

Again, some thoughtful newspaper executives—and one can name at least three—have been pondering the figures which show that the schools of journalism, which at least theoretically have always had the support of the press, are actually turning out more press agents than newspapermen. Thus the bread cast upon the waters bounces back in the form of bricks.

There is no intention here to denounce the harassed reporter or copy-reader who dreams of being delivered from chasing commas, checking up middle initials, or cooling his shins in anterooms waiting for a police sergeant to unbend and let him know whether the murdered girl had been hit with a blunt instrument or merely stabbed, and was it love? If he likes to fancy himself sitting erect and Napoleonic behind a desk, dictating letters outlining broad matters of policy, telling people yes and no with dynamic vigor, letting his eyes feast on the paneled walls and the ship models and realizing that he is the man who stands between the destinies of a great industry and the public, that easily misled public which might get the wrong impression if the information reaching it had not been carefully and neatly scalloped around the edges—if the young man envisions all that, who is to blame him? It is generally accepted as truth—although there are two sides to the argument—that young men must eat.

What a bizarre business the young man gets into! If he is successful, and can attach himself to interests of sufficient importance, he can make a nation hair-conscious, tooth-conscious, torso-conscious, sweetheart-conscious, or even unconscious. Is the hat business stagnant? Are a million ostriches wasting their plumes in the desert? Then the big publicist is the boy who

brings back the mode which puts a feather in every hat and sunburns every bird. These gentlemen, in the higher realms, have proved over and over that they can be worth the difference between success and failure to many industries. Able ringmasters of the herd, they rate a good deal more than grabbers of free space; they are that too, but they are also industrialists, and some of them show disturbing signs of being philosophers.

And yet this same man, for all his big ideas, has as fantastic a code of ethics, as flimsy a sense of obligation to ordinary intellectual integrity, as the lawyer who will defend without pay an issue which he believes to be right, and the next day take part in a blackmail game. That is to say, while a publicity man with one breath is telling the world that people ought to bathe oftener he may with the next breath be wheedling a society woman to sign an indorsement for a bed she never knowingly slept in. How he squares such things with his conscience there is no way of knowing, for his conscience, only a still small voice at first, has atrophied into the squeak of a midget.

Nevertheless, now and then, from the ranks there comes an indication that it is not satisfying to be spiritually bankrupt. One may perceive a yearning for respectability, for some sort of professional standing, for something even dimly recognizable as a code of ethics or of practice—anything to take them out of the red light district of human relations. At least once a meeting was held and a code was drawn up. The difficulty lay in the fact that none of the genuine big wigs among the molders of mass opinion would take part. The upshot was that the code was adopted, and the organization elected as secretary the press agent of the chiropractors. Imagine Ivy Lee or Edward L. Bernays having anything to do with such stuff! Those men have important work to do—Lee to be noncommittal when someone wants information about the Rockefellers, and Bernays to popularize the esthetic values of soap sculpture. Not for them to help evangelize a bunch of vulgarians who are working for Congressional candidates, cancer cures, seashore resorts, dance halls, and mind-readers.

III

However he does it, the press agent has been conspicuously successful in the handling of many commercial enterprises, whether by unusual business sagacity or by a knack of wheedling Presidents into pressing buttons. Tody Hamilton, the famous circus press agent of another era, would be amazed at the changes that have taken place in publicity methods, just as the late J. Walter Thompson would be astounded at the evolution of advertising.

A few years ago advertising agencies devoted most of their attention to straight advertising contracts; their own money was spent in paying the salaries of a staff of experts who knew, or thought they knew, the art and science of advertising. As they grew and became more scientific, they added research workers and a large assortment of thinkers—behaviorists, sociologists, trend-observers, symposium takers, geniuses with charts and graphs, men who understood women, women who understood men, and what not. All very well. Some of their doings may have sounded just a bit like flapdoodle at times, but they knew what they were doing and felt proud of themselves.

Now there are few agencies of any importance which have not at least one, and sometimes a whole staff, of men who are supposed to know how to get free reading matter into newspapers. Some business organizations have cut down their advertising appropriations and hired a clever press agent. Some-

where in this situation there lies a threat, as clearly discernible as the Grand Canyon, to both the editorial and business integrity of the press. What puzzles newspaper men is this: why don't the space-grabbers realize that their efforts, far from encouraging good will, actually stir up the most violent sort of ill will? The men who handle the news are especially resentful of such foolishness; for honest news, like champagne, need not be diluted.

To be sure, neither the advertising nor the news departments of newspapers have been notably wise in their approach to the problem. There is nothing like the downright blackjacking that once existed, when starving, toadying publications filled their pages with revolting commercial puffs, but the leering whisper, "A little item on this would help," has not yet passed out of the language. Indeed, it is heard more often than any passionate lover of journalism likes to contemplate.

In recent years, despite the occasional success of the more high-powered press agents, the publishers have been fighting back. They have organized a bureau which sends out bulletins warning newspapers of ominous clouds when there is an impending campaign for free advertising—bulletins which disclose who is handling the campaign, what methods are to be used, and what product is supposed to be benefited. This counter assault has probably done some good, principally in making the news executives more secure in the feeling that the publishers are back of them in their efforts to keep the line between advertising and news from getting too inextricably snarled. And yet few plots have been disclosed which any news editor half awake could not have seen a mile off.

If the publishers can hold their united front and insist that propaganda be kept out they will force many a press agent to take up work which may actually be of value to society—running tractors, raising flowers, manning filling stations, or making decent beer. The thing can be done, and the first principle to be accepted is that a managing editor, taking him day in and day out, is quite likely to know more about news than the proprietor of a department store; just as the merchant prince, in all probability, knows more than the editor about how to move a big consignment of step-ins. It is all so reasonable and simple that the wonder is that any problem at all is allowed to exist.

But hold a moment! The abolition, or exile, of all press agents would create the wildest consternation in newspaper offices. Many important changes would have to be made in the methods of gathering news. Newspapers would be forced to add several more reporters to their staffs to cover news sources which now are taken care of by publicity men who have come to be known as reliable and whose material is welcomed by the newspapers. Deprived of press-agent information, the papers would need to keep more closely in touch with a multitude of organizations. Without the assistance of publicity men, who are supposed to do their best to make available the texts of speeches, committee reports, and other matter, it would be next to impossible for one reporter to cover competently a big convention.

Newspapers are particularly friendly toward the representatives of charitable, civic, educational, and church enterprises, though these gentlemen, and it is a painful thing to say, are often greedy in their demands for space and uniformly unwilling to aid the press in obtaining legitimate information which conceivably might injure or embarrass, even slightly, the interests which they represent. "If you want the whole truth, don't go to the press agent," is a fundamental rule, the exceptions to

which are so few as to be regarded as miracles when they occur.

But of course such men are useful. The bearer of a "news release" from a reputable public-spirited organization is always welcome—not as welcome as Dexter Fellows, the great press agent of the circus, who is the most beloved of them all, and who wouldn't even try to deceive a forgetful elephant—but welcome, nevertheless. One reason such men seek too much space is that they are bossed, usually by a board of managers, trustees, deacons, or overseers, who have an idea that their cause or institution is more important as news than the information that a statesman has just leaped out of a Broadway hotel window after an altercation with a famous beauty who had been helping him settle the international debt. Such people have distorted ideas.

And one reason why the work of so many press agents for highly reputable groups is so sloppy and incompetent is that, generally speaking, they don't get as much money as the press agent for the electric light business. It may be a shockingly revolutionary thought, but very frequently it takes money to attract talent.

Although the millennium is still around the corner, there has been a great improvement, certainly in New York, in the press relations of such professions as medicine, law, and the clergy. A clergyman may often be found these days who will say frankly, "Yes, my group intends to fight the Bishop at the next convention"; the reporter, on the other hand, sometimes knows the difference between a miter and a chancel. It is often possible these days for a reporter to ask a surgeon, "Is he dead yet?" and get a yes or no answer instead of the old "I can't discuss that"; likewise, there are reporters roaming New York who know the difference between phlebitis and athlete's foot. There are lawyers who will sit down and patiently explain away some of the ponderosities of the law, and there are reporters who can distinguish between a *habeas corpus* and a handsaw.

A few enlightened press agents have had something to do with this improvement, though for the most part it has been worked out by the professions themselves in co-operation with the press.

It may sound like a sinister opinion, but the experience of many news editors and reporters has been that the publicity men associated with public utilities and with the larger industrial groups—railroads, oil companies, light and power interests, banking and steel—are not nearly as bad as one might suppose. If one may discount the inevitable proportion of liars, the representatives of these enterprises are generally pleasant and satisfactory to deal with, and probably do more good than harm. The railroads in particular have improved. It is now often possible to get the truth, whether the news concerns a wreck or a scheme to get increased rates.

The competence of these gentlemen, indeed, may have come to be relied upon too much. Thus the charge has been made that the publicity man, with his "prepared statement" or "hand-out" and his announcement that "there will be no further news to-day, gentlemen," has dulled the news sense and lessened the initiative of reporters, particularly those who are a trifle tired already.

Press agents—most of them at least—should live, but they should not be pampered. If some great mind could devise a scheme to get them to tell the whole truth consistently, to realize that they have a duty to the public as well as to their immediate employers, all objections would vanish—but a lot of press agents would starve. Justice Peter Schmuck of the Supreme Court

of New York has held that the word "lousy" is not libelous, and yet it is a rank injustice for newspaper men habitually to employ that word as a prefix to the term "press agent." The practice is monotonous and unfair, and newspapers have themselves to blame if they are imposed upon.

What press agentry needs is weeding out. Some of the gentry really should enter productive work. It can be done if the newspapers will adopt a more vigorous and searching attitude toward the material of publicity, whether that material comes from the press representative of a grunting wrestler from Bulgaria or the adviser of a mountebank who is running for high office. As one who has been lied to, without the trace of a blush, by press agents for snake charmers and Governors, I still hold that, most of the time, it is possible to reach such a close approximation of the truth that the most captious customer is unable to find fault. Further, it is possible sometimes to examine the machinery of propaganda and explain publicly, "Now, this is just how this thing works." No sound government bureau in Washington and no honest prizefight promoter could have a legitimate objection.

IV

Why anyone except their own pastors should worry about the souls of press agents is not easily answered, and yet one cannot help feeling after listening to them cry softly into the beer, ale, Scotch, and rye along Broadway for years and curse their own strange calling, that the spiritual problem exists. They do become ashamed of themselves at times, though the majority, if they keep at it long enough, manage to smother their consciences.

This fleeting sense of degradation, it seems, more often attacks the press agents for persons with overweening social ambitions and for actresses who are incapable of listening to ordinary rational argument. These advocates take a great deal of punishment.

The art of social climbing must not be confused with the attempts of a man to become merely a prominent citizen. The technic in each case is different. The press agent for the man or woman socially on the make must go about his work craftily, forcing his client to avoid the slightest mistake. The address must be right, in a correct section of the upper East Side. A home on the North Shore of Long Island will help, but Connecticut is just as useful. If the press agent is any good he will be able to shoehorn his client into a few clubs—not too fast, but just one nice club after another. Yachts, horses, and dogs are desirable in moderation, but the climber must be watched or he will make a fool of himself and overdo it. Then there is the matter of the right charities, the opera, and a few trips to Florida and abroad.

It is slow business, and costs money, but it can be done if the ambitious one has the patience and behaves at all decently. The test of success comes when the name is printed in the better newspapers as being among those at a pretty swank dinner party, as having come in from Old Westbury for the fall, or as having done any number of other things which are remarkable but in good taste. When the announcement of the daughter's engagement is made, the press agent must see to it that it reaches the papers, with a prayer that it be used.

Could a person achieve all these magnificent results without the assistance of a press agent? Probably, but it would take a long time, depending upon the raw material and patience to wait out the game. Press agents who also represent hotels of high social standing are extremely useful. There is one who used to work for a hotel and

for several of the occasional guests. He charged the ambitious guests a basic weekly rate for attending to their public relations and he charged the hotel double advertising rates for every line which the New York papers printed about the hotel or about any guest.

Wrong? Not at all. No one was injured; everybody was pleased.

The Great Man racket is somewhat different. There are men who don't give a hang about being welcomed into society, in the Social Register sense, but who have a mad desire to be known as Big Shots. One such man, now under indictment in New York for his unorthodox stock promotion methods, reached the city only a few years ago as a total stranger. He had no more known background than a Bellevue Hospital foundling. He knew enough to hire a press agent. He became a big man in Wall Street, he announced large donations to religious enterprises, he became one of the world's greatest aviation enthusiasts and the pal of champion prizefighters. Dynamic, ruthless, affable, broad-visioned, sympathetic, popular—the man, it seemed for a time, would not be stopped. Indeed, it is possible that if he had kept his press agent he would have avoided the costly mistakes which finally brought him down at least to the level of ordinary men.

Persons who seek to lift themselves out of the anonymity which cloaks the mass of mortals, and who hire the professional ministrations of press agents to aid them, are either pathetic or amusing, but they do not do much harm. The press agent who works for them may feel sheepish, but his crime has not been great. If he can stand it, who is to shame him out of it?

The chief crime of the publicity system lies in its appalling waste. It requires no efficiency expert to figure that millions are thrown away each year in futile efforts to advance some person, cause, or thing. White paper, photographs, ink, stamps, telephones, telegrams, messenger service, stenographers—these run into money. It is probable that an average of three hundred thousand words of press agent material of one sort or another is received at the office of every New York newspaper every day in the year—material which for the most part has no chance of being used, and which the press agents should know has no chance. Why American business pays for such foolishness is one of the mysteries of the machine age.

Enough money is thrown away for purposes which may be respectable, silly, or downright shady to do wonders to the national debt and to buy a new hat for every reporter. If it could be cut down to reasonable limits, the wear and tear on human communication systems would be vastly lessened.

But waste and futility are not all. Many practicing newspaper men have found that the press agent often may be an effective barrier to efforts to obtain even the most harmless news items. Many important persons—that is, important as sources of news—have come to believe, usually through the persuasion of their press agents, that it is distinctly bad form to give an interview on any topic unless the publicity adviser is present. Thus it is impossible to get a forthright answer to an ordinary simple question. The press agent is able at times to cow his boss to the point where a question like "How did you sleep last night?" will be pondered, turned over and over and examined for a hidden motive before the answer will be given. The press agent is at his best in such interviews, in which he acts as a midwife while a great man frees his mind of his opinions on the wheat market, the increase in burglary among children, and just how far the Church should go in its attitude

toward birth control. The press agent not important? Why, he runs the show.

One large New York corporation has a firm policy that all newspaper men who seek interviews or information of any sort must arrange through the director of publicity for the audience with whatever person is sought—from elevator starter to president. A reporter wanted to see the president on a subject the discussion of which would have been of value to the corporation. The president was willing, but he felt bound by the rules and insisted that the reporter work through the regular channels with the press agent. There arose another difficulty, for the press agent was "in conference" every time the reporter called for two days, and by that time the idea was outdated, and the reporter couldn't have used the information even if he had obtained it.

Clearly there is a field for honest and effective publicity, but as the work is conducted by most of the virtuosi to-day it is a drain on industry, often a drawback rather than an aid to the unhampered spread of intelligent information, and an almost maddening nuisance to newspapers. Having a weakness for statistics, I kept a check one day recently on the number of press agents who telephoned me. There were twenty-six, many of them good friends of mine, from whom I was delighted to hear, but the net result of all those conversations was that only five of them had anything worth printing. Here are some examples:

A press agent for a preacher, a notorious publicity seeker, asked me if I were interested in the fact that the great man was going to attend a narcotic conference sometime in the distant future.

Another requested me to send up "one of the better-known reporters" to a hotel to take part in a cigarette blindfold test. There was, he said, fifty dollars in it for the reporter, whether he guessed right or wrong.

Another spoke highly of the astonishing spiritual profundity of a visiting yogi (not a very prominent yogi at that), and wanted to know why his remarks would not be considered as important as the sermons of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick. He hinted that there was a prejudice against yogis somewhere.

Another said he had landed a publicity contract with a foreign palmist and asked me to dismiss all my weighty problems for an hour or two and run up to Forty-second Street to have my palm read free.

Another wanted advice whether to try to crash the society page, the real estate page, the financial page, the amusement page, or one of the Sunday sections with the news that the cornerstone of an apartment hotel was to be laid the next week.

Another asked me how I felt, how the family was, if I ever got out to lunch, and then asked me to make sure that the name of his broadcasting station was not omitted from whatever report might be carried on a politician's speech to be delivered that evening.

Another came down to cases, said that he had noticed the depression in many lines of business, and offered me a generous cut if, when I heard of someone who was about to let a publicity contract, I would "throw it his way."

Another wanted me to go back to the library, if I could not remember offhand, and tell him the date of the death of a Congressman.

Why some of the experts, out of the great mass of fine, charming, intelligent, high-minded fellows who have gone into public relations, persist in such nonsense, I leave for abler thinkers to decide. What to do about it? Nothing at all. They will be with us forever.

The Lion's Mouth



GUEST MEAL

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

"*ALL you want to eat of anything you want!*"

For days that legend had danced before my eyes in various announcements. It urged me further to "Try One of Our Guest Meals." Now here it was blazoned again on the very window of a unit in a country-wide chain of restaurants. For the modest sum of one dollar the establishment would be mine.

Like a man in a dream, I entered the restaurant and seated myself at a table.

"I'll have one of those guest meals," I told the trim waitress.

The effect was magical. Behind me I heard the girl intone, "Madam, the guest has arrived and dinner is served."

Immediately a very pretty hostess fluttered up and took the chair opposite me. She smiled charmingly.

"So glad you could dine with us this evening," she chirped. "So delighted, too, that you understood it was informal. It was careless of me not to let you know."

I gaped and strove to rise to the occasion. "I understood," I said, "so I didn't dress."

"Splendid," she cooed. "Will you forgive me for not serving cocktails? I know it's quaint of us, but it so happens we're Drys. I can only hope that you had one before you came."

"Oh, yes, I did," I lied.

"How fortunate! And now will you take pepper-pot luck with us? Good. Another plate. Oh, I insist. There. But you're neglecting my lovely *hors d'œuvres*. Come, fall to. I simply must use them up. I haven't an inch of space left in the ice box."

"They are delicious," I complimented.

"*I* think so," my hostess remarked complacently. "Ah, here is the entree. Oh, you must have both kinds of fish. Really you must. My fish chef will be offended if you don't. He's a genius but as cross as an old bear if he thinks his art is not being appreciated. Another helping? Fine. Antoine will be overjoyed."

With dire apprehensions I eyed the waitress approaching with three meat courses. It was plain my hostess would have no mercy.

"Now the *pièce de résistance*," she announced, "but if you resist a bit of it I declare I'll weep. Oh, you quite win my heart with your appetite. I haven't seen anything like it since I was a little girl in the country and the minister used to come to dinner at our house. I'll be hurt if you stop short of three helpings. That's right. I knew you would not dishonor my hospitality."

Gasping with repletion, I looked wildly about me for a chance to escape. But my hostess was already recommending the salad. "My dear," she

chortled, "you can't tell me—a young man like you—that your salad days are over. I was sure you would not fail me. Now dessert I think is the nicest course of all. You must not neglect it. Here we are—ice cream, a sweet, a bit of pastry, a munch of cheese. And let's have coffee right here at the table."

At last the monstrous repast was over. I groaned an apology that I must dash off to keep an important engagement. My hostess rose with me.

"By the way," she whispered, "there's a cranky old servant of ours at a desk at the door. You know how they are when they've been in the family a long time. Would you mind —you can't imagine how embarrassing it is to me to mention this—but would you mind just tipping him a dollar when you leave?"

Not at all, I said, and made my adieux. I had noticed the old curmudgeon at a marble desk sourly watching me down that dinner. Pausing to give him a dollar, I inquired:

"Do you mind telling me just what your function is?"

"Some call me a cashier," he growled, "But I'm also a champion hog-caller. I'll page you at dinner time to-morrow night."

Then I woke up. Indigestion always did give me nightmares.



SCIENCE AND SENSIBILITY

BY HOMER A. WATT

BEFORE me on my desk lay a dreary heap of second-semester "finals" containing the adolescent regurgitations of my pearls of knowledge and wisdom for the spring term. With a sigh I turned from them to the quadrangle outside, drenched with early June sunshine and swarming with chattering undergraduates. Against the pane of the half-opened window buzzed a fly, stupidly bumping its head against the glass and seemingly unable to find the opening that would have given it liberty. At my side sat the Assistant Professor of the Romantic Movement, who had come to my office to get moral support for the *failure* which he had just given to "the most beautiful co-ed on the campus." The Assistant Professor echoed my sigh with perfect understanding and followed my gaze from papers to window-pane.

"Don't you sometimes wonder," he asked, "how it is possible to teach them *any* literature?"

"I do," said I. "I never read a pile of these terrible blue-books without getting a wild impulse to drown myself as a total failure."

"It really isn't your fault," said the Assistant Professor, laying his hand sympathetically on my arm. "It all comes from the supplanting of literary feeling by cold scientific attitudes toward life. Science is the deadly foe of sentiment and hence of literature."

"Have your recent researches led you to this lamentable conclusion?" I asked.

"They have," replied the Assistant Professor mournfully. "With the development of science fact has displaced feeling, and poets, eager to appear intellectual, have ceased to stir those tender sentiments which were the glory and the strength of our ancestors. I have been comparing," he continued, "the moods in some of the literature written for children a century ago with the attitudes developed now—and oh, the difference!"

His eyes followed the movements of the fly, which had left the window and

begun a walking trip over my desk.

"Look at that fly," he continued. "Let us use him as a symbol of the portentous changes which have occurred. There was a time when children were reared to regard the little creatures in the world about them with eyes of pity and friendship. If a pre-Victorian infant hurt a fly he stamped himself at once as an unfeeling monster. He was taught to love flies and to share his bread and butter with them. And then came that horrid Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, and his abominable germ theory, and children were trained to think of flies not as friendly and graceful creatures of the air but as deadly foes to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The fly which had been dress-parading on my desk made a short skip to the top of the Assistant Professor's bald head and skated mincingly over the shining surface. He brushed it abstractedly away and continued his discourse.

"Laurence Sterne, delicate man of feeling, may have created the sentimental attitude toward the friendly fly, but I rather think that he merely expressed it. You remember the passage from *Tristram Shandy?* No? Here it is."

He dug a crumpled note from his wallet and laid it before me.

"My uncle Toby," I read, "had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly. 'Go,' says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—'I'll not hurt thee,' says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape:—'go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.'"

"Yorick wrote that," continued the Assistant Professor of the Romantic Movement, as he brushed the fly again from his scalp, "at just about the time when George the Third shuffled to the throne. As far as my investigations reveal, it is only the beginning of a whole library of fly literature. Before the end of the century the genial Edward Newbery, publisher, philosopher, and friend of Oliver Goldsmith, issued an autobiography of a fly bound in the flowery-and-gilt Dutch paper which his little readers loved. Imagine such a book for a twentieth-century child! The tender sentiment of the Georgian child is nowhere better revealed than in the story of the fly's rescue from a cup of milk-and-water by Jackey Lovebook. Thomas Bewick made the woodcut for this scene and drew the little insect—as big proportionately as a quail—resting on Jackey's spoon while the dear boy addresses his father thus:

"'Poor, helpless, harmless fly,'" the Assistant Professor read from his note. "'Perhaps, papa, this poor fly has a father, or a mother, or a brother, or a sister, who would have grieved even to death, had he not returned to them. May we not venture to imagine that he was on his way to visit and comfort some uncle, or cousin or friend in sickness or distress; and that he might dip into the honey only to carry with him a little load that might make a meal for some sick fly?—I am sure it is not unlikely; and I am as happy to have saved him, as if anybody had given me a crown—poor as I am, papa.'"

"A sweet lad," I remarked.

"Isn't he?" agreed the Assistant Professor enthusiastically. "And to think how few like him there are today."

"Georgian flies," he went on as he

brushed the fly for the third time from his brow, "seemed always to be falling into cups of milk or water. When this happened, the correct technic for the Georgian child was not to throw the whole mess out as germ-polluted, but to lift the 'poor frisking fly' gently from the cup and then to address it tenderly while it dried its wings. My investigations have disclosed much poetry on the subject of the drowning fly. I want to share with you one fine poem which I found recently in *The Girl's Week-Day Book*, published, the title-page says, 'that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.'"

Again he fished into his wallet and laid before me

The Drowning Fly

In yonder cup behold a drowning fly,
Its little wings how vainly doth it ply;
Its cries I hear not, though it loudly cries,
And gentle hearts must feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim! and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the
threat'ning wave?
And is there no kind hand—no helper nigh?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou
die?
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall set thee
free,
This hand restore thee to sweet liberty.
My finger's tip shall prove thy friendly
shore.
There, little struggler—now thy danger's
o'er,
Go wipe thy wetted wings, go banish care,
And join thy buzzing brothers in the air.
Away he flies, resumes his harmless play,
And blithely gambols in the golden ray.

"Not quite so playful a poem," I remarked, "as the 'Baby Bly here's a fly,' which my mother taught me to sing when I was little, but infinitely more tender. How could a little girl harm a harmless fly after reading it?"

"She couldn't," replied the Assistant Professor, "at least unless she were *very* depraved and quite unregenerate."

As he spoke, our private specimen of *Musca domestica*, after having buzzed energetically about the Assistant Professor's nose and eye-glasses, returned to his favorite location on the shining scalp. He made a dash at the insect with his hand but succeeded in dislodging it for only a few seconds.

"Now," said he, "I want to give you a contrasting peep at what science has done to destroy all this tender sensibility and to harden children into unfeeling monsters. Three weeks ago, in a moment of foolishness, I accepted the invitation of a girl whom I used to know back home to visit her fourth-grade class in a school over on the East Side. Never again! Each week of the school year, as you know, has a special label; there is Good Citizenship Week, Personal Hygiene Week, Safety First Week, and so on throughout the year. I struck Swat the Fly Week of all times! *Swat the Fly!* At once cheap, vulgar, and unbelievably cruel in its implications. Jane explained to me that each period in the 'project' co-ordinated with every other period to prove what a deadly insect the fly really is and how much good to public health can be done by destroying him. The walls were decorated with pictures of those horrid instruments for spraying the little creatures with oil, the object being, I suppose, to show how industry is co-operating with science for the welfare of mankind. There was a little talk on Pasteur's discovery of the germ theory, and another—with charts—on how the fly poisons our food with his feet and his proboscis. But these exercises were only preliminary to the grand climax. Some fool with more money than brains or feeling had offered a cent a hundred for dead flies brought in by the children, and as the roll was called, each urchin came forward to deposit his catch upon a newspaper on the teacher's desk, where the flies were roughly counted out, and payment was made. Some of the poor

little victims of this barbarous slaughter seemed suspiciously sticky as though pried none too carefully from fly-paper, and I overheard one young racketeer, whose pile was the largest, tell of his method of attracting flies with sugar-water before an open window and then slaying them by the score. When the ghastly business was over, the children stood at their seats and sang the 'Swat the Fly' song to the tune of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic':

'The filthy fly is flying in a flight that's strong and fleet;
He carries germs and microbes in his mouth and in his feet;
Let us swat the dirty insect with a blow that's swift and neat,
While he is flying on.

Chorus: Swat, oh, swat the fly with vigor, etc.'"

"Little barbarians," said I as the Assistant Professor paused in his recital.

"Savages," he agreed; "utterly depraved. Science has overcome sensibility to such an extent that another turn of the screw will bring a race of offspring who scientifically poison their aged parents with no more feeling than our present race of cubs swat and poison flies. What a change from the tender sensitiveness of the Georgians! What a change!"

The fly that had been doing a solo dance on the speaker's scalp crawled slowly down between his eyes and to the end of his nose. The Assistant Professor pawed swiftly and savagely at the creature.

"I've got him!" he cried triumphantly. Then his face fell.

"Shades of Uncle Toby!" I muttered, "Is that science or sensibility —or just plain cave-man instinct?"



Editor's Easy Chair



RIDING FOLLY TO A FALL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TO PERSONS sincerely interested in the proceedings and prospects of this life, newspapers are getting to be the most interesting reading, as they became in the fall of 1914. We want to know, first of all, what is doing. News comes thick and fast. To find out the why and whither of it we have to go beyond the news columns and sometimes to books. For many readers the most useful single day-by-day interpreter is Mr. Lippmann in *The Herald-Tribune*. In his four articles a week he gives us the benefit of his knowledge of world affairs, his study of the daily news, and his valuable experience as leader writer and editor of *The World*. But of course he cannot do the whole job for everyone. The weekly papers do what they can; newspaper correspondents and letter writers do something; Government does something; books do something, but there still remains a great speculation as to what really is going on.

Mr. H. G. Wells speculates about it, as he has done before, inviting us just now to join The Open Conspiracy to make the world over on a pattern that is up to the date. Mr. Wells feels that nobody needs to be told that the present organization and management of the world needs to be thoroughly overhauled, and indeed junked, to make way for a new plan of life.

Maybe so! Mr. Wells is a valuable, powerful, and interesting writer. There is always some sense in what he says, though there may be doubt in a good many minds whether he is in complete possession of the key to human welfare and happiness.

Lincoln Steffens has put out an autobiography which comes down to date and knocks on the door of 1932. It is a lively book abounding in suggestion and narration—in stories which may help persons to collect their thoughts and arrange their impressions. For many years past when anything remarkable was going on Steffens has usually been there to watch it. He was in Paris when the Versailles Treaty was made. Nobody is infallible, not even Steffens, but he is a good observer and a lively commentator.

Then there is that book called *Washington Merry-Go-Round* which tells about the men and women who provide us with government. It is so popular that one naturally supposed it to be frivolous gossip, and so it starts out; but it is more than that. It tells about men and women in the forefront of official life. It may not always tell the truth but it seems to try to. At least it gives vivid pictures of people, and that is a good deal. If you know a man and hear stories about him he exists in your mind as an individual and you can revise the stories by additional information and fuller knowledge.

These two books mentioned are very readable. They both have to do chiefly with politics, but that is deeply implicated with what cries out loudest just at this present moment—unemployment, hunger, cold. Organization and provision of relief is the big winter job. Average persons, still fed, clothed, warmed, and sheltered, however their incomes are depleted, do not know much about the facts of current suffering unless they go out and actually deal with them. They get what the newspapers give. Consider the story that came out on December 2nd of a man, Martell, a restaurant worker, shot through the heart by a policeman for stealing some cans of food out of a restaurant window. A police station in the early morning got word of the crash of a broken window and sent three policemen to see about it; they came on two men running away, called on them to stop, but they did not. The glint of something in the hand of one of them looked to the policeman like a gun and he fired, and the man dropped, shot through the heart. The glint came from a sardine can. What was back of that man? He and his companion lived together. Their rent was $25 overdue. Martell had gradually run through $505 of savings and had nothing left. They had borrowed fifty cents from their landlady to go and look for work. There is more to the story, all sad, a woman involved and a child.

WHAT really killed that poor man was the current prevalence of hold-ups, law breaking, and disorder which makes policemen shoot first and investigate afterwards. Of course shooting is no remedy for hunger. Imprisonment may be a remedy of a sort in some cases but very bad in most cases. What we all want is provision of the necessaries of life for all people through the present calamitous depression. Further than that we want to understand the causes of the depression. If there are abler men available to run our government and direct so much of our concerns as it is the province of government to order, then we want such men in office. That we must have them is increasingly evident every day. It takes form in a demand that knocks on the door of Congress and the White House; that catches political leaders by the button and speaks to them in tones that grow daily more peremptory. That is why the two books mentioned above are of such a lively interest. They deal with the merits and shortcomings—especially the shortcomings—of men to whom the conduct of national affairs has been entrusted. They are awakening books, and we all need awakening on our political side. Things cannot go on by mere routine. The crisis is too acute for that. It is acute enough to make dictatorships and revolutions comprehensible even to us who are the most conservative people now in sight. That is what a crisis is for—to make men think, and to accomplish what is necessary for political and economic salvation.

The stock market behaves as though it thought dividends might be going out of fashion. Of course mass production might be carried on more economically and with lower prices to consumers if there were no dividends to be paid to capital, but that would amount to confiscation of vast properties. It has been done in Russia and just now it is being done to a certain extent all over the world. Of course it diminishes the buying power of consumers. Russia can do it; Henry Ford can do it; but both of these extraordinary powers are considerably ruthless.

A social worker in Detroit who goes about from house to house was unenthusiastic about results of mass production even as administered by its foremost prophet, Henry Ford. She found

comfortable houses well equipped with bathtubs, radios, and motor cars, and well furnished, occupied by people who had no money for food and no means of getting any. The idea that people who have any property which will carry any kind of a mortgage do not need help seems erroneous. Where the banks are already filled with frozen assets and won't lend any more money, such people are in bad straits.

The enormous folly of war has been thoroughly rubbed into us. We are now having the same experience of the enormous folly of boom times when speculation runs riot and all values are marked up far beyond their true merits. We are now in the process of putting aside our ideas of what we want and considering sedulously what we can have. And we can have a good deal. The money that we spent when we were rich was not all wasted. A vast deal of it was, but not all. Our plant, so to speak, has been vastly developed and improved, and most of it will be kept up. We shall probably continue to have roads and motor cars and the necessaries of life including food and clothes. What we may be able to cut down is the size and the power of enormous fortunes and of such corporations as seem inadequately mindful of their obligations to human life.

HERE it is February. In four months the Presidential conventions will sit, and during all that time Congress will be at work. Next to the immense job of looking after the unemployed, our main work in these months should be concerned with politics, to learn what our present government is, what it has been for the last twelve years, what it ought to be, and who there is in sight who seems most competent to meet our political needs. But whatever the conventions do and whatever the elections do, our concerns for more than a year to come remain in the hands of the present management. We cannot wait until the 4th of March, 1933, for effective measures to make our economic system function. School must open now. The immediate job in politics is a job of first aid, and leadership must be contrived to meet it. What happens at the conventions in June is of the nature of a Judgment Day, still more what happens next November; but we cannot wait until then to be saved.

In the English form of government when the group in power fails to handle a situation it can be turned out in a few weeks. Our processes are a good deal slower, but that is not all a loss. In the present case there is agreement that the patient is sick. There is pretty general agreement that fearful mistakes have been made in his treatment. There is doubt about the competence of the leading doctor in charge, but there is no agreement as to what the treatment should be. While we are waiting for the conventions and for election we have to study the case, and that is especially necessary in this country, because until the electorate gets a fairly clear notion of what is wrong it is very difficult to right matters. The electorate is now under instruction—drastic, painful, and continuous. Even the present Congress and our present President will have to take notice of that fact. Even for them a hit-and-run policy will not do. Everybody has taken their number, and they will undoubtedly try to improve their operations and to excuse their delinquencies. They cannot lie down on the job. Human life has got to go on. Meeting great emergencies, it lets out its tucks. Business has its faults—great faults—and its alarming tendencies, but American business is not a fool. It cries for subsistence, and it won't be happy till it gets it. It is true, however, that many persons engaged in business ask

nothing of Government but to be let alone.

If we were all kind, reasonable, and adequately informed, and conducted ourselves and our operations as we should, this world might perhaps go all right. There would be the weather, which so far has been used to proceed without much regard to human deportment or human wishes. There would be earthquakes and ructions of that sort, but they would be merely accidents in the family, and sufferers by them would be looked after by the other members. If we were properly advanced we should realize that, though it was usually profitable to live one's time out, so far as happiness goes and even development, the end of life need not be dreaded. But here is this large Tribulation proceeding and affecting us. Are we going to be the better for it? Suppose we get rid of Prohibition, gain better liquor laws, give the States back their jobs, abolish racketeering and bootlegging by taking the profit out of them! That would help, but it would not cure. Such medicaments concern only the general course of physical life: they do not have much to do immediately with the spirit of man except as it is affected by the flesh; but the spirit of man is the important part of him. How is that coming out of all these afflictions? One is apt to feel that our world would not be interesting unless there were a certain amount of sin in it. Good and evil go hand in hand; we do not seem to get one without the other, and yet we are always disparaging evil and applauding good.

The trouble is that our ideas of good and bad are still primitive, that they are related to conditions of existence which we have passed through; and as conditions change they change with them. Just now they change so fast that good and evil chase each other around like a cat and its tail. So what we shall do when we are living a little closer to the Great Pattern is really an interesting question but not the question of this moment, which is, What Shall We Do To Be Saved? How are we to get along with fewer prisons and fewer asylums? How are we to eliminate from Europe the gross insanities of the Versailles Treaty? How shall we get rid of the Polish Corridor? How shall we teach magnanimity to one nation, integrity to another, cure revolutions, curb nationalism, and realize that to be greedy is to be foolish? There is a story that in the next plane of existence, the one we move to when we leave here, the inhabitants do not speak of evil but of ignorance. They do not call deterrent spirits bad; they call them ignorant. However, they admit that the ignorant need teaching, and they seem to have troubles though probably no wars. But the idea is good that the trouble with people who do not behave as they should is not that they are wicked but that they are ignorant. If the Tribulation makes us realize even that it may be worth its cost, for ignorance is something we may hope to deal with.



NEW ENGLAND CHURCH

By Howard Cook

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries

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LIFE, DEATH, AND THE UNBELIEVER

BY LILLIAN SYMES

NOTHING, perhaps, is so pointless, so utterly wasteful of time, energy, and patience as an argument about religion or any of the subjects associated with it. I doubt that anyone has ever been converted to rationalism by reading the works of Robert J. Ingersoll or by listening to the latter-day saints of the atheist pantheon; or that a materialist could become enamored of mysticism by perusing the words of Saint Francis, Blake, Swedenborg, or Ouspenski unless the foundation of his faith were already tottering and he was in need of some new form of conviction. What we believe in such matters—that is what we really believe, not what we merely accept as part of a family or social tradition—is so much more a matter of temperament, of feeling, of private inner need than of intellectual conversion that it is buried much too deep in our beings for logic or precept to disturb.

Those who have strayed from the faiths of their fathers to become either indifferent skeptics or active atheists have done their straying in spirit before the printed or spoken word of rationalism found sufficient validity in their experience to be acceptable. So it is with those rarer converts to religious faith—the freethinker who, tiring of uncertainty, seeks rest for his spirit in some creed which precludes the need for thinking; the materialist who succumbs to the beauty of the Anglo- or Roman Catholic ritual; or the agnostic who seeks a final answer to the riddle of life in psychic research and table tappings. Like the young hero of Sigrid Undset's recent novel to whom the air of free thought was too rarefied or too sterile for breath and who sought to escape the burden of freedom in the arms of an authoritarian religion, their conversion is not of the mind but of the sensibilities. And while these may be subject to psychoanalysis, they are not

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subject to argument. The purely intellectual convictions of the intellectually honest may be open to the winds of pure reason, but few of our convictions are purely intellectual. In most matters we believe what we feel the need to believe.

All this is by way of disclaiming any desire to convert anyone to anything. One must have a definite doctrine of one's own in order to give force and point to an argument, and in the matter of the nature of life and death and of man's relation to the universe, I have no positive convictions to offer as a substitute for any faith. Nor do I feel the need for any. The atheist bigot is as obnoxious to me as the Christian or Jewish bigot because I am sure that he has no more means than they of knowing the ultimate truth. I merely suspect that in general he may guess more correctly than they do. As a non-believer in any formal religion, or in any of those nebulous substitutes which become the fashion from time to time, I am admittedly in no position to be a sympathetic spokesman for the orthodox. But if these observations on the relation between conduct and belief or lack of belief are unfair to the believer, he does not lack for able and eloquent defenders. Indeed his point of view has had more than its day in court.

Such matters are not, of course, serious issues with the great majority of people in the ordinary course of events to-day. These go through life without giving thought to life, death, or the meaning of either except on those rare occasions when they are confronted by the death of someone they love, or when they are themselves threatened, or when some other serious emotional crisis brings an almost spontaneous cry for help or consolation. Normally, however, they would, if questioned, assert a rather vague acquiescence to a belief in God ("some kind of a God, or Supreme Being, or something") and in a "hereafter." They take for granted that almost everyone, except perhaps a few atheists and such queer fish, harbors somewhat similar convictions. They may not go to church and may have very little use for preachers, but they are inclined to think that without the restraining influence of some sort of religion the world would go to the dogs. They may not send their children to Sunday school, but they have been careful to have them baptized, and their dead are rarely buried without benefit of clergy. The average man may be called, at least, a passive believer.

Because disbelief has achieved toleration and even a certain degree of respectability in the civilized world, we are apt to forget that associations of ideas which have existed in the human mind for centuries persist in coloring both our conscious and unconscious attitudes long after the world has ceased to do battle about them. Civilized society in the larger centers, at least, no longer ostracizes the unbeliever. But should he be popular and respected, the average man suspects that in his heart he harbors secret convictions of God and immortality. If unpopular or mistrusted, his lack of religious faith is often made synonymous with a lack of integrity. Because he does not believe in the possibility of eternal punishment it is supposed that he may have no deep incentive to virtue. In some of our States the sworn word of an unbeliever may not be accepted as testimony in a court of law, no matter how untarnished his reputation for honesty.

We have become so accustomed to associating greatness, fearlessness, spirituality, and altruism with some type of religious conviction that a famous and respected unbeliever cannot die without wholesale rumors of a deathbed conversion and platitudinous

last remarks about the Beautiful Beyond. It is conceivable to the popular mind, which accepts vaguely what it has been told, that he may have met the vicissitudes and major tragedies of life without divine aid and consolation; but that he could meet the minor tragedy of death in the same spirit does violence to all popular preconceptions, to our demand for the happy ending. The more puerile a man's personality the less calmly can he contemplate its extinction. To look upon death as extinction and still to meet it philosophically is a state of mind he can scarcely credit. To most men and women whose universe is predicated upon divine whim death is the final chastisement which a just God inflicts upon them; and they meet it, as a rule, with appropriate lamentation. Perhaps the unbeliever to whom death is not a manifestation of divine whim but is either one of those inevitable processes of nature to which he, like all other forms of life, is subject, or else an accident as devoid of meaning as the destruction of a tree by lightning, can accept the finality of death with less inner rebellion and outer distress than those who would cajole a Heavenly Father to let them stay up just a little longer. From personal observation, I should say that they can—both those who die and those who survive them. Certainly nothing testifies so eloquently to the believer's unconscious horror of the Unknown as a conventionally barbaric Christian funeral. These are dying out perhaps, or at least their worst features are being mitigated, but the mitigation is usually in inverse ratio to the orthodoxy of the survivors.

It is impossible, of course, for the individual to base any conclusions in such matters upon a personal knowledge of those emotions which sway the individual human heart in a crisis, but where those emotions have crystallized into social attitudes and public displays they convey a meaning. Our codes of conventional conduct, even among those who never think about their origin, are based largely upon religious attitudes and were formulated at a time when the world took the Church more seriously than it does now. And the conduct of the conventionally religious (which has been very largely the socially accepted conduct) in the presence of death—the mourning, the funereal agonies, all the expensive display that has so little relationship to the dignity of the human spirit—seem to me inconsistent with a belief in personal immortality. Yet in some form or other, they have become so deeply rooted in our consciousness that it is almost impossible for even the unbeliever who may accept death with a certain degree of nonchalance to escape them.

There was an evening not so long ago, when a friend of mine was certain that she could not survive an operation that was to take place the following morning—an operation which even her doctors admitted was a serious risk. She hastily scribbled on a sheet of paper her instructions as to what should be done in case of her death. She was to be cremated, with no funeral, no fuss, no flowers, no harrowing last views, no eulogy by someone who had never known her, and as a result, no huge and unnecessary funeral bills left for her relatives to pay—a minimum of emotional and financial expense. I do not know that this is the sort of end the average unbeliever would desire, but it was what she desired. Two weeks later the close friend to whom she had handed her note gave it back to her.

"Do you think I could have got away with that?" she asked. "Not unless you had died of smallpox. Even if the undertakers' union would have permitted—and they wouldn't—I could never have withstood the social pres-

sure to give you a proper Christian burial. Some of your relatives would have written denunciations. Your friends would have ostracized me. Your little testament would have been considered the last delirium of the dying. No one will believe that anyone wishes to leave the world unobtrusively. They take death too seriously for that. Give that note to someone more hard-boiled the next time you expect to die. There are too many remnants of a pious up-bringing in my soul."

If death is not extinction (and upon this point I have, as I have said, no positive conviction but merely a suspicion that it is); if death is, as the religious of all faiths believe, merely a doorway into more abundant life for those who have loved their God and believed in his mercy, why should the orthodox make so much fuss about it—a fuss that might be made more appropriately, one might think, by those who believe it spells oblivion? Suffering caused by the separation which death inflicts is inevitable for the unbeliever as for the believer. Any separation from those we love, whether by life or death, can be a source of pain the degree of which depends upon our individual emotional natures. But personal suffering that is the fruit of separation is not necessarily the same thing as the formal mourning and grief of millions of honest believers in the presence of death. Perhaps the suffering which accepts its loss as a product of that blind Chance which rules the universe, without regard to justice and deaf to human prayer, is less intolerable, less bitter, than that which sees in its misfortune the will of a supposedly just and merciful God. I think that if I were a believer and had lost a beloved and healthy child in a world in which so many unwanted, pain-racked, and imbecile children are permitted to survive, I should think God a fool and refuse to accept His universe on His terms. For it is the painfully deformed and the imbecile child who needs that rebirth into a better life which is the Christian conception of Heaven for the innocent; and it is this world which needs so badly the ministrations of intelligent and unhandicapped human beings. It is deliberate injustice rather than blind accident that scars the human spirit. In our inmost souls we must resent it no matter how piously we murmur an acceptance of inscrutable design.

Recently I received a letter from a woman in the West who had lost her young son—a child of unusual promise—about a year ago. I should like to quote from it because it illustrates so well the point I have been trying to convey. She writes:

> After George's death I received from several devout friends of the older generation letters which said or implied that the writers were sure of personal immortality. They assured me that my loss was only temporary and hoped that I, too, had this faith; for if one did not have it, they believed, the future would seem altogether black and life intolerable. I was trying to tolerate it then on an unbeliever's terms, and thus I did not find their letters very cheering. But I was struck with the fact that they showed plenty of fear between the lines. My husband had, at that time, no formal religious convictions but he had been grounded in childhood in the doctrine of a living God who protected those who did His will, and it seemed to me that in the months following our little boy's death this doctrine was still in his system. It made the loss much harder for him to bear than for me, because it gave him the feeling that somehow he must have failed, have made a mistake, *that otherwise it couldn't have happened.* I tried to tell him, over and over again, that such things came like lightning out of the sky, that the world was full of blind chance. Rationally he would agree, but emotionally he couldn't help thinking himself somehow guilty, that he must have done something to deserve such punish-

ment. I couldn't help cursing the teaching that made the thing so cruel for him. It may be that he had simply more capacity for suffering than I, or a less stoic temperament. But I feel sure that it is harder for one who has been adjusted to a belief in an omnipotent *and merciful* God to stand the dirty tricks played by fate than for one who has become adjusted to an indifferent order of nature.

II

If the unbeliever can, as I believe, accept death for himself and for those he loves somewhat more philosophically because he sees in it neither justice nor injustice, neither punishment nor a whim which he might possibly have dodged in some fashion, he can also, perhaps, regard it as not the worst possible alternative to life—that is, to life under any circumstance. He need not look upon suicide, even, as either cowardice or sin. I am inclined to think that a people's sense of human dignity may be measured fairly accurately by their attitude to this subject. Those who consider this world a spiritual gymnasium for the development of the sinner's moral muscle must necessarily look upon self-destruction, under any condition, as a cowardly desertion of the task assigned, as the flouting of the purposes of the Divine Father. But if we are really immortal spirit made in a divine image, then life is a gift which we must have the right to reject if its terms are incompatible with our conception of human dignity. For there are conditions of life which are unfit for the human spirit; and death must be a terrifying thing indeed to the believer if it can be any worse than life can be under some circumstances. Death may destroy one's identity but life can destroy one's self-respect. To the unbeliever death can offer the appeal of everlasting peace from a world that has become intolerable to his spirit. To leave life when it becomes intolerable, rather than to live on in fruitless suffering, helplessness, or indignity may, on occasion, be the only decent thing to do.

Nothing, I think, is so utterly destructive of one's faith in the essential decency of human nature as the tenacity with which people cling to life under the most degrading and hideous conditions. There is a purely instinctive will-to-live in all forms of animal life, including ourselves, which has nothing to do with religious or anti-religious concepts. Without it, perhaps, the race would have perished long since. But this purely animal instinct to survive (although even animals have been known to court destruction) is not the same thing as the conscious, deliberate choice of a reasoning being to live when death would be kinder both to himself and to those about him; or as social and religious ethics which forbid a physician to help out of life in some humane fashion human beings suffering from painful and incurable diseases—a kindness which we display so readily to suffering animals. But it is not in the rejection of deliberate action alone that even intelligent people seem so frequently subhuman. Natural death is usually fought off with desperation by those for whom life holds nothing but pain and horror. The Church and the believer applaud this as courage, as Christian fortitude. It seems to me something much less flattering. Occasionally the believer is tormented beyond his strength to endure and refuses to wait for his exit upon the whim of his Creator. But only the unbeliever will find for him any intellectual justification.

One's love of life probably depends much more upon one's temperament than upon any kind of conviction. But the will-to-live of the intelligent person must be influenced, at least, by his standard of what constitutes the life-worth-living for himself and for others. Possibly the unbeliever who

is unwilling to grant that immediate suffering and injustice may be the inscrutable will of God intent upon our ultimate perfection may expect more from life and be more ready to change it or to reject it when it fails to measure up to his satisfaction. If so, these words of George Santayana's might be accepted as his gospel: "Nothing is meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape; a spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way, and a spirit with any wisdom is not over-eager to live at all."

Santayana wrote this in his *Winds of Doctrine* when he was speaking of the youthful vigor of Homeric times when "life was like the light of day, something to use, to waste or to enjoy." "Life indeed was loved," he continues, "and the beauty and pathos of it were felt exquisitely; but its beauty and pathos lay in the divineness of its model and in its own fragility."

It is this sense of the fragility of life —a sense more poignant, I think, in those who suspect that this life may be all there is than in those who feel that they are to live on in some form forever—that may create a greater concern in the former for the character of the here and now than is felt by the latter. It is possible that the unbeliever may be able not only to meet death with more dignity but life with more respect and social responsibility than those who are convinced of their personal immortality.

This may be a purely personal opinion which is valueless because proof in such matters is so difficult to adduce. Nevertheless, there seems to me sufficient evidence in our public and social life to bear it out in a general way, at least. Even within the circle of my own acquaintances, I can, of course, think of striking exceptions to both aspects of the statement. The unbeliever is not necessarily a tolerant and generous person, a believer in social justice, a philosopher in the face of oblivion. And there are believers with social vision, who are concerned with making life fit to live, who are unimpressed by death. It should be remembered that I am speaking in only the most general terms. Nor am I speaking of the purely personal virtues, or of individual kindliness of disposition. These are matters more of temperament than of belief. The most striking saintliness, the utmost consecration to God are usually found among the most devoutly orthodox. But individual saintliness practiced in a vacuum is a virtue of which the modern world has little need. St. Simeon on his pillar and the yogi wrapped in contemplation under a tree may be merely indulging in a sort of spiritual onanism which bears no fruit in human happiness and understanding. One does not begrudge them their individual satisfactions, but they are no more to be worshiped for pursuing them than those who seek exaltation in some illegal fashion. This is not to say that the only virtues are the social virtues, but it is to say, emphatically, that the social virtues—sympathy, tolerance, a passion for justice, a hatred for all those things which limit and cripple the human spirit, and a willingness to apply one's energy and intelligence toward making the world a kinder, more intelligent, more healthful place to live in—are of more value than mere personal rectitude. Perhaps in the sight of a really loving Heavenly Father it would be better that a man should get drunk, be profane, or commit adultery than that he should live his life indifferent to the misery of others, antagonistic to all efforts for change, and lending his support to the forces of ignorance and obscurantism.

General trends are not nullified by individual exceptions, and organized practice may be taken as some indica-

tion of individual belief. If this is true, then it would seem that it is the attitude of the believer toward birth, as toward death, that denies a God of Love. It has been the unbeliever, on the whole, who has shown too much respect for human life to wish it to be senselessly and endlessly reproduced under conditions of misery and ignorance. It is the unbeliever, as a rule, who would permit the responsible physician or group of physicians to snuff out painlessly at birth the life of monstrously deformed children. Surely life is too sacred to be thrust upon those who can never have any consciousness of it or to whom it can only be a consciousness of pain. It is the unbeliever, as a rule, who has shown the most anxiety to insist mercifully that motherhood should not be thrust upon every mentally defective girl who accidentally becomes impregnated. The most devout believers who oppose birth control and, more vigorously still, even such therapeutic abortions as are condoned by the intelligent physician, does so, usually, on the ground that human life is sacred under all circumstances, and that we have no right to destroy what we have no power to create. Ignoring, for the moment, the fact that life that is not conceived cannot be destroyed, I have noted that the most passionate and religious opponents of birth control are often the most passionate and religious supporters of capital punishment and frequently of war. The priest or minister accompanies the condemned man to the scaffold and condones by his presence the act perpetrated upon him. He acts as chaplain and as moral recruiting sergeant to both invading and defensive armies. And yet, most of us can remember the wave of horror and indignation which arose from pulpits and congregations throughout the country when a Chicago physician merely refused to perform an operation which would keep alive a new-born, horribly deformed little monster to whom every breath of life would be like a knife-thrust.

The more advanced sections of the religious world are gradually coming around to a position in such matters that the unbeliever has always occupied, but only after long and stubborn struggle and perhaps for reasons to which I will refer later. Our legal codes are predicated, as a rule, upon the conceptions of the most orthodox believers, and this is particularly true of the less enlightened ones; but even when an occasional law is abreast of modern scientific and medical thought, its humanity may be defeated by orthodox ethics. Near the city in which I live, a girl of twenty, the wife of an impoverished young farmer, recently died while giving birth to a third child, who also died. One of the children was two years old, and the other eleven months old. The mother was very frail and small and after the birth of her second child, the country doctor who had attended her had warned her that under no circumstances must she have another baby. But when the third accident occurred this doctor, who was a devout and righteous man, believed that he had no right to interfere once conception had taken place. The girl was too ignorant to know that in the city she might find reputable physicians who after consultation might feel justified in helping her, and that the law permitted such action under such circumstances. The result was death. I doubt if this would have happened had her doctor been an unbeliever.

III

It is not only in his attitude toward both birth and death that the unbeliever may show more faith in the essential sanity of the cosmos than does the believer. I am inclined to

think that in the ranks of those who are trying to make this life the kind of gift that any sane God would give to his children, rather than the bad joke of some sadistic Despot, the unbeliever may be found to be more numerous than the believer. In this group I would include all those social protestants of various kinds, battling in various ways (some of them foolish) against the injustices and limitations of our social and economic order (for it is better to be mistaken about a remedy than to be acquiescent about a wrong); those satirists of brush or pen tilting hilariously or savagely at the windmills of social hypocrisy and outgrown ways of life; those educators with the intelligence and courage to understand and to teach the implications of history, of science, of genuine culture and their relation to the life we live; those physical and mathematical scientists of social vision as well as mere professional expertness, striving in laboratories and observatories to ease mankind's burden of pain and danger and to widen his intellectual horizons.

The majority of such men and women are not necessarily materialists, but I think they are rarely convinced of personal survival and the direction of the world by an All-Wise God. I have no statistics to offer on the subject, but the very glee with which the orthodox world (or that portion of it which would reconcile the scientific attitude with Christian theology) seizes upon the most nebulous and vaguely metaphysical speculation of an isolated scientist shows how rare is the combination of the genuinely inquiring and the genuinely believing mind. I think that the most such men and women would grant to the claims of the believer is that "it may be so." To some temperaments among them it may seem somewhat more reasonable to believe that death is not the end. To others immortality may seem altogether unreasonable and even undesirable. (There are people who do not wish to live forever.) They may want to believe one thing or the other. But most of them will admit that they do not know.

When I say that the ranks of those who are more concerned with making this world safe for humanity than with making humanity safe for Heaven are composed largely of skeptics and nonconformists, I do not mean to intimate that the orthodox believer is less concerned with "doing good" now than with making good his hereafter. He is frequently a much more charitable person, a much more persistent doer of good than the more hard-headed, and perhaps more hard-boiled, agnostic. He is responsible for most of the philanthropy, the relief work, the neighborly kindness that help to make our social system at all tolerable to the masses, as well as for that simple humanitarianism and mercy which helps on occasion to temper the blind justice meted out to the weak and the wrongdoer. In a survey of unemployment conditions made in small industrial communities about a year ago, I frequently discovered that some local priest or minister was the sole leader and most effective worker in the effort to save that community from starvation and despair. The Christian believes it is his duty to relieve suffering, to approximate as closely as he can the command to love his neighbor as himself. In a moment of purely personal need I might turn to him more readily for help than to an atheist neighbor. But he probably feels less justified in tinkering with "the whole sorry scheme of things entire" than would the latter, because the order of the universe is, after all, God's order, and to seek a more perfect physical world may be like tearing down and rebuilding a house one's Father has just given one to live in. For such a task it would be

more logical to turn to those who have already broken with tradition in at least one field of human thought. Our mental and emotional processes are by no means consistent in their operation, but the temperament which rejects authoritarianism in matters of the spirit is more likely, at least, to reject it in other matters.

It may be true that in making these observations I have contrasted the conduct and theories of the unbeliever with those of only the more conservative elements of the religious world and have ignored for the most part the views as well as the social programs of the more modernist individuals and groups. If I have done so it is not because I am unaware of them nor of the value of much of their activity. A number of such individuals are my friends, and I respect their integrity even while I suspect, like their orthodox critics, that their faith in God is too tenuous to be classed as conviction, that it is little more than a slightly mystical and poetically figurative unbelief. One does not pray to a First Great Cause, or look to a Life Force, a Cosmic Intelligence, or a Spirit of Good for justice, mercy, or a personal interest in one's problems. Some organized religions have, in these later days, developed programs of social action that are frequently liberal and occasionally radical. But to those who have studied the history of such developments it is obvious that they have arisen, very largely out of the Church's realization and fear that its purely spiritual preoccupations were resulting in the growing emptiness of its pews and in the growing indifference of the masses of people to its teachings—as well as out of a necessity to answer by action the growing criticism (somewhat unfair or exaggerated perhaps) of the unbelievers in the matter of its other-worldliness. The Church has found it necessary to prove to the radical agitator, the atheist propagandist, and the cynical skeptic its interest in social justice and peace on earth. It is not necessary to accept the word of an unbeliever for this fact. The sermons, the articles, the soul-searching criticism of dozens of more liberal clergymen and laymen testify to its truth. Perhaps to the unbeliever will go the credit for eventually Christianizing the Christian church.

The fact remains, of course, that the ranks of the unbelievers, or at least of those with no active belief in either an Omnipotent God or personal immortality, are growing steadily, notwithstanding such little counter-eddies as are represented by the conversion of a G. K. Chesterton or a T. S. Eliot. And they are growing, not because of propaganda but because of man's increasing realization of his own infinite potentialities in the direction of eventual maturity, his decreasing need for a Heavenly Father. This is not inconsistent with his growing conception of the world and of himself as the product of natural forces over which he has little control. He can at least attempt to understand them, and if he inclines to believe that men do right or wrong largely because of a conditioning for which they are not responsible, he is more confident of his power and right to transform that conditioning for others. If he need not fear hell fire or even Fatherly disapproval, his observation of the natural world may teach him the relation between cause and effect.

I have a friend who, while quite unorthodox as to theology, nevertheless believes that without a deep conviction of Free Will and his absolute personal responsibility in all matters of choice and conduct, man would run wild in an orgy of irresponsibility, blaming his shortcomings upon his glands, his complexes, fate, or his environment. It is obvious, however, that the conduct of the mechanist, the behaviorist, or the

unbeliever in general is not more anti-social than that of those who believe that evil is a deliberate choice man makes in defiance of good. Judging by our prison statistics, it is less so. Most men are as good as life permits them to be. Life as it is organized has never given the virtues half a chance.

Certainly the world can be made beautiful enough and life satisfactory enough for us to need no sequel hereafter as compensation. If not, why should we hesitate to pass on and leave them behind? Life goes on, if not in ourselves, then in others; and in a universe so amazingly intricate, so marvellously vast beyond our powers of comprehension, what does it matter that an infinitesimal speck of ego loses itself in the dark? It should have served its day and made its contribution to whatever purpose may be inherent in Life itself. What more dignified role should the ego wish to play? The purpose inherent in Life itself may possibly be glimpsed intuitively by mystics and sages and may some day be understood objectively by the mind of man. In the meanwhile Life is as mysterious as Death, and if we have not been frightened by the one, there is no need to be frightened by the other. Oblivion is not the worst thing that could happen to the human soul. To "the spirit with any wisdom" it may be preferable to renewed struggle and the promise of everlasting life.

SPRING SONG

BY WILLIAM BREYFOGLE

"I HAVE been trying," Godfrey mutters,
Scowling down as he plucks the strings,
"To find a word that the springtime utters
And tell of a song the bluebird sings,
And all the coming of new, green things.

"I have been cursed for a note of wonder
Fit to tell you about gray walls
Early in April, when clouds asunder
Drift, and the sun of the morning falls
Over the church, and the brave bell calls.

"And I am quite sure I shall lose my reason,
Having no worthy word to say
Of Alison walking in this sweet season,
So demurely and yet so gay,
And so surprised when she looks my way!"



"L'AFFAIRE JONES"

A STORY

BY HILLEL BERNSTEIN

June 19

FOR three days I have been a political prisoner in the Santé Prison. All Paris is in uproar. The newspapers denounce me. The Chamber of Deputies is full of speeches. Outside the prison a mob howls for my head. I cannot hear them howl, but the guard delightedly assures me that it is so.

I am a *grand criminel* and an enemy of France. I am a spy, an agitator, a conspirator against the safety of France, and what not. I have heard so many things about myself in the past three days that I am becoming almost too weak to protest. But in spite of everything I cling tenaciously to two facts: that I am Henry Jones, from Windfall, Georgia; and that I came to France to write a cook book.

Nothing more than that. A cook book extolling the glories of the foods and wines of France, and deriding the gastronomic tastes of Windfall, Georgia, that cruel community which laughed down my special recipe for cornpone-and-potlikker. And yet I am a prisoner and a national issue—"*l'affaire Jones*"—and the Government may even fall.

How do I account for it? All I am able to grasp is that whatever one does in France—be it art, study, *filet mignon*, or love—one stumbles very soon into the debt question and the battle of Verdun.

When a French person and an American in Paris get into an argument about a padded bill, a burned steak, or even Picasso, it is only a matter of seconds before the French person will bring up the debt question and "we who were at Verdun," et cetera. Two such instances and two such French persons—a patriotic housewife and the proprietor of a restaurant—conspired to bring about my downfall.

Three days ago the woman—she is a Mme. Gauthier, I learned later—swept like a tornado into my room in the Rue du Val-de-Grace, where I was enthusiastically noting in my manuscript the superiority of French cooking over the fare of Georgia. I had never seen her before; she was a complete stranger, and yet she accused me of having taken her husband's new coat in a restaurant that day and of leaving him my old coat. In the pocket of that old coat, mysteriously enough, was a slip of paper bearing my name and address, and—stranger still—in my handwriting. I did not know what to make of it but argued that it was more likely that the man who left the coat was someone other than myself, someone for whom I had written my name and address, although my memory failed to identify the person. But no explanation satisfied. She searched my wardrobe; she cross-examined me; she made

references to the police. Bewildered, I still pleaded innocence, and then she became very furious and patriotic; she mentioned Verdun; she demanded that I go with her to the restaurant, to be identified by the proprietor.

If it had been any other establishment than the Restaurant des Trois Frères, I should have agreed with alacrity, the quicker to get rid of her. But it so happened that I had once been an habitué of that restaurant. There had finally been a scene between the proprietor and myself over an underdone *rognon* and a bottle of alleged Saint-Emilion that was only *vin ordinaire*. That was five months ago, and the restaurant saw me no more. Now I dreaded meeting that man again, but I had to prove my innocence; it should have been a simple matter to establish that I was not in the restaurant that noon, or any other noon in recent months.

On the street en route to the restaurant my accuser resumed the argument about the coat. We had progressed no more than a block when the usual patriotic interlude occurred: la France; Verdun; the debt.

I said, "Madame, this matter of the coat may be very important, but I cannot see where it involves la France. It is not an international issue, it is purely local. Will you not, therefore, try to forget la France for one little moment?"

"No," she cried, halting and throwing her right arm upward. "I will never forget la France. *Vive la France! Vive la patrie!*"

As with any controversy on the streets of Paris, it brought a crowd. Noting that it was a controversy between a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, an American, the curious who flocked around us took up the national cry like a football cheering section, shouting "*Vive la France! A bas les étrangers!*"

That was not so good. The crowd increased in size and vocal volume with each step, it accompanied us all the way, with patriotic lungs extending themselves to serve as an adequate chorus for our procession. I became too concerned to laugh; I could not even venture a smile.

When the proprietor of the restaurant saw me, his eyebrows lifted, and he smiled. Approaching, I pleaded with him to forget our past controversy over his wretched cuisine and still more wretched wine, and tell my accuser that I could not possibly have been there for luncheon that day. He replied, "You are an enemy of *la cuisine française*."

"Not of *la* good *cuisine française*," I insisted. "Am I not writing a cook book about *la* good *cuisine française?*"

"Only to insult it, without doubt," he said. "La France, which saved you at Verdun, and for which service, instead of being grateful, you demand that we pay the debt—"

"Monsieur, please," I pleaded. "It is not a question of la France. It is a question of a missing coat and of a luncheon. If I did not have the luncheon, I could not have taken the coat. Won't you please confine yourself to that?"

"And I insist that it is a question of la France," said the proprietor in a ringing voice, as he looked about for moral support from his audience, which was augmenting every minute. "We others, we French, we who were at—"

"Monsieur," I broke in, desperately, "please don't tell me about Verdun. Please try to forget la France and Verdun for one moment, and tell Madame whether I was here for luncheon to-day."

The restaurateur became majestic, there was fire in his eye. "Forget la France? Forget Verdun? Never! *Vive la France!*"

"*Vive la France!*" cried Mme. Gauthier.

"*Vive la France!*" went up a roar from sixty or seventy throats.

The police came. They were greeted by cries of "An enemy of France! A spy! An insulter of France! Down with the foreigners! To prison! The debt! The debt!" The police asked me for my "papers." I had neglected to obtain an official identity card, which neglect was a State offense, and so, whether I was wrong or right in my quarrel, there was a valid reason for my arrest. I was marched off to jail, an exultant crowd cheering all the way.

Then began kaleidoscopic hours, during which I was hustled from place to place, whirled all over Paris, examined by official after official; so rapidly did one thing succeed another that it is mostly a blur now. My inquisitors, apparently, had decided that there was an organized underground conspiracy against France. They were looking for spies, and in spite of my heated denials to the thousand or more questions they put to me, in spite of my insistence that it was a mistake about a coat, they convinced themselves that I was a spy, and an important one too.

What a night I spent! I sat on my "bed," my head in my hands, trying to piece together the occurrences of the day, wondering whether this could all be real—coat, luncheon, slip of paper, mob, enemy of France, spy, official questioning, prison. And all through the night I was tormented by that bit of paper. I had written my name and address for no one. I was certain of that.

Then there was the morning. With glee the guard brought me the newspapers. All over the front pages there was smeared the story of a sensational capture. A notorious spy and conspirator against France had been arrested. He was the spearhead of a great thrust against the security of the Republic. His ramifications had spread everywhere. He had been active in Syria in the rebellion of the Druse tribes against the French authority. He had been in the Damascus affair. His hand was recognized in some trouble in French Indo-China. He was the man who had been behind Abd-El Krim in the Riff chieftain's war against France. He was high in favor in Moscow and Berlin. He was known to have conferred with Fascist chiefs in Rome. Wherever and whenever France had been imperilled there were traces of the work of this man Jones.

All this he was able to do under the cover of his American nationality! So audacious had he become that he was operating openly in Paris. A loyal Frenchwoman who had only expressed her love for her country had suffered indignities from him. Not content with that, he had even gone so far as to attempt an anti-French demonstration in the capital of France! Certain queer writings found in his quarters, obviously in code, were being deciphered at the Quai d'Orsay. These writings dealt with every part of France, and the names of foods and wines were cleverly adopted as covering words for fortifications and garrisons. The Government was congratulated in some newspapers for having tracked this menace to earth. The Government was denounced in others for having permitted this condition to exist. The Government should resign. The Government should not resign.

At first I thought of communicating with the American Embassy, but I feared that if I did so the Embassy would get in touch with my people in Windfall, and I squirmed when I thought how they would enjoy my discomfiture. Then something better occurred to me. There were three

Americans in Paris whom I knew, and who were supposed to have a great deal of influence with French officials. Known as *grands amis de la France*, all three of them were slated for the Legion of Honor in the next lists. Why not appeal to them? So I wrote letters to Harrison Jaxey Irvine, J. Walter Wilberforce, and Noel S. Wilkinson, and gave them unsealed to the prison authorities to mail. In my letters I stated my case fully and eloquently and pleaded for their immediate aid. It was merely, I felt, a matter of waiting a few hours, until they had received my letters, and then I should be freed in short order.

Hour after hour passed without any word from Irvine, Wilberforce, and Wilkinson. I wondered whether they had received the letters. I wondered about the mysterious bit of paper in my handwriting. Then the guards took me to a large room, where three men from the Quai d'Orsay questioned me for an hour. I insisted upon my innocence. I explained that I had not taken Mme. Gauthier's husband's coat, that I did not know how my name and address happened to be in the pocket of the substituted garment.

"Coat?" said one of the inquisitors. "What has a coat to do with this?"

"Everything," I said. "It is because of a coat that I did not take—"

"This is no matter of a coat," he replied, loftily. "It is a matter of the safety of the French Republic."

June 21

Much to my disappointment, the prison gates have not opened for my exit. There has been no word of any kind from Irvine, Wilberforce, or Wilkinson. I do not understand it. And all the while the volume of accusation increases. The newspapers arouse France with more revelations of my secret activities. In addition, I have again been subjected to official questioning, but I continue to deny everything.

The situation is more bewildering than ever. This morning there were three separate demonstrations outside the prison. I saw them from a window in a corridor. My two guards had been taking me for a twenty-minute exercise along the corridor, when one of them suggested that we halt by the window, so that I could see what I had done.

From the window I saw three hundred Royalists march past, armed with heavy sticks. They shouted, "Long live the King! Long live Daudet! Down with the Government!" Several minutes later three hundred Communist marchers came into sight, carrying even stouter clubs than the Royalists. They shouted, "Long live the Soviets! Long live Stalin! Down with the Government!" Before I had time to puzzle it out, another small army marched past. These were shouting, "Long live the Socialists! Long live the levy on capital!"

"Do you see what you have done?" said the guard, smiling.

I did this? I, Henry Jones, of Windfall, Georgia, who only wanted to write a cook book?

"Tell me one thing," I asked the guard. "Why are the Communists here?"

"Evidently they are here because the Royalists are demonstrating."

"And why are the Royalists demonstrating?"

"Naturally, because the Communists are demonstrating."

"And the Socialists?"

"Why not?"

It is very strange. Because a coat is unaccountably missing, I am in prison, the Royalists want a Bourbon King, the Communists want a Soviet, and the Socialists want a capital levy. Things were not like this in Windfall.

The guard is very nice. He has

six children. When I complimented him on the number, he took it very graciously. He said, simply, "It is for France."

The guard also was at Verdun.

June 22

To-day there was frightful news. The Communist and the Royalist demonstrations clashed. The police tried to stop it. Thirty Royalists went to the hospital. Thirty-five Communists have broken heads. Fifty policemen were injured.

The guard was very pleased. "Do you see what you have done?" he said. He brought me a much larger ration of beans. I could not eat.

The newspapers called it "*La Journée Sanglante.*" There were interpellations and a heated debate over *l'affaire Jones* in the Chamber of Deputies.

Two things trouble me more than anything else. Why has there been no word from Irvine, Wilberforce, and Wilkinson? And what is the secret behind that mysterious bit of paper with my name and address?

June 23

About eleven o'clock this morning there was a visitor. It was Prester! Now it all came back to me, in one flash from the past. It was Prester for whom I had written my name and address. I recalled a day when I had run into Prester at the Restaurant des Trois Frères; he still ate there regularly, the fool. He had asked me where I was living, and I had written it out for him. And in his pocket the address had obviously remained. I said quickly, "Were you at the Restaurant des Trois Frères on Thursday?"

"Yes, and don't I know it," he replied. "I was a little bit lit, and I picked up the wrong coat. I've been asleep most of the time since then, so I couldn't figure out till yesterday where I got it. When I returned it I heard this wild yarn about an address in the pocket and an American in jail. Hadn't seen the papers. Say, you're famous."

"How did you get in here?" I asked.

"I know somebody's wife," he said.

I pleaded with him to help me get out, and he promised. I told him about my letters to Irvine, Wilberforce, and Wilkinson, but he laughed scornfully.

"I know those ribbon chasers," he said. "Just a trio of professional *grands amis de la France.*" He snorted. "Think they'd help you? They're over here to get the Legion of Honor by hook or crook, so they can go back to America and improve their social standing in their home towns. Those boys spend a lot of dough wining and dining French officials; they contribute to all kinds of funny French causes; they spread the glad news that they're great friends of France. Think they'd throw away their campaign for the ribbon by helping a guy who's called a spy and an enemy of France? Help you? Why, when you get out—if you ever do get out—they won't even speak to you."

He waxed very bitter. "There're plenty of Americans who've done real things for France, and if they want to accept the Legion of Honor, it's all right with me. But those three birds! What did they ever do? Doesn't it get you when you think that Napoleon started that Legion of Honor business as a reward for heroes?"

He continued in this strain, and then said, "Well, I'm off, and I'll see what I can do."

About fifteen minutes later an extraordinary thing happened. The guard brought to my cell—Mme. Gauthier! Mme. Gauthier, who had caused me all this trouble with her miserable "coat of my husband." There she was!

Mme. Gauthier looked very eager as

she approached me. I thought that she had come to gloat, but it was not so.

"Oh, Monsieur Jones, how sorry I am," she said. "It was all a mistake. A terrible mistake. It was not you who took the coat. It was another, and he has returned it."

"What then?" I said, bitterly.

"I have caused you so much trouble. Oh, how I have reproached myself. I was so excited, I said things that were wrong, that should not have been said. I wish to apologize. Oh, you must believe me. I have suffered. I wish to do what I can to make reparation. I went to the director of the prison and I told him the truth as I now know it. But he said, oh so stupidly, 'Madame, it is not a question of a coat, it is a question of la France.'"

"And in spite of that you come to see me?"

"And why not? We French are great lovers of *la justice.* When we find that a wrong has been committed, we will fight to the end for *la justice.* Read our history. You have much leisure now, so perhaps I will bring you books of French history to read."

"But, madame, have you not heard that I am accused of being a spy, that I am an agent of Moscow and Berlin and Rome, that I incited the Druse uprising in Syria, that in 1925 in London I was overheard advising people not to go to the Exposition of Decorative Arts in Paris, as it was not very interesting?"

"You did not take the coat of my husband," said Mme. Gauthier firmly.

"Have you not heard them say that I was with Abd-El Krim in the Riff, that I provoked a mutiny at Oran, that I disapprove of the tenors at the Paris Opera?"

"You did not take the coat of my husband," said Mme. Gauthier, even more firmly than before.

"Give me your hand, madame," I said.

June 24

To my cell there was admitted to-day a lawyer, Maître Chollet of the Paris Bar. He is fat, bustling, red-bearded, and cheerful, although what there is to be cheerful about I cannot see.

"I am organizing *la justice,*" said Maître Chollet. "Never fear, we shall have you out very soon. I have many friends in the right places, I have much influence. We go to work immediately."

He smiles too much, as if it were all a joke. My confidence in him is not very great. Getting me out is serious business, and should it not be approached seriously?

June 25

I have seen the firstfruits of Maître Chollet's work. There were leading items to-day in two newspapers in which a little doubt was expressed, for the first time. These journals wondered whether I could really be such an enemy of France as I have been pictured. Could I have really covered so much ground and been in so many places? Could I have been bright enough to be so effective against the security of France? After all, I am an American, and Americans, as all Frenchmen know, are notoriously stupid.

Late in the day Maître Chollet came to see me. "The truth is on the march," he said, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

June 26

"*La justice*" grows. Eight newspapers now agree that no American could have been bright enough to operate so successfully against la France. Twenty-four newspapers still hold to the original accusations. There are signs of acrimony among the opposing editors.

Prester seems to have joined the indifferent company of Wilberforce,

Irvine, and Wilkinson; I hear no more from him than from them. But Maître Chollet bounces in and out. I must confess that this cheerful lawyer is very irritating, especially when he speaks gloatingly of how my innocence is becoming more and more recognized. If that is his idea of innocence, I don't like it.

June 27

Is "*la justice*" always associated with ferocity? When I was arrested as a spy, all France arose as one to protect the nation. Now that I have defenders, the French are fighting among themselves. People are either pro-Jones or anti-Jones. Newspaper editors assail one another's character. Apropos of *l'affaire Jones* one editor has accused another of not having been at Verdun. Apropos of the same case, a ten-year feud between a famous playwright and a critic, due originally to an unfavorable criticism of the playwright's play, has broken out anew.

The count is now fourteen newspapers for Jones, and eighteen against. My defenders bring forth new and devastating proofs of my stupidity. My accusers insist that I am as clever as Machiavelli, devilishly subtle, able to play upon the weaknesses of humanity, able to corrupt angels. My accusers, who give me credit for possessing brains, please me more than my defenders, who insist that I have none.

Not one newspaper, by the way, has mentioned the coat.

A note has finally arrived from Prester, on stationery of the Frisco Bar. He writes, "Don't give up hope. I am on your side." When Maître Chollet breezed in, I almost had a row with him. I said that "*la justice*" was going too far. He merely repeated that the truth was on the march. I said that it had better "about face" and march back. If his campaign kept up, I should probably be released as a complete idiot. I preferred prison.

June 28

That miserable Chollet and his "*la justice*"! All the pro-Jones newspapers—there are sixteen of them now—came out in general agreement today that I am a dolt. When Maître Chollet arrived in my cell, strutting in his self-satisfaction, I flew at him. I would have done something awful to him, but the guards separated us. He denounced me as an ingrate. He said the campaign to liberate me would go on.

There were two duels this morning over *l'affaire Jones*. The anti-Jones playwright and the pro-Jones critic shot it out. So also did the pro-Jones editor and the anti-Jones editor who had accused him of not having been at Verdun. Nobody was hurt. The editors shook hands and agreed that they had both been at Verdun, but they had just not seen each other. The playwright and critic refused to shake hands, the critic still insisting it was a bad play.

I said to the guard that I thought duelling was illegal in France. "And prohibition in America?" he retorted.

Another note has come from Prester, from still another bar. He writes, "Courage! We, who are about to drink, salute you!"

June 29

I am very unhappy. All seems to be lost. *L'affaire Jones* is hotter than ever, and in the turmoil I am forgotten, even if this strife is supposedly about me. Maître Chollet made no call today. There were two more duels in the suburbs, as well as demonstrations and counter-demonstrations in the streets of Paris. To cap it all, a fist fight enlivened the session in the Chamber of Deputies.

I wrote letters to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Justice. I stated that I did not approve of the campaign for my liberation. I insisted that I was not an idiot. I demanded to be heard in my own behalf.

June 30

At two o'clock this afternoon four soldiers in full trench equipment took me from my cell and escorted me to one of the Ministry buildings. I was brought before one whose face I recognized instantly, so often had I seen his photograph in the newspapers. I knew I was facing a great Minister of the French Republic, and I was very nervous. On the table before him was a huge pile of papers, about six inches high, and I felt this must be the official *dossier* of my case.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he said.

I began telling him about the unfortunate episode of the coat, and he looked puzzled.

"Coat? Coat? There is nothing about a coat in this *dossier*. What kind of mystification is this?"

I tried again to tell him the whole story, but he appeared unconvinced. I told him that the sole purpose of my stay in France was to write a cook book about the foods and wines of France, to proclaim before my countrymen the superiority of these great products of France. He looked skeptically at me, and said, "Why should you want to do this?"

Launched on my defense, I felt that I was talking for my life and must leave nothing unsaid that might save me. I told him that there was a cabal against me in my native town, that this cabal had cast doubts upon my ability to prepare a great dish, and that the shame of it had driven me from my native land, to seek consolation in the culinary products of another land. The great man seemed bored, and I felt that my cause was lost. He yawned, and said listlessly, "You are from Chicago?"

"No, monsieur," I said, "I am not from Chicago. My home is Windfall, in the State of Georgia."

"Georgia?" His expression changed, and he looked interested. "You are from Georgia?"

"Yes, monsieur. Georgia. It is in the South."

"I know very well where it is," he snapped. "I was there for a week twenty years ago."

He fell silent for a moment, then looked up sharply. "If you are from Georgia, perhaps you can tell me something. There is a certain dish, I wonder whether you know about it. It is called cornpone-and-potlikker."

"But, monsieur, it is the very dish to which I have been referring. My mother's great recipe, and mine."

He seemed electrified. His mouth opened, he got up, he sat down again. "And you say you can prepare this dish?"

"But magnificently, monsieur," I said.

He arose from his seat, walked the length of the room, and addressed the soldiers, who were standing on guard at the door. "Outside," he said. They went out. The great man closed the door carefully and returned. He faced me.

"You're certain you're not lying?" he said, sternly.

"Why should I lie, monsieur? You can easily establish the truth."

He was silent for a moment, then he almost exploded. "Imbeciles!" he cried. "Your people at your Embassy are all imbeciles. Thirty men on the Embassy staff, and not one of them knows how to prepare this marvellous dish, the memory of which has remained with me for twenty years. Listen! I will take you at

your word. To-morrow night I am giving a dinner for twenty. Can you prepare this dish?"

"If I can obtain the ingredients, monsieur."

"I will give you four or five *commissionaires* to go through Paris and seek them. Spare no money or effort."

"Gladly, monsieur."

"Come with me!" he cried. "We are going home."

Outside the four soldiers fell into step. The great man waved them away.

July 1

There were twenty men at dinner. Leaders of all parties, they rarely spoke to one another in public, except to denounce one another as *fripons* and incompetent bunglers and betrayers of la France. But these leaders belonged to a club of political gourmets who met once every two weeks and ate, each time under the auspices of a different member of the club. There were two paramount rules. One was that each dinner must serve as the occasion for the introduction of a new dish. The other and equally important rule was that the members must not speak to one another; they must only eat. This was convenient politically for many reasons, but political convenience was not the chief reason for the rule. The highest authorities among gourmets agree that the art of appreciating good food should not be interfered with by conversation. To that foremost of gastronomic tenets the club was scrupulously faithful.

The member giving the dinner must personally supervise its preparation. Therefore the Minister was not in evening clothes like the rest, but was all in culinary white, with a great chef's cap on his head. There were six waiters to do the serving, and there were six men in the vast kitchen besides myself. One of my confreres identified the guests for me. There were two Royalist leaders, two Communist chiefs, four Radical Socialists, three pure Socialists, five National Republicans, two Radical Republicans, and two National Radical Socialist Republicans. Worried as I was, with my fate dependent upon a dish, I could not help giving a thought to this remarkable demonstration of poise and self-mastery. Here were a score of political enemies, most of whom hated one another; yet these enemies were able to forget the others' presence and concentrate whole-heartedly upon the blessings of good food. I was full of admiration. For the first time, I believe, I really glimpsed the greatness of France. Such a nation cannot be defeated.

And now my masterpiece went forth. In a few minutes my fate would be decided. The silence became oppressive. Perspiration stood out on my forehead. I could feel my heart thumping.

Suddenly I heard noises. They sounded like cries, but I could not tell whether of joy or of fury. They sounded like explosions. They sounded almost like the great guns at the second battle of the Marne.

I heard someone running. Louder came the footsteps, and the great man burst into the kitchen. His arms were outstretched, his eyes were shining. He rushed to me, and put his arms around me. He implanted the accolade on both my cheeks.

July 4

I am free. I am happy. On all sides I am congratulated. The newspapers are very kind. They say that "*la justice*" has been rendered, that a grave mistake has been righted. I am not a dolt and I am not an enemy of France. "*Au contraire, c'est un grand ami de la France.*" They emphasize especially that I fought for

France in the second battle of the Marne. (There had been so much talk about Verdun that I had forgotten to mention the Marne.)

Maître Chollet also tells me that my arrest and confinement served a great purpose for France. Under cover of the agitation and din caused by *l'affaire Jones* the Government was able quietly to put through a very necessary economy.

July 14

To-day the new lists of awards for the Legion of Honor were published. And near the top of the list of the newly created Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor was this entry: "M. Henry Jones, of Windfall, Georgia, for his services to France."

Nothing for Irvine, Wilberforce, or Wilkinson.

Vive la France!

OPEN SEASON

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

SLOW be the foot, and slow the wings.
Swiftness of motion surely brings
An end to the running, an end to the flying,
Movement stilled, and the heartbeat dying.

Wise are the ways that the ermines know
Of matching their pelts to a flake of snow.
Sure is the impulse that sends geese forth
On wing-blades sped by a blast from the north.
Yet the time has come when the widest sky
Is a trap of steel for a passer-by;
When ice-locked river, and lowland, and field
Have a scent to give forth and a runner to yield.
And how should a fugitive guess or heed
That his uttermost danger lies in his speed?
But the stag in his bound and the fox in his stride,
The hare in his leap down a slant hillside
With his front paws stiff and his ears laid back,
The lynx in his lope on a single track,
Black ducks in a volley that spurts from the sedge,
Give hunting a zest and hunger an edge.
There are mouths to be fed and a larder to fill,
But the beauty of fleetness stopped dead-still—
At this, man shoots when he shoots to kill.

Then slow be the foot, and slow the wings.
Swiftness of motion surely brings
An end to the running, an end to the flying,
Movement stilled, and the heartbeat dying.

NEW ENGLAND, THERE SHE STANDS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IN AUGUST, 1927, I resigned my assistant professorship and undertook to support myself by what Ring Lardner has probably called the pen. Implicit in the change was a desire to live in some more agreeable community than the suburb of Chicago that had been my residence for five years. Since I carried my pen with me, I might live in any place on earth that pleased me. I might have gone to Montparnasse or Bloomsbury, Florence or the Riviera or Cornwall. I might, with respectable precedent, have chosen New Orleans or San Francisco. I might have selected one of the Westchester or Long Island towns in which writers are commoner than respectable men. I didn't. To the consternation of my friends, I came to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The choice at once expelled me from a guild to which for eight or nine years I had impeccably belonged, that of the intellectuals who have right ideas about American life. For, of course, according to those right ideas, New England was a decadent civilization. It was no longer preëminent in America. Its economic leadership had failed so long ago that hardly a legend of it remained. Its intellectual leadership had expired not quite so early perhaps but, nevertheless, long, long ago. Its spiritual energy, never lovely but once formidable, had been degraded into sheer poison, leaving New England a province of repression, tyranny, and cowardice. At the very moment of my arrival Mr. Heywood Broun announced that all New England could not muster a half-dozen first-class minds. Mr. Waldo Frank had explained that nothing was left this people except the slag of Puritanism—gloom, envy, fear, frustration. He had explored the wasteland and discovered that practically all New England women suffered from neuroses (grounded in the Denial of Life) and contemplated suicide. Mr. Eugene O'Neill had dramatized a number of Mr. Frank's discoveries and had added incest to the Yankee heritage. In short, the guild had constructed another one of those logically invulnerable unities to the production of which it devotes its time. New England was a rubbish heap of burnt-out energies, suppressed or frustrated instincts, bankrupt culture, social decay, and individual despair.

In the month of my arrival there was a vivid confirmation of these right ideas. At Charlestown two humble Italians were executed because the ruling class did not like their political beliefs. The Sacco-Vanzetti case completed the damnation of New England: the right ideas were vindicated. Well, it helped to focus my ideas about the society to which I was returning. Six years earlier I had served on a committee which solicited funds for their defense. I believed them innocent of the crimes for which they were executed, and I held that any pretense of fairness in their trials was absurd. But several inabilities cut me off from my fraternal deplorers of this judicial murder. For

one thing, I was unable to feel surprise at the miscarriage of justice—unable to recall any system of society that had prevented it or to imagine any that would prevent it. I was unable to believe that any commonwealth was or could be much better constituted than New England for the amelioration of a class struggle. I was unable to believe that any order of society would alter anything but the terms in which social injustice expressed itself.

These inabilities added considerable force to my immediate, private reasons for desiring to live in New England. The private reasons were very simple: I wanted to use the Harvard College Library. I liked the way New Englanders leave you alone. I had lived in the West, the Middle West, the South, and New York, and knew that the precarious income of a writer would assure me more comfort, quiet, and decent dignity in New England than anywhere else in America. But these personal motives were buttressed by generalization. As the great case had shown, I profoundly disbelieved in the perfectibility of Society. Societies, I believed, would not become perfect and could not be made perfect. The most to be hoped for was that, as a resolution of imponderable forces, as an incidental by-product of temperaments and interests and accidents, a way of living in society might arise that was somewhat better than certain other ways. And, because I had lived in New England before, I knew that accidental by-products of the Yankee nature had given New England an attractive kind of civilization. I did not believe in the perfect state but, like Don Marquis, I knew something about the almost-perfect state. It had somehow begun to be approximated in New England.

Two simple facts had conditioned it. For one thing, as my former union announced, leadership had departed from New England forever. That meant, among many other things, that the province was delivered from a great deal of noise and stench and common obscenity which are inseparable from leadership in America. It meant that the province was withdrawn from competition; and this implied a vast amount of relief, decency, and ease. But there was something more. In that fall of 1927 Mr. Ford Madox Ford was writing a book whose title expressed the hopefulness of hundreds of thousands of Kansans, Texans, and Californians, *New York Is Not America.* Maybe it isn't; as an apprentice Yankee I am not interested. What has been important in the development of the almost-perfect state is that New England is not America. The road it chose to follow, from the beginning, diverged from the highway of American progress. By voluntary act the Yankee, whose ancestral religion was based on the depravity of human nature, refrained from a good deal that has become indispensable and coercive in America. Thus delivered and refraining, there was space for New England to develop the equilibrium whose accidents had produced a species of almost-perfect state.

So Mr. Mencken's laboriously assembled statistics have recently made clear various superficial ways in which the burnt-out, frustrated, and neurotic province must be called the foremost civilization in These States. And as I write, Mr. Allen Tate has just explained a difference, not quite clear to me, between regionalism and sectionalism. I do not quite understand the difference, but I do make out that it's now orthodox and even virtuous to be sectional. . . . I am encouraged to apply for a union card. The Yankees and I seem to be in good standing again.

II

In New England the mills idled and passed their dividends. The four-

per cents decayed. The trust funds melted. Outside, the American empire was conceived, was born, and attained its adolescence. Its goods and capital overspread the earth. Detroit was a holy city. The abolition of poverty drew near, and the empire's twilight flared in murky scarlet. Then it was October, 1929, and midnight. . . . Novel paragraphs worked their way into a press that had long ignored the section it now reported. Business was sick, but New England business, we heard, wasn't quite so sick. Panic possessed America, but New England wasn't quite so scared. The depression wasn't quite so bad in New England, despair wasn't quite so black, the nightmare was not quite so ghastly. What the press missed was its chance for a pretty study in comparatives. How, indeed, should hard times terrify New England? It had had hard times for sixty years—in one way or another for three hundred years. It had had to find a way to endure a perpetual depression, and had found it. It began to look as though the bankrupt nation might learn something from New England.

Two weeks ago I drove over December roads to the village in northern Vermont where I spend my summers. Naturally, I called on Jason, who is my neighbor there. Evergreen boughs were piled as high as the windows outside his house; the first snow was on them, and its successors would make them an insulation that would be expensive in the city. Piles of maple and birch logs had grown up back of the shed; they would increase through early January, for they are the fuel that Jason burns all year round. Under the floor of another shed was a pit that held potatoes, cabbages, and beets. Emma, who is Jason's wife, had filled her pantry with jars of home-grown corn, string beans, carrots, and a little fruit. She was making bread and doughnuts when I arrived. We had them for dinner, with cabbage, some of the string beans, and a rabbit stew. Jason had shot a couple of rabbits, and Emma explained how welcome they were. They didn't get much meat, she said; the deer Jason killed a few weeks before had been a life-saver.

I stayed the night at Jason's, slept under a feather bed, ate a breakfast which included doughnuts and pumpkin pie, and came away with a dazed realization that I had visited a household which was wholly secure. There was no strain here; no one felt apprehensive of the future. Jason lives far below "the American standard," yet he lives in comfort and security. He is so little of an economic entity that he can hardly be classed as what the liberal journals call a peasant, yet more than anyone else I know, he lives what those same periodicals call the good life. He has lived here for fifty years and his forebears for sixty more, coming from more southerly portions of Vermont where the breed had already spent a century. During that time the same liberty, tenacity, and success have formed a continuity of some importance.

Jason owns about seventy acres of hillside, sloping down to an exquisite lake. He considers that, in view of his improvements, he would have to get two thousand dollars for the place if he were to sell it. Part of it is pasture, for his horse and cow. Part of it is garden; enormous labor forces the thin soil to produce the vegetables that Emma cans. The rest is woodlot, for fuel, and sugar bush, for Jason's one marketable crop. The maples produce, in syrup and sugar, an annual yield of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars—about one half of all the cash that Jason handles in a year. A few days of labor on the roads bring in a little more, and during the summer he does odd jobs for such aliens as I. His earnings

and his one crop bring him perhaps four hundred dollars a year, seldom or never more, but frequently less. On such an income, less than a fifth of what Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce estimated to be the minimum capable of supporting an American family, Jason has brought up his children in health, comfort, and contentment.

There are thousands like Jason on the hillside farms of Vermont, New Hampshire, and northwestern Massachusetts, and there have been for three centuries. They have never thrown themselves upon the charity of the nation. They have never assaulted Congress, demanding a place at the national trough. Wave after wave of clamor, prayer, and desperation has crossed the farmsteads of the midland, where the thinnest soil is forty feet deep and the climate will grow anything; but from this frigid north, this six-inch soil sifted among bowlders, has come no screaming for relief. The breed has clung to its uplands, and solvency has been its righteousness and independence has been its pride. The uplands have kept their walls plumb, their barns painted, their farms unmortgaged. Somehow, out of nothing at all, they have taxed themselves for the invisible State. The district nurse makes her rounds. The town roads are hard. The white schoolhouse sends its products to the crossroads high school and on to the university. The inspector calls and tests the family cow; State bulletins reach the mailbox at the corner. The crippled and the superannuated are secure.

One of Mr. Mencken's incidental revelations provides a succinct, if vulgar, summary of the statistics that verify it: if you want to be listed in *Who's Who in America* your first step should be to get yourself born in Vermont, and three of the next five best birthplaces are New England States. More briefly still: here are people who have mastered the conditions of their life. With natural resources the poorest in the Union, with an economic system incapable of exploitation, in a geography and climate that make necessary for survival the very extreme of effort, they have erected their State and made it lovely. They have forfeited the wealth and advertisement and glamorous turmoil of other sections, but they have preserved freedom and security. The basis is men who must make their way as individuals, but the communism of the poor exists also. If Jason falls ill he will be cared for; if his one crop fails his neighbors will find food for his family; if he dies his widow (who will never be a pauper) will find the town putting at her disposal a means of making her way. . . . I cannot imagine a change in the social order that would much alter this way of life. I cannot imagine a perfected state that could improve upon it.

These were hard times, I said to Jason. He agreed, ramming cheap tobacco into his corncob pipe. Yes, hard times. Nothing to do, though, but pull up your belt and hang on. Some folks thought it might be good to move ten or fifteen miles north, over the line into Canady. It didn't cost you five dollars to keep a beagle bitch in Canady. Nobody thought of buyin' a huntin' license there. When you got a tax bill in Canady you put it to the immemorially derisive use of such impertinences. But on the whole, no—not for Jason. He and his pa had made a living from this place for seventy years. There'd been a lot of hard times in seventy years. Hell! he couldn't remember any times that hadn't been hard. He went into a discussion of Congress, so much more intelligent, so much less deluded by wishfulness than those I listen to in literary speakeasies in New York. This lapsed, and he began to talk at his ease, with

the undeluded humor of his breed. It is the oldest humor in America, a realism born of the granite hills, a rock-bottom wisdom. He was an un-American anomaly as 1931 drifted to its close in panic and despair—a free man, self-reliant, sure of his world, unfrightened by the future.

He has what America, in our time and most of its past, has tragically lacked—he has the sense of reality. The buffalo coat he wore when we looked at his sugar bush is in its third generation in his family, having had I do not know how many owners before it strangely reached New England from the plains. I do not know how long it is since Emma bought a union suit, but I am sure that need dictated its purchase, not fashion or advertising. Here are rag rugs she has made from garments whose other usefulness was ended; here are carpets that were nailed long years on her grandmother's floor. The pans above her sink date from no ascertainable period; she and her daughters will use them a long time yet, and no salesman will ever bring color into her kitchen. Jason has patched and varnished this rocker, and Emma has renewed its cushions innumerable times. The trademark on Jason's wagon is that of a factory which has not existed for forty years. Jason does not know how many shafts he has made for it; he has patched the bed, bent iron for the running gear, set new tires on the wheels perhaps ten times. Now he contemplates putting the bed and shafts on the frame of an old Ford and will move his loads on rubber tires.

A squalid picture, a summary of penny-pinching poverty that degrades the human spirit? Not unless you have been victimized by what has never deluded Jason and Vermont. To this breed, goods, wares, chattels, the products of the industrial age, have been instrumentalities of living, not life itself. Goods are something which are to be used; they are not the measure of happiness and success. While America has roared through a prosperity based on a conception of goods as wealth-begetting waste, while it has pricked itself to an accelerating consumption that has progressively lowered quality, while its solvency has depended on a geometrical progression of these evils, the granite uplands have enforced a different standard on their inhabitants. Debts, these farmers know, must eventually be settled. It would be pleasant to wear silk stockings, but it is better to pay your taxes. It would be nice to substitute a new car for the 1922 model that came here at third hand, but it is better to be free of chattel mortgages. It would be nice to have steak for supper and go to Lyndonville for the movie. But at four hundred a year and with the granite knowledge that one must not live beyond one's means—well, rabbits are good food, and from this cannily sited kitchen window sunset over the lake is good to look at.

Neatness, my guild assures us, proceeds from a most repulsive subliminal guilt. Maybe; but these white farmhouses with their scrubbed and polished interiors are very lovely. Also the peasants are the enemies of beauty in our day, but somehow their houses invariably stand where the hills pull together in natural composition and a vista carries the eye onward past the lake. Their ancestral religion told them that the world is a battleground whereon mankind is sentenced to defeat—an idea not inappropriate to the granite against which they must make their way. By the granite they have lived for three centuries, tightening their belts and hanging on, by the sense of what is real. They are the base of the Yankee commonwealth, and America, staring apprehensively through fog that may not lift in this

generation, may find their knowledge of hard things more than a little useful.

III

Since we do not believe in perfect states or in the beautiful simplicities, composed by right ideas, it would be silly to expect the Yankee to be a complete realist. He has ideas about himself which are almost as romantic as those the intellectuals have developed about him. He considers himself a cool, reticent person, dwelling in iron restraint, sparse of speech, intensely self-controlled; whereas he has no reserve whatever, indulges his emotions as flagrantly as a movie queen, and at every level, from the upland farms to the Beacon Street clubs, talks endlessly, shrilly, with a spring-flood garrulity that amazes and appalls this apprentice, who was born to the thrift of Rocky Mountain talk. He thinks that his wealthy burghers are an aristocracy, and the burghers, who share that illusion, consider their own damned mulishness a reasoned, enlightened conservatism of great philosophical value to the State. He thinks that his bourgeoisie possesses a tradition of intelligence and a praiseworthy thirst for culture; whereas it has only a habit of joining societies and a masochistic pleasure in tormenting itself with bad music which it does not understand and worse books which it cannot approve. He thinks that he is set apart in lonely pride to guard the last pure blood in America; whereas he has absorbed and assimilated three-score immigrations in three centuries. Recognizing his social provinciality, he thinks that he is, nevertheless, an internationalist of the intellect; whereas his mind has an indurated parochialism that makes a Kansan's or a Virginian's seem cosmopolitan. That is what is important about his mind.

Nevertheless, he is fundamentally a realist, and these illusions are harmonious in the Yankee nature. Accidental by-products of that nature, of these qualities as well as more substantial ones, have produced the Yankee commonwealth, the almost-perfect state.

Let us begin with Cambridge's dead-end streets, which Mr. Lewis Mumford was recently commending. Mr. Mumford, who writes about the perfected municipalities of the future, had been looking at Brattle Street, Concord Avenue, and the little streets that wander off them but end without joining them together. He believes that cities must be planned so that quiet, safety, and seclusion will be assured their inhabitants. In the automobile age, highways must be constructed for through traffic, while the streets on which people live must receive only the necessary traffic of their own cars and those which make deliveries to their houses. Our little dead-end streets accomplish that purpose perfectly. They are safe and quiet, and they seem to Mr. Mumford a praiseworthy anticipation of the machine age. They aren't that, of course. Their landscaped crookedness represents the wanderings of Cambridge cows and the strife of Yankee heirs when estates were settled. They come to dead ends not because a prophet foresaw Henry Ford, but because some primordial Cambridge individualist put up a spite fence or fought a victorious court action against the condemnation of his property. Similarly, though modern highways allow locust-swarms of cars to approach Boston, its downtown streets will never experience Fifth Avenue's paralysis. Yankee mechanics, going homeward across marshes, laid them down; a convulsion of nature could not straighten or widen them, and accident anticipated Mr. Stuart Chase's omnipotent engineer who would plan the almost-perfect city.

I cannot praise some aspects of the Yankee city. Such ulcerous growths of industrial New England as Lowell, Lawrence, Lynn, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, and Chelsea seem the products of nightmare. To spend a day in Fall River is to realize how limited were the imaginations of the poets who have described Hell. It is only when one remembers Newark, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, West Philadelphia, Gary, Hammond, Akron, and South Bend that this leprosy seems tolerable. The refuse of industrialism knows no sectional boundaries and is common to all America. It could be soundly argued that the New England debris is not so awful as that elsewhere—not so hideous as upper New Jersey nor so terrifying as the New South. It could be shown that the feeble efforts of society to cope with this disease are not so feeble here as elsewhere. But realism has a sounder knowledge: industrial leadership has passed from New England, and its disease will wane. Lowell will slide into the Merrimack, and the salt marsh will once more cover Lynn—or nearly so. They will recede; the unpolluted sea air will blow over them, and the Yankee nature will reclaim its own.

Consider one civic flowering of the Yankee nature on a lowly level. The Yankee has always done his major sinning in distant places. A century ago waterside dives across the world welcomed the roistering of Salem fo'c's'le hands, who in due time came back and married Prudence or Priscilla and took up a hillside farm, argued conservatively in town meeting, and joined the church. The righteous-enough have called this hypocrisy. Still, it made the hillside farms peaceful, and if we must go to New York for our conspicuous sinning to-day, Boston is thereby preserved from speakeasy life. Do not misunderstand me: the thirsty wayfarer need not suffer, and I shall be happy to supply addresses to visitors. But there is no place where you can entertain a New Yorker as he entertains you when you visit his home town. No ritual of introduction and recognition, no transformed brownstone fronts with bars and murals and $10 Clos Ste. Odile and $15 Berncasteler Riesling, no stratified social order following the geography of streets and the mechanization of amour. Boston throws its parties at home. The loss is perceptible but the gain is tremendous. Drinking retains the decency, the personality of private hospitality, which is something; and the social implications of the speakeasy do not exist, which is far more. A city in which there are practically no speakeasies. A city in which one does not eat and drink or meet one's friends or conduct one's love affairs at Jody's place or Number 47. A community life conducted without reference to the obligations of speakeasy entertainment. Problems of noise and expense, of stridency and fag and disintegration, of extravagance and display and impersonality have been solved by a Yankee trait that avoided creating them.

But take the Yankee nature at a higher level—the sense of the community. I know a Middlewesterner who, graduating from medical school with distinction, came to Boston to study under a great surgeon. He has finished his work now and is going to begin practicing. He considered Chicago but has finally determined upon New York. The rewards of distinction are highest there. Not Boston—oh, not by any means. Boston fees are ridiculously small, and Boston specialists neglect to capitalize their skill. They waste time in free clinics, in research laboratories, on commissions for the investigation of poliomyelitis or rheumatic fever or cancer or glaucoma—all highly commendable for the undistinguished, the rank and file, but very foolish for the truly great; since they

may treat millionaires. My friend will be, when his chief dies, America's leading surgeon in his specialty. So he goes to New York—and, I think, something about the Yankee commonwealth is implicit in that decision. . . . In Chicago a member of my family required the services of a specialist. The doctor grumbled about treating the family of a college teacher, whose trade proclaimed his income, but there was something about ethics and the Hippocratic oath and so he took the case. He did his work hastily, botched the job and, after inquiring the exact figures of my income, charged me one-fourth of a year's salary and said he would write off the rest to charity. So in due time a Boston specialist had to do the job over again and spend more than a year in treatments which, because his predecessor had bungled, required close individual attention and the long, costly technic of the laboratory. His fee, though my income had quadrupled, was one-fifth of the Chicago man's and, because the case was a problem rather than a potential fee, he performed the cure. He had the obstinacy of Boston doctors, the conservative notion that medicine is a profession of healing and not an investment trust.

The Yankee doctors are citizens of the invisible state. The drug list of the Massachusetts General Hospital is about one-fourth as long as that of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York; medicine has its fads as often as architecture, and the Yankee mulishness avoids fads. But the researches go on, and students come from all over the world, and somehow these obstinate physicians fail to lose their preëminence though they lag mightily behind in the possession of Rolls-Royces. Citizenship shows up in them, and New England witnesses what America has not seen for a long time—the wrath of doctors, spoken in public places, against abuses. Yankee foresight carries them into the slums, where they lose money but forestall plague and, incidentally, relieve suffering. Yankee geniality makes them friends of their patients, and we of the little bourgeoisie find that the terror of disease is allayed for us so far as may be. . . . I smoke a cigarette with the pediatrician who, at five dollars instead of twenty-five, pays a monthly visit to my infant son. I mention group medicine, now much discussed, and he explodes. "Hell! If I find a tumor in your gut [the Yankee tang] shall I send you to Smith because he's the best gut-opener in Boston, or shall I send you to Jones because he's in my office?" A problem in sociology receives its Yankee dismissal, and the pediatrician departs for the East End, where he manages a foundation that promotes the respectable adoption of foundlings. It keeps him from the golf course, and his waistline thickens; but he must maintain his citizenship in the Yankee commonwealth. Or my furnace man develops a queer pain, and I send him to the head physician of a great hospital. He is kept in an observation ward, where for some weeks all the resources of the laboratory are applied. Finally an operation is performed, and he goes to a camp in Maine to recuperate. No medical man receives a cent, and the hospital fees are paid from a fund created in 1842 to care for the moral welfare of canal-boat men. He will continue to tend furnaces for a long time yet. But what, I wonder, would be done for him in a perfect state—Mr. Swope's or Mr. Hoover's or Comrade Stalin's—that the almost-perfect state has failed to do?

It is this Yankee citizenship that has created, upon the granite base, the Yankee commonwealth. Our governments are corrupt—not uniquely in America or history—but somehow they govern. Racketeers exist but somehow they do not take over our munici-

palities. Fortunes are made from city contracts, but somehow our garbage is collected and our streets are swept. Sojourn in Philadelphia or New York and then come back to Boston—see order in place of anarchy, clean brick and stone in place of grime, washed asphalt in place of offal. Babies starve in Yankee slums and rachitic children play round the statues of our great, but not so many nor so hopelessly. The citizens have no hope of perfection, and Mr. Hoover's abolition of poverty found few adherents among them; but, as Mr. Mencken's figures show, they have made the start. Something toward a solution of the problem of how to live in decent cities has been here worked out. . . . Another friend of mine, a lawyer, possesses a divided self that beautifully exhibits the Yankee commonwealth. Professionally he creates trusts for the protection of his clients' heirs, and conscientiously forbids the trustees to invest in the securities of Massachusetts corporations. State socialism, he is sure, has fatally encroached on their profits. Then, the business day over, he enthusiastically pursues his lifelong avocation—agitating for labor and pension laws that will more drastically cut down those profits. Clearly, this is not Utopia, but it is a citizenship, and it glances toward the almost-perfect state.

IV

Drive southeastward from the Vermont uplands toward Boston, through a countryside where the white steeples rise across the not accidental vistas of village greens. It is here that, while the empire roared away elsewhere, the Yankee learned the equilibrium of his estate. Here is the New England town, the creation of the Yankee nature, which exists as something the empire has forever passed by. There are no booms here. The huntsmen are up in Chicago, and they are already past to-day's high-pressure drive in Kansas City, but in New England who can ever share an expectation of bonanza again?

Here are the little mills that squatted beside a waterfall and for some generations sent out their trickles of stockings and percales. Manchester and New Bedford, Lowell and Lawrence absorbed them in the end, and now these places go down in turn before the New South. So the little mills closed up; shreds of belting hang from their pulleys, and bats emerge from windows that will never again be glazed. Dover is only a pleasant place which had an Indian attack once and has a handful of beautiful houses now. Orford ships no products southward, but the loveliest mall in America drowses under its elms, undisturbed when the wind brings across the Connecticut the whistles of the railroad it would not suffer to cross its borders. The last tall masts have slipped out of Salem Harbor, and Hawthorne's ghost is more peaceful in the Custom House than ever those living ghosts were among whose dusty papers he found an initial bound with tarnished gold. Here are fifty inlets once resonant with hammers pounding good white oak, once uproarious when new vessels slipped down the ways. They are marshes now, and the high streets of Portsmouth and Newburyport remember a life once rich in the grain and wholly free of the repressions Puritans are supposed to have obeyed. And down their high streets will never come a procession of real estate men, promoters, financiers, and fly-by-nights. Portsmouth and Newburyport, with all their province, go no more a-whoring after Growth.

America is rachitic with the disease of Bigness, but New England has built up immunity against the plague. It is impossible to imagine Concord tattooing its lowlands with white stakes, calling itself "Villa Superba: The Sunlight

City of Happy Kiddies and Cheap Labor," and loosing a thousand rabid salesmen to barter lots on a Vista Paul Revere or a Boulevarde de Ye Olde Inne to its own inhabitants or suckers making the grand tour. There have been factories, of a kind, at Easthampton and Deerfield for a hundred years, but their Chambers of Commerce will never defile their approaches with billboards inviting the manufacturer of dinguses to "locate here and grow up with the livest community in God's country." Pomfret or Tiverton or Pittsfield will never set itself a booster's ideal, "One Hundred Thousand by 1940." Bigness, growth, expansion, the doubling of last year's quota, the subdivision of this year's swamps, the running round in circles and yelling about Progress and the Future of Zenith—from these and from their catastrophic end, New England is delivered for all time.

Here, if you have a Buick income, you do not buy a Cadillac to keep your self-respect. You buy a Chevrolet and, uniquely in America, keep it year after year without hearing that thrift is a vice, a seditious, probably Soviet-inspired assault on the national honor. The superannuation of straight-eights and the shift from transparent velvet to suede lace are not imperatives. You paint the Bulfinch front; you do not tear it down. You have your shoes pegged while the uppers remain good. You patch the highway; you do not rip it out. . . . The town abides. No Traveler's Rest with an arcade of self-service hot dogs and powder puffs will ever be reared on the Common. The white steeple rises at the far end, and the white houses of the little streets that lead into it are buried in syringa and forsythia, hollyhocks, Dorothy Perkinses, and the blooms of rock gardens. Soap, paint, and Yankee fanaticism have made an orderly loveliness not to be found elsewhere in America. The town is beautiful, and something more. Boys toss baseballs on the Common, infants tan themselves in safety, dogs conduct their tunneling and exploration. The Common and its tributary streets are quiet. Beneath the exterior, an efficient organization deals with the problems of the community; the townsman contributes his share but mainly he lives here, uncrowded. There is time; there is room; there is even, of a kind, peace. A society is here founded on granite. No one supposes it is perfect. It is not an experiment; it was not planned by enthusiasts or engineers or prophets of any kind. But out of the Yankee nature and the procession of blind force somehow dignity and community decency were here evolved.

The New England town, that is, has adjusted itself to the conditions of its life. It is a finished place. Concord was Concord when Newark was a pup, the song almost says; and Shirley will be Shirley when Great Neck is swallowed up. The butcher sells meat to his townsmen; he does not attempt exports to the Argentine. The turning-mill makes cupboards and cabinets for the local demand; it does not expand into the gadget business, and so throws no families on the town when next year's fashion demands gadgets of aluminum. Mr. Stuart Chase went to Mexico to find a community whose trades supported one another in something like security. He found it, but recorded his hope that some day the Mexicans would have dentists and bathtubs. In our imperfect way, we could have shown Mr. Chase his desire. The butcher's boy grows up to be a butcher, not a merchant prince; and meanwhile his teeth are taken care of and he bathes in porcelain, though while the white tub continues to hold water he will not bathe in something mauve or green that reproduces motifs from a Medici tomb. He has no hope

of unearned increment when a hundred thousand shall have come to Shirley in 1940, but he has sunlight and clean air, quiet, a kind of safety, and leisure for his friends. You will not find him in Los Angeles—and the perfect state could offer him nothing that is denied him in Shirley.

New England is a finished place. Its destiny is that of Florence or Venice, not Milan, while the American empire careens onward toward its unpredicted end. The Yankee capitalist will continue to invest in that empire, while he can, so that the future will have its echoes from the past, and an occasional Union Stockyards, Burlington, or United Fruit will demonstrate that his qualities are his own. But he, who once banked for the nation, will never bank for it again. The Yankee manufacturer will compete less and less with the empire. He will continue those specialties for which his skills and geography best fit him, but mainly he will be a part of his section's symbiosis. To find his market in his province, to sustain what sustains him, to desire little more, to expect even less—that is his necessity, but it implies the security of being able to look with indifference on the mirage that lures the empire on. The section becomes an economic system, a unity; it adjusts itself in terms of its own needs and powers.

The desire of growth and domination is removed from it—and with the desire is removed also their damnation. It will tranquilly, if aloofly, observe whatever America in the future does and becomes, but it is withdrawn from competition in that future. Almost alone in America, it has tradition, continuity. Not a tradition that everyone can admire, not a continuity of perfection, but something fixed and permanent in the flux of change and drift. It is the first American section to be finished, to achieve stability in the conditions of its life. It is the first old civilization, the first permanent civilization in America.

It will remain, of course, the place where America is educated, for the preeminence of its schools and colleges must increase with stability, and the place which America visits for recreation and for the intangible values of finished things. It will be the elder glory of America, free of smoke and clamor, to which the tourist comes to restore his spirit by experiencing quiet, ease, white steeples, and the release that withdrawal from an empire brings. It will be the marble pillars rising above the nation's port.

Or if not, if the world indeed faces into darkness, New England has the resources of the Yankee nature. They are not only the will to tighten one's belt and hang on. They contain the wisdom of three centuries whose teaching was, finally, defeat. They contain the dynamics of a religion which verified experience by proclaiming that man is depraved, that his ways are evil, and that his end must be eternal loss. Religion develops into the cynicism of proved things, and the Yankee has experienced nothing but what he was taught to expect. Out of this wisdom, in his frigid climate, against the resistance of his granite fields, he built his commonwealth. It was a superb equipment for his past; it may not be a futile one for our future.

PORTRAIT OF AN INTELLECTUAL

A STUDY OF AN AMERICAN TYPE

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

MONSIEUR DUPONT, the exchange professor from Clermont-Ferrand, upon returning to his native land was asked his opinion of the University of East Dakota. He gave it, briefly, emphatically, eloquently if ungrammatically:

"I haf nevair see a college so full of nawtheeng."

Naturally that remark did not make the bigoted little foreigner any more popular with the faculty. To show how absurd and jealous this statement was, it is only necessary to give a slight picture of the development, the resources, and the manifold Services rendered to the people of the commonwealth by this great institution of learning, usually adjudged to be one of the finest in the United States. In order to prove the point it is important not to deal in abstract generalities but to adduce *facts* and *figures* to show just exactly where East Dakota belongs in the collegiate world to-day.

Unfortunately the University is best known throughout the country for its contribution to athletics, for its nine Championship Conference football teams produced by that genius, Head Coach William J. (Doc) Maguire. Obviously everyone from the President down to the humblest freshman reveres their great leader and is proud of his success. (As an architect of winning teams, yes, but more especially as a builder of character upon the fields of sport, for East Dakota is not victory-mad as they are in some other universities that could be named.) Yet it is rather on the cultural and academic side that East Dakota claims preëminence among the colleges of the United States.

Unlike many tradition-tied institutions of the nation, the university is less than thirty years old. It is skillfully laid out on a modern scale some twenty-five miles from town. As it has developed along carefully planned lines, there is an entire absence of those musty, fusty old buildings which obstruct the vision and offend the eye on other campuses. Here everything is snappy, up to date, constructed with a thought to Service, and built also with the future growth and expansion of the University in mind.

Now for our *facts* and *figures*, merely to suggest where East Dakota stands. Last year her total enrollment of 22,897 passed even California with her 18,698. They registered 2,650 in Liberal Arts, 1,845 in the Engineering School, 3,501 in the Law School, 3,652 in the Agricultural College, 2,471 in Extension courses, 4,842 in Home Study courses, 1,711 in the Correspondence School, and 2,224 in the various Institutes. There are so many Institutes connected with the University that it is hard to keep track of them, and it may be that one or two have been added since the Bureau of

Statistics issued these figures; but at last count there were the Institute of Euthenics, the Institute of Home Sanitation, the Institute of Mortuary Science, the Institute of School Experimentation, the Institute of Hotel Management, the Institute of Human Relationships, and the Institute of Child Welfare Research. All fully and conscientiously attended.

East Dakota University covers 184 acres (not counting the Institute of Hotel Management which is located at Sioux Falls). It has apparatus and furniture worth $16,796,653; grounds valued at $1,456,382; buildings and dormitories—not including the new Chi Phi House—worth $1,654,378; and it has a yearly income of over $2,000,000. The campus itself is a mile and a half long and about three quarters of a mile wide, and it takes half an hour to walk across it and five undergraduates to describe it. The majestic marble structure at the upper end is Administration Hall, containing the offices—when he is in town—of President Rogers P. Stindlebury, as well as those of the twenty-eight various Deans of the University, each of whom has an Assistant and three secretaries. Here also is the nerve center of the University, the Bursar's office, with dozens of rooms full of filing systems, cost accounting sheets, adding machines and comptometers, multi-colored cards, cases of records, and huge charts in red, blue, and green ink hung on the wall to portray vividly the growth of the institution, the increase in cost of education, and so forth. Most impressive it is, too. For as President Stindlebury often says, the University is a business concern with education to sell, and must pay its way like any other business. It is these sound common sense declarations without any college fal-lals which have made him so popular with the legislators, and, incidentally, have enabled him to obtain huge grants of money from the politicians up at the Capitol. They often say, "Stindlebury is a reg'lar feller." No move of his was better received than his installation of time clocks at the entrance to Administration Hall. To-day all the Deans, even old Professor Schofield (the Dean of the Faculty), as well as the President himself, have to punch a time clock morning and evening. Pictures of their slipping the cards into the slot were published all over the State and caused much favorable comment.

The University has no gymnasium, so-called. No, gymnasiums are now things of the past. Instead it has, as befits a modern university, a completely equipped Physical Education Hall—the biggest of its kind in the United States, by the way, constructed at a cost of over $2,500,000. The drill hall is large enough to maneuver a complete infantry regiment of 3,000 men in, and holds 10,000 spectators at a Conference basketball game. Here are conducted the various courses in physical education including health education, swimming, golf, tenni-quoits, gymnastic methods, social recreation, playground leadership, and interpretive dancing. All of these courses count for a degree, as do Head Coach Maguire's largely attended seminars on Coaching Methods and Problems. There is a swimming pool one hundred and ten feet long and sixty feet wide in each wing, one for recreational and one for instructional purposes, as well as a solarium which covers the entire top floor and is said to be the largest in the world.

More *facts*. The Yablowich Memorial Stadium—named after Dutch Yablowich, 1926, who was all-American fullback for three years; you remember, he scored four touchdowns against Southern California in the Rose Bowl game in his senior year—is situated just behind the Physical Education

Hall. It is of the modern double-decker type, seating 125,000. Every seat has an unobstructed view of the gridiron and, thanks to the new system of internal ramps, can be emptied in seven and a half minutes (actual time). East Dakota is justly proud of this mammoth colosseum built entirely from football profits and not costing the University one cent! Opposite Administration Hall is the recently erected Morton P. Malloy Chemical Laboratory, put up at a cost of $750,000, with complete equipment for classrooms, laboratories, offices for the professors, including a special suite for the head of the department, as well as the finest layout for research work obtainable. It is five times bigger than the chemical laboratory at either Yale or Princeton. Mr. Malloy, an alumnus of the class of 1912, made a fortune in meat packing during the War and gave this fine structure to his Alma Mater out of gratitude for the training which helped him to carry on its ideals of Service into the world of business. Naturally Professor Gregory, the head of the Department of Chemistry, is only too pleased to assist the Malloy Company with its research problems at any time.

The Student Union (largest and costliest west of the Mississippi) is a model of its kind. It contains a meeting place for all student activities, a vast dance hall, accommodation for the University Band of 180 pieces and other organizations, besides space in the basement for the *Daily Eyeopener*, the college newspaper (guaranteed circulation, 14,583). Herbert Spencer Hall, the philosophy building, is also one of the most expensive and fully equipped anywhere in the world, with every conceivable device for comfort, including the new Basken Ventilating System whereby a special rarefied cool air is infused as in the better movie palaces. The Agricultural College, covering 168 acres, is thoroughly mechanized and up to date. Fraternity Row boasts Greek-letter houses more elegant and elaborate than anything in the East, including the new Deke House put up last year at a cost of $120,000. Then of course there is . . . but why go on? Enough has been given to show where the University of East Dakota stands. At the top.

So full of nothing, eh? Just laugh off *those facts and figures*, Monsieur Clermont-Ferrand.

II

Into this educational maelstrom with its Institute of Human Relationships, its vast campus bordered by avenues lined with Soda Shoppes and Permanent Wave Parlors, its huge buildings where courses are given on bee keeping, show-card writing, tearoom and cafeteria management, boy scouting, structural drafting, and home-vegetable growing, came Jimmy Raymond, an instructor from Harvard.

Jimmy, whose father and mother died when he was a boy, was brought up by his uncle, old Professor Raymond of the English department at Cambridge. The professor had no children of his own, and Jimmy was a real son to him, receiving the best in education that the Harvard of twenty-five years ago had to offer, and also the best of the cultural atmosphere of the Raymond household. Much of the latter, apparently, did not take; fortunately for Jimmy, at East Dakota he was soon able to slough off his Eastern accent and other traces of his educational background and before long came to be accepted as a "real guy" by his associates upon the faculty.

The two men, nephew and uncle, were teachers of a different generation and, therefore, different one from another. But knowing old Professor Raymond, it was easy to see where

Jimmy acquired some of the personality that led to his success in after life. Professor Raymond of Harvard was a tall, erect old gentleman with keen brown eyes through which burned a love of English literature that communicated itself to the dullest and most wilfully indifferent student. His lectures were unconventional, never two alike, and always interesting, although it seemed as if he had no set plans or notions about the teaching of his subject. What his students actually learned is hard to say and more difficult to define. Nothing perhaps really worth while, nothing that would be of any real value to them afterward in business, or even in an institution of Service like East Dakota. There was, to tell the truth, painfully little of practical value to be obtained from old Professor Raymond's courses: his lectures were seldom packed with information, they did not teach one much of anything; they were informal causeries on poetry, literature, art, music, life, or whatever happened to come into his head as he talked on in his aimless manner. To be sure, he managed to make the undergraduates feel the beauty of the immortals of the English language, of Milton and Chaucer and the Cavalier poets, although as Jimmy used to say afterwards when describing his uncle, "Just what good all that stuff would do them in the investment banking game is a little hard to see!"

Thoroughly unbusinesslike was old Professor Raymond, yet a character withal. Those were the days before it was considered necessary to hire a Graduate Manager of Athletics at fifteen thousand dollars a year plus twice that sum for assistants, clerks, and various other supernumeraries. The Professor, in the role of Faculty Adviser on Athletics, performed most of those duties himself; with a single helper he received moneys, arranged schedules, settled eligibility problems, and otherwise attempted to keep the sport of the University within the bounds of common sense. He was, however, always an idealist; he persisted in the belief that intercollegiate athletics were merely contests between amateur sportsmen played for the sake of the game alone. Consequently, it must be admitted that he was somewhat less than efficient and that toward the end of his regime things fell into a chaotic condition quite beyond his lovable but unpractical nature.

For he was more at home in his classroom than in dealing with the business of intercollegiate athletics. When he died the extent and depth of his influence was, however, revealed. At his funeral the character of the gathering was no less astonishing than its size. Financiers from Wall Street, several former ambassadors, men connected with the biggest industries in the country, prominent politicians, professional men, as well as a handful of rather shabby teachers who had been affected and helped by his inspiration, by occasional letters, by words of affection and encouragement at dark moments—they were all at his grave. There were also many drab-looking little men, unsuccessful graduates, some of whom he had assisted, probably financially, when they were in college. Jimmy has never in all his fifteen years at East Dakota been called on to loan a cent to anyone. As, indeed, why on earth should he be? Nowadays one's relations with the student body are different. Professor Raymond used to have a simple ceremony on Thursday evenings when he threw open his old-fashioned house on Chauncey Street and entertained any or all who cared for literature and for him. Many came because his handshake was sincere, he was happy to see you, and his voice betrayed him. If you went once it was certain that you would go again.

Jimmy lives in a splendid modern Colonial house four miles out from the campus on Michigan Avenue, with a drawing-room painted nile green and carefully decorated by the smartest interior decorator from Chicago. Yet he never entertains his students at home; his methods are far more businesslike. In the old-fashioned college one of course had time for that sort of thing. But East Dakota is an institution of Service. To serve you must keep busy. Jimmy has few leisure moments as did his uncle years ago. He prefers to see his students strictly in line of duty. Of course he is always accessible to anyone needing help or assistance in Education; however, his hours are limited, so you must first call up and make an appointment with Miss Collins, his secretary. No good running in upon him during his Conference Periods—Tuesday and Thursday from two to three—for you cannot see the Professor whenever you like. No, every moment of his day is accounted for, otherwise he would be unable to get through the vast amount of work which he does daily. Conferences are brisk, conducted with dispatch, in a room that might be the office of the head of a big corporation. The desk is clean and bare of litter save for one of those newfangled penholders with two pens sticking up into the ether, and the folder of the student open before him. In one corner sits the efficient Miss Collins, and if the caller stays too long she will leave the room and return a moment afterward to whisper in a loud tone to Jimmy the information that it is 2:45 and Mr. Smithers is waiting outside. All the pleasant informality of old Professor Raymond, his contacts with the boys, his ambling lectures, his Thursday evenings at home, his stroll across the Yard with the boys touching their hats (no one would touch his hat to Jimmy, because only a few of the graduate students know who he is)—all that intimate comradeship of twenty-five years ago is absent from the campus at East Dakota. A good thing, too! In that time and place it was delightfully charming, it had a part to play in that distant day and age; but Jimmy lives in a more modern period. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* He cannot afford to be a time-waster like his uncle. To his credit be it said that he is far too efficient to wish to be one if it were possible.

III

While at Harvard Jimmy Raymond specialized in Education. It is hard to understand why. There was never in his collegiate life or later any burning love for education manifest, he never evinced any tremendous or passionate devotion to the cause in after years. Possibly he realized that in the time to come it was to prove a handle through which many doors could be opened. At any rate, during his college career he specialized in that subject. Those were the days when with a little care and close attention to one's choice of subjects one could spend four years at Harvard, receive an A.B. degree, yet still be not far from an illiterate. Jimmy took the obligatory English A as a freshman (the only course, by the way, that he ever failed in), and thereafter stuck intently to the pursuit of Education.

With no background in the classics, with nothing of mathematics or chemistry or physics, with no modern language, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of Education. He had little time to waste upon athletics, extramural activities, society in Boston, or indeed upon anything except work. In three years, at nineteen, he received his A.B. Twelve months later, while his classmates as seniors were struggling with the final examinations, Jimmy was obtaining his A.M. *cum laude.* This

was only the prelude. As some men spend their lives chasing money and others chase pretty women, Jimmy Raymond has chased degrees the world over. He is now an intercollegiate international champion degree-getter, holding a dozen or more from as many universities in this country and abroad. Nor is the end in sight.

His next two years were spent in the Graduate School preparing for his thesis. This was a tremendous affair which took hours and hours of time and energy and weeks of investigation and research, and involved the sending out of thousands of questionnaires all over the United States. The final document was a formidable tome entitled "An Analysis of Duties and Characteristics of American Janitor Service"—the idea being to assist in the training of janitors so that they might perform their tasks efficiently and correctly. To this end he went into the subject in detail, discovering among other things that there were 654 separate and distinct janitorial duties, including setting out ash cans, emptying the mail-boxes of departed tenants, watching for burglars (*a*, by day; *b*, by night), repairing stairs and hallways, answering telephones, collecting tenant garbage, interviewing applicants for position of assistant, informing agents of improper conduct of lessees, etc. Jimmy found out also that janitors should possess 58 traits, including courtliness, imagination, humor (sense of, only), self-respect, modesty, strength, courage, tact, a quiet voice, ability to stoke a furnace (boiler pressure of 120 pounds), power to discriminate between book agents, peddlers, and tenants' friends, and so forth. The thesis explained and enumerated these qualities with various charts, diagrams, formulæ and equations like

$$\frac{H}{T+F} = \frac{R}{K+M}$$

The whole thing was fearfully impressive and Jimmy was immediately awarded his Ph.D.—at the age of twenty-two!

The following two years he spent at the University of Göttingen, to return with yet another degree to add to his already formidable record. At once his services were seized upon by a committee of college presidents who wished him to apply his system of investigation, charts, diagrams, and formulæ to the study of teacher-training. This committee had plenty of money, Jimmy had plenty of time. He used both. The complete investigation lasted three years and cost $54,000. At the end of this period he produced an enormous volume of 780 pages, which revealed that teachers had some 865 duties, including "taking care that pupils go quietly to lavatory," "answering questions," "asking questions," "restraining pupils from applying cosmetics in class," "helping pupils find errors," "creating proper atmosphere by humorous remarks when appropriate," and in fact doing just about everything under the sun except teach. Among the necessary qualities for teachers were, so he found, "accuracy, attractive personal appearance, good handwriting, fearlessness, clean fingernails, fluency, magnetism, personality, sobriety, discretion," and numerous others. It is doubtful whether anyone ever read this volume through, or indeed half read it; but such attention did it attract in educational circles that it gave Jimmy his chance at East Dakota.

He had been an instructor at Harvard for two years by this time. It was the period when the University of East Dakota happened to be in the throes of organizing its Department of Education. Finally, one day, President Stindlebury came across Jimmy's masterpiece. Here at last was the very man! A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Har-

vard; D.Sc., Göttingen. He was only twenty-eight, to be sure, but what of it? So much the better. Young blood for a young University! Minute investigation—that careful investigation which every conscientious university president conducts when he comes to select the head of an important department—proved that Dr. James Roswell Raymond was the exact type desired. He had ambition, tact, energy, keenness, youth, a Ph.D. from Harvard and brains aplenty. In short, he was the very person Stindlebury had in mind. Telegrams crossed the continent. A week later the two men met in a hotel in Chicago. It was to the credit of the President that he did not blench at Jimmy's youth nor yet at his Cambridge accent. It was to Jimmy's credit that he was willing to leave Cambridge and jump into the great unknown. East Dakota is the great unknown no longer. Try to get him back to-day. One or two of the older universities along the Atlantic seaboard have tried.

IV

Jimmy had been at East Dakota as head of the Department of Education for only two years before he was "contacted" by a nation-wide automobile corporation. They requested him to make a complete and thorough study of their Personnel Division, its composition, officers, general functions, and efficiency. He spent two months of the hottest of summers in Detroit and at long last was ready with his report. Nor did he waste his two months either. One less versed in the ways of corporations might have submitted the report to the President when ready. Jimmy was more astute. After several weeks of wire pulling he managed to get himself called before a meeting of the Board of Directors, and appeared with his 268-page report in his hand. There had been, he knew, considerable doubt as to the wisdom of calling in a college man to consult upon a strictly technical and business problem. Jimmy's first sentence, spoken in a crisp, forceful tone, dispelled that fear. It also gave the President who had secured his services a singularly soothing feeling.

"Mr. President. Gentlemen of the Board of Townsend Motors. You have asked me to come here to Detroit and contact your Personnel Division. It would be easy for me to file a report stating that this important unit of your corporation was functioning one hundred per cent. This would be a lazy man's way of approaching the problem. It would also be untrue. I have preferred to come here before you face to face. For, gentlemen, the plain facts are"—and he hesitated for a moment to glance about the table at each man—"the plain facts are . . . that your Personnel Division . . . is not worth a good God damn. . . ."

The directors, who had expected a thin, shabby-looking and bespectacled professor to expound in abstruse and involved terms the value of their creation, were slightly dazed at seeing a well-dressed, prosperous-looking citizen stand before them and hearing him speak in terms like these. But secretly they were delighted. All day every day they were so consistently "yessed" on every hand by every subordinate with whom they were dealing that to be told the truth about the corporation in this straightforward manner was a relief. In simple and direct language Jimmy blasted the Personnel Division of Townsend Motors, its chief, his three assistants, and its methods. Cogently he marshaled his facts and laid his conclusions before them. His 268-page report Jimmy never once glanced at; he did, however, pass about white cards with efficiency curves charted out and long lines drawn up and down in red and green

ink, showing what the results of the Division actually were and what they might be if properly reorganized. The Board sat on the edge of its respective chairs, open-mouthed. When he rose briskly to go, folding up his brief case with quick, snappy movements, they crowded round to shake his hand and thank him for his services. That afternoon, before his departure from Detroit, he was summoned to the office of the President, where he was offered a special contract at $10,000 to select another Personnel Manager and arrange for the installation of a new Division, working under modern methods. Furthermore, he was given a five-year contract at $5,000 merely as a special retaining fee for his services. This contract, which has since been renewed, demands only a few visits to Detroit each year. Occasionally he interviews some applicant for an important post. The Townsend executives consider him cheap at the money.

That was only the first of Jimmy's outside connections. One "contact" led to another. His reputation grew. During the boom years he was earning —or at least was receiving—between $25,000 and $30,000 a year from sources beyond the University. He is, of course, still head of the Department of Education, still a college professor; but he seldom misses a chance to get a better toehold in the world of affairs. To this end he meets Big Business on its own level; thus he can go into conference with the leaders of the nation's industries, at the same time making them feel he is one of them, not a dry-as-dust intellectual. When work is over and someone suggests dinner and a night club in the Loop or in Harlem, Jimmy is as keen to go along as anyone. In short, he is a plain good fellow with the boys. Not only will he take a drink without urging; he will hold his own with the best of them. When talk of the theater arises he is all for the "Vanities" in preference to Eugene O'Neill or the latest Noel Coward comedy. In short, as Lammington Morgan, vice-president of Townsend Motors, often remarks, "He's just one hell of a good scout! That's all. No side to him." Nor indeed is there. His pose is to have an entire absence of pose.

To-day Jimmy is really an important figure in American industry. He is well acquainted with Thomas W. Lamont, Pierre S. du Pont, John J. Raskob, James G. Harbord, as well as many of the younger financiers of Wall Street like Sloan Colt of the Bankers, William S. Gray, Jr., of the Central Hanover, Harvey Gibson of the Manufacturers, and others. To him they are Jack and Tom and Bill. Moving in these exalted circles Jimmy knows he must look well; luckily he can afford to. His suits are fashioned to his generous figure by a Fifth Avenue tailor, his shirts and shoes are made to order, his neckties are veritable creations. He drives with speed and precision one of the new triple-silent, syncromesh transmission Cadillac V 16's; it is his boast that he has "driven over 300,000 miles without a ticket." If you happen to be going through town he is only too pleased to put you up overnight, and will prove himself the most excellent of hosts, mixing a cocktail made from liquor imported straight from Canada, guaranteed uncut, and priced accordingly.

Meanwhile in recent years his "contacts" with business have been of value in many ways. He bought Townsend Motors back in 1924 on an inside tip and cleaned up, did the same thing in 1926 with International Gas & Electric, and again the following year with Middleton Steel. By 1928 he had a broker's account in Chicago so big that it used to worry him; many a sleepless night was the result. Accordingly he cut down his commitments

to some degree, although just before the crash in 1929 he plunged heavily in Faultless Pictures, Inc., on a straight tip he had from one of the senior vice-presidents. His losses amounted to $120,000, and he has not been unusually successful in stocks since then, despite his access to the counsels of the elect in the world of affairs.

Curiously enough, although he is "hail fellow well met" with all and sundry, he is not overpopular at East Dakota. It is true that his colleagues regard him with considerable awe, and the story about the campus is that he dropped half a million in the crash—a slight exaggeration which he never bothers to contradict. Even to-day with his retaining fees he makes three or four times as much as the President, and he could afford to splurge if it were in his nature. But it isn't. Yet he is not beloved by the faculty. You see he pays the penalty of being a hard worker. Where many of his confreres spend their idle moments mooning around books or otherwise wasting their time, he is producing for some outside concern. In other words, he is businesslike, modern, progressive, and successful; naturally many of his associates who lack these qualities affect to look down upon him. "Oh, Raymond," they say, with a shrug of the shoulders. Jealousy, no doubt. At any rate Jimmy has discovered that the big executives of the country have more respect for the opinions of a professor than have the administrative offices of his University. In a number of instances various concerns have accepted his decisions, or at least given them more weight than he has ever received in recommendations made in his own department of the administration of the University. There are times when he feels tired of the pettiness and second-rate envy of the college town. But he enjoys the opportunities offered him for research work. Besides, he is keen enough to realize that if he took a position in business—and he has been offered many at huge salaries—he would soon be merely another business man competing with business men. Now he is Professor Raymond, head of the Department of Education at the University of East Dakota. As such he serves as a consultant, called in to recommend and suggest changes, not forced to put them into effect or to produce results.

V

Owing to the feeling of the faculty, Jimmy's position might be in danger were it not for the fact that he is an immense advertisement for the University—a fact which the President is not slow to realize. Also several times he has been able to be of help and assistance to that sorely tried gentleman. Once when there was some silly talk of lack of background and tradition on the campus, he called Jimmy into consultation, as having come from an institution of ancient tradition. Explaining his problem, he demanded a remedy. Jimmy listened and agreed that there were few traditions at East Dakota, pointing out that its rapid growth and vigorous rise had prevented time being wasted on such things. However, possibly a tradition or two might not be such a bad idea. Accordingly, the next morning notices were found on the bulletin boards of the campus, reading:

Effective Immediately
Jan. 22, 1931.

Beginning today at 9 A.M. it will be a tradition at the University of East Dakota that freshmen will not be allowed to walk on the campus.

Per order,
ROGERS P. STINDLEBURY,
President.

By:
J. Harry Fitzimmons,
Dean of the Coll.

Besides being useful occasionally to the President, there are other things which tend to put Jimmy in an invulnerable position. Obviously everyone who wishes to teach in the East Dakota school system must have a degree from the State University, and if he aspires eventually to the position of Superintendent or High School principal, he must have a degree from the School of Education as well. Naturally Jimmy, as the Dean, knows the best men and is in a position to recommend them for the good openings. He is, therefore, so placed that he can, if he wishes, do many a favor for the legislators at the Capitol or their friends. In this role he has enormous power among the politicians, and as it is to them that President Stindlebury must look for his yearly grants to carry on the various Services which the University renders, it is easy to see why he permits Jimmy more or less of a free rein.

Furthermore, it so happens that Jimmy is also extremely popular with the alumni. They hear of him constantly in a business way, and he in turn makes a point of seeing them as often as possible. He has come to be in great demand as a speaker at alumni meetings all over the State. He gives a plain, straightforward talk with nothing academic or intellectual about it. He never fails to arouse a storm of cheering at the start by referring to Head Coach William J. (Doc) Maguire's last Championship team, going on to point out that East Dakota is an institution belonging to the people, an institution of Service, and that "If you want a course and we haven't got it, we'll start one for you!"

Can you imagine the older and more conservative universities of the country giving Service of this kind?

Every few years Jimmy goes abroad because he likes to keep informed on what is transpiring in educational circles in Europe. However, he does not bother much about things outside his own sphere; usually he is too busy receiving degrees and meeting the educationists of London and Paris to waste his time in places like Sainte Chapelle or the National Gallery, for after all he is an international figure and as such has matters of real importance to attend to. Some of his more envious colleagues make fun of him secretly because he has never heard of Bach, Scarlatti, or Palestrina, because he thinks George Herbert was a composer of musical comedies and Samuel Butler was head of a chain of grocery stores, because he lives in the twentieth century and the names Ravel, Gide, Montague, and Picasso mean nothing to him. Hard to make those fossilized back numbers understand that this is an age of specialization. You wouldn't expect the cashier of your bank to appreciate Ravel; nor would you insist that your doctor spend his time abroad looking at Nicolas Poussin's "Nativity" in the National Gallery. The University pays Jimmy to be a specialist in education; he is that. He is more than a specialist, he is a real authority in his field, made so by study and hard work. His knowledge of educational conditions is often astounding even to his intimates, and not infrequently to his enemies. He is almost the only American educationist to be mentioned and quoted with respect in English and continental journals and compendiums. In short he leads the field. How much better to be at the top of his profession than to be a cultural dilettante like some of his associates who pretend to look down upon him! They never get ahead simply because they possess a scattered smattering of general knowledge and nothing else; never are they called on to address alumni meetings or to give their advice and opinion in the world of affairs. Jimmy himself could

be up on the latest novels and books, but he devotes himself zealously to his calling, and such spare time as he can grab that is not put into "contact work" he spends reading educational books and journals, and other matters pertaining to his profession.

He is not a highbrow and does not pretend to be, either within the University or without. Yet if you did not know him you might suggest that he conceals this fact exceedingly well. Pick up *Who's Who* in Jimmy's library. Strange to say it will open of itself at page 1834. Possibly your eye will fall upon the name:

RAYMOND, Dr. James Roswell, univ. prof.; *b.* Burlington, Vt., Oct. 23, 1889; *s.* John and Eliza R.; A.B. Har. 1908, A.M. Har. 1909, Ph.D. Har. 1911, D.Sc. Göttingen 1913, Litt.D. Grinn. 1919, Litt.D. Ober. 1922, D.Sc. Drake 1923, Litt.D. Kan. 1925, Litt.D. Minn. 1927, Litt.D. Mich. 1928; *m.* Julia Thompson, Boston, Mass., July 8, 1915; Children: Ruth b. Dec. 9, 1917, Henry b. May 2, 1918, James R. Jr. b. Aug. 19, 1921. Instr. Har. 1915–17, Prof. and Head Dept. Ed. Univ. E. Dak. 1917, Dean School of Ed. since 1923. Dir. Am. Power Corp., Investors Secur. Inc., Mammoth El. Lt. & Power Co., Nat. Cash Reg. Co. Mem. Am. Assn. for Advancement of Science, Am. Assn. Univ. Profs. (Sec'y 1928–30, Pres. since 1931), Acad. Pol. Sciences, Am. Acad. Science, Pres. Inst. Prog. Ed., on Nat. Council on Intellectual Coöperation (by appt. Sec'y of State), Am. Council on Ed., Pres. E. Dak. Teachers Assn., Middle Western Teachers Assn., Lect. at Int. New Ed. Conf. at Locarno, Switz., 1927, and Elsinore, Den., 1929, on Parent Ed., Sex Ed., and Co-Ed., Board Am. Ed. Rev. (Ed. since 1930). *Author:* Hist. Am. Ed., 4 vols., Duke Univ. Press, 1929; Ed. in the Making, Johnson, 1930; various articles in Ed. journals in this country as well as in *L'Education*, Geneva, Switz., and *Die Erziehung*, Dresden, Ger. *Clubs:* Faculty Luncheon, Faculty, Bonnie Brook Country Club (vice-pres.), Missawamppi Boat, Har., Tavern of Chicago, Rotary of Mammoth, E. Dak., 32 Degree Mason, Oriental Consistory, Lodge 519, Odd Fellows of Am. *Home:* 4218 Michigan Ave., Mammoth, East Dakota.

VI

The happy possessor of a jolly, robust sense of humor, Jimmy goes through life with a smile on his lips and a laugh in his heart. He continually declares that no phenomenon of human nature will astonish him, although the fact is that he was surprised and not a little pleased when he was offered the presidency of a small, old-fashioned, and richly conservative college located in the New England hills. Here indeed was recognition of his intellectual value, recognition for which his uncle, that scholarly old gentleman, would have considered the world well lost. But Jimmy has his feet on the ground. The magic name "President," which has snared so many good educators to destruction, did not entrap this cool-headed intellectual.

Of course he did not accept the offer. No, naturally not. As he himself says —and how true it is—one must be progressive nowadays, one must move along with progressive institutions. Yes, this is a modern age. He would simply be lost as President of that quiet little college lying under those old New England elms. Fortunately the Professor is clever enough to realize this as thoroughly as anyone.

A DEATH IN THE COUNTRY

A STORY

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

AFTER the years, Tom Carroll was going back to Waynesville—to stand by a kinswoman's grave, in the country of his youth. The names of the small, familiar stations were knots on a thread that led back into the darkness of childhood. He was glad Claire had not come. She hated death and memories. She hated cramped, local trains that smelled of green plush and cinders. Most of all she would hate Waynesville, even in mid-September and the grave light of afternoon.

Well, he wasn't looking forward to a pleasant time. He felt fagged and on the edge already. There was work for the active partner of Norman, Buckstone, and Carroll in his brief-case, but he could not get down to the work. Instead he remembered, from childhood, the smell of dyed cloth and poignant, oppressive flowers, the black wisp tied on the knocker, the people coming to the door. The house was full of a menace—full of a secret—there were incomprehensible phrases, said in a murmur, and a man in black gloves who came, and a strangeness behind a shut door. Run out and play, run out and play; but there was no right way to play any more—even out in the yard you could smell the sweet, overpowering flowers—even out in the street you could see the people coming and coming, making that little pause as they saw the black wisp. Beautiful, they said, she looks beautiful; but the glimpse of the face was not mother, only somebody coldly asleep. Our sister has gone to dear Jesus . . . we shall meet on that beautiful shore . . . but the man spoke words, and the harsh box sank into the hole, and from it nothing arose, not even a white thing, not even silver vapor; the clay at the sides of the hole was too yellow and thick and cold. He's too young to realize, said a great many voices—but for months nothing was right. The world had stopped being solid, and people's smiles were different, and mother was Jesus's sister, and they gave her clothes away. Then, after a long time, the place was green again and looked just like the other graves, and the knife in your pocket was a comfort, going out there Sundays in the street car.

Barbarous. And to-morrow would be barbarous, as well. The family met only at funerals and weddings, now; and there had been more funerals than weddings for the past ten years. The big Christmas tree was gone from the house on Hessian Street—the majestic tree whose five-pointed, sparkling star had scratched against the ceiling of heaven in the back parlor, spreading wide its green boughs to shelter all generations and tribes of the Pyes and Merritts and Chipmans, their wives and their children, their menservants and their maidservants, their Noah's arks and cigar-cases and bottles of *eau-de-*

cologne. The huge tablecloth of Thanksgiving lay folded away at the bottom of a chest—the tables now were too small. There would never be another turkey, with a breast like a mountainside, to fall into endless slices under the shining magic of Uncle Melrose's knife. Aunt Louise and Aunt Emmy had been the last of Hessian Street and, after to-morrow, there would only be Aunt Emmy and the ghosts.

The faces around the table had been masterful and full of life. They had been grown-up and permanent—one could not imagine them young or growing old. Together, they made a nation; they were the earth. If one took the trains of the morning, even as far as Bradensburg, lo, Uncle Melrose was there, at his desk with the little brass postage-scale on top of it, as it had been from the first. If one walked out to Mount Pleasant through the buckeye fall, at the end there was the white gate of Cousin Edna and the iron nigger boy with the rainstreaked face, holding out his black hand stiffly for the buckboards that drove no more. There were princes and dominations and thrones and powers; but what were these beside Aunt Emmy and Cousin Millie, beside the everlasting forms of Mrs. Bache and Mr. Beaver, of the ladies at the Women's Exchange and the man who lighted the gas street-lamps with a long brass spike? Then, suddenly, the earth had begun to crumble. A wind blew, a bell sounded, and they were dispersed. There were shrunken old people, timorous and pettish, and a small, heart-stifling town. These and the grown-up children, more strange than strangers. But Hessian Street was over—the great tree was down.

"And Uncle Melrose was a pompous old windbag" thought Tom Carroll. "And yet, if he were alive, I'd be calling him 'Sir.' Oh, Claire's right—the jungle's the jungle—she's saner than I am, always."

It was one of the many maxims Claire found in books. The family was the jungle that you grew up in and, if you did not, somehow, break through to light and air of your own when you were young, you died, quickly or slowly but surely, stifled out, choked down by the overpowering closeness of your own kin. Tom Carroll knew this much—that New York, after Waynesville, had been like passing from the large, squabbling, overheated room of Christmas afternoon into the anonymous peace of a bare and windy street. He had been lonely, often—he had missed Hessian Street and them all. But, oh the endless, intricate, unimportant diplomacy—the feuds and the makings-up—the inflexible machine of the Family, crushing all independence. Not again, not ever again! And yet, here he was, on the train.

Well, nobody could say that he shirked it. He would have to take charge when he got there, like it or not. It wouldn't be easy, straightening everything out—he'd rather handle the Corliss case any day—but he'd done it in other emergencies and he supposed he could do it again. After all, who else was there? Jerry Pye? His mouth narrowed, thinking of Jerry.

The conductor bawled the names of familiar stations, the long, autumnal twilight began beyond the window. If only things could go smoothly just this once! But something always cropped up—something always had to be smoothed over and explained. *Morton Center, Morton Center!* If Aunt Louise had left no will—and she very probably hadn't—there'd be the dickens of a time, securing the estate to Aunt Emmy. But it must be done—he'd ride roughshod over Jerry Pye if necessary. *Brandy Hill! Brandy Hill!* . . . If only nobody would tell him to be sure and notice Mrs. Bache! He could

easily fix a pension for Aunt Emmy, but how to do it best? She'd have to leave Hessian Street, of course. Even cutting the old house into apartments hadn't really solved the problem. She could get a small, comfortable, modern flat over in the new section. The silver candlesticks were the only things Claire would have liked, but they would go to Jerry because Jerry had always failed.

Waynesville, next stop! The flowers had been wired from New York. *Waynesville!* We're coming in. There's an A. & P. on Main Street, and Ellerman's Bazaar is gone. *Waynesville!* . . . And God bless Uncle Melrose and Aunt Louise and Aunt Emmy and all my dear relations and friends and Spot and make me a good boy and not afraid of the dark. *Waynesville!*

Right down the middle of Main Street the train clanged till it stopped in front of the bald, new station. Tom Carroll sighed. It was as he had prophesied. Jerry Pye was there to meet him.

He got off the train, and the cousins shook hands.

"Have a good trip, Tom?"

"Not bad. Real fall weather, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a real fall. You took the limited as far as Bradensburg, I suppose?"

"Yes, that seemed the quickest thing for me to do."

"They say she's quite a train," said Jerry Pye. "I was on her once—three years ago, you know. Well, I thought, here's where the old man blows himself for once. Minnie would hardly believe me when I told her. 'Jerry Pye!' she said, 'I don't know what's come over you. You never take me on any limiteds!' 'Well,' I said, 'maybe it is extra-fare, but I just decided the old man could blow himself for once!' Well, you should have seen her expression! Though I guess it wouldn't mean much to you, at that. I guess extra-fare trains don't mean much in people's lives when they come from New York."

"I could have taken a slower train," said Tom Carroll, carefully, "but it wouldn't have saved any time."

This remark seemed to amuse Jerry Pye intensely. His thin, sallow face—the face of a dyspeptic fox—gloated with mirth for an instant. Then he sobered himself, abruptly and pointedly.

"You always were a case, Tom," he said, "always. But this is a sad occasion."

"I didn't mean to be funny," said Tom Carroll. "Had I better get a taxi or is that your car?"

"Oh, we've got the family mistake—a dollar down and a dollar whenever they catch you!" Jerry Pye grinned and sobered himself again with the automatism of a mechanical figure. "I drove up in her night before last," he said, pointedly, as they got in. "Evans is a good man and all that, but he's apt to figure a little close on the cars; and as long as ours is dark blue, it'll look perfectly dignified."

"I telegraphed Aunt Emmy," said Tom Carroll and stopped. There was no possible use in trying to explain oneself to Jerry Pye.

"Yes, indeed," said Jerry, instantly. "Aunt Emmy appreciated it very much. Very much indeed. 'Tom's always very busy,' I told her. 'But don't you worry, Aunt Emmy. Tom may be a big man now, but his heart's in the right place. He'll be here.'"

"I told her," said Tom Carroll, distinctly and in spite of himself, "that in case anything of the sort came up, she had only to—"

"Oh," said Jerry, brightly, "we all knew that. We all knew you couldn't be expected to send one of your big cars all the way from New York to Waynesville. How's Claire?"

"Claire was very sorry indeed not to

be able to come," said Tom, his hands gripping his knees. "We have one car," he said.

"That's just what I said," said Jerry Pye triumphantly. "I told Aunt Emmy —'you couldn't expect Tom to take the car away from Claire—she'll need it when he's away, shopping and seeing her friends—and naturally she hardly knew Aunt Louise. You wait and see. She'll send handsome flowers,' I said."

"Oh, God, make me a good boy!" prayed Tom Carroll, internally. "It can't last more than ten minutes. Ten minutes isn't really long." He braced himself. "How is Aunt Emmy?" he said.

Their speed instantly dropped to a respectful twenty miles an hour.

"She's wonderful," said Jerry Pye. "Simply wonderful. Of course, Minnie's been a great help to her and then, the end was very peaceful. Just seemed to breathe away." His voice had an obvious relish. "One minute she was there—as bright as a button, considering everything—and the next minute—" He shook his head.

"I'm glad," said Tom Carroll. "I mean—"

"Oh, we wouldn't have wanted her to suffer," said Jerry Pye in a shocked voice, as if he were denying some uncouth suggestion of Tom's. "No, sir, we wouldn't have wanted that. Now when Minnie's mother passed over—I don't know whether I ever told you the whole story, Tom—but from the Friday before—"

He continued, but had only come to the personal idiosyncrasies of the first night nurse when they turned into Hessian Street.

They got out of the car. Jerry Pye was mopping his forehead, though the day was chill. Yes, there was the black wisp on the knocker. But there was a row of bell-pushes where the old name-plate had been. The bricks in the sidewalk were rose-red and old and worn—the long block of quiet houses kept its faded dignity, in spite of a sign, "Pappas' Smoke Shop," a sign, "The Hessian Sergeant—Tea and Antiques." The linden trees had not perished, though their shade was thin.

"If this were a city," thought Tom Carroll, "people would have found out by now that it was quaint and painted the doors green and had studio-parties. Well, anyhow, that hasn't happened."

"Everyone's been very respectful," said Jerry Pye, nodding at the black wisp. "I mean, some people might be touchy when everybody has to use the same front-door. But Mr. Rodman came to me himself—they're the second-floor back. Just leave your bag in the car, Tom. It won't be in the way. I think Minnie's seen us—we figured out if you came to-day this ought to be the train."

Tom Carroll did not repeat that he had telegraphed or that there was only one afternoon train to Waynesville. He kissed his cousin-in-law's flustered cheek and was kissed by her in return. Minnie was always flustered; she had been a plump, flustered robin of a girl at her wedding; she was unaltered now save for the dust of gray in her abundant, unbecoming hair; they had never exchanged three words, except on family matters; and yet, they always kissed. He wondered if Minnie, too, ever found this circumstance strange. He should not wonder, of course, especially now.

"How's Aunt Emmy?" said Jerry Pye, in the anxious tones of one just returned from a long absence. "There isn't any change?"

"No, dear," said Minnie, solemnly, "she's just the same. She's wonderful. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Bache are with her, now. Remember—we must all be very nice to Mrs. Bache, Cousin Tom."

"I did put a tick-tack on her window,

once," said Tom Carroll, reflectively. "But I haven't done that for a long time. Not for thirty years."

Minnie, the robin, was shocked for a moment, but brightened.

"That's right," she said. "We must all keep up for Aunt Emmy. Now, if you'll just go in—" She stood aside.

The spare, small, hawk-nosed figure rose from the stiff-backed chair as Tom Carroll entered. "Good evening, Thomas. I am glad you are here," said the unfaltering voice. "I think you know my good neighbors, Mrs. Bache and Mrs. Robinson."

Tom Carroll took the thin, dry, forceful hands. By God, she is wonderful, he thought, in spite of their saying it—it's taken me years to unlearn what she taught me, but she's remarkable. Why don't they let her alone? *Aunt Emmy, Aunt Emmy, you have grown so small! You rapped on my chapped knuckles with a steel thimble when I was cold; you ran me through and through like the emery-bag in your workbox with your sharp and piercing eyes; you let me see that you thought my father a rascal; you made me lie and cheat because of the terror of your name—and now you have grown small and fragile and an old woman, and there is not even injustice left in Hessian Street.*

The moment passed. Tom Carroll found himself mechanically answering Mrs. Bache's questions while his eyes roved about the room. The conch-shell was still on the mantelpiece, but one of the blue vases was gone. This was the front-parlor—the room of reward and punishment, of visitors and chill, the grandest room in the world—this room with the shabby carpet and the huge forbidding pieces of black walnut that never could have come in through a mortal door. What could you do with it all, what could you do? What could be done with a conch-shell and an iron oak-leaf and a set of yellowed pictures for a broken stereopticon? It was incredible that civilized people should ever have cherished such things. It was incredible that he had ever put the conch-shell to his ear and held his breath with wonder, hearing the sea.

"It was just like another home to the Major and myself. Always," said Mrs. Bache. "I can hear your dear grandmother now, before the Major was taken, when he had his trouble. 'Alice, my child, you're young,' she said. 'But, young or old, we all have to bear our cross. The Major is a good man—he'll always be welcome in Hessian Street.' The Major never forgot it. He was very badly treated but he never forgot a kindness. And now, Emmy and I are the last—Emmy and I are the last."

She fumbled for her handkerchief in her vast lap.

"There, there, Mrs. Bache," said Tom Carroll, inadequately, "Grandmother must have been a wonderful woman."

"You never even saw her," said Mrs. Bache, viciously, "Tom Carroll saw to that. Oh, why couldn't it have been me, instead of Louise?" she said. "I've been ready to go so long!"

Tom Carroll's face felt stiff, but he found the handkerchief. After a moment Mrs. Bache arose, enormously yet with a curious dignity.

"Come, Sarah," she said to the dim figure in black that was Mrs. Robinson, "It's time for us to go. I've been making a fool of myself. Good-by, Emma. Frank will take us to the church to-morrow. Try to get some rest."

Minnie was whispering to him that Mrs. Bache was very much broken and that Cousin Tom must not mind. Tom Carroll whispered back at appropriate intervals. He did not mind Mrs. Bache. But there was always so much whispering, and it hurt one's head.

Now they were all standing in the narrow hall, and the others were looking at him.

"We can just slip in for a minute before anyone else comes," whispered Minnie, "I know Cousin Tom would rather—"

"Of course," said Tom Carroll. "Thank you, Cousin Minnie." He must have been working too hard, he thought—perhaps he and Claire could go off for a trip together when he got back. Because, after all, it was Aunt Louise who was dead. He knew that perfectly well. And yet, until Minnie had spoken, he hadn't been thinking about her at all.

The statue lay on the walnut bed in the partitioned room that had once been part of the back parlor. Over the head of the bed was a cross of dry, brittle palm-leaves tied with a purple ribbon, and a church-calendar. Against the opposite wall was the highboy that he remembered, with the small china slipper upon it, and above it the ageless engraving of the great Newfoundland dog, head lifted, lying upon the stone blocks of an English quay. "A Member of the Royal Humane Society." There were brown spots on the margin of the engraving now, Tom Carroll noticed. The window was a little open, but everywhere were the massed, triumphant flowers.

A white, transparent veil lay on the face of the statue. The features showed dimly through it, as if Aunt Louise lay in a block of ice. Tom Carroll felt cold. Now Aunt Emmy, putting Minnie aside, went slowly to lift the veil.

Tom Carroll, waking at three o'clock in the morning in his room at the Penniquit House, knew instantly what was in store for him. He might lie on the hillocks of his bed as long as he liked but he would not be allowed to sleep any more.

"You're acting like somebody on the edge of a first-class nervous breakdown," he told himself sternly. "And yet, you haven't been working so hard."

The last year hadn't been easy, but no year was. When times were good, you worked hard to take advantage of them. And when they were bad, you naturally had to work. That was how you got to be somebody, in a city. It was something Waynesville could never understand.

He thought of their life in the city—his and Claire's—for solace. It was cool and glittering and civilized as a cube of bright steel and glass. He thought of the light, pleasant furniture in the apartment, the clean, bright colors, the crisp sunlight on stone and metal, the bright, clean, modern, expensive school where a doctor looked down the boys' throats every morning and they had special blocks of wood to hammer nails in, since apartments were hardly the place to hammer nails. He thought of his office and the things on his desk and the crowded elevators of morning and night. He thought of the crammed red moving vans of October and the spring that bloomed before April in the flower-shops and the clever men, putting in the new telephones. He thought of night beside Claire, hearing the dim roar of the city till at last the uneasy lights of the sky were quieted in the breathing-space before dawn.

It was she who had really held their life to its pattern. She had not let them be trapped; she had kept them free as air from the first day. There had been times when he had weakened—he admitted it—but she had kept her level head and never given in.

It had been that way about the old farmhouse in Connecticut and the co-operative apartment in town. He had wanted to buy them both, at different times. It was the Waynesville coming

out in him, he supposed. But she had demurred.

"Oh, Tom, let's not tie ourselves up yet!" she had said. "Yes, I know it does seem silly just going on paying rent and having nothing to show for it but a leak in the washstand. But the minute you buy places to live in they start to own you. You aren't free. You aren't young. You're always worrying. Don't talk to me about just playing with a few acres, not really farming. That was the way Grandfather started. Oh, Tom, don't you see—we're so *right* the way we are! Now, let's go over it sensibly, figures and all."

And she had been right. The old farmhouse, with its lilac hedge, now stood twenty feet away from a four-lane road; the co-operative apartment had failed and crippled its owner-tenants. She had been precisely right. She almost always was.

She had been entirely and unsentimentally right about her mother's coming to live with them for six months out of the year, when that had seemed unescapable.

"It's darling of you, Tom, but, dear old man, it never would work in the world. We've got to be modern and intelligent about the important things. Mother had me, and I'm devoted to her; but, when we're together for more than a week we get on each other's nerves like the very devil. It'll actually be a help to Hattie to have her for the winters—Hattie's always having a fearful time with the children. And we can have her for a long visit in the summer, and in between she can take the trips she's always wanted to take with that terrible Mrs. Tweed. Of course, I don't mean we ought to leave the whole financial end to Hattie and Joe. I'll insist on our doing our share. But I do think people ought to have *some* independence even when they are old and not just be shipped around from one relative to another like parcels, the way they did with Aunt Vi! It's more than sweet of you, Tom, darling. But you see how it is."

Tom Carroll had seen, with some relief, that they were not likely to have Mrs. Fanshawe as a permanent addition to their household, and he had acquiesced. Not that he disliked Mrs. Fanshawe. He got on very well with the rather nervous little lady—which was strange, considering how unlike she was to Claire. It struck him at times that Mrs. Fanshawe, from what he knew of her, had never been a remarkably independent person, and that to begin one's complete independence at the age of sixty-seven might be something of a task. But Claire must know her mother better than he did.

She did get on Claire's nerves and she did spoil the children—he could see that plainly enough. But, then, her visits were seldom very long. Claire would hardly have time to decline three or four invitations because mother was with them for a quiet little time before something would happen to call Mrs. Fanshawe away. And yet she seemed to like his calling her Mother May and pretending he was jealous of Hattie and Joe for stealing away his best girl. She'd laugh her brisk, nervous laugh and say he'd better look out or sometime she'd take him at his word and stay forever. And Claire would be saying, patiently, "Now, mother, are you sure that you have your ticket? And Tom will get you some magazines to read on the train." Afterwards Claire would say, "Oh, Tom, how can you? But she adores it!" and he would mumble something and feel rather pleased. Then Claire would kiss him and go to the telephone.

Only one of the visits had been in the least unfortunate. Claire had been tired that evening, and it was a pity that the conversation had happened to run on the future of the children.

"But, of course, you and Tom are planning to make a real home for them sometime?" Mrs. Fanshawe had said. Well, naturally, she could hardly be expected to understand the way he and Claire happened to feel about "homes" in the Waynesville sense. And it had all come right the following morning—had not Mrs. Fanshawe nervously stayed an extra two days in proof? But the evening had carried him back to the hurt feelings of Hessian Street. Tom Carroll was glad there had been another visit before Mrs. Fanshawe died.

She had died in the waiting room of the Auburndale Station, on her way back to Hattie's, after a pleasant month with her old friend, Mrs. Tweed. Even so, she had been considerate; for the station agent knew her and got hold of the Morrises at once—there had been some mix-up about her telegram. Later, they had found out that she had known about her heart trouble for some time.

He had expected to take Claire on to the funeral, but Claire had been adamant. "I will not have you do it, Tom. It'll be bad enough by myself. But I will not have you mixed up in it—it isn't fair. We can have bad memories separately, but I won't have us have them together." She had grown almost hysterical about it—Claire! And so she had gone alone.

He had been very much worried till she returned, with a white changed face that refused to give any details of those three days. "Don't ask me, Tom. I've told you everything I can—oh, yes, everybody was kind and they had her hymns . . . but, oh Tom, it's so terrible. Terrible. The most barbarous, the most humiliating custom I know! I'll tell you this right now, I'm not going to wear mourning. I don't believe in it and I won't submit to it. All the black dresses—mother didn't really like black. Oh, Tom, Tom, when I die don't dare wear mourning for me!"

He had got her to bed and quieted at last. But she had not been herself—the true Claire—for months afterward, though, as soon as she could, she had taken up the strands of their life again and woven the pattern even more deftly and swiftly, as if each new thread were precious and each second not to be recalled.

Naturally, then, it was only right for him to come to this death in his own country alone. Any other course would have been a monstrous selfishness. And yet he wished that he could go to sleep.

Perhaps, if he thought once more of that shining cube of steel and glass that was their planned security, sleep would come. Even death in New York was different and impersonal. Except for the very mighty, it was an anonymous affair. The man in 10B died and, the next fall, they redecorated the apartment for other tenants. In a month or so even the doorman had forgotten; the newsdealer wrote another name on the morning papers. A name dropped out of the 'phone book . . . you had moved again, with October . . . moved to another city—the city at the sprawling edge of town where lie the streets and avenues of the numberless, quickly buried dead. There, too, you would be part of the crowd, and your neighbors would be strangers, as it had been in life. Your dwelling would be well kept-up, for that was written in the contract. No ghosts could ever arise from that suburban earth. For this, John Merritt and Samuel Pye had built a house in the wilderness to be a shelter and a refuge for them and their seed to the generations of generations. It was just.

Something cracked in the shining cube of glass and steel. The girders crunched on one another, wrenching apart; the glass tumbled into nothing-

ness, falling a long way. There was nothing left but the perplexed, forgotten spirit, roused out of long sleep at last to strive, unprepared, against its immortal adversary.

Claire was all right, but she was afraid of death. He was all right, but he was afraid of death. The clever people they knew were entirely right, but most of them were deadly afraid of death.

If the life they led was rich—if it was the good life—why were they so afraid? It was not because they so joyed in all things under the sun that it was bitter to leave them. That was mortal and understandable, that had always been. But this was a blinder fear.

It had not been in sorrow or remorse that Claire had grieved for her mother—she had grieved the most because she had been afraid. And that made Claire a monster, which she was not. But there was something in it, all the same. He could admit it in her because he could admit it in himself. He lay sleepless, dreading the morrow. And yet he was not a coward so far as he knew.

They had won, but where was the victory? They had escaped from Waynesville and Hessian Street, from Fanshawe and Pye and Merritt, but where was the escape? If they were afraid in these years, how were they to deal with the years to come? Tom Carroll heard the clock in the courthouse strike five strokes. And then, when it seemed to him he could never sleep again, he fell asleep.

They drove at the slow pace down Hessian Street into Main, through the bright, morning sunlight. Tom Carroll felt ashamed of the dreams and waking of the night. He had never felt more solid and confident and assured than he did now, sitting beside Aunt Emmy, his tact and his shoulder ready for her the moment the inevitable breakdown came. Thank God! Jerry Pye was driving his own car. Jerry muddled things so. As for what was to come, that would merely be pathetic—the few old people painfully come together to mourn not only one of their own but a glory that had departed, the Waynesville of their youth. He hoped Aunt Emmy would not notice how few they were. But she, too, was old; and the old lived in the past. She could people the empty pews with the faces that once had been there. It was better so. The lords of Hessian and Bounty Streets had ruled the town with a high hand, even as they sank into poverty, but that was ended. You had only to look along Main to see the new names on the shop-fronts. They knew not Hessian Street, these Caprellos and Szukalskis, but they thrived and inherited the land. Even Waynesville was growing up—there was little charm left in it, but it was alive. And here was the old brick church of the memories.

He helped Aunt Emmy expertly from the car, but she would not take his arm. Well, he respected her courage. He stood tactfully to shield her from the sight of the coffin, just being lifted down from that other, windowless car. But before he knew it Jerry Pye was beside them.

"Aunt Emmy," said Jerry Pye incredibly, "did Aunt Louise really want old Zenas to be one of the coffin-bearers? Because he's there now, and it'll be too late unless somebody tells him . . ."

He actually made a gesture with his hand. Tom Carroll would have been glad to strangle his cousin. But miraculously Aunt Emmy did not break.

She even walked past Tom Carroll to look deliberately at the six black-suited negroes who now had their burden ready to carry into the church. Tom Carroll looked as well. They

were none of them under forty, and their faces were grave and sober, but there was something ceremonial in their attitude that struck Tom Carroll strangely. They were sad but they were not constrained—they were doing something they felt to be right and they did it naturally and with ceremony. They would remember the ceremony always when the sadness had passed.

"Zenas, Joram, Joseph, William, Henry, Devout," said Aunt Emmy, in a half-whisper. "Yes, that's right. That's right. Zenas should be there. Louise would have missed Zenas. No, Tommy, we will let them pass, please."

When the coffin had passed, to the sway of the easy shoulders, they followed it in. It was the beginning of Tom Carroll's astonishment. The astonishment did not lessen when he found the church half full, and not only with the old.

He had always thought of Aunt Louise as Aunt Emmy's shadow—in his boyhood as someone always hurried but vaguely sweet whose peppermint-drops took away the taste of Aunt Emmy's wrath; in his manhood as a responsibility at the back of his mind. But the minister was a young man, and neither Pye nor Merritt, and he spoke of the Louise Pye, whose singlehanded effort had turned the ramshackle old School For The Instruction Of Freed Negroes into an institution model for its time, in terms that assumed his hearers knew and appreciated the difficulties of that task.

Phrases came to Tom Carroll's ears. They were the conventional phrases of oratory, yet the speaker meant them. "Unsparing of time or labor." "The rare gift of personality." "The quiet achievement of many years." "We can say to-day, in all truth, a light has gone from among us. . . ." But this was Aunt Louise!

And after the service, and on the way to the grave, and after the service there, the astonishment continued. He was by Aunt Emmy's side, and the people spoke to him. Nearly everyone who spoke to him knew his name. They did not find it odd or kind or a favor that he should be there—he was Julia Merritt's son, who was working in New York. You didn't hear as much about him as you did about Jerry Pye, but it was natural that he should return. Not only Mrs. Bache was under the impression that he had come principally to hear the reading of Aunt Louise's will. They did not think ill of him for it, merely prudent. He could explain nothing, even if he had wished to. There was nothing to explain.

He could not count the number of times he was told that the cross of yellow roses was beautiful—did they know by telepathy that it was from him and Claire? He had thought it garish and out of place beside the other flowers, the late asters and first chrysanthemums, the zinnias and snapdragons, the bronzes and reds and golds of the country fall. But that he could not say.

The negroes who had borne the coffin knew him. They spoke to him gravely in their rich voices when all was done. Aunt Emmy had a curious phrase for each of them, "Thank you, Devout. Thank you, Joram. Miss Louise will be pleased." It would seem macabre, telling it to Claire. It was not; it was only simple. But that she would not believe.

He remembered, as if in a dream, his plans for succor and comfort when Aunt Emmy should collapse. But it was he who felt physically exhausted when they got back to the house.

This, too, was the moment that he had dreaded the most. Last night he had been able to have dinner at the hotel, but this time there was no escaping the cold meal laid in the basement dining room, the haunted and undue

fragrance of flowers that had filled the house for a while. But, when the food was in front of him he was hungry and ate. They all ate, even Aunt Emmy. Minnie did what waiting was necessary and did it, for once, without fluster. Jerry Pye seemed tired and subdued. Once Tom Carroll caught himself feeling sorry for him, once he tried to help him out in a story that was meant to be cheerful and fell flat.

"You know," said Minnie, in a flat voice, pouring coffee, "it seems as if Aunt Louise hadn't gone away so far as before it happened."

Tom Carroll knew what she meant. He felt it too—that presence of the dead, but not grimly nor as a ghost. The presence was as real as the October sky, and as removed from flesh. It did not have to mean that all tired souls were immortal—it had its own peace.

After the meal was over, Tom Carroll walked in the back yard and smoked with Jerry Pye. Now and then he remembered from childhood the fear that had walked there with him, with the scent of the overpowering flowers. But, search as he would, he could not find that fear. The few flowers left in the beds were bronze and scentless; there was no fear where they bloomed.

It was time to go in for the reading of Aunt Louise's will. Tom Carroll listened obediently. He did not even mention the names of Norman, Buckstone, and Carroll. Once, when Mr. Dabney, the lawyer, looked at him and said, "You are a member of the New York Bar, I believe, Mr. Carroll?" he felt surprised at being able to say "yes."

It was a long and personal will made up of many small bequests. He could see Aunt Louise going through her innumerable boxes, trying hard to be fair.

"To my nephew, Thomas Carroll, and his wife, Claire Fanshawe Carroll, the pair of silver candlesticks belonging to my dear Father."

Tom Carroll felt the slow red creeping into his face.

They shook hands with Mr. Dabney. They spoke of what was to be done. Tom Carroll did not proffer assistance. There was no need.

Jerry Pye was offering him a lift as far as Bradensburg—Minnie would be staying with Aunt Emmy for the next week or so, but he must get back to work. But Tom Carroll thought he had better wait till the morning.

"Well, I guess you'll be more comfortable here at that," said Jerry Pye. "I'll have to hit her up if I want to get home before 3 G.M. So long, Tom. You see Minnie doesn't step out with a handsomer fellow now the old man's away. And take care of the Pye candlesticks—at that, I guess they'll look better in your place than they would in ours. Our kids might use 'em for baseball bats. Say, give my best to Claire."

He was gone. "Now, Tommy," said Aunt Emmy in her tired, indomitable voice, "you go back to the hotel and get a rest—you look tuckered out. Nelly Jervis is coming in here to get the supper. Half-past six."

They were sitting in the front parlor again that evening, he and she. It wasn't late, but Minnie had been sent to bed, unwilling. She wouldn't close an eye, she said; but they knew she was already asleep.

"It's queer what a good nurse Minnie is," said Aunt Emmy reflectively. "Seems as if it was the only thing that ever got her shut of her fussiness—taking care of sick people. You'd think she'd drop crumbs in the bed, but she never does. I don't know what we'd have done without her. Well, she's a right to be tired."

"How about you, Aunt Emmy?"

"Oh," said Aunt Emmy, "they used

to say there'd be some people the Fool Killer would still be looking for on Judgment Day. I guess I'm one of them. Of course I'm tired, Tommy. When I'm tired enough, I'll tell you and go to bed."

"Look here, Aunt Emmy," said Tom Carroll, "if there's anything I can do—"

"And what could you do, Tommy?"

"Well, wouldn't you like a car?" he said, awkwardly, "or somebody to stay with you—or another place. They say those apartments over by the—"

"I was born here," said Aunt Emmy, with a snap of her lips, "and now Louise has gone, I've got just enough money to die here. It isn't the same, but I'm suited. And, of all the horrors of age, deliver me from a paid companion. If I need anything like that I'll get Susan Bache to move in here. She's a fool and she's a tattler," said Aunt Emmy, clearly, "but I'm used to her. And Minnie'll come up, every now and then. Don't worry about me, Tom Carroll. We've all of us been on your back long enough."

"On my back?" said Tom Carroll, astounded.

"Well, I'd like to know where else it was," said Aunt Emmy. "You got Louise's money back from that rascal that bamboozled her, and I know of twice you pulled Jerry Pye out of the mudhole, and then there was Cousin Edna all those years. Not to speak of what you did for Melrose. Melrose was my own brother, but he ought to have been ashamed of himself, the way he hindered you. Oh, don't you worry about Waynesville, Tommy—you've no call. You did right to get out when you did and as you did, and Waynesville knows it, too. Not that Waynesville would ever admit George Washington was any great shakes, once he'd moved away. But you wait till you die, Tom Carroll"—and she actually chuckled—"and you see what the *Waynesville Blade* says about her distinguished son. They told Louise for twenty years she was crazy, teaching negroes to read and write. But they've got two columns about her this evening and an editorial. I've cut it out and I'm going to paste it under her picture. Louise was always the loving one, and I never grudged her that. But I did grudge her forgiving where I didn't see cause to forgive. But that's all done." She rustled the paper in her lap.

"How are your boys, Tommy?" she said. "They look smart enough in their pictures."

"We think they are," said Tom Carroll. "I hope we're right."

"They ought to be," said Aunt Emmy. "The Fanshawes never lacked smartness, whatever else they lacked, and your father was a bright man. Well, I've seen Jeremiah's and Minnie's. Boy and girl. Don't laugh at me, because it doesn't seem possible, but Jeremiah makes a good father. I never could get on with children—you ought to know that if anyone does—but I think they'll amount to something. Well, it's time the family was getting some sense again."

"Aunt Emmy!" said Tom Carroll, protestingly.

"Was this a happy house?" said Aunt Emmy, fiercely. "For me it was—yes—because I grew up in it. And I always had Louise and I don't regret anything. But was it happy for your mother and you? You know it wasn't, and a good thing your father took her out of it, adventurer or no adventurer, and a bad thing she had to come back. Well, we did our duty according to our lights. But that wasn't enough. There's no real reason, you know, why families have to get that way, except they seem to. But they will get to thinking they're God Almighty, and, after a while, that gets taken notice of.

I'll say this—it wasn't the money with us. We held up our heads with it or without it. But maybe we held them too stiff."

She sank into a brooding silence. Behind her in the corner the vague shadows of innumerable Pyes and Merritts seemed to gather and mingle and wait. After a while she roused herself.

"Where are you going to live, Tommy?" she said.

"I've been thinking about a place in the country sometime," said Tom Carroll. "If Waynesville were a little different—"

Aunt Emmy shook her head.

"You couldn't come back here, Tommy," she said. "It's finished here. And that's just as well. But, if you're going to build your own house, you'd better do it soon. You won't be happy without it—you've got too much Merritt in you. The Merritts made their own places. It was the Pyes that sat on the eggs till finally they tried to hatch chickens out of a doorknob, because it was easier than looking for a new roost. But you haven't much Pye. All the same, you won't be contented till you've got some roots put down. The Fanshawes, they could live in a wagon and like it, but the Bouverins were like the Merritts—when they'd rambled enough, they cleared ground. And Claire looks a lot more Bouverin than Fanshawe to me, whether she likes it or not."

"I didn't know you knew Claire's family," said Tom Carroll.

"She probably wouldn't tell you," said Aunt Emmy. "Well, that's natural enough. Good Goshen! I remember Claire Fanshawe, a peaked little slip of a child, at Anna Bouverin's funeral, just before they left Bradensburg. The coffin was still open, and some ignoramus or other thought it would be fitting for all the grandchildren to come and kiss their grandma good-by. Mind you, after they'd said good-by to her once already, before she died. I could have told them better, little as I know children. Well, it didn't make much difference to Hattie; she always had the nerves of an ox. But Claire was just over typhoid and after they made her do it she had what *I'd* call a shaking chill, in a grown person. And *yet*, they made her get up and recite the Twenty-Third Psalm in front of everybody—just because she was smart for her age, and a little child shall lead them. Her mother didn't stop them—too proud of her knowing it, I guess. But that was the Fanshawe of it—they had to play-act whatever happened."

Tom Carroll had his head in his hands.

"She never told me," he said. "She never told me at all."

"No?" said Aunt Emmy, looking at him sharply. "Well, she was young and maybe she forgot it. I imagine Hattie did."

"Claire never has," said Tom Carroll.

"Well," said Aunt Emmy, "I'll tell you something, Tommy. When you get to my age you've seen life and death. And there's just one thing about death, once you start running away from the thought of it, it runs after you. Till finally you're scared even to talk about it and, even if your best friend dies, you'll forget him as quick as you can because the thought's always waiting. But once you can make yourself turn around and look at it—it's different. Oh, you can't help the grief. But you can get a child so it isn't afraid of the dark—though if you scared it first it'll take a longer while."

"Tell me," said Tom Carroll in a low voice, "were there—very sweet flowers—when my mother died?"

"It was just before Easter," said Aunt Emmy softly. "You could smell the flowers all through the house.

But we didn't have any play-acting," she added, quickly. "Not with you. Melrose had that bee in his bonnet, but Louise put her foot down. But it's hard to explain to a child."

"It's hard to explain anyway," said Tom Carroll.

"That's true," said Aunt Emmy. "It's a queer thing," she said. "I never smell lilac without thinking of Lucy Marshall. She was a friend of mine, and then we fell out, and when we were young we used to play by a lilac bush in her yard. It used to trouble me for a long time before I put the two things together. But the pain went out of it then."

"Yes. The pain goes out when you know," said Tom Carroll. "It's not knowing that makes you afraid."

"If Hattie was closer to her, she could do it," said Aunt Emmy. "But the way things are—"

"It'll have to be me," said Tom Carroll. "And I don't know how."

"Well, you're fond of her," said Aunt Emmy. "They say that helps." She rose. "I'll give you the candlesticks in the morning, Tom."

"Can't I leave them with you, Aunt Emmy?"

"What's the use?" said Aunt Emmy practically. "To tell you the truth, Tommy, I'd got right tired of shining them. Besides, they'll look well in your house, when you get your house."

LAMENT OF THE OLD MAGICIAN

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

SNOW was in his hair, and his hands were bent,
And his fingers were darked and curled
Like weeds in the water.
Over the field and over the water he went
And wept for the sorrow of the world:

The magic has left the rocks and left the trees.
Nothing is left to the weary heart.
Splendor has left the rocks and the tall trees,
Beauty has vanished from the mountains and seas.
Nothing remains for this black heart.

And he walked to the shore and leaned upon the water,
But the stars in the sea were torn by the winds of the world.
Beautiless and curled
Rose the weeds in the water.

THE FUTURE OF MAN

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

THE majority of educated Americans and Englishmen now believe that they are descended from lower animals, though very few of them, under cross-examination, could give valid reasons for their belief, unless indeed they had just been reading Wells, Huxley, and Wells' *Science of Life*. If this belief is true it follows that our descendants may be creatures as different from ourselves as we are different from apes. The probable nature of such a further evolution, if any, is an amusing theme for speculation, but our views on it must depend on our theories as to human evolution in the past. Among those who have recently written on human evolution are our leading humorists, Shaw and Chesterton. Unfortunately they did not confine themselves to being funny about it. Both Chesterton, in *The Everlasting Man*, and Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, gave what purport to be serious views on evolution. Chesterton is the more easily dealt with. He is greatly impressed by the fact that some prehistoric men drew pictures, and points out that they were presumably quite human from the psychological point of view, and quite different from animals. Now the earliest known art is of the Aurignacian period, probably not more than fifty thousand years ago. The men who made it were anatomically human, and their skeletons had no apelike characters. But worked flints and more or less human skeletons go back enormously farther into the past. The Piltdown man lived somewhere round half a million years ago, and the flints from the East Anglian crag, which appear to be human products, are far older. Unless Mr. Chesterton is going to regard these old flintmakers as intelligent pre-adamite apes, he should admit that only for the last tenth or so of his career have we any evidence that man was an artist. That period is so short from a geological point of view that the skeletons not only of man, but of most other animals, have hardly undergone any visible change during it. If anything, our average brain size has diminished.

Mr. Shaw is a slightly harder nut to crack. A biologist can read the whole of *Back to Methuselah* with amusement and occasional delight. But the author gives himself away in the preface. If he had written "Macbeth" (and I can pay him no greater compliment than to suggest the possibility) the preface would have been a treatise on the danger which witchcraft still presented to Britain. If he had written "The Winter's Tale," in which Perdita is marooned on the desert coast of Bohemia, he would have explained how the Czechoslovaks, hemmed in between the sea and the trackless waste, developed the ferocity which had enabled them to subjugate so many neighboring nations. Shakespeare did not, one supposes, take either witchcraft or the Bohemian coast very seriously. Shaw, however, believes in

Lamarckism, a doctrine supported by far less positive evidence than exists for the reality of witchcraft. The reason for this support is fairly clear. Samuel Butler was a better stylist and a more amusing writer than Charles Darwin. Shaw is, therefore, willing to take his word against Darwin's. Unfortunately, however, Darwin had a greater respect for facts than Butler. Moreover Shaw finds the idea of evolution by natural selection quite horrid, though he is honest enough to admit that it cannot be disproved.

But he likes to think that if we want a thing hard enough we or our descendants will get it. Like the devil (whom, according to some of my correspondents, I resemble in several particulars) I can quote scripture, and my favorite quotation for Lamarckians is: "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" For this would be an easier feat than adding two hundred years to one's life, like Mr. Barnabas. Several men are known to have measured nine feet, none to have lived three hundred years. Moreover, when animals or plants are induced to alter their structure by putting them in a new environment, such changes are not handed on to their children. Actually Shaw's knowledge of vital statistics is on a par with Shakespeare's of Bohemian geography. In *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, that interesting repository of nineteenth-century Socialist theory, he says that thanks to government regulations the lungs of Sheffield steel-grinders, which used to be very unhealthy, are now as good as those of the average man. In 1921–1922, the date of the last available British statistics, the death rates of grinders in the cutlery trade from consumption and bronchitis—their two worst lung diseases—were each between seven and eight times that of the general population. A similar lack of contact with mere facts characterizes Shaw's somewhat bizarre opinions on medical research and science generally.

What would a biologist, given the necessary financial resources, actually do to create a race of long-lived beings such as Shaw has so brilliantly imagined? He would not rely on wishing. A doctor in one of Anatole France's novels has dealt well and truly with the influence of parental wishes. "I often see children with strawberry marks," he says, "whose mothers say that they desired strawberries before their birth. I am waiting to see a baby marked with a pearl necklace." Our biologist would go to the actual long-livers. At any moment there are generally in the world two or three men over one hundred and twenty years of age. One not long ago left Constantinople for the United States, and another is said to be alive in the Caucasus. Old Parr, our last English long-liver, apparently lived from 1483 to 1635. These men are not in the least like ordinary old men. They are generally capable of intense physical exertion during their second century. Old Parr did public penance in church for begetting a bastard at a hundred and one. The Caucasian Methuselah was, till quite recently, in the habit of bathing in glacier streams. They are representative of a new type of humanity rather than exceptional specimens of the ordinary kind.

Now from time to time new varieties of rabbit appear. One of the latest kinds has short fur, and is at present valuable because it is believed, on rather inadequate grounds, that their skins, without further treatment, will be transformable into seal coney fur coats. When a rabbit of a new type turns up he or she is mated with a normal one. The progeny are usually normal, but when these are mated together some of their young are of the new kind. By the time a long-liver

reaches one hundred and twenty, he is generally at least a great-grandfather, often by several different wives. The millionaire human biologist would arrange marriages of convenience, with large family allowances, between as many of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren as possible. About one in four of marriages between grandchildren might be expected to give rise to long-livers, since the laws of heredity are the same for men and rabbits. Thus in a few centuries a race of long-lived folk could be built up. I doubt if they would be as intelligent as Shaw's Irishmen of 3000 A.D.; but once long life were established as a hereditary character it could probably be combined with intelligence, which is also hereditary, though not always very strongly so.

We do not know enough about the specially long-lived men to be able to say whether, like most of their fellows, they become incapable of learning from experience at an age which may be as low as fifteen, but is hardly ever greater than sixty. Unless they retain their mental flexibility for a greater period than the normal man, they would be a mere nuisance.

II

Actually length is one of the least important qualities which a human life can have. Jesus did not live long; but his ideas have done so. It is worth considering what inheritable qualities should be aimed at if man is to make the attempt to direct his own evolution in the future. The problem is not likely to be a practical one for a century or so, because we do not know the laws governing the inheritance of any but a few human characteristics, and the most that we could do at present would be to prevent the transmission of a few undesirable traits and to encourage desirable ones in a haphazard way. The immediate problem to-day is to create a social organization in which the majority of men and women as they are can be happy and useful. It is possible at least to imagine a society into which about ninety-eight per cent of the population of most civilized countries would fit. There are, however, a certain small proportion of born misfits. Most of these suffer from serious physical and mental defects; but there are perhaps a still smaller minority who are not too bad, but too good, for life as it is to-day or could be made within our lifetimes. They are intensely sensitive to evils which most of us bear with little trouble, but which our descendants will perhaps find intolerable and abolish. Some of these people are cranks, some live an externally normal but inwardly unhappy life. Many, I expect, end in asylums or suicides' graves. They may be representative, as far as sensibility is concerned, of humanity a thousand years hence, who will not, I hope, have to put up with many things that distress us. But it is as unfortunate to be born too soon in man's history as too late.

The great majority of us are quite capable of some kind of useful activity. The essential social problems of to-day, as they present themselves to a biologist, are to determine the abilities of different people, and to organize society so that the demand for various kinds of human ability should equal the supply. To-day these problems are not solved. As an examiner, I have to gauge the capacity of students according to a system which is obviously inadequate, but I should find it difficult to devise a better; and the system of selection for scientific careers is vastly better than for most others. As regards demand, the maladjustment is still more obvious. There is an insufficient demand for the lower grades of ability, resulting in widespread unemployment. And at the other end of the scale the demand exceeds the supply. There are not

enough men and women available with the ability to run industries organized on a nation-wide or world-wide scale.

Russia is attempting the vast experiment of Socialism. The success or otherwise of this experiment depends largely on the ability of fifteen men who constitute the Committee of Gosplan, the state-planning organization which is attempting to industrialize the nation. But the problem before other nations is essentially similar. If our civilization breaks down, it may be because modern industry and transport require organization on so vast a scale that human minds of sufficient reach for the purpose are not available. The problem appears most clearly in connection with the history of revolutions. The Dutch revolution against Spain in the sixteenth century was saved by the great engineer, Simon Stevin, who, as Quartermaster-General of the United Netherlands, organized its defense by flooding. The same thing occurred with the French revolution. Lazare Carnot, who, like Stevin, was a mathematician, organized the supply of munitions to the revolutionary armies. He was the permanent feature of a number of successive governments whose more vociferous members, such as Danton, Robespierre, and St. Just, were guillotined. When the real history of the Russian revolution is written—which will not be for many years—it may prove that Karpov's reorganization of the chemical industry in 1919 was as vital a factor in its success as the more showy activities of Trotsky.

The position is just the same in science, literature, and the arts. There is plenty of room at the top. In biology we need men with a knowledge not only of the biological sciences, but of mathematics, physics, chemistry, and sociology. Without such supermen biology will break up into a group of isolated sciences divorced from one another, and from human life. Our needs in literature are essentially similar. The average novel-writer appears to know one or two sections of society only. He or she may produce a series of quite competent stories about farmers, highbrows, criminals, sailors, rich women, or what not. Very few serious attempts, however, are made to portray society as a whole, which it is. And such attempts generally fail because of the immense reach required in a mind which is to do the kind of thing that H. G. Wells has occasionally accomplished.

In many nations there are doubtless huge untapped reserves of talent. But in the United States the rising generation is pretty thoroughly searched for certain kinds of ability, and the supply does not equal the demand. No one can say at present whether the demand is likely to be better met in future. In the next generation it will probably not be met, for at present the stupider sections of society are breeding faster than the more intelligent in most civilized countries. There are, however, some hopeful signs. One is the eugenic movement in so far as it leads its intelligent and healthy adherents to produce large families. Another, at least in Europe, is the movement for family limitation. A generation ago the people who limited their families were people who thought for themselves. The normal couple produced a large family. Now the position is reversed in many countries. In England, for example, among the well-to-do, but also to an only slightly less extent among many sections of the working classes, there is a taboo against large families. To have seven or ten children is an eccentricity bordering on bad form. This is no doubt a good thing, as England, at least, is somewhat overcrowded.

And I suspect that its results will ultimately be eugenic. To-day there is mass suggestion in favor of family

limitation, as there was mass suggestion against it in the past.

> The man of independent mind
> He looks and laughs at a' that.

So does the woman of independent mind. Such people will do their best to have as many children as they want, whether this number is more or less than that laid down by their neighbors. Among my own acquaintances, those who have families of six and over are, without exception, couples of whom one at least displays originality in other respects. Two of them go so far as to wear beards in middle life. So it may be that as birth control becomes fashionable the result in the future will be an increase in the relative number of children born to intelligent parents, just as in the past it has had the opposite effect.

Any political movement which diminishes the importance of inherited wealth is, I think, eugenically desirable. So long as it determines our social status it will continue to have two effects. First it will be an incentive to family limitation among those who have anything to leave. And second, it will cause members of small families to come into better social positions than people with many brothers and sisters. It was, of course, an Irishman who said that it was hereditary in his family to have no children, but there was some truth in the remark. Heiresses commonly acquire their wealth by being only children, and they often marry able men who have no capital but have risen socially by their ability. But as infertility is strongly inherited, the result is that their husbands have fewer children than the average, and thus ability is to some extent sterilized.

There is thus at least a sporting chance that in the next century we may stop evolving downhill as rapidly as we seem to be doing at present, but that does not mean that we shall start evolving upwards. There is no evidence that the innate abilities of man have improved in the last thirty thousand years, though of course his habits and knowledge have done so to an incredible extent. But the man who discovered the use of fire must have been a man of immense enterprise and intelligence, and would very possibly find out how to make gasoline out of chalk, water, and wind-power if he were alive to-day.

We cannot expect nature to start improving our innate abilities once more. The usual fate of a species in the past has not been progress, but extermination, very often after deteriorating slowly through long periods. The animals and plants alive to-day are the descendants of the few species which have escaped this fate. There is no reason to suppose that man will escape it unless he makes an effort to do so. And we do not at present know how to make that effort. Doubtless complete idiots should be prevented from breeding, but the effort to eliminate all sorts of "unfit" human types is a very much more dubious proposition. When I hear people talking of the "elimination of the unfit" I am always reminded of the crowd who shouted at Jesus, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for he is not fit to live." Jesus was eliminated, and very possibly would be to-day. Many of the "unfit" are unfit for society as it is to-day, but that is often society's fault. The attempt to prevent them from overbreeding really involves the appalling assumption that society as at present constituted is perfect, and that our only task is to fit man to it. That is why eugenists are generally conservative in their political opinions. It also goes a long way to explain the objection which many religious people feel for negative eugenics. They regard it as interference with God's will. I do not share

this view, but still less do I regard the average medical board or bench of magistrates as qualified to direct the evolution of the human race. The great geneticist, William Bateson, expressed himself forcibly on the qualifications needed for the person who was to select those human types at which to aim. "I would trust Shakespeare," he said, "but I would not trust a committee of Shakespeares."

But even Shakespeare would be hard put to it to direct human breeding today. He would have been able, in a rough way at least, to answer one of the two great questions which will have to be answered before mankind can control its own evolution. He could have told us as well as any other man who has ever lived how a given human being would behave in given circumstances. But he could not have predicted what types would arise from a given union. Where he allowed his characters to discuss genetics, as in the case of Gloucester's two sons in "King Lear," they often uttered elementary fallacies.

Before mankind can seriously attempt to control its own evolution there must be an enormous development of two sciences which are now in their infancy, namely individual psychology and genetics. Each of them is likely to have a bright future because they share the important quality of modesty. The art of successful scientific research is rather like that of successful cross-examination of witnesses. It consists of asking nature simple questions, one at a time. The individual psychologist does not ask what is the nature of the soul, but how the major differences between the behaviors of Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones may be accounted for. The geneticist limits his problems still farther. He is concerned only with innate differences, and small ones at that. He does not ask what is the nature of a dog, and he can as yet tell you very little as to what determines that a given embryo shall develop into a dog rather than a cat. But he can already to some extent answer the question why a baby dachshund does not grow up into a Newfoundland. He can also answer simple questions about man. He can tell you what it is in the negro that determines that his hair shall be kinky, or why some men, but not others, are color-blind.

But he can only answer similar questions as to the grosser kinds of psychological differences, such differences as cannot be affected by changes in the environment. No amount of training will cure certain types of idiocy; and the geneticist can sometimes determine why a given child was born a hopeless idiot. But environment counts for a great deal in determining most differences of behavior. Here is a habitual criminal whom neither punishment nor kindness has reformed. The geneticist is quite as likely to be impressed by his persistence as by his criminality. If he had been exposed to different suggestions at a susceptible age he might perhaps have been equally indefatigable in virtuous conduct. Clearly the geneticist cannot tackle the problem of the criminal until the psychologist has told him whether the innate difference which distinguishes him from the average man is one of obstinacy, lack of self-control, or some third factor. The geneticist can at least be certain that there is generally an innate difference. There are two different types of twins, dizygotic twins who differ nearly as much as ordinary brothers or sisters, and monozygotics, who have the same innate qualities. In a group of cases examined by Professor Lange the odds on a man being a criminal if his monozygotic twin was criminal were three to one. But criminality of a dizygotic twin led only to a probability of one in eight. Clearly the environments were nearly the same in both cases. It was the inborn characteristics which mainly

determined whether a man should be a criminal or not in that particular environment.

Before we can give a satisfactory account of the nature of human differences an amount of work must be done compared to which the entire body of science up to the present date will probably appear insignificant. Merely as tools in the investigation we shall need in the near future two new branches of mathematics, one new branch of biochemistry, and a new technic in microscopy. In order to calculate just what would happen if some of Darwin's views were correct, I find myself compelled to embark upon vector analysis in many-dimensional space, a task for which I am very ill equipped; and no adequate prediction of the probable results of birth control can be made, so far as I can see, without using functions of a complex variable, that is to say what is vulgarly known as the square root of minus one. It is quite possible that the investigation may never be undertaken. Its results would clearly revolutionize religion, politics, and law, and thus be unwelcome to conservatives. But in all probability they would be quite equally damaging to the various substitutes for these human activities which are being put forward to-day by "advanced" thinkers. For example, the great political movement in Central Europe whose symbol is the swastika is associated not only with pantheistic views in religion but with certain opinions on human biology. These last have no serious scientific foundation, but are just sufficiently touched with science to make them plausible to those who have had an elementary education in biology. The same is true, though in a lesser degree, of much that goes under the names of eugenics and psychology in the United States. The tendency at work is the craving which most of us feel for certainty, the refusal to accept the fact that certain questions will not be answered within our own lifetimes. A favorite refuge with those who will not face this rather disconcerting fact is the Catholic Church. Dogmatism on human biology is psychologically a half-way house to Rome.

Hence the outlook for an unbiased investigation of human biology is perhaps darkest just in those countries where the largest number of people take it seriously. In England the greatest subject of general interest is sport, and such serious work as is being done upon human genetics generally passes unnoticed, largely because its results do not greatly flatter anybody. So far so good, but as a consequence very little research is undertaken. Perhaps it is unlikely that a civilization whose basic ideals resemble those of our own should offer favorable ground for such a research. If so, it will presumably collapse like its predecessors, though with a more resounding crash, and the problem will, one hopes, be taken up by a more biologically-minded race.

III

But if, in some remote and fortunate future age, man succeeds in controlling his own evolution, what may we imagine that he will be like? Before we answer this question it is worth while pointing out the most fundamental biological difference between man and the apes and monkeys. Man is a creature of much slower growth than any other warm-blooded animal of his size. The slowing of growth has already begun in apes, which mature much less quickly than, for example, dogs or sheep of the same size. One result of this slowing has been that the apes, and to a still greater extent men, never develop certain characters of their adult ancestors, but preserve those of the young or even unborn stage. For example, a puppy a month

before birth has a relatively large brain, and its eyes, if it is placed on all fours, look downwards like a man's instead of upwards. Later on the growth of the puppy's brain slows down, and his face straightens out into a snout. In mice the eyes are still pointing downwards at birth. But in man this embryonic type of head remains. A gorilla is born almost hairless except for its head, and only becomes hairy all over as it grows up. An adult man is like a baby gorilla not only in being mainly hairless, but in having no bony brow-ridges, and in other respects.

Our mental superiority over the animals is perhaps largely due to the fact that we never develop certain characteristics found in most adult animals. Our behavior is less determined by instinct—that is to say inborn reaction patterns—and we are more teachable. A large proportion of mankind, after a more or less human childhood, becomes almost unteachable. They are sure of everything. They know what is right in politics, religion, art, and human behavior. They are the pillars of Church and State. Perhaps they are a social necessity. But they have grown out of a large part of their humanity. And I sometimes feel that it would be more appropriate if they were hairy all over.

Perhaps this evolutionary process of slowing down has gone as far as it can. But it is at least probable that any really progressive evolution in the future would take man farther from the ape. If so we should presumably drop a good many of the characteristics on which we pride ourselves, and which most of us even attribute to the Almighty, who is described as the Ancient of Days, not the Ever-young. Assuming that human evolution continues, I suspect that a man of to-day plunged fifty or a hundred thousand years into the future would say something like this:

"These weak, degenerate, childish creatures never seem to grow up. They are not even adult till thirty, and never reach what I should call maturity at all. Their technical achievements afford them plenty of leisure, which they fritter away in the most shameless manner. Their religions (if you can call ritual almost divorced from belief a religion) are a matter of 'Let's pretend' rather than 'I believe.' Their science, where it is not mere technology, seems to be inspired by idle curiosity about trivial matters rather than a genuine desire for truth on fundamental questions. Their philosophy, so far as I can understand it, is a series of rather bad jokes which enable them to shelve the great problems that divided thinking humanity in my times. If they avoid war and some of the other evils of the past it is largely because an innate instability makes them incapable of combining for any serious purpose. Such objection as they feel for war is not, as it seems to me, on moral grounds at all, but is due to a morbid hypersensitivity which would utterly unfit them for the real and earnest life of my time.

"As for sexual morals, as far as I can see, they haven't any, though they take a good deal of trouble to produce the sort of children they want, and their excessive squeamishness keeps them out of some kinds of mischief. They are healthy enough in the negative sense of not getting ill, but they coddle their bodies and are incapable of great exertion.

"Undoubtedly they are more intelligent than we, but they make a very poor use of their minds. A man will give up a brilliant scientific career to write what I should call nonsense verse, and leave that after a year or two for administration or wood-carving. They seem to me to be a race of smatterers who do not take life seriously. In the course of evolution they have lost quite as much as they have gained."

No doubt such an opinion would be

unjust in many ways. A paleolithic man placed among ourselves would probably regard higher mathematics as no more serious than cross-words. Many of the activities of our descendants would no doubt be quite unintelligible to us. But for all that I doubt whether even the most enlightened of us would approve of our descendants, assuming that evolution continues on the same lines as in the past. Fortunately we shall not be there to disapprove.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, imagined an entirely different sort of evolution. He thinks that the development of the human race thirty thousand years hence will be greatly speeded up, so that they will be born talking; by the age of five they will have got over love, art, and other little weaknesses which for most of us make life worth living. After this they will devote most of their very long lives to pure thought. I hope he is wrong.

Another prophet, Mr. Stapledon, in *Last Men and First Men*, goes many millions of years into the future and describes a humanity which takes nearly two thousand years to grow up, lives two hundred thousand years, but continues to indulge in love, art, and even sport, when fully adult, although vastly more intelligent than ourselves. He also depicts the failure of an earlier experiment in human evolution, which produced a race with great brains and diminutive bodies, in whom the intellect was developed to the exclusion of the emotions, as in Mr. Shaw's ancients.

Such speculations as these are very far from idle. They are eminently desirable, because man does not generally even know what he wants, much less how to get it. A discussion of possibilities will have two effects. It will enable people to come to some opinion as to the possible goal of human evolution (not the ultimate goal, of course, but the farthest limit to which our desires and imaginations react). And it will focus attention on the necessity for more knowledge before we can even suggest means of attaining that goal.

Pictures of the future are myths, but myths have a very real influence in the present. Modern political ideas are very largely the creation of the Jewish prophets, who foresaw the new Jerusalem in the future, at a time when their contemporaries of other nations had no particular hopes for the betterment of humanity. History has certainly been very different from what Isaiah and Daniel believed it would be, but they helped to make it what it is, and perhaps they would not be altogether dissatisfied with it if they could live to-day. Our greatest living mythologist, Wells, is certainly influencing the history of the future, though probably in ways which he does not suspect.

The time will probably come when men in general will accept the future evolution of their species as a probable fact, just as to-day they accept the idea of social and political progress. We cannot say how this idea will affect them. We can be sure that if it is accepted it will have vast effects. It is the business of mythologists to-day to present that idea. They cannot do so without combining creative imagination and biological knowledge.

HIGH CLASS

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

A GLANCE at our present American architecture and manners ought to convince anyone that we have been for the past decade or so in the throes of a real if somewhat glorified uprising of serfs. What has been happening is the sort of thing we are accustomed to paying a dollar to see on the silver screen with a Russian or Slovak setting. Most of us are familiar with the sight: uncouth husbandmen come pouring into the baron's castle, putting their feet on the table, and strolling around now and then to drink the best wines or gape at the ancestral busts. There is a gaucherie about their presence and behavior which vastly amuses us, for we appreciate, when we see it on the screen, the preposterousness of uncultured folks in possession of splendid things they have come by through luck and do not know how to use or enjoy.

The chastening fact is that if you took a slow-motion picture of recent American life, you would get the same sad and humorous effects. From the severity and thrift of pioneer life, the great mass of our people passed over into elegant circumstances with all the abandon of a crowd of countrymen coming noisily into the possession of unimagined splendor. Only as we appreciate this epic occurrence can we understand our highly over-stuffed society. Our great middle class got delusions of upper-class grandeur and began reproducing old world monstrosities in its own way, naturally vulgarizing them a bit farther at every step of the process. They sought what they called *class:* and that, in America, was a compound of chesty doormen, chandeliers with battleship tonnage, and throne chairs behind imposing tables—all the whigmaleeries of wealth. It did not matter that the doormen were surly and underpaid out of exorbitant rents, that the chandeliers dangled in shoddy theaters, or that upon the throne chairs behind the imposing tables sat commonplace men transacting trivial matters. It was the effect we were after—and still are after, despite the recent passing of our new-found prosperity. We have appropriated, with no thought of appropriateness, all the trappings of aristocracy, and we lavish ostentation upon the most banal incidents of an inexpressibly dull routine.

Nor do I care to leave the impression that our weakness for style without taste is only one of the curses of the Era of the Golden Egg. To begin with, it started a good deal earlier. It was Phineas T. Barnum, beyond cavil, who instigated the uprising of our swains and clerks. He understood the commercial value of the grand manner. He brought the pleasures and trophies of earth together under one big tent and offered them to an indiscriminate public for a moderate price. The circus thus became the citizen's palace: the use of full dress in the sawdust ring, the congressional dignity and windiness of the hawkers, the gilded wagons and clattering chariots, the richly capari-

soned horses, the profusion of jesters and entertainers, the wriggling acrobats and sinuous dancing girls—all made up the tinseled court of the common man. Barnum gave the ordinary fellow a taste of what it is like to live and be entertained on a gorgeous scale. He bestowed, every time he came round, a fleeting sense of Oriental munificence upon men who had been created free and equal.

Once we got the swing of the thing from Barnum, the rest was easy. The rank and file stirred restlessly in their boots. They longed to invade more often than once a year the world they glimpsed when the circus rolled into town. The spirit of rebellion against bleakness, tedium, and austerity spread not only by means of the circus, but also through the multiplication of inventions and the swift urbanization of the populace. With the coming of the post-war inflation, it flared into open mutiny. We were not, during the great decade just past, merely prosperous. We were both prosperous and vulgar. We could have spent all our money on good roads or scientific research or books or what not. We could—but we didn't, for we were in the mood of lowly swains who are famished for pleasure and self-satisfaction. So zealous entrepreneurs built us fairy palaces, and we went in and put our feet on the table. We overdid our cities, our buildings, our restaurants, hotels, and our churches as a hired man overdoes his Saturday nights. The first onslaught of the rebellion has passed; now that hard times grip the country, the palaces are beginning to show signs of wear and tear and scuffing, and we begin to doubt whether we were really destined to strut in them forever; but have we really changed? Let us see.

II

Now a revolt such as we have been witnessing is pretty sure to have several unmistakable episodes. One of these is a period of overeating, of eating pompously in paneled rooms. It is true that emperors and aristocrats had banquets—some of them impressively vulgar. But no people up to now has shown anything like the knack we have shown for eating our way through. To start any enterprise in this land of peasant eagerness, there must be an expensive meal. Charity, with us, begins at a hotel. No crisis confronts us but can be met decisively by a nine-course dinner in the Byzantine Room. How many thousands of meals in ornate surroundings we have devoured trying to find a way out of the depression! And many of these have been humorlessly advertised and reported, flaunted in the faces of men begging for bread. On the opening night of the new Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Henry Street Settlement spread a sumptuous meal before three hundred paying guests. The object, of course, was to raise funds for the emergency of unemployment. The speaker of the hour was a Protestant clergyman, a former radical who has pressed his pants, and the formal opening of the ballrooms of the hotel was given over to a soirée under the auspices of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor! The program of this affair alone sold for a dollar, and there was entertainment and dancing in six different rooms of the hotel, with separate admission fees of one dollar and five dollars attached to two of the rooms. Supper was served in the various rooms and cabarets, and it was served continuously in the Jade Room and the Jade Room foyer.

No one could quarrel with these affairs. They were both conducted for worthy ends, and I do not doubt that they accomplished what they set out to accomplish. The poor got a few dollars for improving their condition—dollars they might not have got other-

wise. But my point is that the rich behaved on this night as the poor are supposed to behave. They selected, with a sense of appropriateness that you would expect of white-wings, the most showy place in America for their deliberations, and they saw to it that they were expensively gorged while they meditated upon ways and means of lifting up the fallen. It is not the dramatic injustice of such incidents—and they have been common enough throughout the country—which excites my risibilities. I merely think that there might be organized at once an Association for Improving the Manners of the Rich. If our really moneyed class has no better notion of what is fitting, what can you expect of those who are confessedly climbers?

Thus in the first onslaught of the revolt, eating becomes at once an intemperate pastime and a gala ceremony which must be properly circumstanced before it can be enjoyed. We not only want to eat—we want to eat where greater men have eaten. We will pay the most extraordinary prices for food if only the place is gilded, and if only it has the appearance of Class. It may be a speakeasy in one of those brownstone houses that were once the strongholds of a civilization which regarded vulgar opulence as a sign of debauched taste. On the table downstairs are heaped pigs and meats and fruits in such extravagant profusion that we can imagine a Roman emperor had just been chased from his board before we entered. The place is so brazenly embossed, so shamelessly done in voluptuous murals, and the waiters are so obsequious, that we find ourselves looking with equanimity at a seven dollar and fifty cent check and even feeling proud that we have enough money thus to be gypped occasionally. For it is the intoxication of circumstance rather than of the liquor that we poor serfs want. We belong to a sort of association for maintaining the condition of the middle class, and the best way to do that, we feel, is to lunch in Babylonian style.

Even automats have gone high-hat. Up near the Bronx in New York there is a Gothic automat with glossy black and dun enamel finish that shines like a bar-rail. A great window tapers on cathedral lines to a height forty feet above the sidewalk. At the bottom and on either side of the window, doors open into fancy vestibules. And this an automat—where robots work gadgets and eat onions! This we might have been spared if the state of the country were not what I sadly describe it to be. There is plenty of excuse, given certain premises, for a swell speakeasy, or gorgeous hotel dining rooms, but what excuse can one think of for the bad taste of a Gothic automat? There is only one: that the most lowly of us, as well as the mighty, must have our Class, even in establishments where we buy our food by putting nickels in the slot.

III

Just as you find gluttony present in any group which tries suddenly to change its standard for the better, so also will you find an enormous amount of gaping. Behold the Paramount and the Roxy, those gold-dust twins of American Class: two New York theaters which have set a new standard of swank for motion-picture audiences. In the Paramount we are offered the sight of a stupendous bust of Zukor, so large and mighty that an eagle perched upon its brow would resemble the raven on the bust of Pallas. We are received by men who behave as though they had personally invited us. (No one has any conception of the dignity of labor until he has seen a Publix usher.) Everything about us is glassy, brilliantly polished to dazzle. Noth-

ing seems to have been done for the sake of doing it; but for the sake of giving us something to write home about. There is nothing even faintly sincere in any of these modern palaces —they are so obviously built and maintained not merely to wangle our pennies out of us but to make us feel important. They offer a gilded mansion for the weekly invasion of those who live in stuffy apartments, a gorgeous canopy to spread over a cramped and limited life, a firmament for cliff-dwellers, a palace in which the most menial of us can stalk about with the vague feeling for the moment that we have taken possession of splendor.

Upon no other basis can our grotesque theaters, hotels, restaurants, and churches be explained. One might imagine that in the theater, even though it be one which presents talking pictures, the play ought to be the thing. Not at all. It comes to occupy an ever smaller place in the whole spectacle of excess. These buildings we enter for our entertainment are not apposite. They are not fitting. They are merely voluptuous; they display their fantastic charms before a taste that is at once bad and jaded. It is this clear recognition on the part of the entrepreneur that we are now engaged in what is for all practical purposes a peasants' revolt that spoils almost everything we put up. It is this, rather than the talent of our architects and designers. It is here that a people expresses itself in its architecture; for what pays is what is liked. Our standard of architecture seems to be what will look well on a picture post card.

One cannot look at the new Waldorf-Astoria without feeling that the builders have gone miles too far. They have built something to look at, to talk about, to expand or shrivel in—depending on one's disposition—but not to spend the night in. In doing it they have pandered to a people somewhat bleak in background and dull in imagination, and thus easily subdued by the stupendous. Solomon in all his glory would have looked very pre-war by the side of "The Capitol of the Kingdom of Hospitality." The atmosphere is one of suffocating dignity; it could not be otherwise with those colossal urns which light the lobby entrance, attendants arrayed as gaily as bullfighters with capes over the shoulders and tassels of silver and gold swinging insouciantly under their arms, and caskets emptying an abundance of flowers on Oriental rugs and divans which should accommodate nothing less than concubines. There is too much; and the best sign that there is too much is the constant stream of people who pour through its corridors, looking, looking, looking. A horde of twenty thousand descended upon the Waldorf-Astoria the first day it was opened. How many thousands have strutted through Peacock Alley since that time there is no way of knowing. I know only that you would have to go a long way back into history before you could find a clearer case of the invasion of elegance by the serfs.

Or take, if you remain in any doubt about the spirit of the times, the case of Riverside Church in New York. It is the newest and the best. Its pastor is the heralded enemy of all cant and subterfuge. It was built under the direction of men of taste. Since it is not only a church but the citadel of liberal and intelligent religion, one might expect in it some chastening departure from the madding array of neon-tube architecture. Yet it turns out, regrettably, to be a grand show place for reverent and conscientious pilgrims. To enter the laciness of its chapel one must pass through a brisk lobby in which there are signs reminding one that the elevators do not run all the way to the twentieth floor. Sitting in a pew which has the plush of the judgment seat, one thinks of the

baronial fastness of the tower above, the bedecked choir, the Catholic effects of the windows and altar—and one reflects that here is a church which started out by being plain Baptist! What reason can there be for this display of religion in full dress except that those who set it up cannily understood that even those who worship the Carpenter of Nazareth would like to keep up with the Joneses?

And if you will look at the spick and span headquarters into which the New School for Social Research has recently moved in New York, the picture will be complete. It started out as a roguish enterprise, its faculty recruited almost entirely from able renegades who had been dismissed from other institutions. It was housed in two old mangers in the Chelsea district and there attracted national attention by virtue of the stimulus it gave to learning for learning's sake. Now it occupies a shiny egg-crate building erected around an egg-shaped auditorium, and there are bronze tablets and trick elevators and nifty doors and bulletin boards. The whole thing in its aggressive glossiness suggests faintly the Gothic automat. Its pomp is relieved in part by the severity of its modernistic design, yet the timid soul cannot enter it without realizing at once that he is in the presence of High Class.

IV

There is nothing more aristocratic than a democrat with an opportunity. Our business men in America have learned to surround their daily grind with all the giddy paraphernalia of outworn monarchies, and our better class of offices and office buildings have become so pretentious as to appear at first glance to be the last place in the world where anything so commonplace and lowly as business might be transacted.

One enters a vaulted lobby through doors with PVSH engraved on the handles. The lights announcing the elevators are held aloft by bronze antlers, and one passes from the lobby to the elevators through such towering arches that one feels he must be stepping into a chapel for a moment of prayer. Once in the elevators, though, he knows this is not so; for every elevator is a boudoir, done in bawdy red, with beams shaping up to embrace a pallid light at the center. If he steps off at any given floor, he finds clocks of hammered bronze against the wall and elegant tables supporting odd books and magazines in leather binders. All told, the setting is one for affairs of pith and moment (or else for debauchery). To realize that men sell stocks and haggle over prices and "frame" competitors and sweat employees in such a place is to see at a glance the sham of these temples built and overrun by money-changers.

In some of the buildings one will find better taste displayed, but even in them intemperate conceit is manifested in the demand that work be considered important in proportion to the dignity of circumstance. Many of the suites of our best buildings are so remote in appearances from offices that they are hardly more than show windows in which the delicacies of physical labor are neatly garnished and displayed. One house of women's outfitters in New York keeps a grand duchess on tap to inspect and approve the purchases made by its customers. The customer will be arrayed in a garb which seems perfectly divine to the salesgirl and the salesgirl will step into the aisle and call, "Grand Duchess, Oh, Grand Duchess! Come here!" We surround the most lowly transactions with pomp. Have you ever bought cigarettes at one of those really fancy smoke-shops? If you were unaccustomed to the ritual and asked for a

domestic brand, your cheeks are still smarting and you are still assuring yourself that you are as good as the page behind the counter who (after you had chosen a Turkish brand in haste) thumped your change back as if he were playing crokinole. Have you ever bought neckties in one of those superlative halls of haberdashery designed to emulate the paneled gun-room of a Jacobean castle? In many of these establishments you get the impression that there must be lesser employees, chosen simply to groom and rub down the men who wait on you.

There are likewise manufacturing plants in which gadgets are made to a stream of music, and the whole menial process of turning out articles of commerce is surrounded with the glamour of a screen seduction. William Nunn tells me of some factories he has inspected where he found the corners not only painted white but glossed over with the shiniest kind of gloss. Upon inquiry, he learned that this device was used to prevent spitting in the corner. Admirable as this may be as a sanitary regulation, it is significant as a sign of the demand that even the work of those who are accustomed to spit in the corner be recognized, when it is done in a democracy, as a kingly act.

To overeating, gaping, and the demand for the dignity of industrial pursuits, we must now add one other feature of the revolt of the peasants: the aggressive demand of the masses to be respected and looked up to. This demand has been shrewdly satisfied in two ways: first, through our clubs and secret orders, wherein the nomenclature and the abracadabra of the ritual substitute grandeur for banality; and second, through the medium of modern advertising. The appeal to Class has been carried over body and soul into the whole range of selling tactics. Any woman with five dollars, or the appearance of having it, becomes milady. If you will look at the signs advertising the most commonplace commodities in your grocery store, you will find them rife with evidence of irrelevant luxury. You will find bread, for example, advertised with a picture of a prosperous family seated round a full board, the father a banker, and the scene presided over by a butler in livery; into this scene pour endless slices of bread from a rich cornucopia in the corner of the advertisement. Politicians flatter us only at election time by reminding us that we occupy the pedestal of decision; the salesman, on the other hand, keeps the picture of our importance before us week after week and month after month because he shows us an album of life as we do not live it, and says to us as he turns the pages, "All this is yours."

V

Another word must be said here about the counter-revolution which has set in through the depression. It is true that the land will never be quite the same again as it was in the gaudy decade just past—a fact for which we should, as George R. Leighton eloquently suggests in the November Harper's, thank God. Some of the high-class hotels and apartment houses have gone broke, and a good deal of the pageantry has been discontinued. They are no longer changing the guard (as at Buckingham Palace) in the courtyard of the London Terrace Apartments in West Twenty-Third Street, New York. Here and there a rendez-vous of the elite has been turned over to the Odd Fellows for an old folks' home. At the moment the country is a bit pathetic and cold and dull, like Coney Island in late October. In many respects America as a whole resembles to-day those old boom towns in Oklahoma, where one drives through the main street on bumpy pavement

and passes under arc lights which have not burned for years, while on either side of the pavement are collapsed and deserted houses with only remnants of grandeur and no sign of life save a man leaning against the post of the general store in the manner of Abe Martin.

Of this I am aware. But it is easy to exaggerate the effects of the depression. The end of the era of prosperity did not mark automatically the end of stupidity, greed, and bad manners. The depression has played havoc with appearances, but it would, I believe, have to persist a good many years before we should forget the immense fun of living high. What is more, we are still living as high as we can under the circumstances. The plush of our surroundings has been coverted into a sort of padded cell for a generation driven mad by the grueling task of getting on. In the days of prosperity we used High Class as a source of self-satisfaction; to-day High Class persists as a source of consolation.

It seems to me that the era of prosperity only intensified our native lust for pomp. It merely poured water on a live wire; the glare was suddenly greater, but the live wire was there all the time—and still is. It was our sense of insufficiency which chafed us to revolt. The presence of luxury articles to be purchased on easy payments, our national opulence (deceptive because it existed chiefly by contrast with the impoverished condition of other countries), the vast conceit we had about our unlimited resources and our Yankee ingenuity—all these helped to overcome this sense of insufficiency. Equal opportunity came to mean not merely that each of us had a right to protect his interests with his vote, but that each of us had a perfect right to stalk around in public palaces and live vicariously the life of the rich.

Yet it was not alone our sense of insufficiency, for which we have so grossly overcompensated, that induced in us the psychology of revolt. Our unsatisfied and perhaps unconscious desire for beauty must have had a great deal to do with it. The severest judge must agree that even our worst monstrosities achieve a kind of magnificence all their own. They may not express beauty, but they express a touching eagerness for it. The Gothic automat, for example, is not ugly in itself, smile as we may at the inappropriateness of their taking out the garbage every day at the very base of that towering cathedral window. An unbridled æsthetic impulse, such as we are suffering from, is at least better than no impulse at all, for it suggests that we may one day recoil to the mean of appropriateness.

Out of this strange uprising of our masses may yet come, perhaps, a disciplined society. We must not judge too harshly the first excesses of rebellion. Even the peasant with his feet on the baron's table may learn in time how to comport himself in elegant surroundings—or if he does not, perhaps his son will. In the dazzling and oppressive spectacle of America lies the makings of a civilization. There is need, before we pass sentence on our guilty insurrectionists, for some sort of five-hundred-year plan to see how the new regime is going to work.

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLVES

A STORY

BY R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST

LIKE Red Riding Hood, Anna Becker had promised to carry some food to her grandmother's house four miles away, in the next village—two kinds of sausage, a small wedge of cheese, a loaf of rye bread, margarine, and some apples for cooking.

Anna was eighteen and rosy and pretty. Yes, in spite of all the poverty and want that followed this terrible nightmare of war, Anna's youth bloomed triumphantly, just as the primroses were carrying on the business of spring. A proper little Teuton maiden, so fresh was her color, so flaxen her hair, so clear blue her eager eyes.

Even her body was not so flat and thin as the bodies of her girl friends. Although they had all been half starved since they were pale and frightened little girls of eleven and twelve, the lack of good food had not affected her looks as it had spoiled the beauty of so many.

Anna's figure was smoothly curved. She actually had more figure than was at the moment considered fashionable. The fashion of the day, meant for flat-chested, lean young women, made Anna somewhat too noticeable in the street. Her mother told her friends it was her sweet temper that made Anna so plump; but secretly she believed plumpness to be the only type of feminine beauty worth considering. At the same time Anna's attractive curves often made her mother feel anxious. With all these foreign soldiers around it was no joke having such a pretty daughter to worry about.

Ach, but how lovely it had been in her own youth, in the nineties! She could have walked alone all over Germany. By river, forest, and mountain she had seemed guarded as a nymph is guarded by elemental forces.

Now mothers had to say to their daughters at the early age of twelve years, or even ten, or nine, "Don't take the short cut through the wood. There are often foreign soldiers about. Even the black troops, they say, are under no control, except at certain hours."

And little daughters would stare and say, "Ach, Mütterchen! They won't murder me if I meet them."

And mothers would hesitate and murmur, "No . . . No . . . not *murder*, of course. . . . What an idea!"

But when Anna was about sixteen she no longer said, "Ach, they won't murder me!" She listened uncomfortably to her mother's warnings, shrugged her shoulders, put on the coldest look of indifference, and went her way.

Still, the young girls were very careful, although they never admitted it to their mothers. They went about in groups and ran as few risks as possible.

And no longer did the forests and the rivers and the mountains welcome

the young German maidens as if they were nymphs born of Earth and the Gods. The forests, once so loving, roared, "Enter not, my daughter!" And the mountains put on a dark, forbidding look to frighten away the beloved young girls.

Naturally, on the lovely afternoon of spring when Anna set out to walk to the little village of X she had not meant to go alone. It was her friend Elsa who had disappointed her. The two girls had certainly meant to walk together; but Elsa's aunt from Berlin had turned up unexpectedly, and the family had to dance attendance.

Of course Anna should have gone back to her mother's house. But on a spring day, when one's body seems to dance impatiently for exercise . . . Besides, at Granny's house there lodged a young student who was studying engineering. Sometimes one met him in his dirty overalls, straight from the workshops. He would flush all over with annoyance, and this made it great fun. It was just like teasing him. And then, suddenly, you do not want to tease any more. You simply say, "Will you see me part of the way home?" And he will say, surprised, "What? Like this? I *couldn't* be seen. . . . Let me change first." And you look at his agitated face and say very quietly and frankly, "I love to see men in their uniforms—the insignia of their profession, their toil. Is not this grander than any military uniform?"

And you look at each other as if—as if you were reading a book. And you both feel so modern and so mature. He walking proudly in his dirty overalls, and you snatch off your hat, if you have one, and swing it contemptuously about. As if it were not your best one. . . .

While Anna was hesitating her rebellious feet began to speed very lightly on the way. Yes, while these alluring thoughts sang in her mind her feet automatically marched Anna on the way to X, alone.

At first it was delicious to be walking alone and thinking of the engineer student at Granny's. Never had spring made one feel so young, so strong, so capable, so full of ambition. Its beauty, the beauty of pale, green-gray woods and tender sky and the fresh scent of young leaves and wet soil almost made one sick with longing for the future: to get at grips with these flying visions.

There was not a soul on the road but herself. At her right stretched the wood, part of an ancient forest which not even war had quite sacrificed. Its trees, beeches, birches, and oaks, grew far apart, and this gave an air of space and light. The old stumps of martyred trees were now green and mossy, covered with the young leaves of blueberry and surrounded with springing bracken, stiff with new life.

What a figure of youth was Anna, striding jauntily along in her flat, boyish shoes, her high-belted coat, her green beret, and flying scarf!

If was long since she had been alone. It exhilarated her to be alone with her thoughts—to be away from other girls, even from Elsa.

Not a soul on the road in front of her. The world was hers.

Whistling under his breath, a sly smile in his eyes, the soldier cycled slowly along. He too was enjoying the spring. And because he enjoyed the spring he was glad to see a woman in the landscape.

At first he regarded the woman as part of the scene. The wood, the flying scarf, the trees in the wind had nothing to do with him, a French soldier. He was merely cycling through a strip of enemy country. Enemy trees, enemy spring, enemy—enemy woman, ha, ha!

The sly smile sharpened to a point of

light in his brown eyes. He peddled faster, steering his cycle through the softer, more silent part of the road.

He would have a look at this enemy woman. As far as he could judge from a distance she must be as plump as a partridge. He hated skinny women. Too many of them in Germany, since the War. Not worth a franc, some of them.

A fine, swinging walk she had, too. No skinny girl ever walked like that.

The soldier stopped his whistling.

At last Anna heard the recurring squeak of the leather saddle, the pressure on the tires, like a faint hiss. Surprised in her reverie, she looked back.

The soldier had no time to rearrange his expression. Those sly, smiling eyes met hers, with all that was in his heart nakedly revealed.

The War, for him, had not ceased.

Anna was plunged into circumstances which, in discussion with her girl friends, she had often had to picture.

"What would you do, Marthe, if a French soldier tried to molest you?"

"Yes, or a black soldier?"

A black one! Ugh!

"There's no French soldier *I'd* be afraid of. A girl always has it in her to escape if she wants to."

"Of course—if they want to. It's only the Other Kind who say they get molested. The fact is, they *want* to be."

"Of course. But a *black* man, Marthe. They say they are more dangerous. Just like wild beasts. Like meeting a lion who will spring on you because it is his nature to do so. No question of morals."

"Yes, they say the blacks have no reasoning power, and that is why they're so dangerous."

"Yes, and of course no religion to prevent them from pleasing themselves. They say that what the missionaries teach them makes them worse instead of better. Makes them think too much about themselves and then . . ."

"Ah, well! I rather think I'd be a match for any Frenchman though. I could manage any little French soldier that happened along."

Anna tried to inflate her courage with these girlish ideas. But she had never seen evil looking out from a man's eye as she had surprised it in this soldier's. And the landscape so empty. Elsa, her friends, her mother, so far away.

She remembered with a stab of fear that odd look in her mother's face, that lingering, mysterious intonation, the meaning of which she had discussed with her friends. How they had laughed at their mothers, one summer evening, as they strolled, four of them arm-in-arm, under the fir trees! One of them had started to sing:

> Do not stray, at dusk of day,
> From the gate, my daughter;
> Please avoid the juniper-tree
> And don't go near the water.

They had all joined in, laughing exuberantly in the safety of one another's company, in the intoxication of the starry darkness.

Other men's eyes always held a friendly smile for pretty Anna. No, she had never feared men, who looked so kindly at her.

But here was something new. Here was enmity, ill-will. Here was—that evil her mother would not name? Or might it not even be that other evil which is allowed on the lips of the youngest girl—might it not even be murder? Had there not been quite a number of such crimes in that part of the country, no longer safe since its occupation by foreign soldiers? . . .

Oh, there had, there had!

Oh, mother, you will not let me be . . . *hurt?* Not your *Anna*, dear mother. . . .

While Anna's feet took her bravely along the road, her heart began to beat in panic. She could have choked with

the strange feeling of oppression in her chest and throat.

Presently he cycled slowly beside, cruelly watching her feelings.

"Have you nothing to give a poor French soldier, Fräulein? Just one little keepsake? One little hour of your company, for remembrance? One little hour of armistice, all our own?"

Poor Anna quickened her pace, until she felt a hand on her left shoulder.

"Or must I take it, Fräulein?"

The light touch suddenly became hard pressure. His fingers hurt her.

Anger came to her aid. With all her strength that foolish Anna turned to him and pushed.

The bicycle wavered wildly. It fell over, so sudden had been her vigorous attack on the man's ribs.

As soon as she had done it, she realized her mistake. She should have parleyed, dallied, flirted, made love, gaining time, playing him like a fish while he stalked her like a tiger. Even a scream for help would have been more useful than this senseless angering of the brute. What a childish thing to do!

The distracted girl ran. While the soldier sorted himself out, felt his arm which had hit a stone in the road, recovered a few coins that had fallen from his pockets, Anna ran like the wind.

She ran into the wood. Her only hope was the wood with its deep depressions, grassy mounds, patches of scrub, large trees, and baffling sameness.

Like a dryad Anna fled to the trees. But what was her loving Earth-Mother doing to let her meet a black man?

She had thought she heard voices or singing not far away. . . . Rushing in panic round the base of a hillock which promised a hiding-place, the poor child met the great bogey, bugaboo, and nightmare of all little girls of the district, the Black Man himself.

Strange to say, she hardly noticed the man's color. Humming deeply to himself, he came strolling between the birches swinging his stick like a drum major, the very picture of nonchalant giant strength. The heavy, huge face, dreamy from the reveries of song, was like a mask. It conveyed nothing but brute strength in brute repose.

The Black Man was feeling spring too. After a miserable, sunless winter this alien had made the sunlit, secret wood his own. Like Pan, he wandered securely in magic haunts, warm and fertile. He hummed in a voice incredibly deep and rich some barbarous phrase whose very monotony breathed joyous content. Rhythmic as nature, rhythmic as savage drums, he hummed the little phrase.

A giant's child, alone and singing to itself, who could fear him?

Forgetting that he was a bogey, Anna fled to the only protection in the landscape.

"Please, *please* save me!" she cried. Convulsively she held on to his arm as if she had a right to that place of sanctuary.

Like a startled buck, the black man glared all around him, stiffening to meet action.

"Is it a bull? What is it, Missie Fräulein? Is it one of those black-trash Senegalese?"

The deep voice reverberated all about her.

"A man—a French soldier . . . he put his hand . . . he hurt my shoulder . . . He wouldn't let me go . . ."

Anna began to cry with the relief of this huge protective presence miraculously at hand.

"Hu! A French soldier? Then we need not run. Let him find us."

Madusa despised the French because they treated black men almost as themselves. At the same time he almost trembled with joy at the sensation of a white woman, a young, young white woman, clinging to him for pro-

tection. Not since he had rescued his master's little son from drowning in a half-empty sixty-foot well had he felt joy.

He had been a boy of seventeen, and his mistress, the child's mother, had flung her arms about him and kissed him on the cheek. The *baas* had patted his shoulders and wept tears while with his own hands he stripped off the wet clothes and carried him in a blanket into the hot sun.

Hot, hot sun in Rhodesia . . . For it had been long before a rope could be found to reach the cold, black water where he held up the struggling child.

Hot sun, and brandy, and the *baas* kneeling beside him—that was the one oasis of joy which Madusa could look back upon in his life. For, when he was twenty-three and working in the gold-mines . . .

Madusa almost brushed off that clinging hand at the thought of what had happened when he was twenty-three and working in the gold-mines. . . .

"Please, please let us run away! I think I hear him coming now," whispered Anna in new panic.

"No, Missie Fräulein, no." Madusa's voice was not lowered. Not every savage has the art of whispering. "If we move now, that man will see us."

He pushed her to her knees and dropped on his own.

They waited in silence. Twigs snapped in the distance.

When the soldier looked down on them, evilly smiling through his rage, from the top of the mound which he had climbed in order to get a better view, Madusa wasted no time. Three lunging strides took him to the top of the mound. He seized the Frenchman's ankles, pulling his feet from under him, and rolled him down the slope. Then after a moment's meditation, as an artist looks sideways at his work asking "What next?" he dragged the soldier, helpless as a marionette, to a sharply ridged small bowlder and broke one of his ankles across it.

Serious, busy, virtuous as he who kills a snake, he performed the brutal act in front of Anna. He was surprised when she screamed at the sight, at the sickening sound. Had he not seen the witch doctor break the ankles of some smelt-out culprit so that he should not escape before more serious punishment was meted out—the ant-heap, or the stake in the sun?

The soldier fainted away, groaning.

"That man not follow Missie Fräulein to-day. Not any more," said Madusa, with simple pride.

But a ferocious act, which had seemed simple and necessary to Madusa, made Anna realize that her protector was a savage. One of the great bogey breed of which young girls had always been warned. She realized that, the white man now being out of action, she was alone with a black man in a lonely place. Yet, strangely, fear did not shake her, as it had shaken her when the French soldier put his hand upon her. There was, surely, something in this black man which inspired trust. Something reasonable, human. Still, she must go carefully.

Guile, which Anna had failed to use in her encounter with the soldier, became her instinctive weapon. She stood up, brushing down her coat, and arranging her hair, her beret, and scarf neatly. In that moment she became a woman of the world.

"How can I thank you for saving me?" she said, looking up with clear, friendly eyes. "Won't you come with me as far as my grandmother's? I feel afraid to walk alone—now."

And this was very true. Rather walk with the wolf than feel his breath behind you.

"Go—go *with* Missie? To white *lady's* house?"

Madusa stared down at her. His gaze was like a high, dark wall. How could such as Anna know what lay behind it? A generation or two of racial suffering, of rage, and intolerable patience. Fear and bewilderment of the newly tamed creature at each gilded side of civilization, dumb humiliation of the newly caged. Vanished peace of the savage, free to exercise his barbarism with no reminding whip of the white man's gods—conscience and progress and industry and possessions.

Possessions.

Madusa had first been a house-boy in the town of many gold-mines. Yes, his good *baas* had died, and Missis had taken young master away to school across the sea. That was how it was that Madusa had come to work in another *baas's* house near the gold-mines. In Rhodesia he had been garden-boy, but in the town he had worked in the kitchen.

In the kitchen many very little things, like toys, he had never seen. He had also worked in the room where they ate. Many very little things. No common stew-pot for all. He had worked in a room where his new missis and other white women, old and ugly, played with the cards. A foolish room—many very small things that were never used, not even for earrings or for decorating the belt. In another room where he worked were papers, his *baas's* papers, many, many papers. When they were dusty his missis spoke harshly to him. When he made them very clean and laid them in heaps his new master swore at him.

Possessions.

Madusa had, with broken pride, even worked in the sleeping rooms of women. Young women like his master's daughters, who went away in the tram every morning but did not make their beds. He, Madusa, had been ordered to defile himself touching the beds and the wash-pots of women. All their secrets which, in the kraal, a young man cannot interfere with, nor a young woman speak of without disgrace, were carelessly displayed.

Sometimes he met them going to the bathroom half-clad. Their cold, busy eyes ignored him. They swept him aside as if he were a child or blind. Or they would snatch angrily at their clothing to protect themselves from his gaze. As if it were his fault . . . as if all women did not go naked to the waist in his kraal. Why should he wish to see a sight that was an everyday matter to a black man?

He had felt quite sick with longing for his kind first missis in Rhodesia who had taught him to read and write English, who had, nevertheless, often spoken to him in his own tongue, who had nursed him when he was sick, who had respected his manhood and the greatness of his tribe. Never had a black man made her bed or seen her half-clothed, or angry for unknown reasons.

Then, suddenly, he left this new missis. That new missis had said he was to wash clothes, all the clothes of the household. Many garments were thrown down in a heap on the kitchen floor one morning. Yes, they defiled his cooking room with the odor of garments that ought to be washed by the women at a running stream, as in Rhodesia. His clean kitchen stank of white people, so that Madusa went out and spat many times, washed himself at the yard tap, and rolled up his blanket and mouth-organ for immediate departure.

And yet, four years later, when he was working underground in the mines . . .

Ah, but that was after he had gone back to Rhodesia and married Mavala.

The truth is that when a man is once married he learns impatience, incontinence. He does not, like the

young bachelors, spend his time in sweet dreams of the unfulfilled and the rare. Nothing will satisfy him but what is real. Yes, it is easier for the unmarried man to feel virginal, to sing and dance instead of pursuing a woman as he had pursued . . .

Madusa walked through the wood with German Anna, flaxen Anna, as round and sweet as a young Zulu woman.

His brooding gaze into her clear countenance had been but a flash of time. For the past is like one of those ancient paintings in the caves of Madusa's country—it is seen at a glance. Yes, years and days are woven together as the women weave grass: many days they sit at it and then—the eye sees it all in the space of a man's counting ten cows on his fingers. The doings of a moon, a season, many seasons, appear as a woven pattern. . . .

Looking into the clear eyes of the white girl, Madusa had seen in a flash of time the day when he had watched another young white girl take a short cut between the mine dumps that rise like pyramids above the gold-mines. Some were, these dumps, in shape like gigantic huts of clay. And on the remote, pointed tops of them small black figures which were men, ceaselessly poured out the endless waste of the mines, which the wind blew into mouth, eyes, nose, and lungs, causing sickness.

For months Madusa had lain under the same roof with men. And these not even men of his own tribe, but often dirty, unwarlike Fingoes and Xosas. It was of no avail that he dreamed of Mavala, so warm and so soft beside him in the friendly glow of the wood ashes of their hearth in Rhodesia. When he awoke from such dreams there was nothing but the bitter hardness of the cement cubicle, the sighings and groans of a dozen men similarly wakeful and, in winter, shivering with icy cold.

Still, he was patient and counted on a stick the days that still had to run of his time of indenture to the mine. Then, on the very day before he was to return to Mavala and Mavala's baby and the fire and the mealie-lands, his money, the wages of a year, had been stolen from him by two Basuto thieves. Twenty pounds they stole, the savings of a year's absence from Mavala, a year of cement beds and the great, exhausting labor in the darkness of the mine. A year of shocks and fears, of rock-falls and earth-tremors that might any day engulf men from the very light of life itself. For every day, in the mines, a man was killed.

It was but a few hours after this theft that Madusa, brooding on a bitter winter day among the mine dumps, a day when darkness and incipient snow hung like a pall over the town, saw the young girl with a school-bag alight from a distant tram and turn in between the dumps. She passed one of the dams and took the path through a plantation on her way to one of the mine cantonments.

His need for a woman, for a moment's forgetfulness, now that he was again separated from Mavala for countless days and nights of toil and loneliness, overcame him. He rose, heavily groaning, and, as if led by an unseen hand, took a path which would intersect the young girl's way through the trees . . .

Yes, one sees life in a flash. Ten lashes and seven years for the crime of rape. And thus, instead of waiting only one more year for Mavala, he had to wait seven. And that in a place where, as in the mine compounds, there were no women.

At the age of thirty Madusa was free. He hurried to Rhodesia, but his wife, they told him, must be dead. She had gone to the gold-mines to find him, and now she had not been heard

of for some years. Undoubtedly she must be dead. As for the child, no one knew who had taken it.

Not as in the old days, before the white man came, when every life was accounted for by the old women of the tribe, as if, like priestesses, they kept the Books of Birth and Death written on the mind. Now the old women were useless, even as recorders of birth and of death.

Now Madusa, a black man convicted of rape, walked beside a white woman who had appealed to him for protection.

The ineffable balm of that moment almost made him feel like the young boy who had jumped into a well to save his master's child. Pride, an engine long still, began to thump in his breast.

As for desiring the woman, he was able to let his gaze rest on her coated figure without curiosity. He did not connect her fresh, virginal beauty with the white women he had known—women of the streets, with their emaciated, scented forms and hateful pallor, as if they had never lain in the sun.

Anna chattered feverishly. Her college friends, her professors, her work, her mother and father, her three uncles and seven cousins all killed in the War. Never could Anna guess how precious was this artless talk to her companion. She could not, deliberately, have thought of anything so comforting to the human being at her side.

How often, in Madusa's life, had white folk spoken to him naturally of their homes, their relations, their work? Since he was a young man, never. Patronage he had received from "social workers," offers of religious brotherhood with white clergy, and that tinkling, sly familiarity, which corrodes a black man's pride, on the lips of prostitutes. What the black folk need of the white is that common frankness in everyday matters. For the only barrier the black man understands is not class, but the color of a skin.

Anna became natural, lost her fear. She even became silent and thoughtful as they walked quickly along the edge of the wood. Then she said, "But tell me why you are in Germany. Where is your home?"

"I am British soldier. African Native Labor Contingent. My home is Africa."

Good heavens, what a voice! Every vowel brimmed with its full value as in a song, deep and broad and flowing as his native Zambesi.

Madusa's voice resounded in the ancient wood as it had resounded from mountain to African mountain, spreading the news to kinsmen and clan, as it is when young giants walk abroad in the peace of barbarity.

Madusa strutted like a drum major. The innocent vanity of the savage warmed him through and through.

Anna took several little runs and skips to keep up with this new gait.

"When this War was over, my little master from Rhodesia stayed with his regiment near here. He sent long letter to Dieppe saying Madusa could stay with him now until he go back Africa. I am Master Reggie's batman. Yes, Missie Fräulein!"

Virtue coursed warmly through the veins of Madusa. He would certainly tell Master Reggie how young white lady had sought his protection from French soldier.

He directed a look of beaming pride at the pretty young missie skipping along by his side, happy and smiling again in her great relief and safety.

They came in sight of the village.

Madusa stopped and said a peculiar thing.

"Safe now, my Missie. Madusa, he safe too."

"Oh, but you must come in and see my grandmother! She will be so—"

Madusa held up his hand to silence the pretty prattler.

"No, Missie Fräulein," he said gently. "No, my Missie. That would be—a pity."

His eyes rested on hers, unfathomably deep.

From something in that long gaze, in which sorrow and pride mingled so richly, Anna felt a strange new wound. Tears flooded her eyes. She seized his hand with both of hers, bent her head, and warmly smoothed her cheek against it. Consolation for she knew not what.

Her savior stood dumbly towering above her. His massive frame shook with new emotions: as if a man of iron, a Frankenstein creation, felt the shooting pains, the growth of a soul, about to split his universe.

And now Madusa was returning through the wood. The French soldier must not be allowed to die of starvation —no French soldier was worth murdering. Better carry him to the highway where he would certainly be found before nightfall.

And then he, Madusa, must go quickly away, back to Africa, after telling Master Reggie all about it.

Intoxicated by this glittering moment of his life, in which he was lord of himself, Madusa broke into a wild tribal war chant. Seizing a handful of bracken, he decorated his cap with upstanding plumes. He broke off a great staff for himself, as big as a chief's staff. His boots he hung about his waist, trophies of civilization.

Prancing and lunging, posturing, mincing and leaping, there came back to him ancient ceremonial steps of the primitive warrior.

Not one of Madusa's easy conquests of women had sent him rejoicing into this long-lost, warrior mood. Rather had they left him morose and sullen. Now he knew where his power lay! Like the mighty chief Samson, he would keep away from women. He would renew his strength like the eagle.

He would return to the kraal. He would go to Hamburg and sign on as stoker on the German-Africa line. Yes, he himself would feed the hungry ship. He would feel her, as the result of his strength, speeding to Africa, to the kraal, to the sun.

Resolve poured like molten iron through his veins. With powerful, ecstatic monotony he sang one phrase over and over. Motif and refrain, motif and refrain—the chant of many men who together lift a great weight.

But he, Madusa, had lifted a weight alone. . . .

The French soldier was conscious again. When he heard the great voice grow louder and louder in its approach he put his hand convulsively in his pocket.

It certainly never occurred to him that this extraordinary brute was returning to carry him to a place of safety; with his small terror-sharp eyes he watched between the trees that were laden with spring. . . .

The dancing figure appeared, the soldier pulled the revolver from his pocket. He shot the black man through his joyous heart, with all his dreams and his virtue and his energy unshattered and radiant.

AND IF THE REVOLUTION COMES . . . ?

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

REVOLUTIONS are an old story to the American citizen. To the Russian they are still a new and startling experience; the American knows the tale of revolution almost by heart. His national existence began with one, many of the most illustrious names in his history books are associated with that celebrated rebellion. Some estimable ladies of the republic have a national organization which commemorates the embattled farmers who refused to take orders from the imperial tax gatherer. The citizen, traveling back in his mind, remembers many a splendid phrase from the revolutionary manifestoes: "All men are created equal. . . . Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. . . . A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." A free people! Mountain air in the nostrils of the American! He remembers those who thundered denunciations at the American demagogues. He is not alarmed at the term; he has heard it before. He remembers one such demagogue who was derided as an "Illinois rail-splitter," and because of that derision, the American has cherished the word rail-splitter ever since. He remembers how that rail-splitter in his inaugural address spoke these splendid rebellious words:

> The country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it.

To the American, revolution is a birthright, an inheritance that no power can take away, a privilege to be guarded most jealously. If he seldom exercises his privilege, he has not forgotten that the right and the responsibility are his.

What is the American with the revolutionary birthright thinking about these days? His own country and the world are now in the midst of a vast economic upheaval. The systems of production and distribution have been badly jammed, and some of the parts will never again be of any use. You and I and the citizen begin to have a feeling that perhaps we shall have to deal with a number of problems that we have never touched before. The word revolution is heard at every hand; we seem to face revolutions of all sorts and kinds. We blink, think of home and children, and then turn to examine the situation. We do this, not as experts or masters of political economy, but as ordinary people, using what intelligence we have, watching the news of the world as our neighbors and the newspapers give it to us. Furthermore, we make this examination not for the fun of it, but to give ourselves some idea of what we are going to do about it. What do we find?

For the most part, the men who now occupy our seats of government were there at the high tide of the boom.

They were in office when the crash came and, barring the fatalities of the last elections, they are still there. Mr. Hoover is, of course, the most obvious example. In business the same captains of industry, the same banking authorities, the same investment counselors are holding on to their jobs. It is true that the mortality has been great, but there are a good many fat, prosperous names left. When the storm came, these men, who had so industriously predicted prosperity eternal and who had diagrams and charts to prove it, were helpless. We could have stomached their helplessness with far better grace, perhaps, if the great ones had been willing to admit it. But they were not. We ourselves had been crippled; so had our neighbors. It was impossible for us to conceal the consequences of our idiocy, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it and try to start again. But the captains and the senators and the cabinet members could not admit their folly or their helplessness. They had been omnipotent and omniscient for so long that a stepdown was impossible.

And so we were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. We saw these men, like a troop of savages, attempt with chantings and loud cries to abate the wrath of the storm. It is needless to rehearse their shibboleths and incantations, their magic words "optimism" and "just around the corner." We know them all by heart and we know they didn't work. But now, as we move into the third year of hard times, we discover that these gentlemen are still positive, still knowing, as farsighted as ever they were. We learn that they had no share of responsibility for the disaster. The eminent banker who declared twelve days before the crash that "the industrial condition of the United States is absolutely sound and our credit system is in no way critical" is still authoritative and serene. Recently he appeared before a Senate committee and testified that the extravagant lending of money to corporations and individuals for speculation "should have been stopped ten years ago." Stopped by whom? He declared that the bankers would never be governed by any code set up by themselves, and, when questioned about the possibilities of government control over unruly finance, was horrified. "We are frankly skeptical," said he, "that the ideal can be attained; freedom for the individual to engage in whatever business he chooses and to develop that business in accordance with his talent and judgment is a privilege which all Americans cherish. It involves freedom to make mistakes."

Freedom to make mistakes! A remarkable statement in the face of an army of bankrupts and an ever-growing horde of unemployed. Is it for this freedom that he and his colleagues plead for public confidence and support while every available means of publicity is invoked to cajole money out of hiding? While these eminent men shudder at the thought of any sort of "government in business" and are constant in their condemnation, they do not seem to remember the days when they gratefully heard Mr. Coolidge speak confident words that sent a hesitant market soaring; there is never a recollection of their thankful hearts when Mr. Hoover rendered such splendid service in toning up the investor's courage. When the citizen hears some of these financial tribunes belabor the government as the source of all their woes, he feels a little sad at Mr. Hoover's plight. It is no fun being President during a panic. But at the very moment when he regards with sympathy Mr. Hoover's wrestlings with deficits, the citizen hears the President cast the burden of the disaster on troubles abroad, reads in the

Annual Message that "our difficulties during the past two years have plainly originated in very large degree from these sources." The citizen cannot forget that, in the very teeth of the tempest, the President signed the highest tariff bill ever passed by an American Congress. Though we have well over a hundred million dollars in public and private debts in Czechoslovakia, the citizen sees the tariff hoisted on shoes, lest a single pair of Czech-made brogues endanger American prosperity. What can the citizen think as he listens to the pontifical utterances of Senator Watson and Secretary Doak? What of the bland assurance of Mr. Fess and Mr. Smoot? What says the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton? What rugged verities are spoken by Mr. Schwab and Mr. Taylor? It may be summed up in one word: Courage! If we can only hold on courageously, things will come out all right in the end and prosperity will be back again, this time to stay forever. Everything is all right. The only trouble is that we won't believe it. And from all this we can draw but one conclusion: The captains and the cabinet members have learned nothing.

II

Now it is evident that the world is quite a different place from what it was two years ago. The United States—both government and citizen investor—is entangled with the rest of the world as it never has been before. Europe, South America, and the East owe us vast sums, and the more we struggle to extricate ourselves, the more entangled we become. Germany flounders in a morass, bedevilled on one side by creditors, and a possible Fascist dictatorship on the other. The Continent seethes with hatreds, and armament everywhere increases; around the world the gold standard totters and falls. At home we are up to our neck in sick industries, unemployment, and a government deficit. We are committed to a policy of drift, for we don't know what else to do. It is true that Mr. Swope has got a plan, and there are a number of others like him, but even so they are less than a drop in the bucket. It is patent that a return of prosperity will not put things exactly where they were before. How long can American exports hold their own against the industrial equipment that has grown up the world over, sheltered behind tariff walls built to match our own? Can prosperity still the growing rumblings of industrial discontent in our South? Agriculture faces a world that has strained itself to the utmost to achieve production and is now able to deluge the earth in grain and cotton. To say it another way, the *status quo* is a little shakier than it was before; although next year our salesmen acquaintances may perhaps be swamped with orders, that happy chance cannot obscure the fact that our economic system is weaker than it was, and that so far nothing is in sight to strengthen it. Even the Dean of the Harvard Business School is willing to admit that "Capitalism is on trial and on the issue of this trial may depend the whole future of Western civilization."

One does not have to be a profound student of economics to discern some of the embarrassments that confront our present system. The results of a tangle of tariffs and a mountain of agricultural products are two obvious ones. But behind these embarrassments there has gradually grown up a suspicion that the profit system, as we have known it, is its own destruction. Fragments of this idea have appeared in universities; more than one scientist has publicly declared it; occasionally some industrial leader feels uneasy and hazards a vague guess. In a nutshell the suspicion is this: That the combina-

tion of the machine and the skill of organization has made it possible to produce more and more goods, more and more raw material, more and more food with less and less labor. Although this meant larger immediate profit for the producer, it meant that in the long run fewer and fewer people were employed and so had less and less money to pay for these goods. While this has been going on, profit has again been put back into more and more highly geared and concentrated production, turning out an ever-increasing stream of goods in exchange for which there are steadily less wages and salaries. There is a contention, it is true, that labor which is thrown out of work by the machine in one industry is able to find employment in another. But some of the bureaus of investigation, for which Americans have such an enduring passion, have discovered that only a fraction of these rejects find employment. And all the while, of course, profit is being turned back, not to provide employment, but to produce more goods. In the end one sees the producers, fewer and fewer in number, engulfed in goods which they can neither sell nor use, swamped in specie which has no value, while opposed to them is a vast army, laborers, white collars, professionals and all, with neither food nor clothing nor the money to pay for them.

Our capitalist system is founded, of course, upon profit; profit has been its life blood. What, indeed, would be the use of going into business if you couldn't make a profit? Many of our fellow-citizens are ruefully pondering on this theme right now. If the various opinions and suspicions which we have just rehearsed should prove true; if profit should disappear not for two years, but for good, what an uncomfortable situation ours would be. Our livelihood, our jobs, our incomes large and small, derive from this system. Trustingly and of necessity we have counted for survival on this system and if it should go back on us, the prospect would be rather disconcerting.

Numbers of people have speculated on the various means that might buttress the present system. Although there are thousands of plans and proposals, in the main they fall under one or another of these four heads:

1. A rigid control of profit and production that would encompass every phase of economic activity. (But a swarm of doubts arises in the face of such a proposal. Such control would have to be lodged in the government, and it is very hard indeed to imagine our President and his gymnastic and exceedingly talkative Congress exercising that control.)

2. There remain the continents of Africa, Asia, and South America to be thoroughly exploited. This might furnish an outlet for the burden of Midas profit. (But such exploitation would be initiated by capital and industry far more highly organized than they were seventy years ago when the development of our own West began, and it would face populations much less amenable to exploitation than they have been. In the order of things, it would bring about ultimately the same situation that now holds with us.)

3. There is the oft-predicted financial dictatorship, the Millionaire Man-on-Horseback. (But one wonders whether the wise and shrewd men in business would have any greater chance of control than they have had in the past two years. In other words, would not an open and acknowledged dictatorship by finance be managed by the same sort of gentlemen as those who have been managing money heretofore, and would they do the job any better?)

4. Last of all, there is the act of God, unknowable and unpredictable. Perhaps someone will invent some device, as universal as the automobile and the radio, that will mean a huge profit for everybody or make profit unnecessary.

Any or all of these things may come to pass, but they are not in sight now. All we do know is that our present

system is having a harder and harder time of it and is getting fewer and fewer breaks.

III

It is sometimes difficult to realize that there is no especial sanctity in the economic system under which we live. It is the child of the industrial revolution and was born only a little over a hundred years ago. Man made the system, and there is nothing to prevent man's discarding it or outgrowing it and devising another to take its place. At first blush this is an uncomfortable thought, especially if one happens to sympathize with the opinion of the celebrated Mr. George Baer, one-time president of the Reading Railroad, who spoke of "the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of this country." Comforting words with benefit of clergy! But, alas, those golden times are past. Long ago Mr. Baer was gathered to his fathers, while we, unfortunately, are still alive, and the failure of a system isn't a pleasant prospect for good salaries and "prime securities," whatever that may mean just now. Yet the possibility must be faced. We read in our history books about the collapse of the feudal system and take it very calmly, for it doesn't touch us. We look upon the heads of our present system as august and splendid personages, not remembering that their spiritual ancestors cut quite a different figure. Forgotten is that eminent banker, Isaac of York, whose teeth were drawn one by one until he yielded up his gold. Imagine the state of mind of Charles the Bold if a miserable money lender, instead of cringing and begging for some of that little loan, had told Charles to pay on the nail or stand foreclosure on his kingdom! Within an hour the worthy broker would have found himself lodged in a picturesque and damply Gothic dungeon. But in the end, the bankers and merchants rode in triumphant. Feudalism had become worm-eaten and rickety, and at last a system, blessed though it was and sanctified a thousand times by the Church of its day, collapsed. Such may be the fate of the system under which we live.

Ordinarily the citizen could read history in this light quite philosophically, but with half the world in turmoil he feels uneasy. When he thinks of great social or economic changes, in his fancy he hears Marat exhorting the mob and sees the head of de Lamballe borne by on a pike. Yet even when he thinks with a shiver of the agitators who seem to flourish at such times of change, confusing pictures pass before his eyes. It occurs to him that his calender is dated before and since the birth of an agitator. "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." He remembers agitators with strange, preposterous gospels; he remembers others who, appalled by injustice, engaged to hustle matters along. Some were ludicrously insane, others great geniuses, honored now and revered as leaders of forlorn hopes, the outriders of civilization. The citizen is puzzled by inconsistencies: Joseph Smith was an agitator—but so was Susan B. Anthony. It occurs to the citizen that, with all their thunderings, neither John Brown nor William Lloyd Garrison brought on the Civil War. It must be that agitators are the symptoms, not the causes of revolution. Cromwell, Robespierre, Samuel Adams, Lenin, all agitators who rode the storm, were no more causes of revolution than was the youth who shot Francis Ferdinand in 1914 the cause of the World War. Behind all their words and deeds, we hear the rumblings and grindings of a world in upheaval, the screaming of gears as systems smash. Of what use, then, thinks the citizen, for us to shiver in our shoes when we listen to the side-

walk Wendell Phillips as he exhorts the crowd about him? Will it save the system if we jail him? Perhaps fate may break my fortunes to-morrow and put me in that little crowd of jobless men who listen to this soap-boxer. Being of revolutionary stock himself, the citizen begins to wonder whether, if Patrick Henry had been strung up to the nearest lamp-post, the American rebellion would have collapsed. He concludes that it would not.

But what if the profit system fails, agitators or no agitators? The citizen considers the possibility of a collapse. Perhaps it is inevitable, perhaps it isn't; in any case he wishes to be prepared. Certainly he would be a fool if he felt otherwise. He looks about him to see how others are behaving as they face the possibility. What does he discover?

On the right are the conservatives, those who profess themselves to be content, in the main, with the *status quo* and see no reason why with a little tinkering profit and individualism should not hold their own throughout eternity. As the citizen hears them talk and reads their counsels of confidence in the press, he marvels that men can be simultaneously so dissatisfied with the present state of the profit system and so satisfied with the system itself; and he wonders whether such an attitude of mind could ever propose or reconcile itself to bold and drastic remedies. He shakes his head. These men are too frightened: frightened at what the present situation might lead to and frightened still more at the thought of trying any different policies than those which have prevailed in the past. The citizen decides to see if there are not other men in whose ideas there is more promise of courageous action.

He determines to investigate the so-called Liberal camp. He subscribes to the various Liberal magazines and reads them assiduously. It is sad business. He begins to wonder if sunlight ever penetrates the offices of these publications. He imagines the editors, like so many Niobes, sitting in desolation, surrounded by their slaughtered children. Roused at last, the citizen goes down to see one of these editors. All is dejection. The editor groans in agony at the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti, he denounces boodlers, thieves, and shysters, he writhes at the spectacle of Liberty in chains.

"But, good God," says the citizen, "if these things be true, what shall we do?"

"Reform," says the Liberal.

"Why are you so downcast then? Is there no hope for reform?"

"Very little."

"But why, then, bother about it?" demands the citizen.

"What else can I do?" replies the editor, who at once sets to work writing an editorial asking why Secretary Adams doesn't resign since he can't support Mr. Hoover's disarmament plan with more zeal.

Baffled, the citizen goes away. How about the Socialists, he wonders. At least Debs had nerve. He investigates, but here again finds little to repay him. The moths have been busy with Mr. Debs's organization, and the citizen finds only a little group left, mild and inoffensive, led by a wealthy lawyer and a former clergyman. The Socialists are Liberals too, the citizen discovers; they are earnest in wanting to patch things up, but of coherent plan or program with which to face a vast economic upheaval, there is no sign. In disgust, the citizen takes himself off. What's the use, he thinks. These dolorous editorials come from a leisure class, they are the offspring of income. I might have written them myself. That's all very good, but if by chance, profit and income lie down and die, where will these gentlemen be?

They are as timorous as the conservatives; they will go no farther than argument on paper. To the Liberal there is no more terrible word than "action." At the mere sound they scatter like frightened sheep. To grasp quickly and with dispatch is impossible for the Liberals, since to them action still has but one meaning: a bombshell or a hand grenade. The citizen is looking for someone who has an idea and is prepared to act upon it—not talk. Forthwith, he cancels his subscriptions and prepares to have a try with the Radicals. At least, he thinks, we'll have some action there. The downtrodden know what they want.

The first thing that strikes his eye is an article in the *New Masses* by Mr. Michael Gold. Mr. Gold has been examining the Liberal plans and program and in his article describes their schemes with some malice. "The corporations will be merged into a few great national trusts," says Mr. Gold. "A dividend of eight per cent will be guaranteed the former shareholders; a planning board made up of Stuart Chase and his friends will run the industries; Utopia will arrive by stealth, like a god in the night. They quarrel with the Communists as to means. But what are their own proposed means for bringing in this eight per cent Utopia? We are not told; I am afraid we shall never be told, for if there is anything the American Liberal lacks, it is a sense of economic or political reality and a sense of organization."

There, thinks the citizen, is a man who seems to be awake. If the system die, what use will there be in reforming a corpse? Surely this man and his friends are on the right track. The citizen hears that a Communist mass meeting is to be held that night, and, after a frugal supper (for times are getting harder), he sallies out in search of light and truth. With great expectation he attends the meeting. Three speakers thunder denunciations against the bloodthirsty tyrants and are roundly cheered. This is all very well, thinks the citizen, but what are they going to do about it? Uneasy, he feels that if he substituted "Jeffersonian principles" for "dictatorship of the proletariat" and "Republican boodlers" for "bloated capitalists," the meeting would resemble a Tammany rally. He asks for details concerning action and what they are going to do. "Demonstrate!" replies his neighbor. "Protest!" says the man on the other side. "Yes," says the citizen, "but what I want to know is, what are you going to do to get power and what are you going to do when you get it—right here in America?" "Mass! Demonstrate!"[1] is the reply.

A pretty girl in the crowd asks the citizen to subscribe to the *Daily Worker*. He does so, hoping that he will find help there. The next afternoon the first copy arrives. "On with the Struggle Against the Fascist Dictatorship in Bulgaria" screams a headline. "Hands Off China! Stop munitions shipments to the Chinese militarists!" cries another. All very well, thinks the citizen, but how will you go about it? And what are you going to do about America? You Communist gentlemen present yourselves as the most far-sighted group in America. If that is so, you should be the ones most ready to take charge if profit dies. What, then, are you and Mr. Gold and the others prepared to do? When the new day comes arithmetic, the laws of chemistry, and rates of speed will still be doing business at the old stand. The consumer will still be hungry three times a day, he will need shoes and pants just as he did before. You will have the problem of distribution on your hands, just as much as capitalism ever did. What's your scheme?

Your master, Lenin, in his days of exile, was wont to say that experience

would teach the worker how to plan and execute and govern. But he was enough of a realist to acknowledge a profound change of heart after two years of strain and turmoil:

"You Communists are splendid folk, but you are not equal to the economic task you have taken on. The work of the capitalists is more than you can do." The man who says that is right. The Communists, however, don't see it, and imagine only the "uneducated common people" have got such ideas. The merchant or his traveler goes to the peasant and offers his services, not for a gossip about Communism, but to build him something or get him something. Our Communist pride is preventing us from recognizing this. The people who carried through the greatest revolution in history are unwilling to admit to themselves that they are not good business people, don't know how to manage a business and carry on trade and have a lot to learn from any average shop assistant who has spent ten years behind a counter and knows what's what. . . . What is wanted is the most prosaic of detail work. For this the people will be grateful and only if we realize what the people want, shall we be able to rule.

The citizen considers this with some gravity and wonders if the Communists are capable of learning from example when that example was given them by the Savior of their own faith. He wonders if they realize that America is already possessed of the equipment that Russia, with incredible wrenching and heaving, has barely got started.

He examines carefully the text, "What Is To Be Done," which a Communist acquaintance studies so assiduously. This may have been of use in 1902, he thinks, as an argument and plan of operation for a newspaper run by exiles, but now! One would as soon consult a 1902 Burlington time table for a good train out of Chicago. Vainly the citizen asks: Where are your engineers, statisticians, managers, executives, teachers, and planners? If you haven't them in full flower, where are you developing them? And to all these questions there comes to the citizen but one cry: Mass! Demonstrate! Protest! Words, mass meetings, hunger marches, more masses, more protests, more demonstrations. His ears roaring, the citizen sits down on a curbstone and wonders what in God's name he is going to do; and we may perhaps sit down on the curbstone beside him and wonder too.

IV

Through the citizen's mind run many things. He sees an army of bankrupts, victims of ever-returning depressions; he remembers a miner's time sheet, showing monthly wages due $31.88, minus $22.00 for "transfers." Support a family on this for a month! He remembers the advice given to salesgirls working long hours for $9.00 a week: "If that isn't enough to live on, get yourself a boy friend." He remembers the farmers of Arkansas who, having exhausted all credit through years of selling grain for less than it cost to raise it, sacked the grocery stores of the county seat. He remembers skilled workmen who have been out of work, not since the depression began, but through the boom. The citizen can only ask himself: What will this army do if the barriers give way? Will they not demand retribution? All these things have happened under the system by which I live. I have not myself been responsible, but that will avail me nothing if the system goes to pieces; I shall have to face those demands for retribution. How shall I be prepared to deal with the problems of a collapse, what shall I do if all the pent-up wrath break out? What if, after a long succession of catastrophes, I should awake some morning and learn that the great banks of the country had gone down,

that the Federal Reserve had succumbed; what if, day after day, the newspapers brought word of further disasters: the stalling of utilities, the stoppage of trains, the crippling of communication, until at last the Federal government suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, proclaimed martial law throughout the land, and established a dictatorship? And what if, despite all this, the function of government was powerless? What then? What should I do? To which questions the answer is: We don't know.

But not so distant history gives convenient illustrations of things we need not do, and we may well profit by example. What are the dreads, the horrors that the word revolution suggests? Loss of money, interest, land; in a word, property. Loss of our jobs, salaries, and pay envelopes. These are some of the fears. Dozens of other dreads trail after: bloodshed, burning, pillage, rape, drumhead courts-martial, the loss of freedom of speech and opinion, of prestige, principle, and spiritual beliefs. We may well stop being panic-stricken and look at these fears with a wary and questioning eye. If the system should go, property as we know it would probably go too. If it should prove that profit was not, what excuse would there be for going into business, hiring people, entertaining prospects at lunch, or holding steel or copper for a rise? Our salaries and our pay envelopes would have vanished. It would seem a trifle silly to fight for something non-existent. Their equivalents—food and shelter—would be the important thing. As for principles and ideals, the world has gone through many a change, and no revolution yet has justified or attempted to justify homicide, slander, jealousy, envy, violation, cowardice, or the lie. If one can safely predict anything, it is that, whatever happens, those virtues will, like the judgments of the Lord in old time, still be true and righteous altogether. If our precious individualism and prestige are solely dependent upon the situation in which circumstance has placed us, then their loss is no great matter. Altered circumstance does not necessarily mean that honor, reputation, and distinction are impossible. As for bloodshed and rapine—simply because some revolutions have gone through blood and horror, that does not mean that that is the only way to go through one. If the system crashes it may mean a world crash and automatically it will sweep us into a vast army of *de facto* revolutionists whether we choose to be in it or not. And the citizen who is intelligent enough to recognize the moment of inevitable change when it arrives need not find it necessary to give his life as a sacrifice.

V

If our present system collapse, our one hundred and twenty million will have a large job on their hands. Though profit, speculation, and private fortune go, self-interest will still be there, along with the hopes and aspirations of the hour. At the bottom will be the needs and hunger of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife," but this time, perforce, we'll be in one crowd. Whether we like our neighbor or no—and very often we shall not—we may have to work for each other, not for the sake of the brotherhood of man, but because our bread and butter demand it. Whatever the new system may be, it will probably have a very broad and solid base on that necessity. It will probably grow up from that base. It may be clumsy, perhaps, and unwieldy, coming from the hand-to-mouth necessity for food, shelter, and clothing. It seems very doubtful indeed if it will be given us from above, shiny, varnished, and beautifully designed.

That is why the Liberal camp is full of lonely and sorrowful souls; their agony is in the head and not the stomach. Their plans are beautiful to look upon, but they never seem to consider the people who must use them, eat, sleep, and live by those plans, the people who for one hundred and fifty years have practiced and developed the fine art of nullification. Most of the vocal gentlemen on the right are scarcely ready to take command, for they are wedded to the present system, and if the system go they will be prepared for the role of chief mourner and little else. The gentlemen on the left are so blind in their adoration of Russia that when they pause in their forensics they find it impossible to think of change in specific American terms. Who *will* take command? That, like the act of God, is unpredictable, but someone there will be. And who are the people who will form the stuff of this potential revolution, if it comes? Just ourselves, the vast mass of the one hundred and twenty million.

When organization begins, it will doubtless be in some form familiar to us all. Organization is to us a tradition almost as old as revolution. To the American it is the breath of life. Organized in business, he is unhappy unless his spare time is organized also. The lodge, the union, and the Grange; the Grand Army, the Spanish War Veterans, and the American Legion; the Rotary, the Lions, and the Kiwanis; women's organizations by the score, high and low: every stratum organizes and has organized with unflagging zeal and joy. Many of these organizations involve some phase of economic benefit, if not to themselves, then to someone else. If the great change comes and individual reaches out to individual and the living cells of collectivism begin to form, it may prove that these associations have laid the foundations of the new social structure. Blissful irony indeed, if some of these organizations, jeered out of countenance by our more sophisticated friends, targets of many a jest, should prove to have been the training ground of the new order.

This may be conjecture, but it is reasonable to maintain that the revolution, if it comes, will carry an American stamp, have an American flavor, and be a truly native product. It would be hard to imagine it otherwise. If this be true, the citizen will admit that it is useless to be afraid. If the system should crash, it will do him no good to cling desperately to the shattered structure and attempt with life and limb to defend it. Appalling as it may seem, its day will be over.

If we cannot exactly prepare ourselves for this vague but still quite possible change, there are still things that we can do. We can clear from our minds the idea that our system, in itself, is a holy thing to be defended with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. If, perchance, our system has spawned its own destruction, then neither our lives nor our sacred honor will avail a tinker's damn. We need have no fear but that there will be work and responsibility enough in all conscience. Many of us have known families of wealth, whose money has deserted them, whose businesses failed. We have seen some of those families clinging to the ragged remnants of their former grandeur, helpless in the face of an inexorable truth. The American Tories, the French aristocrats, the Russian émigrés, are familiar examples. We, on the other hand, are not dealing with a monarch, but with a system that involves us all. Should we become a nation of spiritual émigrés, battered about and smashed, simply because we were too dunderheaded to realize that change had come? We may as well face the possibility of

change with level head, serenity, and a show of cheer.

Is this cold comfort? Perhaps, but we may as well accept it. Transition may never be easy, but it will come a sight easier if we're willing to admit the fact when it is accomplished; and be assured, on that morning the Empire State building will still stand, the apple trees of Vermont will still put forth their leaves, the Mississippi cease not to flow. The farms, the factories, the steamships, and the tractors will still be there; people will still know how to make bread and drive automobiles. Man's ingenuity and artifice will yet remain, just as they did when the last of the Barons was gathered to his fathers.

The important thing is for us to be thoroughly prepared for the possibility of a great and fundamental change, so that if it comes we can say instantly and without hesitation: "Be it so." If our minds can accept this we shall be far better prepared for the work that will lie ready to our hand when the hour of action comes.

Change or revolution—use whichever term we will—it need mean horror and disaster only if we wish to make it so. Our fate and our future will be in our own hands; and "if this be treason make the most of it."

EPITAPH IN SIRMIO

BY DAVID MORTON

WITNESS how it comes to pass
That the fevered heart grows cool,
Dark and sweet beneath the grass,
How the grass is beautiful—
How the wind, in going over,
Spreads a cool green on the air. . . .
This was once a tortured lover,
Sick to death of hot despair.

AFTER THE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

WHO SHALL PAY THE DAMAGES, AND HOW?

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

FEW of us realize that we have a war of attrition going on all about us. The ubiquitous automobile claims its victims day after day, and yet the newspapers find neither news nor scandal in the fact that as many as 33,000 persons were killed by motor vehicles during the year 1930, or *four persons every hour*, while approximately a million persons suffered either minor or serious injuries as the result of automobile accidents. Nor is the public generally aware that for the previous ten-year period there were 230,353 persons killed by automobiles, or almost twice the number of American casualties in the Great War.

The sharp rise in fatalities may be partially accounted for by the larger number of cars in operation. Yet since 1926 the rise in deaths has been more rapid than the increase in registered cars, while for the year 1930, automobile accidents of all kinds increased 12 per cent over 1929, although the mileage covered by motor vehicles actually decreased 10 per cent, according to a study made by the Travelers' Insurance Company. The situation would be bad enough if motorists alone were affected, but it is a sorry fact that more pedestrians than motorists are killed by automobiles in the large cities. Manifestly, then, the devastation which the automobile is leaving in its wake has become a matter of vital concern to everyone who walks or rides on the streets.

The public would doubtless profit from stricter licensing laws and traffic regulations, reinforced by widespread safety propaganda. Concerted efforts have been made in this direction during recent years by national automobile, insurance, and safety organizations, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with increasing success in the future. But it is a debatable question whether the accident rate can ever be cut down very far, since the automobile is essentially a dangerous instrument, and doubly dangerous when it is operated in congested districts.

If, then, accidents are inevitable, the fatalities and the injuries which ensue present a grave social problem; for after every accident the question arises as to whether the injured parties or their families have a right to compensation for funeral bills, medical expenses, loss of wages, impairment of earning power, and finally, "pain and suffering."

Under the common law a person who is injured through the agency of another may hold the offending person liable for damages if the latter's negligence can be proved in a court of law and there is no evidence to show that the injured person was also at fault. This is still the rule of law on which all claims for personal injuries resulting from automobile accidents are based.

Presumably, therefore, if you have been injured in an automobile accident you should be able to collect damages provided you can show that the driver of the car which struck you did not exercise the caution that "a reasonable man" would have exercised and that there was no contributory negligence on your side. But in actual practice, unfortunately, collection of damages depends not only upon proof of negligence but also upon the capacity of the defendant to pay.

It seems a fair assumption that most car-owners who have substantial businesses or who own property or have other tangible assets would carry liability insurance for their own protection, so that if they should be held responsible for an injury to another person, the insurance company and not they would have to stand the loss. But there is a large class of motorists who own nothing of value beside their automobiles, and who are, therefore, unwilling to pay the premiums on liability insurance, which for the minimum $5,000 policy run as low as $9 a year in certain rural territories but as high as $69 a year in a city of the size of Philadelphia, on the cheapest type of passenger car, and $103 in New York City on all types of passenger cars. Where a defendant motorist carries no such insurance and has no property that can be attached to satisfy a judgment, the laws in some of the States provide for the garnisheeing of his wages or salary. But when this is done the payment of damages drags out over a period of years and is perhaps never completed, for the sheriff's shadow may so ruin a man's reputation with his employers that he will lose one job after another.

Your chances of collecting damages should you be injured in an automobile accident depend chiefly on whether the offending motorist is insured. The latest available figures indicate that in 1929 only 27 per cent of all the motor vehicles in the country were covered by public liability insurance, so that even if we allow for the fact that insurance is more common where traffic is heaviest and accidents are most numerous, still we must conclude that a very large number of victims will have only uninsured motorists to look to. And the chance of recovering adequate damages from an uninsured motorist is slim indeed.

Nor is this the full extent of the difficulty. Even if you should be so fortunate as to have a claim against a car-owner who carries liability insurance, the adequacy of the amount you receive is likely to be in indirect ratio to the seriousness of your injury. That is to say, if you have suffered only a temporary disability, the insurance company may offer you more than enough to cover your doctor's bills; but if you have sustained a serious injury, the amount which the insurance company will offer you will often fail to cover both your medical expenses and your loss of income. Should you refuse to settle with the company and take your case to court instead, you may in the end get a verdict for a more substantial sum; but if you live in a large city you will be obliged to wait from one to three years for your case to come to trial, and you may have to turn over from 25 per cent to 50 per cent of the damages awarded you to your lawyer.

The injustice of the situation is apparent from the fact that thousands upon thousands of injured people and the families of those who have been killed are unable to collect a dollar of compensation, because the offending motorist is not insured, while others are obliged to accept the insurance company's offer or else await the results of a long-drawn-out court action, and still a third group of people, who have suffered only minor injuries, collect from the insurance companies more than enough to cover their losses.

It was because of these and other inequalities inherent in the situation that a group of distinguished judges and lawyers three years ago formed themselves into The Committee to Study Compensation for Automobile Accidents, under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur A. Ballantine of the New York Bar, at present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In the course of its researches the Committee employed investigators to make a house-to-house canvass of 8,849 personal injury cases in such disparate localities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Worcester, Mass., New Haven, Conn., rural Connecticut, Terre Haute and Muncie County, Indiana, and San Francisco and San Mateo County, California. Court records were also examined, an analysis of accident and insurance statistics was made, and conditions were studied in States which have enacted laws bearing on the compensation problem. The results of this inquiry have been published in a report which presents the first complete study of the automobile-compensation problem as related to personal injuries and deaths, as distinguished from property damage.

II

In its case studies the Committee has not attempted to fix the blame for any accident, for such an attempt could have resulted only in a guess. Indeed the Committee's own conclusions from its findings of fact indicate that the Committee itself does not regard the question of negligence as one of fundamental importance. At first blush it may seem to all of us who are rooted in Anglo-Saxon individualism that the wages of carelessness in the face of danger must be suffering if not death, and that society, therefore, is justified in washing its hands of the many motorists and pedestrians who court disaster through their own negligence. But this argument contains two fallacies. In the first place, it is often very difficult to fix the blame fairly for an accident that occurs in the space of a few seconds. And in the second place, the careless person who has been injured is not the only one who suffers; his family may be left penniless, and the doctor, hospital, tradesmen, and landlord may be taxed accordingly; so that the problem of how this loss should be met becomes a question of social expediency if not of pure justice.

The class of injured people which presents no important social problem consists of those who are disabled for a few days only. Even if they receive no compensation, they can manage to get along, as a rule, since their medical expenses and loss of wages are not heavy. In fact, if the owner of the offending car carries liability insurance, the accident may prove to have a silver lining, since the insurance company, anxious to effect a prompt settlement in order to preclude the possibility of the claim's being litigated, often holds out as a bait to the injured person a tempting sum of money. This is good economy on the company's part, since the expense of litigation, plus whatever damages a jury might award, would represent a still greater drain on their resources. It is well known that many ambulance-chasing lawyers take advantage of this dilemma in which the insurance companies find themselves, and threaten suits on behalf of clients who have been very slightly injured, if at all, and in this way mulct the companies of more than a little money. But whether or not the claim is a bona fide or a fraudulent one, the injured person if his injury is slight—often collects considerably more than he has paid out for medical care and lost in wages and he may spend this manna from heaven quite frivolously by way of celebration. When a woman in one of the localities studied was asked

what she had done with the extra money, she said that she had "married the lodger and gone to Canada for three months." Another had bought a washing machine, and a third had treated herself to a *good* permanent wave.

The really unfortunate victims are the seriously injured, and the families of persons who have been killed. A housewife, for instance, is struck down by a passenger car and is laid up for six months with a broken pelvis, a fractured hip, and a double fracture of the leg. Her husband has paid out large sums in doctors' bills, and she will be lame the rest of her life, yet she will receive not a dollar of compensation because the owner of the car which struck her was uninsured. In another city a tailor's helper, who had been earning forty dollars a week, has been idle for a year as the result of an accident which injured his heart. He and his wife and three small children now subsist from day to day in a deserted barn. A similar story can be repeated over and over again in every American city, where injuries resulting from automobile accidents have thrown formerly self-respecting families into the indigent class.

Single persons who are alone in the world also have a very difficult time when they are disabled. A nurse with an earning capacity of $150 a month is struck by a passenger car and incapacitated for six months. Her knee has been so injured that it gives way under her weight without warning, and her future income will be seriously curtailed. At the time of the investigation her loss in wages plus her medical expenses amounted to $1,350; and toward this amount the uninsured driver, more conscientious than most, had contributed the small sum of $115.

The most tragic situations of all are to be found in families in which the sole wage-earner has been killed. Here is a young widow, the wife of a truck-driver who had been earning $24 a week and who died as the result of an automobile accident after working hours. Receiving no compensation and burdened with hospital and doctors' bills amounting to $800, she goes to work for $18 a week, of which she has to pay $15 for her own and her children's board and room. Still worse off is a widow from Scotland whose sixteen-year-old boy, her sole support, was immediately killed when he was driving with a friend and was struck by a car coming from a side street at a high rate of speed. As in thousands of other cases, the driver had no property and the widow was left penniless.

A claimant fares much better when the owner of the car which did the damage is covered by public liability insurance, provided that the owner himself, or someone authorized by him, was at the wheel and there is some evidence of negligence. But the claimant may have to wait months or years before collecting damages unless he is willing to come to terms with the insurance company. Adjusters for some of the companies follow the policy of offering a nominal sum immediately after an accident, on the theory that the injured person, or the family that has suffered the loss of a breadwinner, will be so badly in need of cash that they will accept a smaller sum than they would otherwise. Some claimants accept this offer. Others bargain for a larger amount, or perhaps file suit, but before the trial comes off they frequently settle with the adjuster, thinking that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Some liability insurance companies are more liberal than others, but it must always be remembered that a stock insurance company is not a philanthropy, but is in business to make money for its stockholders. It should be remembered,

too, that although the injury may be a serious one, the policy holder's negligence may not have been grave enough to call for large damages.

In any event, there is no doubt that the damages paid in most of the seriously injured and fatal cases fall short of the losses of the claimants. Persons who have been so incapacitated that they cannot work or have to change the nature of their occupation come off very badly indeed. Consider the case of an automobile mechanic, still a comparatively young man, who was earning $35 a week when he received internal injuries in an automobile accident which made it impossible for him ever again to do heavy work. During the four months that he was completely laid up he had to borrow from friends and at the same time he fell into arrears on his rent. His losses up to the time when he went back to work for less money amounted to $1,100. He was able to collect only $600 in damages.

The compensation paid by insurance companies in death cases is in many cases smaller than the economic loss sustained. Enough is paid in most cases to cover the funeral expenses; but when the person killed has been the sole wage-earner, the amount paid may be pitifully insufficient from the family's standpoint. A leather worker, for instance, who had been earning $40 a week, was struck by an insured passenger car while driving his own car; he died after five days. At the end of four weeks the company made a direct settlement with his widow for $2,500—which was supposed also to cover compensation to herself for a slight injury sustained in the same accident. How far would $2,500 go toward meeting the whole financial loss which she suffered from her husband's death?

When claimants can afford to wait for the law to take its deliberate course they are generally able to collect larger damages than when they settle outside of court, since juries are proverbially sympathetic with the victims of accidents. Indeed it must be admitted that many plaintiffs exaggerate their injuries and trade upon a jury's credulity, and there is no question but that negligence litigation is all too often a cut-throat game with consciences stretched on both sides. But we are for the moment concerned with plaintiffs who have an honest grievance. They come off better in a court trial, it is true, but they may still suffer from several disadvantages. For one thing, the insurance company opposing them will be able to employ the highest-paid, the most skilled counsel; and for another thing, the delays of the law are more likely than not to work against their interests, except when the full extent of an injury becomes apparent only after a period of time.

A New York writer of my acquaintance suffered from both of these handicaps in bringing suit against another motorist who was represented by an insurance company. While he was driving with his wife and child on a Connecticut road that was jammed with cars rushing to a football game, his car was struck in a head-on collision by a speed-demon, who was convicted, as a result of the accident, of reckless driving and sentenced to ten days in jail. But the guilty driver suffered no other punishment, since he was not scratched, while my friend and his family were badly injured. His wife was bruised all over, and the child had its nose broken and wrists injured. He himself had a badly lacerated scalp, several of his teeth were knocked out, and his limbs were badly bruised. For eight months he suffered acute pain, and there was hardly a day that a doctor was not summoned to attend one of the members of the household.

Since the driver of the other car was

insured, my friend's lawyers advised him to bring suit in Connecticut rather than in New York City where the trial calendar is from two to three years in arrears. As a result his case was called for trial within eight months; but by that time his contusions were no longer so evident as they had been, his child's nose had been operated upon, his wife had returned from a sanatorium, and the chauffeur's nose had been repaired, so that the family presented a less gruesome appearance than they had a month after the accident. It was the company lawyer's cue, therefore, to deny that the injuries had ever been serious. In the first place he disclaimed all knowledge of the fact that a doctor from his own company had called on my friend ten days after the accident and found him suffering from a hemorrhage that might have proved fatal if he had not been there to stop it. He admitted that there was something wrong with the plaintiff's right knee, and he granted that he had lost several teeth, but he pointed out that these injuries in no way affected his earning power as a writer, since he was still of sound mind!

At the end of a four days' trial, during which my friend was held up to scorn as a radical (as if that had anything to do with the accident), the judge took the case under consideration, both sides having waived their right to a jury trial, and in the course of time he handed down a verdict for $3,500, to cover the injuries which the entire family, including the chauffeur, had sustained. The $2,650 which was left after the lawyer had been paid, did not begin to cover the checks which my friend had written for doctors', surgeons', hospital, and drug bills. Yet it was a considerably larger sum than the insurance company would have settled for out of court, while if the daredevil driver who did the damage had not been insured, my friend would have had to whistle for his satisfaction, as so many thousands of other people have had to do.

III

Proceeding on the theory that the public should at least be protected against drivers who are known to be careless or reckless, eighteen States have passed so-called "financial-responsibility" laws. This legislation varies in character but its general purpose is to compel any motorist who has been at fault in an accident or who has been guilty of certain specified offenses against the motor vehicle laws, to give proof that he will be able to pay damages if he should be responsible for accidents in the future. This evidence usually takes the form of a liability insurance policy which covers the operation of his automobile by himself, or in some States, by another with his authority. In Connecticut it also provides that offending motorists be given demerit ratings by the Motor Vehicle Commissioner and divided into four classifications on which liability insurance premiums in that State may be based; so that the driver who ran my friend down probably had to pay a higher rate when he renewed his policy, providing the Motor Vehicle Commissioner properly used his discretion.

The financial-responsibility laws assume that the Motor Vehicle Commissioners in the various States, or their delegated officers, can in case of an accident which they have not witnessed call upon some sort of second sight, and say which motorist was guilty of negligence and which one was not. Such an impractical system is bound to lead to injustice. These laws, furthermore, are very difficult of enforcement, especially in a large State, for the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles has to follow up scores of automobile accidents every day and mail

notices to the culpable motorist in each case, ordering him to produce evidence of his financial responsibility with respect to future accidents. If the motorist submits a certificate of insurance the Commissioner must then check up at least once a year to see that the policy is renewed or the installments paid. If the motorist in question is not insured he may choose to ignore the Commissioner's first and second notices, and in that event an officer must be sent out to find him and take away his registration plates. Should the officer fail to locate him or be rushed with other business, the motorist may continue to use the highways for the rest of the year with comparative impunity despite the fact that he has not complied with the law. The next year he will be refused new registration plates and a new driver's license, but it is not beyond the realm of possibility that he might apply for both under an assumed name.

In a number of States the financial-responsibility laws contain a second clause intended to force a negligent motorist to pay a judgment, *i.e.* damages awarded by the court, on pain of losing his road privileges if he refuses to do so. But in Connecticut at least the figures do not indicate that this provision of the law has accomplished its desired purpose. In that State, between January 1930 and April 30, 1931, there were 88 complaints because of unsatisfied judgments: of these 16 were finally paid, 2 were nullified by bankruptcy, and as many as 70 were left unpaid—suggesting that the defendants either evaded the law or got off the road for the time being.

So far there is no conclusive proof that the financial-responsibility laws have diminished the number of accidents, despite the enthusiastic claims made in their favor. For in those States where the accident rate appears to have fallen the improvement can be attributed to the more careful administration of the motor vehicle laws, just as properly as to the financial-responsibility laws. No deductions can be drawn, either, from a comparison of accident rates in the financial-responsibility States with the rates in other States, since the number of accidents reported varies in every State with the system of reporting and the vigilance of police officers, while the actual number of accidents depends upon such local conditions as the proportion of rural population to urban, the relative number of cars in use, the condition of the highways, and the examination and supervision of drivers.

In so far as the increase of financial-responsibility is concerned, these laws often lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen. In other words, no motorist is required to insure the public against any injury he may cause until he has been involved in at least one accident or has violated a provision of the criminal law. The discipline that is meted out to him at that late date will be of little solace to an injured person with doctor's bills to pay or to a family in want. If it were possible for the financial-responsibility laws to compel a defendant motorist to pay damages they would have real merit; but their force in this respect is greatly impaired because they offer the guilty motorist the alternative of giving up his road privileges.

IV

In view of the increasing number of automobile accidents, it is unfortunate that our legislatures should play with half-way measures, while it would be perfectly possible to compel all motorists to carry liability insurance, as Great Britain and a number of Scandinavian countries do.

Compulsory liability insurance, as a matter of fact, is not an altogether new

thing in this country, since at least forty States require taxicabs and buses to be covered by liability insurance for the protection of pedestrians as well as passengers, while twenty-four States require carriers of freight to carry the same type of insurance. But only one State so far has applied the principle to private passenger cars. That State is Massachusetts. There every resident car-owner is required to give proof of his ability to pay damages for personal injuries *before registration of his car is possible.* The insurance must cover not only the owner of the car, but any person allowed by the owner to use the car. The one weakness in the law is that it does not protect the citizens of the State against out-of-state machines and illicit cars on which the insurance has been cancelled, although the Registrar of Motor Vehicles believes that there are very few of the latter.

As a result of this law it seems that the great majority of people who are at all seriously injured in Massachusetts collect some compensation in the course of time. In Boston the Committee's investigators found that compensation had been paid in 92% of all fatal cases finally settled one way or the other, as against 56% in Philadelphia, and only 41% in New York. Where the claimant had been partially disabled for life, 94% of the Boston cases had received compensation, as against 71% in Philadelphia and 52% in New York. A number of cases had not yet been settled, but the Massachusetts investigation indicated that some compensation would eventually be received in 85% to 90% of all fatal and permanent disability cases.

The Massachusetts law may be desirable from the standpoint of injured people, but the insurance companies insist that it has grave flaws. In one respect at least they have had a just grievance. When the law was passed in 1927, empowering the State insurance commissioner to fix rates, this official made the mistake of fixing them at a figure which was too low. As a result the premiums collected by the stock insurance companies between 1927 and 1930 were not sufficient to cover their operating expenses plus claims and leave a reasonable profit, although a number of mutual companies, operating at less cost, were able to pay dividends. The rates for 1932 have been raised to a level slightly higher than the rates of 1926, but probably not high enough to take care of the rising curves of losses.

It is also claimed that the Massachusetts law tends to increase accidents in that it relieves all drivers of the fear of being held personally responsible for any injuries they may cause. But the same argument applies to all liability insurance, including that taken out under financial-responsibility laws. And since it has not been proved that insurance encourages careless driving, it would be folly to deprive the public of this form of economic protection.

A more justifiable criticism of the Massachusetts law is that compensation cases tried in the courts are held up for a longer and longer time, since the volume of motor vehicle accident litigation has increased greatly since 1927. In Suffolk County, for example, the delay from entry to trial in the Superior Court increased from 27½ months in 1929 to 36½ months in 1931. In some jurisdictions auditors have been appointed to hear motor vehicle cases with the consent of the parties involved; and unless this practice proves acceptable, delays may become intolerable.

To sum up, the Massachusetts law has enabled more claimants to collect compensation than in any other State. But settlements and trials are delayed just as long as they are in other States —trials sometimes longer. The damages paid are, of course, on the whole no more adequate than in other States,

because the great majority of cars which cause accidents are insured.

V

If legislatures wished to go so far as to guarantee to victims of automobile accidents prompt compensation commensurate with the gravity of their loss, they could do so by scrapping the common law negligence theory and passing legislation similar to the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

Twenty years ago a workman who was injured in the course of employment could collect compensation only by proving that the accident was solely his employer's fault, and to this end he was often obliged to employ a lawyer and await the results of a court trial. In order to remedy this situation practically all of the States have passed legislation which entitles a workman to damages for any injury incurred from an accident in the course of employment *regardless of whose fault it is*, while all employers are required to pay premiums to support the compensation fund. When a workman is injured, therefore, he simply has to appear before a State Board and prove the facts of his case in order to collect a stated amount of compensation which will be directly proportionate to his wages and the gravity of the injury he has sustained. Recourse to the courts is not open to either employer or employee except as an appeal from the decision of the Board.

The principle of the Workmen's Compensation laws is now so well established that the Ballantine Committee in the course of its report has presented a tentative plan based on the provisions of the New York Workmen's Compensation Act, to demonstrate how such a system might be applied in the automobile field.

The plan proposes that compensation should be paid to all persons disabled for over a week and to the dependents of any person killed as the result of a motor car accident. No compensation, however, would be paid to the operator or the owner of a car when there was no other car involved in the accident, nor to any person who willfully caused an accident.

Damages would include, in addition to funeral expenses up to $200 and medical costs, compensation for loss of wages, for death, or for disfigurement. A man who was totally disabled for life would receive two-thirds of his weekly income for the rest of his life, if this amount did not exceed $25 a week. Or if he was disabled only temporarily he would receive the same amount until he resumed work. In case he was crippled, or in some way partially disabled for life, he would receive two-thirds of the difference between the wages he earned before the accident and after, up to $20 a week. Under such a provision a carpenter whose earnings dropped from $55 to $30 a week as the result of a fractured leg, would have been paid, in addition to his medical expenses, the maximum of $25 a week while he was laid up, and $16.66 a week for a period similar to that provided by the New York workmen's compensation law.

In fatal cases compensation would be paid wherever the deceased left dependents, the amount varying with the wages that he had been earning and with the number and ages of the dependents. For example, the widow of the leather worker mentioned above, who was paid $2,500 by the insurance company, would have received $8,701 under the proposed plan. Death benefits generally, if awarded on the same scale as under the New York Workmen's Compensation Act, might be expected to average about $7,500 for earners with dependents—a very much higher average than is now collected from insurance companies.

The payments outlined above are all based on the liberal provisions of the New York Workmen's compensation law and would entail the payment of premiums somewhat higher than those now paid for liability in Massachusetts. If the benefits were based on the less liberal provisions of the Massachusetts Workmen's Compensation Law, the premiums would probably be less than those now paid for liability insurance in Massachusetts. It is obvious that the amount of the premiums would depend on the liberality of the plan.

The advantages of the plan are apparent. (1) Cases could be handled with despatch by a State administrative board, since the difficult question of negligence would not have to be considered, and the first payment could be made within three weeks in most instances. (2) Compensation would be received in every case of injury or of death leaving dependents, and the amount would be in proportion to the loss sustained. (3) The total moneys paid out for compensation would be more fairly distributed than at present: more would go to the fatal and permanent disability cases, and less to the temporary disability cases. (4) Attorneys' fees, which absorb from 25% to 50% of the damages in a large number of all cases where anything is collected, would be eliminated in the great majority of cases. (5) The courts would be relieved of a great mass of litigation which is handled most unsatisfactorily at present, since proof of negligence is a tenuous thing in most cases, and even conscientious juries find it difficult to arrive at the truth.

At the same time the plan has drawbacks. For one thing, it might tend to increase the fraud that is perpetrated against insurance companies, since every automobile accident would afford an opportunity for collection of damages. Claims would be exaggerated, and the physicians on the Board would have to check the extent of injuries very carefully.

The objection has also been raised that even so liberal a scale of compensation as the one proposed would be far too low to compensate an injured person who has a higher than average earning power, and it is argued that it would be unjust to prevent such a person from suing for as large a verdict as he could collect—assuming that he had a claim against a defendant who was heavily insured or was a man of means. The answer to this objection is that a person with a better than average income can well afford to carry accident insurance, and that while he might possibly suffer an injustice if he were injured and could collect only a stated amount of compensation, the great majority of injured persons would be better off under a compulsory compensation law.

A good deal has been said and written as to the constitutionality of a compensation plan applied to automobiles. The question is whether such a plan would deprive anyone of property without due process of law within the meaning of the Federal Constitution. The Committee's report contains a careful discussion of this question, from which it is concluded that the plan would be constitutional. There are in some State Constitutions, however, clauses prohibiting any limitation on amounts to be recovered for death or injuries. In these States constitutional amendments would be required to make a compensation plan possible.

If such a system were put into effect, the insurance companies would have to pay claims according to a statutory scale, and, unless a competitive State fund were set up, their rates would necessarily be fixed by the State, since they would have become in effect a public utility. It would remain to be seen whether the private companies

could do business at a profit. At least they would be relieved of the heavy expense of litigation and the disproportionate payments which they are now obliged to make in cases of minor injuries.

A change of some kind in the law is clearly indicated. As matters stand to-day, in every State but Massachusetts the motorist who has no record is left free to decide whether he will insure the public against any damage to human life that his machine may cause. This state of affairs is wrong. No motorist should be allowed upon the highways unless he carries insurance for the protection of the public.

Whether this insurance should take the form of compulsory liability insurance, like that in Massachusetts, or of compulsory compensation insurance, is a matter for the State legislatures to decide. The former system preserves the ancient Anglo-Saxon tradition that every man must stand on his own two feet and be given nothing that he cannot prove is due him. But the delays incident to bargaining with the insurance company or obtaining a court verdict may work a real hardship on the injured person or bereaved family, while the disparity between the damages which an insurance company may think are due a claimant and the amount which the claimant may need to keep body and soul together is often so great as to constitute a real social problem.

The compulsory compensation plan, on the contrary, proceeds on the theory that in so tightly packed a civilization as ours it is difficult and often impossible to mark off one man's rights from another's, and that, therefore, justice must be meted out on a large scale and not in terms of individual cases. Certainly if the State is going to permit an increasing number of cars, often driven by irresponsible people, to choke the highways, it owes all of its citizens—not forgetting those who still care to walk—at least a guarantee of money damages if they fall prey to one of these dangerous instruments. Granted this premise, it would seem to be sound public policy that all those who use the automobile for pleasure or profit should be compelled to contribute to a fund for the relief of those who are sacrificed to this relentless god of the twentieth century.

UNDEMANDING LOVE

TWO SONNETS

BY ESTHER WHITMARSH

IF YOU would think my love less than the best
(And so it is)—less deep and less complete
Than you have known, because its interest
Dies with the hour, remember then how sweet
Are minor verses or anonymous
Played by forgotten poets to the spring,
And small white flowers, truly perilous
Beyond the christened rose at blossoming.
For every sorrow that I do not share
Take at my hands one manifest caress,
For every faithful oath I do not swear
One less demand upon your faithfulness,
And in default of a romantic doom
Write gentleness and laughter *on our tomb.*

HOW can I ever dream or dare to want
More than you offer me, more than you give?
Can I remain so thinly arrogant
As I have shown myself to you, and live?
I still may keep the exquisite small toys—
Patterns and theories—with which I play,
Still penetrate the grave impersonal joys
Beyond the sharply physical to-day;
Yet hold your coming gently in my hands,
Your imminent desire to my breast,
Because your need appeases my demands,
Your tenderness provides my spirit rest.
Only perverted fancy would discover
More gifts than love to ask from any lover.

SHALL WE MAKE OUR CHILDREN COMMONPLACE?

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

MOST parents reading that preposterous question would answer at once with an emphatic no. They might try to make their children many other things—brilliant or learned, successful or distinguished. They might try to make them contented or striving, religious or skeptical, useful or parasitical. They might devote years, money, and energy to changing a good natural mechanic into an indifferent scientist, or a potential first-rate house painter into a poor lawyer. Parents do spend a large proportion of their time trying to make their children something; they would all indignantly deny trying to make them commonplace. Yet most parents and most schools are determinedly, if unconsciously, bending their energies to just that end. And there is usually much to be said for what a large number of people determinedly, if unconsciously, try to do.

Last spring I made the acquaintance of a charming family living in a small country town in northern New York. The town has a population of about five thousand, and some half dozen families of real cultivation. The one in question has four children whose ages range from ten to twenty. They are charming creatures with lively piquant faces, and I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity to know them better. Better acquaintanceship brought added respect for their native capacities, and complete astonishment at the uses to which these are put. The family library is large and well chosen, but the principal reading of the clever and spirited fourteen-year-old daughter is cheap magazine stories and sentimental tales about girls at boarding school and college. The twenty-year-old boy has a face that might well have been the inspiration of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, but a hidden canker preys on him. Chancing to overhear a conversation with his father, I learned the cause of his gloom. The family car is two years old, and he was advancing eloquent reasons for the purchase of a new model of a more expensive make. The family income has been seriously curtailed by the depression, yet the father listened to the youth's arguments with respectful attention.

A similar obsession gripped the seventeen-year-old daughter. I was driving with her one day in a particularly lovely part of the Berkshires, when she sighed and said, "If I had ten thousand dollars I know what I'd get with it."

"What?" I asked, withdrawing my attention from a charming waterfall that glinted through the woods.

"A Cord," she said ecstatically. "The Cord is the best car made. I know a boy whose father's got one."

Now I am unabashedly devoted to cars. But I remembered that except for occasional visits to New York, and summer trips to sea and mountains, this child had not traveled. If the

world is her oyster, she has not begun to open it yet, largely for lack of the right implements. Ten thousand dollars would put these implements in her hands.

"A Cord is a beautiful car," I said. "But for ten thousand dollars you could visit all the countries in the world. You could see the Parthenon and the Colosseum and the pyramids. You could swim in the Mediterranean and ski in Switzerland. You could see the great paintings of the world, and after you had seen them you would see the world itself again."

"Ten thousand dollars to see a few paintings!" she said contemptuously. "Just little things that hang on the wall. I'd rather have the Cord, thank you. Think where a car will take you."

"Yes, but any car will take you," I said. "You can get a car for $500. You can get a very good car for $750."

"Those little junky Fords and Chevrolets. I wouldn't be seen riding in them," she said.

Nor would she be seen in a less modish and jaunty suit than the one she was wearing, nor in anything that looked as if it were sold in quantity. Yet the furniture of her mind could have been ordered whole from any department store. She speaks no language but English, and even that with a debased provincial accent. She expresses herself in clichés that have been worn smooth by thousands of vulgar tongues. She is keeping her lively body supple and lovely to look at. Her equally lively mind she is exercising almost not at all.

Some reflection of my thoughts must have appeared in my face, for Marion was looking at me strangely. We had been excellent friends, getting on so pleasantly that this notion of a day's expedition together had originated with her. Now I felt a Chinese wall thrusting up between us. "What's painting to me?" she asked, tossing her head in a particularly effective way. It was in fact precisely nothing to her, and it proved to be nothing to her sister and brothers also.

Although the mother of the family is an excellent musician, the children have not availed themselves of the chance to learn any instrument. Jazz is the only music they care for, and only the newest jazz that everyone is singing. When a bungling visitor tried a success of two years back, they quickly put him right. "Oh, turn off that old stuff," they said.

I am not one of the musical purists who jeer at jazz. Jazz may sometimes be nothing but an unimaginative blare of sounds; it may be stalely imitative; it may be unconscionably dull; but it can also be altogether delightful. As between a jolly piece of jazz with the sap of life in it and a pedantic, slow-footed symphony, I should certainly choose the jazz. Nor is there any reason why youngsters should not enjoy the mere noise and excitement of even very poor jazz, just as there is no reason why they should not enjoy the exciting tidbits offered them by S. S. Van Dine and Ethel M. Dell—debauches of jazz, like debauches of every sort, sometimes have their uses—provided that their enjoyment of jazz and trashy stories does not prevent their enjoyment of music and literature. But if listening continually to jazz prevents Marion from listening to Beethoven, then her jazz debauch costs her infinitely more than it is worth, since it makes her in effect a musical barbarian, shut off from one of the keenest enjoyments that slowly evolving man has won for himself. If the continual reading of trashy stories prevents her from wishing to read really great books, then she is a literary barbarian. She is seventeen at the moment, with only one more year of school in front of her, since her

father does not "like the things college does to girls." Her older brother is twenty, already a sophomore at Harvard. So far their listening to jazz and reading trash have closed their receptiveness to other music and reading.

Searching about to discover the reason for the complete commonplaceness of all their interests and tastes, I found it most unexpectedly in their father. He is a cultivated, charming man. He reads good books. He plays the violin well. He is traveled, urbane, informed. The complete vacuity of his children's minds had seemed to me the more astonishing because his own is so well furnished. One day I approached the subject tentatively.

"Aren't you afraid that this sloppy stuff Marion is reading will spoil her taste for better things?" I asked.

He took his pipe out of his mouth and smiled at me amiably. "Possibly," he said.

"More likely than not, I'm afraid," I said, "if it goes on. She seems too good for them."

"She is," the father agreed. "But she has to live in the world. This world. This town right here. We've settled here for good."

"But even so, a little good reading . . ." I protested.

"There's no such thing as a little good reading," the father said. "She'll either read these dusty books whose names everybody knows and which only a few queer people read or she'll read what everyone else does. If she doesn't read the books her friends here do, she won't think the way they do. And if she doesn't think the way they do, what'll she talk with 'em about at dances?"

"Oh, I think she might still scrape a few words together," I objected.

"She could," he said. "She could talk down to them or at them. She couldn't be one of them. If she's to be happy in this town she's got to be one of 'em."

He put his pipe back in his mouth and puffed with unexpected excitement. "Have you ever seen a girl try to get on in a town she's too good for?" he asked. "I have. I've seen a few now and then. The village poetess. The village painter. The would-be village novelist. They all have to take up something to give them countenance in their loneliness, poor things. Why, they've been the stock comic figures for centuries. We've got one in the making now. My next-door neighbor's daughter. He's proud of all the things she knows that other people don't know, and she's a wallflower at every dance."

"So you're deliberately making your children commonplace because most of the people in the town are commonplace," I said, attempting to draw his fire, and with success.

"Commonplace!" he shouted. "You think they're commonplace! If you've ever seen a lovelier young thing than Marion, I'd like to know who it is."

I certainly had never seen a more completely self-possessed and effective one, and I said so.

"Have you ever seen her dance? Have you ever seen her put her horse over a fence?" her father insisted.

I had and had duly admired. I had seen her surrounded by boys at dances, too, and operating efficiently at bridge parties. And after all, why argue the question? For the father was right, provided of course that happiness is dependent on a successful social adjustment, and a strong case can be made for its being so dependent. I shall examine that case later, but for the moment it is interesting to observe that Marion's father is far from being alone among parents in desiring happiness at any price for his children.

There is something about the mere fact of parenthood that makes cowards

of the bravest. Chances and changes which the adventurous adult often welcomes eagerly for himself, he fears for his children. Many of us, struggling through the difficulties of the present world catastrophe, have found consolation in the thought that at any rate it is our fortune to be living through one of the great historic crises of the human race. If we did not have children, we tell ourselves, we should be happy enough to have a front seat for such a show, even to be among the combatants in the arena. But we remember our children and shudder at the thought of their untried strength being exposed to the difficulties for which we gird up our own courage not unwillingly. Almost any vigorous young man worth his salt is willing to engage in the struggle for subsistence without having the cards stacked in his favor, that is to say, with no feather-bed fortune to fall back upon in case of need, with only his brains and brawn to help him. But who among us does not try to send his children out into the world with at least a modest competence, providing them a measure of security against life's ills, even if this is at the expense of the adventurous zest that gave much of its joy to our own youth? In the Soviets' efforts to eradicate the property-instinct from men's minds, they do well to strike all the blows they can at the traditional family; but none of all the clever blows they have aimed seems to me quite conclusive enough. To be wholly safe they should abolish parenthood itself. When it comes to happiness, parents are craven indeed. Whatever goals they themselves may have sought, they place happiness above all other things for their children.

No parent I have ever known has consciously desired his children to be commonplace. Yet this desire of parents to make their children happy by protecting them from the hazards and battles of life, causes them, more often than not, to throw the great weight of their influence toward making them commonplace.

II

Commonplaceness is, I take it, the denial of individuality. Webster defines the word as meaning common, trite, or ordinary, and he defines commonness as something undistinguished, belonging to all. A commonplace person, then, is one in whom individuality is very slightly developed.

By individuality I do not of course mean a freakish eccentricity or the loutish sort of self-assertiveness with which the timid person, cringingly dubious of his own value, attempts to impress himself on others, but the resolute clinging to the things in oneself that are most essentially one's own. This would seem to be a very simple thing to do. Instead it is incomparably difficult even in the social world, since clinging to the things in oneself that are most essentially one's own often makes one's social adjustments difficult. The mere expression "social adjustment" implies the giving up of individual idiosyncrasies for the sake of easier social functioning. Many such individual idiosyncrasies are worthless and are better given up. Others are the very keystone of individual worth, and their giving up an irreparable loss. It is even more difficult to cling to the things that are essentially one's own in one's work; for the individual must express his own differences through media that are the outgrowth of common experience. The ability to do this grows slowly. Even the men who become eventually so completely themselves as to leave a lasting mark on time emerge only slowly from the sea of commonness. The first verses of young poets, even those of prodigies like Keats and Shelley, resemble strikingly the verses

current at their time, and they learn only gradually to express a music of their own. The first pieces of furniture designed by a great cabinet-maker strongly resemble those he has been in the habit of seeing, and only gradually does he develop that style of his own that will in future generations make his name a household word. Yet the essential difference between him and the hundreds of other competent cabinet-makers who never succeed in emerging from the sea of uniformity is that he alone among them does in time learn how to struggle out.

Do his parents, the two people in the world presumably most interested that he should distinguish himself, help him in his struggle? By no means. More often than not theirs are foremost among the forces that push him back into the sea. Perhaps this lack of help is partially due to the obscure parental jealousies celebrated by Freud. I think much more of it derives from parents' desire to make their children happy.

Yet surely, most of my readers will object, all parents would wish their children to be distinguished, and would do everything in their power to help attain that end. Surely they would, only they go about it the wrong way. For a man doesn't become a great poet or cabinet-maker or engineer or lawgiver at one fell stroke which the parent can help or hinder. He becomes it as the result of numerous choices, some conscious, many of them unconscious, which he has been making through the years. Innumerable times he has had to choose whether to be true to his essential self or to act instead as he thinks others would like him to act at the moment. This struggle to maintain individuality is so difficult that very often those who succeed insist on being individual in quite unnecessary and often ludicrous ways, so that the world has come, not without cause, to think of geniuses as eccentric. In the making of these innumerable choices the parents play a great, if usually indirect and unconscious part, and more often than not they throw their influence against individuality.

Watch some children's dancing class and note carefully the small girl or the small boy who is the odd one in the Grand March, who never manages to turn up opposite a partner in the Danny Tucker, who is never cut in on, who sits along the wall except when some kindly maneuvering adult manages to get him or her into the crowd again. You will be surprised, if you study such youthful wallflowers carefully, to see how seldom their predicament is owing to lack of personal attractiveness, or even to lack of ability to dance reasonably well. Both of these causes are responsible for some wallflowers, as are lack of zest, lack of real interest in other people, and general social ineptitude; but by far the greater number are children who are different, who don't quite click with the gang, who have a different way of moving or thinking or talking or laughing, or who go to a different school or live in a different town.

I remember that when I was a small girl in a Middle Western town, I was asked to be nice to a twelve-year-old visitor from Boston who did not seem to be getting on well with the neighboring children. One appraising visit convinced me that he was hopeless. Didn't he clip off his words, instead of slurring them in our inimitable Western fashion? Didn't he pronounce his vowels in a way I'd never heard before, and actually say "bean" for "bin," and "again" for "agen," to say nothing of playing his games by different rules. He was hopeless, and he was duly left in loneliness during the long summer months, nor did it once enter the head of any member of the

gang which excluded him that their own accents would have sounded as uncouth to Bostonian ears as his sounded affected in Illinois, and would have brought about the same isolation for them. I remember also the "shirt-waist boy," a newcomer to town (newness being a suspicious circumstance in itself), whose odd custom of keeping up his trousers by a belt instead of by the customary suspenders, a year before we'd heard of this innovation, classed him as a monstrosity and object of suspicion and completely cut him off from all intercourse with the horrified children in the block.

These differences are unimportant, I grant. They have nothing to do with one's essential individuality. But they illustrate, in ways that can be matched by every reader, my contention that almost any sort of difference from the accustomed childhood norm of a given time and place is sufficient to bring upon the child in question the imputation of being queer, and the endless refinements of suffering inherent in that state. If instead of being differentiated by such obviously adventitious things as accent and clothes, the child is essentially different, if he reads different books, or comes to different conclusions from them, if he likes different relaxations and different sorts of people and adventures, then his difference is all the more marked and inimical to smooth social functioning.

Few parents, loving or otherwise, shrewd or foolish, can look on at the agonies which they know public repudiation must bring their children without attempting to analyze the reasons for the repudiation or to rectify them. "Learn to be more like the other little girls and boys," is the customary expression of the solution to which they all come. The parents wise enough, or indifferent enough, to refrain from this first aid to the humiliated are few indeed, and their children, unless they see for themselves the cause of their difficulties and hastily rectify it, as many children do, pay heavily for parental wisdom, either by suffering the continued pain of publicly witnessed rejection or by deciding at an early age to try to take no part in various pleasurable diversions. Such a voluntary withdrawal not only deprives the child of games and dances; he or she loses by it also much of the pleasant sense of functioning successfully with his companions and equals.

III

It would be absurd to contend that the parents' choice is a simple one, or that that parent who endeavors to teach his child to be "like the other children," that is to say, commonplace, necessarily makes the wrong choice. If he could say to himself that Margaret's continued occupation of the seats of the unhappy would result one day in her being as distinguished as Madame Curie his choice would still be difficult. But he can say nothing of the sort. Out of the millions of children to-day whose parents are hopefully contriving and planning for them only a few can become really distinguished. Margaret Jones's chance of being one of those few is so slim as to be almost unworthy of consideration. Yet the possibility of being either happy or unhappy confronts her every hour of every day.

It would be equally absurd to contend that the solicitous parent who teaches his child enough of the oblique arts of popularity to insure her success at dances is thereby destroying her individuality, any more than that the reading of a few trashy books during the formative years of youth would destroy her literary taste. Yet the continual reading of trash certainly does destroy literary taste; and it is

not only at dances that Margaret Jones has to choose between acting like herself and acting like the other children.

She will be isolated also on the playground unless she learns to get on with the gang. She will find herself walking home alone from school, while the others go in friendly groups. Her homework will be undisturbed by telephone calls suggesting frivolous diversions. Almost the only place where the "odd child" finds himself or herself on an equal footing with the other children is in the schoolroom itself, since the schoolroom is presided over by a benevolent despot who temporarily represses gang tendencies. And even here Margaret Jones will not shine unless she happens to be one of those children who "do well at their lessons." Many odd children do, partly because one of the most frequent causes of oddity is an intelligence a trifle more active than the surrounding intelligences, partly because their lack of social popularity leaves them little else besides their studies on which to work off their energies. But marked originality precludes some children even from schoolroom success, since they boggle at poll-parroting lessons from unimaginative and often quite incorrectly written text books. And certain of the New Schools, by withdrawing the authority of the teacher, have denied even the temporary peace of school hours—a peace that strongly resembles the peace of the Church in the turbulent Middle Ages—to the sorely beset child who is different.

If Margaret Jones, in her endeavor to adjust herself socially, acts like the other children instead of like herself not only at dances, but walking home from school, in the playground, and in the schoolroom, it is quite possible that her real self will be so smothered by her diplomatic accretions that it will die.

When I was in college I belonged to one of the only two secret societies allowed to exist there. Each had a limited membership of twenty. Membership in them was so ardently desired and failure to be invited to join was considered so damning that a large proportion of the girls who failed to make one or the other also discovered reasons for not returning to that college the following year. Something like a hundred new girls came to the School each year, and each of the societies had as a rule no more than five annual vacancies. Only ten out of the hundred, then, could possibly be chosen. Earnestly, microscopically, we scrutinized the relative merits of our hundred prospects. We considered it absolutely essential that we should get better neophytes than our deadly rival, and by better we meant a number of things. While we were not snobs, and while we boasted that among our number were girls who were actually poor, we had a fine sense of social distinction, and we were not blind to the advantages of large, conveniently located homes belonging to sorority sisters. On the whole, however, we tried to choose our members solely on the basis of personal merit, since we had an exaggerated sense of the sanctity of our vows and the importance of our society, and since we respected ourselves. If some girl "got in" chiefly because of her popularity with the best fraternity in a neighboring man's college it was because we took seriously the moral obligation laid upon us to outshine our rival. Yet the first time I sat in on the weighty deliberations of member choosing I was astonished at the triumph of the commonplace. One contrary vote constituted a blackball, and every girl of real distinction who was proposed fell under it. Only the most rounded, curved, and unremarkable personalities could survive the rejection powers of twenty critics. If

there had been more societies in the college, if intellectual eminence had had more respect there, we might have been forced, as many, perhaps most, societies are, to admit a few really distinguished girls in order to maintain our standing. As it was, we could be as mediocre and complacent as we chose.

That I should have been a member of this lordly organization speaks volumes for the devotion of one friend and for the patient, destroying zeal with which I had worked on the raw stuff of my own individuality, trimming here and puffing out there and amputating in another place until I had fashioned the recalcitrant stuff into some resemblance to the girl most in vogue in that time and place. My labors had extended over many years. In high school, because I was inordinately fond of reading and feared this weakness might preclude my being considered the female equivalent of a "regular fellow," I devoted all my attention and such ingenuity as I possessed to flunking my studies conspicuously; and to make my spirited adherence to regularity the more apparent, I chose my friends during the first year almost solely among the unruly and the unlettered. My labors were successful, and gained me happiness for the time at the expense of the tardy development of capacities whose lack of use caused me much future unhappiness.

IV

At this point the friend who is leaning over my shoulder raises an objection. She doesn't in the least like my thesis. (She is young, for one thing, and she most ardently desires to believe that real distinction will bring happiness.) She reminds me that individual differences make more trouble in childhood than afterwards. This is certainly true. A distinguished poet, who also occupies an enviable social position, tells me that he was never able to get on socially until he was eighteen, and that he has never had any difficulty since. His childish difficulties were so acute that his parents gave up trying to send him to school and had him educated at home by tutors. He is a distinguished looking man now and could never have been personally unattractive. He has a pleasant manner, devoid of irritating eccentricities. But he was completely uninterested in nearly all the major concerns of the boys of that town, including personal combat. He was not timid, but neither would he fight. Therefore, he had only to show himself in the streets of the town to be jibed at, thrown at, and generally maltreated by the youngsters whose social adjustments were excellent. At the age of eighteen he went to Princeton, and the change of locale seems to me to have been quite as important to his social adjustments as the fact that he was growing older. The very qualities that made him a pariah in his little country town—the imagination, the urbane humor, the interest in things going on in the world, the charming perceptiveness—made him popular at Princeton and later won him fame in New York.

"Exactly," the friend leaning over my shoulder says again. "Your poet doubtless suffered for his difference in his boyhood, but in the long run he owed his success to it." This is true. But it is also true that he is one of the comparatively few men in his generation to become distinguished. Nor did his parents know when they decided not to subject him to the daily rebuffs of school that he would in time be known as one of the few great men to come out of his town. Certainly Margaret Jones's father does not know that she will be great if she continues to be unhappy, yet it is for him to

decide whether to let her grow a little "queerer" day by day or whether he will try to make her like her neighbors.

Of course not all truly individual children find it necessary to repress or change their true characters in order to get on with their fellows. Some have much strength of character and yet are so essentially like their playmates that no surgical operations are necessary to happiness. But by the very definition of distinction, these are less likely to astonish those playmates by their future achievements. Others, made of pliable, tough stuff that doesn't easily tear, are able to effect any necessary adaptations in a cheerfully superficial way that has no effect upon their real selves. But these are comparatively few. Making due allowance for both classes, it remains true that most children with strongly defined individualities find their differences a barrier between themselves and other children, and the barrier a cause of unhappiness. In fact the taming of strongly marked individualities is often looked on as a major concern of civilization. There are exceptions, children who will never know happiness unless they succeed in being themselves. These exceptions are far from being confined to potentially successful artists. Success in the arts, or rather, the sort of success that brings immediate recognition may be quite as much a matter of keeping in with the gang as is success at a country barn dance, real self-expression being as likely to win one isolation in the arts as elsewhere. The children whose happiness will depend on being themselves may be embryonic artists or they may be embryonic butchers or pianists or stockbrokers. How are we to know whether our children belong to this small class? Only rarely will the children know themselves, and even more rarely shall we be able to judge by observing them. If we cannot know, it would seem as if a laissez-faire policy were the only safe method to pursue. A completely laissez-faire policy is, however, quite impossible to attain, and every variation from it will be dictated by our inclination toward happiness or distinction for our children.

When I was very young I was asked the disturbing question that adults so lightly put to children, often disrupting their whole lives by the act—"What are you going to be?" The question came from a gracious white-haired lady whose amiable attentions to children made me regard her with great respect. Until that time I had given no thought to the problem of my future, having been too much absorbed in the mere act of being to think what I was going to be. But as the old eyes under the white hair searched my face, I felt that I must answer. "Are you going to be a mother or a teacher or a nurse?" the old voice went on. "Or perhaps you're going to be a writer—a great writer, perhaps," she suggested flatteringly.

"Yes," I agreed solemnly, "I shall be a writer."

Without delay I communicated this interesting news to my mother. "I am going to be a writer," I said, "like Thackeray and Scott and Boccaccio."

Instead of the pleasure my white-haired mentor had shown, my mother frowned. "I don't know that I want you to," she said. "You'll never be a great writer unless you have much unhappiness in your life. I don't want you to be unhappy." Fortunately or otherwise, my mother is an excellent practitioner of the laissez-faire method, and beyond this expression of opinion she took no steps to prevent my becoming a writer.

Oddly enough, if she herself had had the opportunity presented to her in youth to be a great writer at the expense of great unhappiness, I do not think she would have balked at it.

Youth embraces with zest the prospect of distinguished sufferings. Nor had my friend, the father of the four charming barbarians, neglected such opportunities as served to make himself a cultivated man. Youth almost never consciously chooses the lesser good. That remains for disillusioned middle age to do, and middle age, entrusted with the shaping of a child's life, duly throws most of its influence on the side of happiness and commonplaceness.

V

Is it right or wrong in this? To the extent that it refuses for its child something that it would have chosen for itself, it is, I think, clearly wrong. Youth is the best judge of youth's capacity to do and be. If the father of the four children was in youth sufficiently awake intellectually to choose the larger way for himself, even at the expense of possible isolation and loneliness, he certainly dishonors his children if he so manipulates their desires and ambitions as to make them think they wish a smaller life.

"But children who have a real impulse toward intellectual growth will achieve it anyway," the critic over my shoulder suggests.

If this were generally true there would be no problem. Parents, made spiritually flabby by affection or pride, could still throw their influence toward the commonplace as much as they liked, and the Lord's chosen would, nevertheless, find their way into the broad pastures of the mind. But unfortunately it isn't generally true. Nothing in life is more curious or more tragic than the ease with which real intelligence and real talent permit themselves to be aborted; and nothing is more astonishing than the speed with which emergencies develop the ability with which to cope with them. In pioneering communities, in which erudition and the arts have small scope, we find scant erudition and less art. In sophisticated urban communities, in which few of the sturdy virtues of the pioneer are given scope, we find few of those sturdy virtues, and in communities which put jazz above Beethoven, Edgar Wallace above Proust, and expensive cars above paintings, few children will become cultivated men and women.

But they will be happy, some homespun American suggests, and is not that more important? A case might well be made out for the importance of happiness. But will they be happy? In the beginning of this article I granted the reality of the problem confronting the father of the four charming barbarians. Is his solution the correct one, even supposing one puts the children's happiness first?

Every year I live I am more impressed with the boredom that afflicts the commonplace middle-aged. They are bored at parties, bored at home, bored at dinner, bored in cars, bored listening to the radio; and those among them who started life with a good set of native capacities which they allowed to become atrophied are proportionately more bored than their inferiors. Often this boredom becomes so desperate that they begin to take a belated "interest in things," music or literature or art or politics or philanthropy, and their naïveté and lack of comprehension are usually the despair of the professionals whose aid they enlist or of the artists whose acquaintance they seek.

Perhaps after all my over-the-shoulder critic is right in suggesting that the parents who affectionately help their children to be commonplace are sacrificing ultimate to temporary happiness. Perhaps getting on comfortably with the neighbors is not all that is necessary to happiness. After close observation of the four young barbarians, I would

even go farther and suggest that their neighbor's wallflower daughter gets more fun out of curling up with a book than Marion gets out of her dances. As between the relative merits of dancing and reading, considered by themselves alone, dancing seems to me on at least fifty days out of a hundred clearly superior. But Marion cannot consider dancing as a thing in itself. She must maintain her popularity without flaw. This often means that she must suffer fools gladly, and scrape up smiles and jokes and slang for boys who bore her. The actual dancing is a small part of a dance, and many moments of a dance can be deadly dull. Even more deadly are some of the interminable afternoon hours passed with her dearest friends and a complement of boys, hours whose wearing burden is "What shall we do next?" For really popular youngsters must always be doing something. Necking comes as a godsend into these flat hours, but even necking grows tedious. One cannot keep it up all day, any more than one can live on fudge. The stomach sickens.

And while Marion and her friends cast drearily about for something to do next, the little wallflower neighbor finds the day too short to finish *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and then to take down one of her father's history books and follow the career of the famous son of Margaret and Gerard.

Do not conclude that I think that wallflowers are necessarily happier than social successes like Marion. I have already observed that many qualities besides differentness may conspire to produce a wallflower—bad dancing, lack of zest, lack of real interest in other people, general social ineptitude. All of these are unfortunate and unnecessary social handicaps, and none of them is valuable to individuality. If this particular little wallflower lives a more exciting life than Marion, it is because she owes her childish isolation to a lively mind directed toward objects esteemed queer by her companions. Nor does popularity as great as Marion's necessarily draw boredom in its train. On the contrary, it offers opportunity for a great variety of enjoyments. It involves boredom only when, as in Marion's case, it has been gained at the expense of the development of her own mind and imagination, and these, unless my observation is very faulty, will plague her sadly throughout her life for her neglect of them.

When the little neighbor finishes her book she would like to have a friend available to take a walk with her and help her work off steam. If she had as many friends as Marion there would always be one available, whereas she can muster only two or three. And she would like, too, to have a jolly time at dances and a chance to know some of the boys whose faces interest her when she passes them in the street. No boys' faces really interest Marion. That accomplished social expert confines her scrutiny to the way the boy walks and carries his head and wears his clothes. She can "place" each boy after a moment's appraisal, and she never bothers with the wrong kind. It is a pity that the little neighbor should be unable to gratify these natural desires just because she is a little different from the others in her town. But I think it would be a greater pity if her imagination were never to be fired by *The Cloister and the Hearth.*

It is a pity too that parents' lack of faith in the gods by which they themselves have lived should force the thoughtful child into isolation. Those of my readers who have lived long in cities where intellectuals gather can have no notion how generally this has come to be the case. Last year I was asked to be one of the judges in a high-

school-essay contest, the essays to be based on a magazine article. To my surprise much parental criticism was directed toward the article selected as being far above high school heads. It happened to be an excellent piece of journalism by George Seldes, who has never seemed to me to err on the side of dullness or obscurity; and high school boys and girls are supposed to have grappled with Cæsar and Cicero, to have approached infinity with higher mathematicians, to have penetrated the mysteries of physics, and to understand the formation of cloud centers and the action of the Gulf Stream. Seldes, it had seemed to me, would be child's play to them. But not at all. His article appeared in an unillustrated —hence a high-brow—magazine; he himself was a high-brow, and their heads ached from the effort of following his sprightly sentences.

It is a pity that parents should have so little faith in the gods by which they themselves have lived that they should be so eager to see their children in the swim, that they condemn them to the dreary boredom of an empty mind. The children themselves cannot possibly foresee the results of their choice. They make it lightheartedly and unknowing. But the parents know better. They know that in the long run a man's best companion is his own mind, and that if that companion is a dull one he will always be lonely, no matter how perfect his social adjustments may be. They know too that if only a few parents would make a stand for individuality, the now lonely thoughtful child need no longer be lonely, since children who are developed individuals themselves cease to be suspicious and contemptuous of individuality in others. Saved from loneliness, the individual child would also be saved from the bitternesses or eccentricities or timidities that too often spring from loneliness, those unlovely qualities the father of the four children wished to protect them from. If he had upheld his neighbor's stand for intellectual interests, that gentleman's lonely little daughter would have had at least four playmates. And there are half a dozen cultivated families in that town, not two. Among them they have twenty children. A little courage, and those children might have been themselves without undue suffering.

It is a poor town that does not boast at least as many cultivated families. In most cases there is no real need, except the pusillanimity of parents, for levelling down children to illiterate empty-headedness. The parents, I insist, are chiefly to blame, though it is only fair to take into account that many of them have been overawed by the newer education's insistence on the importance of social adaptation, and many more have yielded to the current craze for seeming duller than we are. The latter is a mildly amusing sport for adults; it is a dangerous one for children, who may end by being as dull as they try to appear to be. It is an even more dangerous sport for civilization. In fact it is one of the incomprehensible things that are continually astonishing the student of history, that the current vogue of empty-headedness should come at the precise moment when man needs all the intelligence he can muster if he is to save his civilization from wreck.

The Lion's Mouth



THE RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE TO ECONOMICS

BY FRANCIS PITCAIRN

THE soldiers of Feng-Yu-Hsiang, the "Christian General" whose announcement of his adherence to the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount occasioned such a stir some years ago, used to sing "Christians Awake Salute the Happy Morn" as they marched about China, shooting up their countrymen. Gradually it began to appear that the choice of this hymn as a marching song was almost the only discernible change wrought in the behavior of the troops or of their commander by his remarkable conversion; and that the practical historical importance of the dramatic event had been exaggerated.

History is full of such disappointments. It is the familiar though still disconcerting fate of missionaries to find that the new religion, spread with such gratifying rapidity among the heathen, has become transmuted in the process into something barely distinguishable from the unenlightened beliefs it was supposed to supersede, and that the people understood to have been sitting in darkness and then (*laus deo!*) to have seen a great light, are still roaming in the gloaming though they call it by a different name. Pagan deities crash the gates of the Church disguised as saints and martyrs, decorous Christian ceremonies turn out to be the bastard offspring of rollicking fertility rites, and converts to the materialist interpretation of history shuffle reverently by the thousand past the tomb of Lenin. It is a common phenomenon, easily visible at considerable historical distances but tending to blur at close range.

If anyone deplores the apparent insufficiency of the old-time religion in the age of Hoover, Babson, and Cantor, he may comfort himself with the reflection that it is precisely in the public attitude to economics that the religious spirit at present manifests itself most vividly, and by noting how the qualities of awe and reverence, of belief in the supernatural and in the efficacy of prayer, so far from being in danger of atrophy, are indeed exercised as vigorously by those who spend Sunday morning pondering the price of cotton and bonds as by those who kneel sedately before the altars of Jehovah.

Public awareness of world-wide economic forces and economic laws is lively; preoccupation with them is evident.

Observing this indubitable fact, economists, apostles of progress, and the self-congratulatory general public hasten to commit a joyous *non sequitur*. Since economic forces and laws are materialistic "natural forces" and "natural laws," it is erroneously assumed that the public's interest in and attitude towards them resembles the attitude, let us say, of the chemist observing the reactions of a particular gas to varying temperatures. But in

fact it more nearly resembles the attitude of the Bantu or the Malayan native to the powerful "supernatural" forces which appear to him to govern his life, manifesting themselves in good or bad hunting or fishing, in abundance or blighting of crops, in health or in sickness. In fact, the difference between the primitive attitude to the supernatural and the general contemporary attitude to economic forces is small; it appears large chiefly because of the large difference in the terminology used. The sense of supernatural powers outside and yet intimately controlling our lives, the sense of destiny, the belief in miracles have not been abolished simply because every taxi-driver, sophomore, and bank president in the Union can chatter about the gold standard and the export surplus. Three-fourths of the people who think, talk, read, about "world economic forces," "long-term trends," the "law of supply and demand," and suchlike do so in a spirit essentially religious and superstitious. They find a strange sort of comfort, amid their personal misfortunes, when they contemplate "the blind play of economic forces beyond our control," and "the irresistible action of economic forces." At the same time they seek with entirely religious fervor for some means of grace whereby they may put themselves in profitable communication with these same forces; usually through the medium of some priest or medicine man.

Not long ago an advertisement of a statistical company used to appear frequently in the newspapers, headed "X the Superboss." There was a picture of a harassed business man sitting at his littered desk, charts on the wall, and across his bowed back was printed a large X. X was the unknown quantity, the business trend, and the statistical company would help you to work things so that X would be with you instead of against you. (In other words X *mit uns:* X the Superboss, X jehovah, X the powers above. The statistical company will guide puny humanity to grace.)

The widespread character of the religious attitude to economics is perfectly illustrated in the most common of all the trick appeals used by politicians and economists in their pep-talks to the nation during the present depression. It is to be found in full operation in the advertising pages of the big popular magazines, in the financial columns of almost any daily newspaper almost any day of the week, and in brokers' letters; Arthur Brisbane and Herbert Hoover have alike testified to their belief in its efficacy by their frequent use of it. In the book of ritual it should be found under the directions for the act known as "the affirmation of faith."

It is accomplished in the following way. Let us say that the occasion of the sermon is the breakdown of consumer demand, resulting in dislocation of industry, shutdowns, unemployment, reduced wages, and general depression. After some animadversion on this, the next motion consists in what is known as "pointing to the past," and after that comes "pointing to the future." Pointing to the past, the preacher or witch doctor asks his audience whether any previous depression in the history of the United States has resulted in the complete and final collapse of the economic structure beyond hope of recovery. (Here the canticle "No, a thousand times no" may be sung by the audience.) Look at what population, salaries, wages, company earnings were in 1880. Look at what the national wealth was in 1880 and look at what it is to-day. Then, pointing to the future, he intones figures showing the "normal" rate of increase of the national wealth. Then starts the ritual hymn beginning "Can we doubt?" leading up to the grand

"affirmation of faith" itself, which might be expressed somewhat like this:

O Trend, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while troubles last
And our eternal home.

This hymn is usually accompanied by solemn pronouncement of curses and prognostication of evil fortune for all unbelievers.

Now it is perfectly true that if you make a chart and draw upon it a line representing the average progression, or long-term trend, of consumer demand for goods in the United States of America from the year 1776 to the year 1932, you will find that the direction of this line is continuously upward. On the other hand, if on the same chart you draw another line representing the actual annual progress and recession of consumer demand, your second line will follow an erratic course across the page and, although its average direction (as expressed in the first line) will be upwards, you will find that it is constantly broken by dips and curves of varying size, representing panics and disasters of varying duration. The trick of the witch doctor consists, of course, in surreptitiously substituting the average trend, which is always upwards, for the real curve, which is not. By his sleight of word he deludes his audience into supposing that he is talking in terms of their lives and their interests, whereas he is really talking in quite different terms. It is true that the dips in the curve are only "little dips" which in "the long run" are perhaps without much significance, but they happen to be little dips which may involve lifelong penury or even starvation for the people who have the misfortune to live in one of them. As the old song says,

If the day were only finer
You could see the war in China
If it wasn't for the houses in between.

Unfortunately it is the houses in between which are of most practical importance to the people who have to live on the wrong side of them. Maynard Keynes writes somewhere to the effect that no doubt in the long run everything will be all right, "but in the long run we are all dead."

This religious outlook on economics is by no means the monopoly of optimists and boosters. Those who snicker loudest at the efforts of the prosperity chorus, noisily accusing its members of an unscientific neglect of "economic fact," are as often as not themselves sunk in entranced contemplation of a mirage which, by some trick of the prevalent superstitious atmosphere, obscures before their eyes the true nature of the terrain. Here, at the opposite extreme to the witch doctors whose methods have just been described, are the ultra pessimists who work themselves into a religious frenzy of self-abandonment to the idea of the "impending crash," "the big smash," and similar abstract notions, which in their eyes soon cease to be a mere metaphorical shorthand convenient for summing up a series of definitely envisaged economic events, and become endowed with a separate existence and an autonomous mystical power of their own. The close relation of this phenomenon to similar manifestations with which all students of religion are familiar, is only too obvious. Among the Christians its crudest expression took the form of sudden conviction that the whole world was coming to an end on an appointed date. It is interesting to notice how frequently in Wall Street a certain date (at the end of 1931 the date was December 15) is picked as the date when "the big crash" is coming.

Nor are these religious conceptions of economic facts confined to the extremists of optimism and pessimism. It is remarkable how often business men, bankers, financial commentators

who have built up the most solid reputations for level-headedness are to be found harboring notions which, dressed in a slightly different terminology, would be entirely proper to a Methodist bishop. It is precisely these most "orthodox" financiers and business men who appear to be most incurably afflicted with the habit of using totally irrelevant terms taken from Christian or from Greco-Asiatic mythology and applying them to the processes of economics. One of the favorite declarations of this variety of religionist is to the effect that America is now receiving the just and inevitable retribution for the orgy of reckless speculation previously indulged in; it is receiving the "punishment" for "neglect of economic law." In this way economic law is endowed with the characteristics of the traditional author of the Second Commandment. (In the common speech of the stock exchange the same sentiment is expressed in more primitive forms: for instance, "You can't beat the game" and "What goes up must come down.") If you point this out to the persons in question they naturally repudiate the suggestion with the utmost vigor and derision, usually falling back in the end on the assertion that this is "just a way of speaking" or "just a way of writing." But since when has a way of speaking or of writing been just that, pure and simple, unrelated to the mental attitude that has produced it and on which it in turn reacts? Since when has a style been divorced from its author? Like the Scotsman who said to one of the Siamese twins, "If you can get away for a minute I'll buy you a drink," we will promise to believe in the hard-headed matter-of-factness of these gentlemen's economic views if they can get them away for a minute from their religious phraseology.

The monotheistic devotees of economic law find themselves confronted now and then with problems very similar to those which puzzled medieval ecclesiastical scholars. Presumably by some deduction from the other godlike qualities of economic law, such as omnipotence, universality, and the power of punishing the ungodly, it comes to be assumed that the economic law is also wise and good. This assumption obtrudes itself in the peremptory manner in which the word "uneconomic" is applied, opprobriously of course, to disagreeable economic phenomena. The god of economic law is called in with exactly the contradictory fanaticism, the same contradictory assumptions of righteousness, as are employed in more generally recognized forms of religious conflict. If "economic law" were not endowed with some mysteriously divine character in the public view, it would not be worth while for the opponents of, say, the Federal Farm Board, to proclaim that its operations are "uneconomic," nor for its supporters to denounce the unregulated fall of prices with the same term. The word "uneconomic" is almost invariably applied to the consequences of the late war and to the preparations for the next, though if these things are not economic, what are they?

It is natural that the prevalence of superstitious thinking on economic subjects should be fully illustrated in that political *cause célèbre* of our generation, the case of President Hoover and the American People. The rise and fall of his reputation as a medicine man, possessed of medicine strong enough to stay the sun of economic prosperity in its course and deter it from setting upon the United States, has been and is being argued *ad nauseam* by a host of prosecuting and defending counsel. Hundreds of thousands of people who voted for him in 1928 because they believed him to be such a medicine man now turn on him not, be it noted, because they

have discovered that there are no such animals as divinely endowed economic medicine men, but simply because they consider that Hoover is not the medicine man he represented himself to be. Their anger and disappointment is concentrated on Hoover because he has turned out not to be the genuine article; belief in the existence of the genuine article is not seriously impaired. The argument rages around Hoover; but the evidence of people's most profound beliefs is usually to be found less among the things about which they argue than among the things they take for granted. On both sides of the political fence it is taken for granted that if a major upturn in business were to occur between now and the presidential campaign, the chances of Hoover's reelection would be much enhanced. This is true, and the fact that it is true is scarcely to be explained except on the assumption of the existence of a widespread belief in magic.

The nature, location, and extent of the hidden damps from which this confusing religious fog arises to spread over the economic landscape, are still a matter for speculation and research, though the phenomenon is not new. For purposes of comparison and also for the comfort of those who fear that the human race is in the grip of a mad current of change, it is pertinent to quote from a Jesuit missionary's description of the economic and religious beliefs of the Iroquois: "Their upbringing and their need to hunt for a living have reduced them to a state in which their reasoning power does not go beyond whatever pertains to their bodily health, their success in hunting and fishing, their trading, and their warfare; and all these things are like so many principles from which they draw all their conclusions not only as regards their homes, their occupations, and their way of life, but also their superstitions and their deities."



NEGLIGENCE CASE

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

"AND I ask your Honor to charge that the burden of proof rests on the plaintiff." So speaks counsel for the defense.

His Honor, hands concealed in the flowing sleeves of his black robe but obviously employed in testing the elasticity of his suspenders, faces the jury and remarks sonorously, "I so charge. If in your opinion the weight of the evidence is in favor of the plaintiff you must find for the plaintiff. But if the weight of evidence favors the defendant or is evenly balanced, then you must find for the defendant."

The aged court attendant steps forward, opening the gate of the jury box.

"This way, gentlemen. Bring your hats and coats." Further admonishing "Hats off," he leads us from the presence of the Court into the jury room, our own bailiwick, and locks one door behind us. Standing by the other door, he quavers, "When you have come to a decision, gentlemen, knock on this door."

We are in an oblong room furnished only with twelve chairs and a long, battered table. Strangers all, we seat ourselves in silence, produce smokes, and tilt our chairs back against the scarred, dirty walls. A juror requests the foreman to ask at once for a vote. The rest of us eye one another with passive interest. We have heard the evidence, and our minds are in a state of suspended animation, waiting for the antagonisms or rapprochements of the jury room to decide the issue.

"Zhenlmen, I azk you," begins the foreman, somewhat reluctantly. "Vill

ve vote or talk?" Neither linguistic ability nor superior intellect has given him the leadership of twelve worthy men. Chance had directed that his name, Isidor Elitzik, be called first.

"Let's vote," say one or two, "and argue after."

The foreman's Adam's apple executes amazing maneuvers up and down his skinny throat while he composes his vocal cords for speech.

"Dose for der plaintiff, Mr. Silbermann, raise der right hand."

Seven hands shoot up, followed falteringly by the hands of three who do not like to be caught in a minority.

"Then," says Juror Four, whose hand is highest, "we are ten to two. A quick verdict, I think, gents."

But Juror Seven, whose hand has not gone up, props one foot on the table top and the heel of the other on the toe of the first and squints approvingly at his display of pedal architecture. "I think, gentlemen," he offers in a voice lamentably free from brogue or accent, "that we might first get the plaintiff and the defendant straight in our minds. As I recall it, Maggi was the plaintiff and Silbermann the defendant. Am I right?"

"That's right," a chorus assures him, while Juror Four, a red-headed, brick-faced Irishman, adds, "The Wo —Eyetalian was the one fell down and put his elbow out of joint. He's the plaintiff, and gets my vote." One can see that Juror Four almost said Wop and can respect him for not wishing to offend racial susceptibilities.

"So how does it stand now, Foreman?" asks Juror Seven. "Will you again put the question?"

The foreman produces a soiled handkerchief and wipes his forehead. "My mistake, zhenlmen. Silbermann is the defendant. Raise der right hand for Silbermann."

Four hands, including the foreman's, point ceilingward, and I glance around, trying to recall the names of those voting for Silbermann. They are, I think, Rosenthal, Rosenbloom, and Rosenbluth.

"*Für den anderern*, zhenlmen," says the foreman, and eight hands arise, including those of the three minoriphobes.

The issue is now joined.

Mr. Rosenbluth (if I place his name correctly) is a large, imposing individual with prominent eyes and nose, steel-gray hair slicked back, a diamond in his necktie. When previously questioned by plaintiff's counsel he gave his occupation as "Retired," but it is obvious that he never retired for lack of camaraderie and assurance. Placing his hand affectionately on Juror Seven's shoulder he declares, "My friend, it isn't that Silbermann owns a tenement house that you vote against him?"

"No," replies Juror Seven, wrenching his shoulder clear. "The evidence proved that in allowing a stair strip to remain broken he was guilty of negligence."

"But he was on the way from the hardware store with a new brass strip when the accident happened. Isn't that proof that he was not negligent?"

"So he said," replies Juror Seven. "I wouldn't believe him under oath. In fact, he was under oath, and I disbelieve him."

Rosenmuth (or maybe the name was Blumenthal) chimes in. "You mean dot Silbermann perjured himself? Think of the risk."

Juror Four: "No risk at all. Everybody does in these negligence cases. You've got to decide which is the worst liar and vote against him. Like a Presidential election."

"But"—Rosenbluth is again the speaker, grasping the Irishman by the elbow—"Maggi is such a good liar he sounds like he tells the truth. Maybe he was drunk in the speakeasy and fell in the gutter on the way home."

Juror Three, one of the vacillators,

pipes up. "Let me say a word. Did you notice how it was brought out this Maggi was drunk the night before?"

Juror Four, shaking free from Rosenbluth, exclaims, "You can't notice that. The testimony on that point was struck out as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. Foreman, let's see how we stand."

The hands go up, six for the plaintiff, six for the defendant. "Now ve're getting someveres," says the foreman. "Go on, Rubens." (This to the man whose name I thought was Rosenbluth.)

Rubens leans against the table and adjusts his diamond stickpin preparatory to a forensic effort. "It's this way, gentlemen. Here's Silbermann, a poor landlord losing money right and left with half the apartments empty. Maggi falls down on a month's rent and another month's rent, and Silbermann has to threaten to throw him out. So Maggi falls down the stairs and throws out his elbow. Maybe not on purpose. That I wouldn't say, even if I got my opinion. But a shyster lawyer chases him to the hospital and gets him to sue for three thousand, split fifty-fifty. That's all there is to it, and I wouldn't give him a nickel. Neither would you if you sat like I've done on these negligence cases."

"Yeah, I guess you're a professional juror?" The question, from Number Eight, who had hitherto said nothing, robs Mr. Rubens of the effectiveness of his speech, and the voting tally remains the same.

By this time the jury room has attained its proper atmosphere, blue with smoke, littered with cigarette butts, and echoing with noise. Jurors Two and Nine, withdrawn from the heat of battle, begin to swap droll stories. Number Six, an ex-railroad man, is telling Number Eleven that all these cases are frameups, and that you can generally disregard the evidence and vote for the defendant.

Number Seven, who is still interested in seeing justice done, commands a partial measure of attention. "I've just thought," says he, "of the testimony of that man Niccolo, for the plaintiff. He said he picked Maggi up at the bottom of the stairs, and found him all covered with blood. But the hospital records showed that he was treated for a dislocated elbow and contusions. And do contusions bleed? Niccolo was the strongest witness for the plaintiff, and as he lied about the blood I vote for Silbermann."

"Vote, zhenlmen. Right hand for der plaintiff."

"You mean the defendant."

"For Silbermann anyway."

The hands go up, eleven for the landlord.

Juror Twelve, a smallish man, has hitherto kept to himself, working a crossword puzzle. But now that all turn belligerently toward him I observe that he has an undershot jaw, and that there is a stubborn glint in his blue eyes.

"Come now, Mr. Man," coaxes Rubens in his most persuasive tones, "all the others switched over. Change your vote, and remember that we've got homes to go to. It's nearly four, and the judge'll be leaving."

"I have a wee home of my own to go to," remarks Juror Twelve, "but I couldna sleep in that home if justice had not been done." There is the faint touch of a Scotch burr in his speech, and at least three jurors groan, while one determines forthwith to change his vote again.

"Listen, men," continues Number Twelve. "Have you all forgotten the sworn testimony of Mrs. MacIntosh that she tripped over the same broken tread the month before?"

"Yes, but she was a disgruntled tenant. You can't believe her."

"I can believe a Mrs. MacIntosh against six tenants that get a rent rebate for testifying for the landlord.

A month's rent to six tenants is cheaper than three thousand dollars. I'm Scotch and I know that."

"Well, I'm Irish, but I hadn't thought of it that way," says Number Four. "I'm weakening again."

"Two to ten, then," observes the Scot, pleasantly. "Where we were in the beginning when we didn't know which way we were voting. Here's another thing. That hardware man was brought on the stand and said he sold never a stair rod to Silbermann on the 29th July, 1927."

"But his evidence was ruled out as incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and contrary to the facts. You can't remember his testimony."

Juror Twelve settles back in his chair and composes himself for sleep, first folding up and putting away the crossword puzzle. "It was ruled out because the plaintiff had a poor lawyer. I'll be remembering it at this time tomorrow afternoon."

Hot sparks of argument fly back and forth over the unperturbed head of Number Twelve. Two and Nine go on with their droll stories, joined now by the foreman, who cups a hand behind an ear and strains his skinny neck to concentrate. His lips move in translation as the guffaws break out.

Number Seven looks at his watch and jumps to his feet, flicking a cigarette butt into a far corner. "Here, men," says he, "let's reach a decision. The judge charged that if the evidence is evenly balanced we must find for the defendant. But we agree, I think, that there is so much lying on both sides that we must discredit the testimony of all. If we find for the defendant we encourage negligence in the maintenance of public dwellings. If we find for the plaintiff and give him a big sum of money we countenance ambulance chasing. But if we find for the plaintiff in the sum of six cents we discourage both negligence and this particular form of racketeering. How about it, Foreman? Six cents? You too, Mr. Rubens? All of you? Let's go."

All rise except the Scot, who only thrusts out his prognathous jaw. "Wait. These are hard times. I say sixty dollars for the doctor's bills."

We stand irresolute, hats and coats in hand. "Oh hell!" exclaims the red-faced Number Four. "It isn't our money, and the Ky—landlord can stand it. Let's make it six hundred dollars. He's insured anyway."

"That's right, the insurance company pays. Everybody satisfied with six hundred dollars for the plaintiff and home for us? Then rap on the door."

The foreman bangs the door and the attendant enters.

"Have you come to an agreement, gentlemen?"

"Ve have, six dollars for Maggi, the defendant."

"Don't tell me. Tell his Honor."

"Don't tell his Honor that, for God's sake. We're for Maggi, the plaintiff, in the sum of six hundred dollars. Wait a minute, officer, while I write it down for the foreman."

This done we file out, smiling and bowing, all disputation forgotten. "And let this be a lesson," says Number Twelve as we enter the courtroom, "always to settle out of court. Because you won't find on every jury a man with a sense of justice sae keen 'twill keep him from his wee home a' the nicht long."

CHURCH UNITY: THE PASSING SHOW

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TO THE POPE,

Your Holiness: Owing perhaps to increased facilities for communication with the rest of the world which have come with the modernizing of the Vatican, frequent messages have come from you of late to the world and all its people. We read them in the newspapers or hear them by the radio, and feel—what is of course true—that the Pope in Rome is more our neighbor than he used to be.

The last message at this date, among other things, invited all of us Protestants to come into the Roman Catholic Church and enjoy again, more or less as our forebears did, the supervision of the Holy See. Surely such a message deserves in common courtesy some notice and answer from those to whom it was addressed. Thanks, then, be to your Holiness for this kind concern for the spiritual welfare of Protestants. But would it really be to the advantage of anyone to have all of us Protestants come under the care of the Catholic establishment at Rome? If the Holy Father will look around, where shall he see his Church more prosperous, affluent, and contented than in the United States, where it has constant competition in godliness, education, and other exercises from large numbers of Protestants of various denominations, from Jews, Mormons, and a lot of other enterprising people, all bent on safe arrival in their heavenly home and due and proper satisfactions on the way? Now perhaps one in five of the citizens of this country is a Catholic. Is he downtrodden or suppressed because of being in a minority? Not to notice. He lives under the same laws and scrutiny as other persons, pays taxes and escapes taxes as they do. What are the historical standbys of Rome in Europe? Spain, Austria, Italy, France, Belgium, Bavaria, Poland, Portugal, and perhaps more. How do the anxieties of the Holy Father in these countries, in most of which the Protestant competition is rather feeble, compare with his cares in the United States?

In economics in this country we are having a copious experience of government by large organizations. Everything seems to run to them, from banks to chain stores and Congress. The wisdom of the Protestant Churches has been severely prejudiced by their support of a political organization, the Anti-Saloon League, which by threats, money, and calculated political punishment has put into the Constitution an amendment that had no right to be there. These proceedings have as a rule been condemned by the Roman Catholic Church which, under stricter guidance than the Protestant Churches and controlled by more intelligence than they are about some details of

human life, could understand that compulsory teetotalism, which is the aim of the prohibitionists, was not Christian doctrine. Nevertheless, in this country the influence of Protestantism, on the whole, has been against the rule of religious organizations, and the present enormous and very perplexing economic collapse has bred a coolness in the public towards big organizations of any kind.

But Church unity would mean, if it meant anything, the organization of all the Churches under a single head, directed in spiritual concerns, which more or less affect all concerns, by a guardian subject to the influence and, indeed, the authority of Rome.

YOUR Holiness, that seems to be neither possible nor desirable. When you say to us all, Come and join my Church! do you really invite us to be governed in religion by a body of Cardinals, preponderantly Italian, whom a large proportion of Protestants are constrained to regard as frozen assets of the Vatican, their minds bound by acceptance of dogmas some of them adopted centuries ago for a world as different from this as eggs in the shell from eggs scrambled?

I offer your Holiness the suggestion that the Christians of our time will do better to work along as they are according to their faulty understandings of what is Christianity. To measure and fathom the mind of Christ is doubtless still beyond the knowledge and capacity of human beings. What is possible is that we should understand enough, each for himself, to live by, and that our distracted world should find in it the palliation and perhaps a cure for its present troubles. The merger of Church organizations into one great concern seems far off and of doubtful value; but there is a view that we may take, a large view, that there already exists a united Church in so far as Christians of all denominations, in their aims and ideals of conduct, think alike and in spite of minor differences find rules of living in beliefs of like derivation. Something like that already exists, and as it increases will move with more power. That the present sore troubles of the world are moving not only individuals but nations in the direction of Christian philosophy seems apparent to many persons nowadays.

When the banks, or rivals in any sort of trade, get together to save a situation, do they wait until they are all under the control of the same board of directors and a single chairman? By no means. They get together with such organization as they have to do the job. That is what the Churches must do, and that is what the nations, and especially the nations of Europe, must do and, stars above! without delay, without delay.

YOUR Holiness, before you were called to the discharge of the duties which at present engage you, you mixed freely with your fellows and gave and took with them in conversation. I am told of an American who met you and enjoyed your society in those days and, finding himself in Rome, naturally wished to speak with you again, and applied for an audience, which was granted him. He had been used to talk with you in English, but when he came to you in the Vatican a secretary stood on each side of your chair, and he was told that you would speak to him in Italian through an interpreter. Of course he paid his respects, grateful, no doubt, to have seen you at all, but still he went away disappointed.

The story leaves behind the impression that when we hear your words it is not the man that speaks but the Pope; not necessarily his mind that expresses itself, but the mind, so to speak, of a

vast organization with theories to be maintained, positions to be held, and vested rights to be protected. Not like that was the discourse of the man of Nazareth with Nicodemus, with the Woman at the Well, and generally in his talk to all comers. Then spoke The Greatest Mind, untrammelled.

If our world is to be helped in these times by any voice, by spoken words, the voice must be free, the words must have no strings tied to them, no vested interests to protect, no outworn positions to maintain.

Because of the remarkable achievements of the human mind, the whole economic order seems to an unprecedented degree in rapid process of change. Matters that had been used to take generations to accomplish flash into being nowadays in a few years or even months. Remarkable it is that for rest and fortitude the minds of so many men reach back to the words of the Galilean; but to the power of organized Churches not nearly so much, for indeed they seem to be in the way of being made over like the rest of our world.

MAJOR GENERAL FECHET, lately chief of the air corps of our Army, retired on New Year's Day to enter air service commercially in private life. "I go in sorrow," he said, "at the state of our Army forces: I want my farewell act to be this word of warning: We are the most hated nation in the world. We house more than our share of the world's treasure. That treasure is now practically unprotected. Unless there is consciousness of impending trouble and preparation to meet it, our fool's paradise will soon be lost."

Lord Roberts was saying something like that in England in the years before the Great War, but are we the most hated nation in the world? Who hates us so much? General Fechet might say—Everybody! Oh, well, but that is mere petulance; that is not fighting hatred.

And as for our treasure and our need to protect it, a veteran bank president said the other day: "Why do people break into banks when it is so easy to borrow the money?" Across the page from General Fechet's headlines were another lot that said that South American States had defaulted on 850 million dollars of their bonds that had been sold in the United States. Who is going to fight us while it is so easy to borrow our money? Germany has two billions of our dollars, France and England quite a lot, and so on.

There is a state of mind called microphobia. It is fear of little things, in the air, in the water, in fluids, in solids, in food—that may kill one. The world has attacks something like that now and then, has got quite a bad one at this moment to which General Fechet seems to have been exposed.

Our most dangerous enemies are not abroad; they are here at home, persuading us diligently to foolish actions, deterring us constantly from what is necessary to the orderly proceeding of our world.

FOOTBALL is over for the minute. Casualties and fatalities of the past year are much discussed. Coaches have been besought to change the rules so as to make the game less detrimental to the human body. Maybe they will try, maybe not.

But after all, intercollegiate football has come to be a large and profitable commercial institution. Factories and railroads when they smash people up in the course of business have to pay for it. When soldiers are killed or maimed in war the government takes care of them and gives pensions to their families. Possibly if our leading football organizations, whose gains run into millions, had to face the expectation of

paying, say, fifty thousand dollars for a broken neck or broken back, or supporting permanently disabled players for the rest of their lives, there might really be efficient action taken to make the game less dangerous. The coaches seem to be in control of it, and if it is only the pocket nerve that is sensitive in that profession, why not reach after that?

THE year 1931 was not heavily freighted with happiness to the human race. When the door was finally slammed on it there were symptoms of relief. At this writing in the first week of 1932 it seems possible to discern signs of returning confidence in the belief that we are turning the corner, and that early in this current year we shall hit the bottom of the valley of our tears and begin to climb up the other side. There are no very glowing facts to warrant that sentiment, and perhaps as good a reason for it as any is the feeling that all the bad plans have been discussed and all the foolish things said, and we cannot but do better in our next maneuvers.

Contrary to expectation, it is rather a relief to have Congress sitting. It makes for discussion. Things are talked about, things that needed saying are said in such a fashion that they come to notice. Besides that, Congress seems to be quite sober and appreciative of the condition of the country and solicitous to better it.

To have the Democrats in control of the House is not a bad thing. It makes in a way for national government such as England is now experimenting with. Of all the dead cats that were hurled at the heads of the American people, the last tariff rise was the least excusable. The folly of it may never get home to Mr. Smoot, but it has been well distributed. An increasing number of people sit up nights to think what ought to be done to set the economic machinery of the world a-going again, and the problems of the tariff, the war debts, the banks, and international co-operation have advanced towards solution in people's minds, which is the first step to getting them solved by governmental action.

Perhaps something will even be done this year about Prohibition. Whatever is done about it is likely to start wrong. The problem of the control of rum is difficult and is made more so by the fact that there are forty-eight states in the Union, and a vast amount of organized misunderstanding.

Mr. Nock in the *New Republic* speaks truly when he deprecates the idea of raising revenue for the government by the sale of drinks. That would interest government in the development of the drink business, which should by all means be avoided. What is wanted is to kill off the bootlegging business, and it is probably true, as Mr. Nock says, and as Thomas Jefferson said long before him, that that can be accomplished only by making wholesome drinks, and especially wines, cheap, abundant, and accessible.

We have not had twelve years of Prohibition without learning something. If we can physic the Amendment and give the States a chance to make their experiments, we may win through after a while to something pretty good.



RUE BONAPARTE

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THE REALISM OF JAPANESE DIPLOMACY

BY LINCOLN COLCORD

WATCHING the Manchurian episode as it unfolds in the field of diplomacy and the press, one realizes with alarm the lack of clear thought and definite understanding in the mind of Western opinion regarding this major issue in world affairs. The Western powers have lost a diplomatic battle of first proportions, and seem chiefly bent on covering up the defeat by minimizing the significance of the results. Statesmen are glad to let the situation rest; editors are unwilling to drive the case home to its logical conclusions. Thus by common agreement, as it were, the events now taking place in the Far East are not being subjected to a frank public analysis, and Western opinion is not being fully informed as to the facts and bearings of Japanese policy. In the meantime the dangers of the situation multiply; and these dangers are real, imminent, and far-reaching.

The goal of Japan in the Orient, of course, is the virtual control of China proper, not merely of Manchuria. This development has been clearly in prospect for the past twenty-five or thirty years; it should be recognized now in terms of historical reality. It had its beginnings in the abortive Chino-Japanese war brought on by the ineptitude and arrogance of the Manchu Dynasty in its latter days, in which China suffered an ignominious defeat and signed humiliating terms of peace, ceding the island of Formosa to Japan. It grew to mature proportions in the Russo-Japanese war of 1905, out of which Japan emerged in virtual possession of Korea and with a dominant position in Manchuria, but also with a sense of frustration towards the accomplishment of her full aims. It flashed out vigorously and menacingly in the episode of Shantung and the Twenty-One Demands during the World War; and the results again served to deepen Japan's sense of grievance and

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strengthen her resolution to accomplish her national ambitions. Forced by Western influence to relinquish the most outright of the Twenty-One Demands, she compelled China to sign the drastic Treaty of 1915, and bided her time. Later, at the Washington Conference in 1922, she was forced to give up Shantung, which she had already occupied; this bitter loss she has never forgotten or forgiven.

In short, the Manchurian development of to-day represents one of those imponderable movements in the shifting of empires; it lies clearly in the trend of national events and the balance of national power in the Far East. Another step forward has been taken in the fixed policy of the Japanese nation to dominate the life of the Chinese nation. The means by which virtual control of Korea became administrative control and actual possession, as years passed and one step naturally led to another, are going to be repeated exactly in China on a larger scale. In diplomatic language, Japan is now assuming the hegemony of the Orient. From the Japanese standpoint this assumption is inevitable; Japanese hegemony has been a fact in the Orient for many years in terms of potential power. The time has now come to loose this potential power and see how far it actually extends. The whole force of Japan's national sentiment and ambition is behind the effort. And it is an effort which is bound to succeed in the end unless China can oppose to it a superior front of mass psychology and military power.

As Japan views the matter, China sits passively on the shores of Asia in the fancied security of a vast population, an ancient culture, and a continental geography. Her internal affairs are in turmoil; she is in the midst of social and political revolution at one and the same time. Since the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic, China has not seemed to develop coherent leadership or a practical grasp of her own problems—problems which affect the rest of the world not a little, and Japan a great deal.

Japan, confined to her island home, but under the pressure of her industrial expansion more than of her increase in population, is highly ambitious and confident, and feels her growing power. China is her chief market and an attractive field of undeveloped natural resources. More and more strongly Japan has come to believe that it is her manifest destiny to assume virtual control of the chaotic Chinese scene, and straighten things out in the Orient for the good of all concerned.

It should also be recognized in terms of historical reality that in the long run there is no such thing as a peaceful solution to this contest. Compromises may be temporarily arranged, but the colossal struggle will go on to the bitter end. Chinese national pride and honor cannot rest under the exactions which will be demanded; Japanese ambition cannot look back after having put its hand to the plow. In seeking to dominate China, Japan is courting her own fate, yet the step must be taken. In opposing Japan, China's fate hangs in the balance, yet the danger is thrust upon her. It is as simple as the theorem in physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

The supremacy of nations is at stake, the issue between them is a flat one, and in the course of time one nation or the other must suffer the consequences. Either Japan will gain the ascendency she covets, at the expense of Chinese wealth, influence, and power; or China will pull herself together and assert the ascendency she still possesses, balking the ambition and arresting the development of Japan. Truces will be entered into only for breathing spells; the forces themselves cannot be stopped,

for they inhere in the nature of national life. And regardless of sentiment or theory, the working out of this problem on the great board of history spells a war condition in the Orient for a long term of years.

The strongest nation will eventually win, but this hardly covers the immediate issue. There are different kinds of national strength, and the term needs to be defined. China is not too great or too old or too wise a nation for Japan to conquer to-day, let the Chinese patriot think what he may. It is entirely possible for Japan in the next twenty-five years to overrun China proper by military force, crush free political life, and set up puppet governments in every province, and control the nation as she proposed to do in the original Twenty-One Demands. This was the practical dream of Baron Kato, and conditions to-day, in both China and the world at large, are more favorable to its fulfilment than ever before. It is difficult to see anything that could stop it but Chinese power—and there is no Chinese power.

To claim that this program would be likely to bring about Japan's ruin later on is poor consolation for friends of China in her present difficulty, and a weak argument for friends of Japan who might wish to restrain her in the rush of her ruthless advance. Japan will probably conquer China, and die of the victory. China has been conquered more than once and has swallowed up more than one foreign ruler in the millenniums of her history; but also she has lived under foreign rule for long periods of time. She is unquestionably stronger than Japan, but only stronger in an ultimate sense, in ways of stability and permanence. She will win in centuries, but lose in decades. Her military defeat will constitute no small part of her philosophical triumph. China will endure, and Japan will not endure.

But for the present China is literally at Japan's mercy; and Japan, committed to the drive of her Western expansion, cannot withhold her hand. The forces moving within her are automatic and irresistible; in acting upon them she is obeying the law of modern progress. Leaving the future to take care of itself, then, what concerns us to-day is the fact that Japan possesses dominant power and that she is in the grip of a movement heading towards the control of China proper—a movement which from the beginning has never deviated from its aim, which China has never been able to stem, and which has gained in strength and purpose with every fresh advance.

II

Why is it that this realistic view of the Oriental situation has not been known and frankly recognized by Western opinion ever since Japan's first move in Manchuria? The answer is that it runs counter to a fixed idea of international peace, founded on emotion rather than reason, which has grown up in the West during the last decade. Something has happened in this period to distort and sentimentalize Western thought out of all relation to facts and practical judgment regarding international relations. The public has been continuously subjected to a process of maleducation; it has read too many newspapers and too little history, and its reading has given it a warped idea of what was going on in the world. Not that the press has deliberately misstated facts; rather, it has exaggerated popular unrealities. What people wanted to think of events has been played up, and candid analysis and interpretation have been frowned upon. In other words, the philosophy of optimism has been extended even into the field of international relations.

At the Washington Conference of

1922 which produced the Nine-Power Treaty, for instance, the world was given to understand that a great diplomatic triumph had been achieved and that the cause of international peace had been permanently safeguarded. This has been the general belief ever since; one does not recall an authoritative voice raised in constructive criticism. Yet the facts run quite to the contrary. It has always been clear that the Washington Conference accomplished very little on the score of naval disarmament, and now it appears that its efforts to safeguard international peace were equally futile. This misapprehension on the part of public opinion towards real results could be multiplied by practically the whole list of post-war diplomatic meetings. The conferences themselves have evaded rather than solved the actual issues which confronted them; but all have been heralded as unqualified successes, as signs of a new dispensation in human affairs.

Thus little by little Western opinion has become the victim of a sort of propaganda, based on a delusion of international co-operation, and has learned to place its faith in a fallacious and non-existent new world. Economic law and the lessons of history have been tacitly forgotten. An exhausted civilization's natural desire for peace after the tremendous destruction of the World War has been elevated to an item of belief, regardless of basic facts and plain realities. Peace has become a creed; and suddenly confronted with the Manchurian scene, Western opinion feels outraged and disillusioned.

When races or nations are moving, the question of right or wrong is a vain one. No one is actually to blame for the way national forces operate, and no one actually wants to do wrong. To seek out the wrong in the midst of shifting events is only to throw the argument into the sphere of emotion. The things nations do must be looked at from their own standpoint. There is even a sense in which any act of a nation or race in pursuit of its manifest destiny is a right act. History alone can be the judge.

Over against this recent Western delusion stand certain positive verities which cannot well be left out of account. No permanent world peace can be attained by methods of advertising and propaganda—that is, by telling ourselves a thing is so when it is not necessarily so—while the real causes of war, social, political, and economic, continue to operate unchanged. To believe in this fiction is to start at the wrong end of the peace argument, and only leaves actual war conditions more free to develop. The only way world peace can be brought about as a practical measure is by attacking and regulating the real causes of war. And first we must admit what these causes are, and see if we really wish to regulate them. Unless we do, we are not being intellectually honest in professing the doctrine of world peace. We want the name of peace without being willing to induce the substance.

For the price of actual world peace would cut deeply into the existing social and economic order. The new world of international accord which we visualize in moments of theory cannot be born while nationalism continues to be the framework of the social structure. No matter how ardently we wish it, it is not in existence and will not come to pass under those terms. To sign treaties invoking it is only to court disaster. So long as the spirit of nationalism persists nations will strive against one another for advantage. Until this spirit in our present world is turned into other channels the new world of social co-operation and peaceful relations cannot appear.

To come down to the case of Man-

churia, the error of Western opinion lay in expecting Japan to honor the Kellogg-Briand Pact or the Nine-Power Treaty in an issue involving her national ambitions. It was equally erroneous to expect the other signatories to these treaties to bring pressure on Japan sufficiently strong to compel her to stand in line. In other words, Western opinion has always erred in thinking these treaties could be sustained.

The only pressure which would have compelled Japan to honor her treaty obligations in this case—that is, which would have kept her from overrunning Manchuria—would have been the pressure of military force. Moral suasion does not legitimately bear on the case. Were the Western powers at any time prepared to send their armies and navies to the Far East to hold Japan back? Would it have been a wise policy? We shall return to this point later on.

As for Japan's position, it would be difficult to instance a nation in history which has allowed treaty obligations to mold its development or rule its destiny. Treaties are the result of a nation's growth, never its cause; and when in the play of world forces they stand in opposition to a strong trend of national development they are set aside. Their terms and conditions begin to look different as self-interest joins hands with opportunity; soon they come to appear wrong and insupportable. The best sentiments of the nation in question call for their abrogation. Thus treaties, like laws, are valid only when they conform to the most powerful set of interests and motives with which they deal.

The office of statesmanship is to establish, in advance of the event, treaties which do conform to these ruling factors—that is, treaties based on reality. Treaties not based on reality are unsound, and it is right for them to be set aside. To attempt to sustain them for political reasons would only plunge world relations into confusion.

The trouble with the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty was that they did not fulfil the conditions requisite for treaties which were going to be upheld. They suffered the vital defect of promising more than they could deliver. They were an attempt to put on paper something which did not exist in the political and economic structure of the world. Hence they have failed, at the first encounter with reality, to meet the main objectives for which they were written.

That they have distinctly failed admits of no argument; the fact does not stand out in its true proportions to-day, but time will draw the lesson with inexorable hand. The Nine-Power Treaty guaranteed the territorial and administrative integrity of China; the Kellogg-Briand Pact guaranteed military non-aggression. Japan was a signatory to both. Manchuria is Chinese territory. Japan has occupied Manchuria by military aggression, crushed the Chinese administration there, and set up what amounts to her own government. The other signatories to the treaties have taken no action calculated to affect the issue. So runs the logic of the case. Certainly no one to-day expects Japan ever to give up her hold on Manchuria.

The seriousness and importance of this incident cannot be minimized. A solemn treaty signed by the world's greatest powers, promising military non-aggression, has not restrained one of its signatories from performing a major act of military aggression as flagrant and clean-cut as any in history. Another treaty signed by the same powers, promising to protect China, has not protected China. The Manchurian incident alone has robbed the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty of both prestige and

integrity. They rightly may be spoken of in the past tense; it will be seen that they can have little influence on future world emergencies.

The second cardinal error into which Western opinion fell was in expecting the League of Nations to disclose any real power. The League of Nations possesses no real power in its organic structure. Real power was deliberately withheld from it at its foundation. Talk of giving teeth to the League is worse than idle, since it is not constructed to use teeth. With complete sovereignty remaining to the various members, the League itself can wield no political authority. No member nation could safely lend its individual authority to the League; to do so would cause more trouble than it corrected. Thus the conception of the League which has grown up during the past decade, as a force for international peace in any emergency, likewise has no foundation in reality. The League can keep the peace only so long as no member nation wants to make war.

The sole way in which the League could possess real power would be for all the member nations to delegate to it a portion of their sovereignty—for instance, the control of foreign policy, or the control of military and naval establishments, or the control of the tariff-making function. This would amount to a measure of world federation. No sensible person thinks of such a step as within the bounds of possibility to-day; and even as a theory it is open to insurmountable objections.

The point is that the world cannot have nationalism and federation at one and the same time; and short of federation, the League of Nations can have no real power in an emergency—the only occasion when real power in its hands would be of value to world peace. Hence the price of world peace through the League, as we have said before, comes down to the renunciation of the principle of nationalism.

The Manchurian episode quickly disclosed that it was unwise for the League even to attempt to assert political power. It had nothing but empty threats to offer; and when it met with determined national resistance its fictitious authority at once broke down. The amazing thing is that European diplomacy should have fumbled the situation so badly. France and Great Britain evidently have been half-hearted from the first in their support of League action in Manchuria; the League has never presented a united front to the issue. But even with a united front, the League itself could have done nothing. Granting every complication, it seems unaccountable that the leading statesmen of Europe should have placed themselves and the League in a position which invited rebuff and could not be upheld.

III

The interesting feature of the official deadlock has been to note how little Western diplomacy has affected Japanese policy. Japan apparently has accomplished exactly what she planned in Manchuria; what her plans for future action are remains to be seen. If the League of Nations had not been in existence, it seems doubtful if her course would have been any different. To be sure, it has been obvious from the first that her hand was being upheld in some powerful quarter. But in general she has paid no attention to considerations outside the sphere of self-interest and the range of her own carefully laid plans. The military party has had its way; a liberal civilian government has quickly given place to one more in sympathy with the military policy; and in the process Japanese patriotic feeling has risen to the fever pitch.

All this shows an orderly and historical expression of a national deter-

mination to achieve a fixed goal. It represents a situation with which the discussions of the League of Nations and the peace sentiments of Western opinion have little or nothing to do. A virtual state of warfare exists in the Orient, whether China declares war on Japan or not. The contest is still in its opening stages; but further military action will almost inevitably arise out of conditions already set in motion. The boycott is still operating heavily against Japan; sooner or later she will have to take steps against it. It is hard to foresee what these steps will be, but her only alternative, in line with present policy, would seem to lie in the direction of military action. It might seem ill-advised to think of trying to stop a boycott by force of arms; but sufficient force could do it, and at the same time the occupation of China would go forward according to the larger plan. In fact, the necessity of stamping out the boycott would furnish an excellent excuse for other action.

Unless forced by circumstances, it is a foregone conclusion that Japan would never be unwise enough to seize the government of China and attempt openly to rule the nation. A friendly government that will do her bidding, Japanese advisers in all key posts, supervision over public finance and the police force, and freedom of economic penetration can be stated with some confidence as her main objectives. These were disclosed pretty clearly in the Twenty-One Demands of 1915. They would give her all the control over China she wants, without bringing administrative responsibilities which she naturally does not care to assume. They would reduce China to a secondary power and raise Japan to full prestige and influence in the Orient. The complete triumph of Japanese plans in Manchuria has already gone a long way in this direction.

If the League of Nations has had no effect on Japanese policy, its effect on Chinese policy in the present crisis has been paramount and disastrous. China, powerless and on the defensive, had no choice but to adhere to the fictitious authority of the League. This tied her hands as to taking an independent position consistent with national honor. Of the two member nations involved in the controversy, she could not be the first to flout the League. And in order to make even a diplomatic stand against Japan independently she would have had to do this; hence the very existence of the League blocked China at every turn and directly played into Japan's hands. China had everything to gain by leaning heavily on League promises; but also she had everything to lose if the League would not act. Since the League could not have acted anyway in an effective manner, her position was doubly unsound.

The false security offered by the League, in fact, has been a serious detriment to China ever since the close of the World War. Under its shadow the Chinese Revolution has failed to develop its true character. The warring factions into which the nation has been split have been too freely left to indulge their internal rivalries, since the protection of the League seemed to remove outside dangers. In speaking of the "League" in this connection, all the Western treaties and agencies which were supposed to safeguard peace and the integrity of China are supposed to be included; in China the League has been the symbol of Western protection. Space does not permit a review of recent Chinese politics; but it is not too much to say that the present condition of governmental chaos in China is due more to the League of Nations delusion than to any other single factor.

Worst of all, Chinese leadership has not been subjected to the test of real-

ity—the actual clash of world forces. Many of China's younger leaders have fallen completely under the sway of this League delusion; more theoretical than practical, and more sincerely interested in the social than in the political revolution, they have disregarded China's real dangers and indulged themselves in ineffectual projects. Others have adopted the League delusion from selfish motives, realizing that it offered the most popular avenue of advancement and the best cover for dishonesty. The Nationalist group, finally emerging into power in the shifting Chinese scene, have been unquestioning advocates of the League, while at the same time their policies at home have fallen under the serious suspicion of a large share of Chinese opinion. Thus at the outbreak of the Manchurian crisis China was dominated by a political party committed to the League which had generally lost the confidence of the country, but which remained in power through military and financial pressure.

As a net result of all this, belief in the power of the League to protect China has undermined any adequate effort to prepare China to protect herself. Had Chinese leadership shown a measure of the realism which Japanese leadership has successfully acted upon, the course of events in China during the last decade would necessarily have been quite different. In that case the basis of Chinese policy would have been disbelief in the power of the Western agencies to protect China. Stronger needs would have produced stronger measures and stronger men. Confronted openly by the problem of China's self-preservation, without the unfair promises of the League to lean on, this change in the development of Chinese political affairs would have taken place naturally and inevitably. Public opinion would have forced the two reforms that China has most needed: namely, national unification and the adoption of realistic policies.

Thus the League of Nations from the first has been a genuinely corrupting influence in Chinese affairs. It has retarded the development of a sound and adequate national program, has confused every issue, has held out false hopes to Chinese opinion, and has created errors and weaknesses which, in the face of China's humiliation today, it is wholly unable to correct. In addition, its existence as a factor in the present controversy, regardless of its ostensible attitude, has worked definitely against the interests of China and in favor of the interests of Japan.

The realism of Japanese diplomacy stands out in marked contrast to what has been termed the Western delusion. With China and Western opinion looking confidently to the League of Nations to act, Japan knew with equal confidence that the League could not act. With China and Western opinion invoking the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty, Japan knew that none of the signatories to these documents would back up their protests by force of arms. She knew that this was so, not because they were afraid, or because they relished evading their solemn obligations, but because a larger world policy dictated the necessity. She had private assurances, of course, that the Western powers were not acting together. But more than that, she knew that they could not, individually or as a group, take military steps against her in the Orient without endangering world peace. In other words, she saw clearly that their hands were tied in other directions by even more solemn obligations.

Thus in Japan's very act of aggression lay the complete answer to the validity of the League of Nations and the so-called peace treaties. Organic

weakness rendered all these agencies inoperative when needed. Confronted by the necessity of drastic action, sound political judgment saw that it would be the height of unwisdom to put them into effect. The peace machinery which Western diplomacy had designed, if set in motion, would in all likelihood produce a new international war. It was too dangerous to use; and in reality, it left national initiative as free as before.

Japan knew also, what Western opinion seems slow to recognize, that the threat of economic sanctions was an equally empty one, because it ran contrary to the facts of human nature and the essentials of Western economic life. China could maintain a boycott, since self-interest and every emotion of national sentiment were heavily involved; but economic sanctions at the behest of the League, without a more compelling motive than moral obligation, would be artificial to Western practices. Japan knew that the Western powers could never co-operate on such a program and make it effective, short of a war condition; and she knew that no single power would be unwise enough to adopt economic sanctions against her alone. It should be freely conceded that to see all this in advance and act upon it, in opposition to the whole force of Western opinion, throwing the fate of the nation into the balance, took no slight degree of imagination and audacity, no matter what diplomatic support may privately have been given from abroad.

Japanese diplomacy, stark and unblushing, but practical and realistic, has cut ruthlessly through the world's sentimental picture of itself, and has brought it face to face once more with things as they are. There is a sense, unpopular to-day, of course, but nevertheless true, in which Japan has done the world a distinct service in stripping post-war thought of some of its unhealthy illusions. Regardless of the right or wrong of the case from an extra-Japanese standpoint, she has been intellectually honest with herself; while with the West she has followed the established practice of Oriental diplomacy, which in its way is another form of intellectual honesty. That is, on the basic assumption that all diplomacy is dishonest, she has not expected anything she has said to be believed. If the West did not choose to see what she was doing and why she was doing it, she would gladly furnish the excuses which the Western code seemed to require. She knew perfectly well that her acts would speak for themselves, and that these would have to be considered rather than her words. The net effect of the shock she has administered to world opinion will lie in the direction of clear sight and honest thinking.

This is the way, Japan has reminded us, a nation acts in pursuit of its manifest destiny. This is the way all nations in the ascendancy have acted in history. This is the test of the validity of treaties and agreements. This is the skeleton of the structure of nationalism under which we live. These are the forces which actually determine national relations. And having been reminded of these plain truths, we are more clearly able to perceive that the same forces are operating in Europe to-day, and between Europe and America, differing only in degree and measure but not in kind; and that, unless they are modified by fundamental change, similar results are likely to arise from them in the course of time.

IV

If all this is true, what can be said to the sincere and devoted body of public opinion, led by some of our most distinguished citizens, which has grown up in support of the Western delusion

during the post-war period? Are the well-meaning efforts of the past decade towards a new guaranty of international accord to be rendered of no avail? Must the world return to the philosophy of military force, build up national armaments again, revive the old diplomacy, and try once more to maintain international peace on a basis of the balance of power?

The answer is that the world never has departed from these principles and practices except in imagination. The peace of the West since Versailles has been maintained by the balance of power, with all that the term signifies and includes, and not by the League of Nations. The vital relations among nations since the World War have been carried on, just as before, by the old diplomacy, which in point of fact is the only possible diplomacy. Armaments have increased rather than diminished during the life of the League and while the new peace agreements have been coming into birth. And whether we like to admit it or not, the philosophy of force still animates the life of nations, ready to be called into play by the demands of trade and economic expansion, and by the human elements of national progress and competition.

A further answer is that the well-meaning efforts of the past decade towards the establishment of world peace have largely been expended in the wrong direction. They have produced no guaranty of international accord capable of withstanding the forces of international discord which they have left untouched. It would be better for the health and peace of the world if the League of Nations were to pass out of existence than for it to continue a life of deceptive promises, sapping the finest energies and highest aspirations of mankind. If it cannot be given real power, it should be given no power.

The fact that France and Great Britain have given tacit encouragement to Japan in her Manchurian adventure, while at the same time they have been sitting in the deliberations of the League of Nations with the ostensible purpose of holding this adventure in check, should show League partisans which foot wears the shoe when it comes to an actual step in world relations. The League as it stands to-day is only another means of separating responsibility and authority, of dividing the force of public opinion, and of allowing political power to act without incurring the full measure of the results. If the League did not exist, the responsibility for maintaining world peace would be placed more firmly on the shoulders of the various national governments, where it really belongs.

To sum up the argument, the best promise of international accord—the only promise, in fact—still lies with the agencies which actually rule the life of nations. The soundest diplomacy is still that which reflects political authority and speaks in terms of reality. The most effective peace sentiment is still that which faces the plain truth of world forces, knows what it has to deal with, and does not ask more than can be performed.

The Manchurian affair is already settled; events in the Far East are moving rapidly forward to graver issues. Since the earlier portion of this article was written, Japan has commenced her amazing operations at Shanghai, and the whole Oriental situation has definitely entered into another phase. European diplomacy has at last been smoked out from behind the screen which the League of Nations provided; and American diplomacy has fully awakened to reality, as regards both the Japanese and the European positions.

In the light of the most recent events, there seems no occasion to modify the

main point of this argument. Japan's aim is the virtual control of China proper; France and Great Britain know this to-day as well as does the United States. It remains to be seen if these three powers can stop its immediate accomplishment now that the machinery of military conquest has been set in motion. The question of the interests and treaty rights of America and the European powers in China has, of course, always been the real stumbling block in the way of Japan's ambitions. These are the things the West would eventually fight about.

It was the intention of this article to keep the matter of Western treaty rights out of the analysis, since that is an endless subject in itself, and to state the case flatly as between China and Japan, where it belongs in ultimate terms. But Japan's act in striking at the commercial heart of China has precipitated all the diplomatic elements at once and created a very muddy mixture. Great Britain now sees the unwisdom of the tacit support she gave to Japan in Manchuria; her own century-old interests in the Yangtze valley and along the China coast are in danger. The interests of France are not so seriously threatened; her stake in the Shanghai region might easily be crossed off if in return she could gain control of Yunnan province and enlarge her sphere of influence in South China.

A reconciliation of all the various interests involved is the natural diplomatic solution of the immediate tangle; and this can be accomplished only at China's cost. The old questions of partition, spheres of influence, and internationalized areas are coming to the fore again. And, as in the past, when Secretary Hay achieved a real victory in establishing the Open Door policy, American diplomacy stands in an isolated position, speaking as the only genuine friend of China among the great powers. The reasons for this are not so much moral and sentimental as economic, but they are all the stronger for that; the nature of American interests in China places her in an independent relation to the problem of China's integrity. She is the only power that has more to gain from a strong and unified China than from a weak and divided one.

If there were some way for the European powers, acting in conjunction with Japan, to force the United States out of the China scene, it would be welcomed by them; but no way presents itself to-day, short of an open breach; and this in turn would have to be considered in terms of the larger policy. By privately backing Japan, however, and letting America bear the brunt of the diplomatic struggle, trouble might develop which would serve their interests without drawing them in. France would profit greatly by Japanese advancement in China; and the French temper to-day—a feeling of national power and confidence—is in close sympathy with that of Japan. On the other hand, Great Britain is seriously prejudicing her own interests in supporting Japan in any way. In the meantime Japan cannot withdraw from Shanghai without intolerable loss of face; and she cannot well remain there without going on.

The diplomatic horizon is full of heavy and menacing clouds. China herself has to be reckoned with. The Shanghai resistance may in the end only complicate affairs still farther. If the Cantonese win power, the swing to the left in Chinese politics will present a serious problem to French authority in Indo-China. This is likely to bring France openly to the support of Japan. Great Britain's policy ought to line up with that of America, but obstacles stand in the way; and even

with their sincere co-operation it is doubtful if Japan could be curbed.

And the Japanese plan itself has not yet fully come to light. The military party is in the saddle. The armies are operating far from home, in a land whose population they despise. Behind them stands the solid support of the Japanese people; they are fulfilling the national dream of generations. In this situation Western diplomacy cannot afford to fumble. The issues involved are more vital than any that have come forward since the close of the great European war. The Orient is a mass of tinder to-day, and a match dropped carelessly there could set the world on fire.

SONG FOR DARK DAYS

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

HE IS an alien to all grief whose heart
Has learned the wisdom hills and woodlands know;
The plundering hands of men can never part
Peace from still leaves or silence from the snow.
The gathering tumult of the centuries,
Strident with greed and loud with human toil,
More lightly falls than twilight on these trees,
More softly than cloud shadows on this soil.

Time trails no wings of anguish when the mind
Can lose its sorrow in a wind's caress;
Who seeks the voice of streams will never find
Strife in his bosom, and whose footfalls press
The soft, warm turf upon a winter's day
May sense a peace beyond the flesh's knowing;
No greed of man can turn one wind away,
No Armageddon stop one rose's blowing.

Then let the dark days come, the little ills
That twitch the flesh, the rancor, and the dearth;
There yet remains the heritage of hills,
The old, old dream incumbent in the earth.
The noisy hordes of men go clattering by
But fields lie deep in silence as they pass;
The olden beauty hovers in the sky,
The ancient glory lingers in the grass.

CIVILIZATION

A STORY

BY R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST

MUNDASI lived in such fair wide country. It was a country of high yellow grass, but from one point not far from his father's kraal you could see a blue line which he had been told was water.

As a young boy in the kraal how happy he had been, as happy as any young boy should be that has never known the corroding influence of civilization—those strange stealthy changes which spread in a night or two like the blighting fungus under the leaves of a lusty plant. A night or two . . . a decade . . . a century or so. . . . What is time?

How did it begin, this great trouble which tore Mundasi's heart in two as he stumbled away from the dark stairway of a London office into a terrifying fog? It was fog, that dreadful manifestation of the white man's world, which had all but driven Mundasi back to the docks and to the sea which was his one link with happiness. Now, to-day, fog wept dolorously around him, chilled his shivering heart, blinded his staring incredulous eyes.

What did they stare at, those suffering eyes? Nothing but the fading of a dream. Only a dream, but it was the same dream which had beckoned Mundasi to cross the sea.

To cross the sea! Why, even that is adventure enough for a man bred in a kraal, a boy to whom the word sea means one bright strip of blue in the landscape. Mundasi remembered the day—he was only fifteen at the time—when the news came that the youngest of his uncles, a fine man of twenty-five, had gone down with eight hundred other young warriors while on their way over the water to protect the white king from enemy tribes. Gone down into the deep water as if the watchful monarch of all crocodiles had pulled them under.

They at least had kept their dreams, for they certainly believed they were to be allowed to fight for the king, although not, unfortunately, with assegai and shield in the old proud way of young men defending their chief. Yet some of his father's friends who had been on other ships had safely returned, although always drunk and at the beer-pot: these had told the kraal that honorable fighting was allowed only to white men, and that proud young black warriors had been made, in view of all the world, to work like women at fetching and carrying and digging. Yes, they had been herded defilingly together, not even allowed to go afar into the bush to perform those daily acts which even the animals do in secret.

Oh, yes, yes, his uncle who had gone down in the sea with his companions had at least saved his pride. And these young men had not spent two hundred golden sovereigns collected by the tribe for their great journey. Yes, his uncle the headman had insisted on

showing the assembled council the wonderful sight of two hundred gold sovereigns. All had crowded forward with deep cries to see the dazzling sight.

If only the Reverend Mr. Macdonald had not taken those beautiful sovereigns into a bank and exchanged them for paper money, surely then it could not have wasted away so quickly. But who can watch over paper money? The Reverend Mr. Macdonald had given him a few sheets of it, and all the rest, he said, was sent to London to be kept safe there for his use. All he would have to do would be to sign his name whenever he wanted money.

If only they had let him keep the gold in his old monkey-skin bag hanging on his belt, it would not now be nearly gone. Even a stupid person understands gold.

All but gone, they told him at the bank, and his long delayed mission . . .

At the thought of his failure shame hit him a sudden sickening blow in the pit of his stomach.

The fog was getting thicker. At that moment Mundasi stumbled badly against a black and greasy curbstone. For a moment he knelt helplessly there on the London pavement, one arm thrown over his eyes with that child's gesture peculiar to the savage. He wept aloud.

"My heart is so sore!" he cried once in his beautiful tongue. "My heart is so sore!" he crooned softly over and over.

But no one heard Mundasi except two thin little London boys. Having observed this exciting phenomenon they hastened to the corner where the "Red Bull" sent its brave lights out into the fog to tell the policeman on duty there that there was a drunken nigger on the pavement.

Constable Jenkins' bulky form walked leisurely to the scene and he had a good look. His experienced eyes saw something in that forlorn figure which had not been visible to the room full of clever politicians who had assembled in preoccupied haste for half an hour in order to listen to the lifelong grievance of an important tribe like the Xemandas.

"Come, sir, don't take it so hard. We all has our ups and downs. There's a place round the corner here. Go and have a cup o' coffee or a drop of something warm."

"Oh, Cunsbel," wept Mundasi, clutching at the great red hand on his shoulder. "I can't help it—my heart is so sore!"

"To be sure. To be sure," rumbled Constable Jenkins. "We all get like that sometimes. Come, sir, up you get!"

He raised the shivering form of Mundasi. The figure that had looked so beautiful and imposing only a few years back, before he had begun copying the dismal European fashion of other mission natives, now looked like some New York negro-revue artist.

He had spent eight guineas on the suit, thirty shillings for the hat, the same for the shoes. The tie and gloves alone had cost ten shillings.

But how could he help it? Can a chief from one tribe visit the chief of another tribe and not do him the honor of full ceremonial dress? What would these members of the King's parliament have thought of his tribe had he appeared before them in Reverend Mr. Macdonald's old gray suit and the magistrate's hat and old coat, with which they had dowered him—fussing over his appearance like any mother on that important day when he departed for the port of Bombasa.

"Like this, Mundasi. This is the angle you must wear it."

Without a smile Mr. Hilary had instructed him by putting the hat on his own head as white men do. Mr. Hilary never smiled except at something called punch which he read every

Monday morning. He was not one of those white men who regard the black man as a joke.

On the boat Mundasi had been proud of his clothes. But a few months in London had made him conscious that even Reverend Mr. Macdonald's suit and Mr. Hilary's gray hat failed to reach the prevailing standard. Subtly and gradually his faith in those two beloved mentors was undermined. They had not told him about these wonderful pale young men with their scornful eyes and sleek clothes, their hats so foolish yet so desirable. Mundasi, son of a headman, grandson of the Chief, was made to feel the vague gnawing bitterness of an inferiority complex.

So when at last the day approached for the reading of his "Petition to ameliorate Present Conditions of Living of the Xemanda peoples, with Special Reference to their Need of Recovering certain of the old Tribal Lands for Agricultural Purposes; with a view to easing the heavy burden of Taxes now suffered by them: together with some notes on the enforced labor of their women in certain parts of the Territory," Mundasi had visited an outfitter's establishment. With beating heart and shining eyes he had let them array him for the great *indaba.*

"You see," he prattled to the shop assistant, "I have to meet some gentlemen of the Parliament for important discussion."

"Have you indeed, sir?" said the sprightly automatic voice of the salesman.

How wonderful that had sounded at first—to be called "sir," as if he had been a magistrate or a clergyman. As if he had been a white . . . No wonder it lured money from the pocket.

The assistant had brought his tired stock-size mind to bear upon the question, while Mundasi watched his face trustfully, like an earnest child scrutinizing its helpful mother.

"Something dark is what I recommend. No, sir, not that plum color. All right for a touch of it in the tie and the socks. These Parliamentary gentlemen are all for dark effects. But a little self-expression in the tie is allowable on most occasions."

Yes, that gentleman in the shop knew exactly what he was feeling. So did this policeman. How was it that Those Others had so utterly? . . .

Mundasi looked drearily down at his mud-stained knees. *Eight guineas.*

"You've got a good deal of mud on those good clothes of yours, sir. What I advise, if you'll allow me, is to come with me to the wife. Only five minutes away, and she'll sponge those trousers and brush you down in no time. I'm just going off duty, so I'll take you round with me."

Half an hour later Mundasi was sitting at table with his hosts, eating a good solid British tea, featuring toast and butter and jam and shrimps and cake. The shrimps he had not touched as his was not a fish-eating tribe. But all else . . .

And there was such a fine big fire at his back, a good solid coal fire that felt like hot sun.

Repressions poured out of his mouth in a swelling stream only interrupted by the influx of jam and cake. It was the first time in England he had felt the melting warmth of intimate kindness. It was true he had gone to lunch with the kindly and bluff clergy. Bluffness, however, is a British quality not always understood by foreigners. He had been to lunch again with various good people of the social-worker type. He had also been taken to the theater by others not quite so good although more social. Kindly young men . . . But here, round Constable Jenkins' table, was the atmosphere which, for the first time in England, released the festering sores of a wounded heart, transforming that cruel sickness for the

African sun into something he could talk about eagerly, endlessly.

Constable Jenkins, his wife Mabel, and their little boy of four, Leslie, listened like three Desdemonas to this chance Othello at their humble board. Beautiful it was to Mundasi to be spoken to as a human being who for months had been treated as a Social Problem. The Native Question in the flesh.

Yes, they spoke to him as a simple human being; but yet, with the wise recognition of the peasant class of one born to a higher estate, they called him "sir." Mabel had been a gamekeeper's daughter in Lancashire. Her husband too was a village man. Leslie, their son, was not yet at school: so he was still a fragment of unspoilt childhood as natural, as smiling, or as solemn as any naked kraal baby. Long before tea was over the little boy abandoned his shrimp débris and came to stand with unconscious admiration at the black man's knee.

"Now, Leslie, don't pester the gentleman. Go back to your place at once."

But Leslie had solemnly uttered one word. Gazing up with his blue eyes of innocence into the sensitive lively dark face he said firmly, "Knee."

"He means 'e wants you to hold him on your knee, sir. You must excuse his bad manners."

Mundasi stopped his torrent of speech for the minute to meet the calm blue eyes of the being who offered this balm to his spirit. Uttering a deep and tender word in his own tongue, he gathered up the heavy little figure against his breast, as if it were a shield against all such icy beings as Parliamentary gentlemen. The little boy's ear was pressed close to the black gentleman's chest. The clock inside it, he thought, beat far quicker than Daddy's. Sometimes very quick and then slower again.

"You understand, Cunsbel, you understand, Missis, that for many months I prepare to be deputation for my people to great white Queen's country, now unhappily demised. It was supreme honor reposed in my integrity. Reverend Macdonald, Mr. Hilary, they help me write it out in Queen's English. Every day I go to their houses to be closeted there with important matters of state. Every day I take messages from my grandfather the Chief to Mr. Hilary and Reverend Macdonald. Mr. Hilary and Reverend Macdonald they send diplomatic messages to my grandfather the Chief. I deliver those messages. My father and the other headmen confer very often with the Chief concerning something called a policy. (Your good husband, Missis, will explain these matters to you. In my country the women know not the meanings of such words.)"

Constable Jenkins cleared his throat appreciatively, authoritatively, while Mabel, his wife, said:

"Well, that's nature, as you may say," and cosily poured out a third cup for her overlord.

"You understand, council meeting held very often in the Chief's kraal. I am in attendance with my notes of reference. Sometimes Mr. Hilary and Reverend Macdonald also in attendance. They write in notebooks what the Chief, my grandfather, say. They write what my father and the other headmen say. They even listen to my father's chief wife as spokesman for the women of the tribe. Mr. Hilary most impressed by representation of all sections. All is cheerful. My people decide to evoke destiny by removing a deputation to English Parliament. Every day Mr. Hilary's clerk writes out all the notes we have made on the big typewriter. Twelve pages only it made, the grievances and hardships of my people from memorial times to present day. The day comes for my de-

parture. In my new clothes, presented by esteem of Mr. Hilary and Reverend Macdonald, I pay solemn farewell to the Chief and the headmen. I show them the manuscript tied up with official tape, very pink and pretty. There is beer. An ox is killed to honor the occasion. The young men dance. The young girls also dance. The Chief gives me wise words concerning deportment of deputation to friendly tribe. The Chief and headmen then make official presentation of bag of solid gold. Two hundred sovereigns collected in four years for important undertaking. Diplomatic importance . . .

Mundasi's voice thinned off shakily into silence. Mabel said, "Tt! Tt!" Constable Jenkins said, "My word, that's a tidy sum!"

"All crowd round to see it," proceeded Mundasi, recovering himself and giving Leslie a pat. "They want feel weight, etc., etc. Many young children and women have never seen coin of gold. There is considerable astonishment at the power of our Chief. We drink beer. We laugh, we leap and shout. We think our troubles at a timely end—"

At the picture he had again conjured up Mundasi hid his sad, London face in the curly hair of Leslie while he felt for his expensive London handkerchief of purple silk—one of those aids to self-expression which the salesman had thought allowable in Parliamentary circles.

"There, sir, don't you take on so about it. Another cup for the gentleman, Mabel. Cut that seed-cake."

Constable Jenkins' heavy voice was rich with the kindness of generations of English village folk, blended with the soothing quality of the London policeman.

"What 'ave these Parliamentary gents been doing to you, sir? Better tell us all about it and you'll feel better. Won't he, Mabel?"

After wiping his eyes in the unconscious open way of savages who have not yet learned to be ashamed of tears, Mundasi was able to take up the tale.

"Naturally, Cunsbel, I think to myself I come to London, see Parliament very rapidly and return to report successful issues to the Chief and anxious European friends. I am not ignorant; I have seen pictures of Parliament. Very grand house. Gentlemen sitting in large chairs like the late white Queen. Some with long white hair like witch-doctor—"

"Long white hair? Don't you mean the Speaker's wig, sir?"

"Yes, yes! Speaker's wig! That is correct nomination. To resume subject, naturally I think I enter Parliament where *indabas* are held. Have I not on several occasions seen my grandfather visit the aged Chief of the Sheganas? No ceremony is spared to conduct proceedings to successful issue. For three days important matters of the country are discussed. Or it may be a week. The Chiefs and their headmen sit in serious conclave. The young men sit in outer circles, learning precept upon precept but uttering no opinion. A sheep is killed, even an ox. At night much merriment . . ."

Mundasi finds it hard to tear himself away from those pictures of home.

"To return with the subject. I arrive in London with letters. A gentleman meets me. He says he will convey letters to proper destination. I go to lodgings recommend by him. I expect reply to my letters very quickly. On advice of a Zulu gentleman staying in the same house I do much shopping. I buy umbrella, notebooks, pencils, etc. Every day I study my address for redress of the disabilities suffered by my tribe. I read it aloud many times that the words do not seem strange to me. Then I wait one, two, three, four weeks at two pounds ten shillings per week

with bath sixpence extra. Then, one letter appears. It informs me—"

Mundasi felt in his pockets and produced a handsome leather notebook.

"It informs me:

"Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of the letters of introduction from the Governor of B and from Mr. Robert Hilary. I am sorry to say, however, that this is a most unfortunate time in which to gain a hearing for your petition. Had you arrived a fortnight earlier it would have been comparatively easy to arrange meetings with the various members of the group that will be most useful to you. I will, however, do my best to get you a hearing even if it should have to be after the election.

Have you met Mr. Gordon-Hillsworthy? I think he is likely to be sympathetic with the grievances of an important people like the Fingoes.

With all good wishes,

I am, dear Sir,

Cordially yours,

Richard Sheldrake."

"Nicely put, sir, if I may say so," said Constable Jenkins. "Seems kindly meant."

"Ah, Cunsbel, so I too think until I reach the end. He is so insulting as to forget the name of my tribe. Forget the Xemandas whose Chief is paramount in a very large area? And for those bastards the Fingoes—"

"I beg pardon, sir?"

His kind host's voice gave him the impression of an approaching turkey-cock. Mundasi stared at him anxiously.

"I was just saying, sir, excuse me, I can't allow Language in front of Mrs. Jenkins and the boy."

"Language? What have I—"

"Well, sir, that there word beginning with a b. Can't allow it, sir, excuse me."

"B? B? Oh! You mean *bastard?* Well, but the Fingoes *are* bastards as all the world knows. When the Xosas defeated them they . . . But pardon me if I offend. I had no idea . . ."

He looked anxiously into the scarlet laughter-suppressing face of Mabel, into the shocked masculine stronghold that was Constable Jenkins' face. He must not offend these kind people. He felt such a piteous need to talk himself out.

"Bassard," murmured Leslie drowsily against his new friend's chest. It was the one word he had uttered since he had established himself on the black gentleman's knee.

"There!" said Mabel triumphantly. Didn't I always say he was a clever one? Don't go repeating that, dear. That isn't a pretty word for little boys, is it, dad?"

Order and confidence once more established, Mundasi felt again for the beautiful pocketbook and produced another letter.

"To proceed. I then wait another fortnight before I am delivered with this letter of Mr. Gordon-Hillsworthy. I will read it to you:

"S. Mundasi, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I have been most interested to hear from my friend Mr. Richard Sheldrake of your important mission in England at the present moment. I have been extremely interested in your people ever since I paid a visit some years ago to Uganda. I sincerely hope I may be able to meet you. Unfortunately, as you may have heard, I am very busy with electioneering matters, and I fear my many engagements may prevent me from naming a day and hour for some weeks. Possibly not until the Election is over. If you will kindly keep me in touch with your movements I shall be grateful.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

G. Gordon-Hillsworthy."

"Well, that's a bit of allright, I should say, sir," said Constable Jenkins lighting his pipe with a spill.

"A most charitable letter indeed. But I again fear that this gentleman

speaks in ignorance of my people. We are nine hundred miles from Uganda. Howbeit I felt that it was a friend if I only could wait to see him. In meantime I had letters from friends of Mr. Hilary and Reverend Macdonald. They also wrote to other gentlemen as they were too busy themselves to lend an ear, as Shakespeare says, at the moment."

As the mention of Shakespeare indicated, Mundasi was getting into his stride.

"So, I wait till after the Election when all should be nice and quiet again. Nobody to hurry. All calm. But instead of going honorably with petition into the House of Parliament I get short angry letters from the gentlemen saying there is great stress of work immediately following an election but they could give me half an hour 3.30 P.M. to 4 P.M. at an office where those interested could meet and hear my petition. They urge upon me to be punctual as time is short.

"I am disappointed. All seems different from my anticipation of many months, even years. But at last I go. The alleged rendez-vous was in a dull and dirty street. That office was up some dark and steep stairs which smelt of the toilet."

"Toilet?" said Mabel, interested and puzzled.

"Pardon me, Missis. The English language has many choices, perhaps I should—"

"Go on, sir," said Constable Jenkins hastily. "Did they treat you kindly when you got there?"

"Ah!" said Mundasi dramatically. "At first I am kept waiting for half an hour by my new watch. A young lady tells me there is a committee meeting. She say my petition come next. I wait. I pull myself together. All is not lost I say to myself, even if I am not in the House of Parliament, yet some of these gentlemen are headmen—how do you say it? Members. Yes, members of Parliament.

"I support myself by thoughts of my people. I think of Mr. Hilary and the Reverend Macdonald, those good men and true. I think of the Chief, of my father, and the other headmen. I think of the young men like me. I think they are safe in the bright sun. Perhaps they are hunting or perhaps they are in the Mission School learning to be carpenters. At night the bright fire for all . . ."

"Is the gentleman going to cry again, Mummy?" piped Leslie.

"Be *quiet*, Leslie. Can't you let the gentleman speak?"

With a sigh registering a slight sense of injustice, the little boy snuggled closer to that interesting chest.

"At last the door opens. One of the gentlemen say, 'Ready? There's not much time. That other business before you took a wretched long time. You've got a quarter of an hour if you can be quick.'

"Quick! We know not the word! What is this quick? Is the sun quick which keeps the time for us? Does the moon hasten through the sky? Assuredly not. All goes with propriety in my country. Very nice, no quickness. Time for everything when no clocks. Yes. . . .

"I follow the gentleman very hastily with my gorge in my throat. There are several other gentlemen in the room, but that room is how small! Not so big as Mr. Hilary's office. All is crowded. I cannot see their faces; all have their backs to the light. I am told to sit down. Two gentlemen look at their watch and say they hope it won't be long. I begin . . .

"I begin to read the petition of my people, the Xemandas, to the Parliament of England. To King George's Parliament. I tremble. . . . They are only *men!* Should I have trembled in the Great House before the Chief

with the white hair? No, I should have deported myself as the grandson of a Chief, the son of a headman. My voice would have been strong and clear. Standing there in the big Parliament . . . But those very little men . . .

"I begin to read. My voice shakes, it sounds so very quiet, I cannot see very well. When—when I have read only two pages one of the gentlemen snatches my petition from me and counts the pages quickly with angry looks, wetting his fingers. He say he had no idea there would be such a lot of it. He says to compress it to save time.

"My hand shakes. I do not know what to do, I forget what compress is. And just as I am going to ask what compress is another gentleman swiftly takes my petition away and says that he will get at the jiss of it. To save time, he said. What is jiss, I say to myself. Then they all say thank-you to that gentleman, but not to me. They look at their watches and listen again. Two go out very quickly. I do not see them again. The gentleman turns my pages very quick, crumpling the paper. He says very quick words I cannot understand. He make my petition to sound of no matter . . . of no importance . . .

"Of no importance that our women are made to work on the roads when they are far gone in pregnancy? . . . Our land and cattle? . . .

"In five minutes that gentleman fold it up and return it to me. I begin again to read. They stop me, saying they know all that is in it. I am bewildered with agitation, knowing not what to do to save the importance of my petition. My money nearly gone . . . I return a disgraceful failure. Two hundred sovereigns in gold . . ."

"That's a bloody shame, sir, if you'll excuse me using the word when off duty. Didn't they say they would help you or anything?"

"Oh, indeed yes. They talk quickly together, not looking at me. I feel forgotten. Then one of them offers remark, 'Well, Mr. Mundasi, we are very much interest in your petition and we can assure you it will receive most serious attention at early opportunity.' That's what they said. But they did not *stand* to speak, not like the Parliament! I feel deepest insult to my Chief.

"Then they speak to the telephone. 'Miss Smith, please show Mr. Mundasi out.' . . . Miss Smith! I, a grandson of the Chief, to be said farewell after important mission by a woman! The gentlemen are all talking about some new election matters. I feel forgotten. Only one little gentleman comes and hold me tight by the hand. He say, in my own tongue, 'They mean no insult, Mundasi, they know no better, poor fellows. I'll do the best I can for you over here. I love your country! I wish I was there again out of this damn chicken-coop!'

"It—it was that little gentleman made me cry. His voice . . . *He* love my country! He know it! How could I see the steps for my weeping . . . Lead stairs, very dark, and most unpleasant perfume."

To-day Mundasi is a headman as his father, now Chief, had been before him. To-day Mundasi finds sartorial self-expression in the clay-dyed blanket and the leopard's skin. His notebook is a wallet of monkey's tails. Mundasi sits round the fire, he smokes in the sun, he hunts. He drinks beer, he speaks in the Council, gravely and at great length.

Mr. Hilary's successor says of Mundasi, "I can't understand why an unprogressive heathen like Mundasi should call his eldest picannins Mabel

and Jenkins. That fellow always gives me the impression of being completely anti-white. I can't get at him, somehow or other. And you say he doesn't go to your church either?"

And Reverend Mr. Macdonald says sadly, "I can tell you. He was one of my best boys. And now . . ."

The tale is told.

In the meantime, Mabel, in one bead bracelet, plays in the sunny kraal in her father's hut. And Jenkins, with not even a bracelet towards self-expression, struts about with other fat young bloods of three playing at hunting, with sticks for assegais.

PERSIAN IDYLL

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

THE black hound flees and noiselessly, rapidly flees
Over the flower-white hill,
Chasing the lonely red-flecked doe into the trees
Shadowless, still.

Still rise the black straight trees over the sheet
Of white unlovely snow.
Through them rapidly pass on velvet feet
The hound and the doe.

The snow grows less, the beautiful grass grows green
On the hill's silent side.
Over the distant meadow still can be seen
The lovely stride

Of the doe and the hound, until, beyond all seeing,
In the purple hill
Flicker two shadows, forever and ever fleeing,
Shadowless, still.

RADIO CITY: CULTURAL CENTER?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE sound falls familiarly upon the ear, yet already there is a strangeness about it—as if it were an echo from a time gone by. As you walk up Fifth Avenue through the Forties you begin to feel the air trembling with it. At Forty-Ninth Street it grows in volume and harshness, and you discover its source. For here, to the westward, there opens a vast gap in the city's clutter of buildings. A space of some twelve acres—nearly three whole city blocks—has been swept clear of houses and surrounded with gray board fences. Follow Forty-Ninth Street toward Sixth Avenue, and through openings in the fences you peer down into a great pit, hundreds of feet long and some fifty feet deep. At the bottom of the pit, pneumatic drills hammer at the rocky backbone of Manhattan, steam shovels gobble up mouthfuls of stone and swing them into waiting trucks, and huge cranes pick up blankets of woven steel and spread them delicately over outcropping ledges which are to be blasted into fragments. Along the farther edges of the pit, black steel skeletons are already rising five stories, ten stories, twenty stories, thirty stories into the wintry sky. And all about you the air is shaken by that sound—compounded of the muffled throb of the air-compressor, the hard staccato of the drill, and the metallic clatter of the riveter.

How it pulls at the memory! Only two or three years ago a New Yorker could hardly escape it. Wherever he went, uptown or downtown, the cacophany of prosperity assailed his ears. But now, in the dark days of business depression, he hears it seldom; and as he approaches that great enclosure between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and Forty-Eighth and Fifty-First Streets, and the clamor of the riveter meets him again, he may perhaps be pardoned if he stops to wonder whether he is listening to a portent of the days when hope for the economic future of America shall again return, or simply to a belated echo of the strident nineteen twenties, when skyscraperdom, like the stock market, was reaching for the cheerful heavens, and bankers wrote one another apologetic notes regretting that the expansion of business necessitated the ear-splitting construction of new fifty-story annexes.

One thing is certain. This is no ordinary real-estate development. For here, on land largely owned by Columbia University and leased by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is rising what we have been told is to be a cultural center for New York, if not for the whole United States. Out of this stony pit, according to sonorous announcements in the press, is to emerge a "new and shimmering city of soaring walls and challenging towers," "a great cultural and architectural monument" which will contribute in a variety of ways, all of them impressive, to our well-being. In its design the group of buildings will "typify American progress in city-planning." The enterprise will bring

economic advantages: being "the greatest building project in the history of the world," it will "involve a great building program to be reflected in employment conditions here." And as for its contribution to our intellectual and spiritual life, it will "provide a center for the radiation of the best type of entertainment and of musical culture" and thereby will advance "the entertainment and educational arts," together with what the proponents of the enterprise somewhat curiously call "the new electrical art." For this is Radio City—or, as we are now told we should call it, Rockefeller City.

Now Radio City, even if it is to include one sixty-six-story tower and two others of forty-five stories apiece, to say nothing of theaters, minor office buildings, plazas, gardens, and subterranean parking-spaces, is a small item in a huge city like New York; and New York, as Mr. Ford Madox Ford would put it, is not America. Yet what is happening here would seem to be of more than merely local interest and concern. For the influence of Radio City will go out over the ether waves into homes all over the country. The project furnishes, furthermore, a characteristic object-lesson in American daring, extravagance, and economic and emotional inflation. In its brilliance and in its absurdity alike, Radio City promises to stand as a gigantic symbol of some of the engaging ways of the American mind.

II

The history of this enterprise illustrates the fact that even the worthiest civic plans may sometimes suffer a sea change into something rich and strange. It began, oddly enough, with the search of the Metropolitan Opera for a new home. The ancient Opera House at Broadway and Fortieth Streets, built way back in 1883, was beginning to seem inadequate, inconvenient, and remote. Several years ago the trustees began to wonder whether they could not find some site farther uptown, more accessible for Rolls-Royces and Lincolns setting out from Park Avenue and the East Seventies, where an opera house might be built which would adequately shelter the most glittering company of singers—and of auditors—in the world and at the same time serve as a fitting monument to music and ornament to New York.

Mr. Otto Kahn, who is as adept at promoting the arts as at floating a bond issue, assembled some property in West Fifty-Seventh Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, which he obligingly offered to the directors of the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company at the price which he had paid for it. Mr. Kahn, it appears, was not particularly enthusiastic about this particular location; he simply offered it for consideration in case nothing better could be found, and by way of showing how it might be utilized he engaged Mr. Benjamin Wistar Morris (with whom at the outset Mr. Joseph Urban was associated) to draw plans for the proposed Opera House, which was to be tucked in among revenue-producing apartments and shops.

The directors of the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company considered the suggestion and were slightly less enthusiastic even than Mr. Kahn. The West Side neighborhood was not seemly, its accessibility to the upper East Side was not impressive, and the scheme in general did not seem to add to the dignity of the opera. They voted no, and began a new search.

But in the spring of 1928 Mr. Tonnele of the real estate firm of William A. White & Sons had an idea. Mr. Tonnele went to Mr. Cutting of the Opera Company and showed him a map. Columbia University, it

seemed, held a large parcel of land west of Fifth Avenue in the speakeasy belt, thus exemplifying the principle that the support of higher education should rest upon a broad and inclusive economic base. Why not lease a modest piece of this land between Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, connect Forty-Eighth Street with Forty-Ninth by a sixty-foot street cut through the block, and build the new Opera House facing this new street?

The scheme had some merit. But Mr. Tonnele must gasp with wonder, these days, whenever he thinks of what it grew into. When Mr. Cutting referred him to Mr. Morris, as the architect for the Metropolitan Opera, Mr. Tonnele's plan became transformed into a project far more ambitious. The Columbia holdings reached northward for three blocks. Mr. Morris suggested a mighty undertaking: to develop these three blocks as a unit; to set the Opera House a block to the north of where Mr. Tonnele would have set it—in other words, between Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Streets—and let it face not upon a mere sixty-foot street but upon a broad open plaza midway between Fifth and Sixth Avenues; to provide a monumental arcaded approach to this plaza from Fifth Avenue, so that the stroller on the Avenue might look through the arcade across the plaza to the splendid façade of the Opera House; and, finally, to flank the Opera House and the square, on the north and south, with low buildings backed by taller buildings and occasional high towers which would bring in an adequate revenue. (Mr. Morris's suggested scheme was later modified so as to substitute for the arcaded approach from Fifth Avenue two small buildings facing the Avenue with a vista toward the Opera House between them.) This would not only give the Opera House a setting of irreproachable dignity and possibly of great beauty, but would also develop a large tract of urban land as enlightened city-planners like to see it developed—not higgledy-piggledy but as a symmetrical and harmonious whole, with plenty of light and air and space guaranteed to all by the intelligent placing of the buildings, and with an opportunity for the architects to do what they are seldom permitted to do—to design metropolitan buildings which can be seen without leaning backward.

It was a fine idea. Mr. Cutting liked it. The other dignitaries of the Metropolitan Opera liked it. A large dinner was thereupon given at the massive Metropolitan Club at which Mr. Morris expounded the idea, now fortified with tentative plans and estimates of cost, for the benefit of a group of New Yorkers of wealth and influence, who regarded it with approval. And now the plot thickened rapidly; for the idea was shortly thereafter communicated to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Rockefeller not only liked it; he became so enthusiastic that he presently decided to lease the whole three blocks from Columbia and finance the whole tremendous enterprise himself (except, of course, that he would turn over to the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company that portion of the tract on which the Opera House was to stand). It might prove a profitable enterprise, but on the other hand it might not; anyhow, Mr. Rockefeller would take the risk for the sake of the Opera and New York. The daring decision, whether or not it was farsighted, did credit to the public spirit of a citizen who works as conscientiously as any man ever worked to apply his millions where they will do as little harm as possible, and with luck may do some good.

Mr. Rockefeller forthwith formed the Metropolitan Square Corporation to manage the undertaking and engaged

a number of architects to submit plans for the treatment of the tract as a whole, in the hope that a canvass of their various ideas might result in a better plan than any individual firm could evolve alone. His Metropolitan Square Corporation leased the land from Columbia. All was apparently serene: a great civic project was being inaugurated under the most impeccable auspices, the Metropolitan Opera was to stand where any opera house would be proud to stand, and an alliance between public-spirited wealth and expert architects was to exemplify the best possibilities of urban planning on the grand scale. In January, 1929, President Butler of Columbia officially announced the lease of the land; Mr. Ivy Lee, expert performer upon the big bassoons of publicity, issued a few well-chosen words about Mr. Rockefeller's comprehensive plan; and although the Opera Company had not definitely and finally signed up, the conclusion of negotiations to this end was said to be imminent.

Yet weeks lengthened into months and still the representatives of the Opera hesitated to put their names on the dotted line. Their reasons for this hesitation have never been publicly stated in full; the ostensible reason, however, was enough. It was the difficulty about prior leases. A large part of the tract had naturally already been leased by Columbia for varying terms of years to shopkeepers and small businesses, and some of the lessees had sub-let to what the newspapers call alleged speakeasies. To gain possession it became necessary for Mr. Rockefeller's agents to buy up these leases. Now if there is one thing calculated to bring tears of joy to the eyes of a small business man, it is to hold a lease in a piece of property which is being assembled by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. A good many of the Columbia tenants exhibited a strange reluctance to vacate without suitable reimbursement, and their ideas of what would be suitable reimbursement became exalted. Mr. Rockefeller's representatives were adepts at the poker-game of real-estate purchasing, but there were leases in the property which could be acquired only by paying through the nose; and the estimated cost of the development began to mount disturbingly. Mr. Cutting and his associates of the Opera Company looked on uneasily—and did not sign. And then, in the autumn of 1929, the stock market went to smash, and the business world began to regard with a somewhat more skeptical eye vast, ambitious real-estate projects based on the fancy values of boom times. By December it became clear that the Opera Company would not come in—at least for the present.

This left Mr. Rockefeller holding the bag—and it was an extremely expensive bag. He was paying rent to Columbia at the rate of over three million a year. He was paying the holders of prior leases, some of them at fancy prices. He was liable for huge taxes. The vast property was producing little or no revenue. Holding undeveloped real estate can be nearly as uncomfortable as holding a red-hot poker. Mr. Rockefeller is an enormously wealthy man, but even an enormously wealthy man does not care to have his money drained away by the tens of millions with nothing to show for it. He had to do something, and quickly, even if it were to undertake a purely commercial development of the property. He was under a sort of economic pressure which has often prevented public-spirited citizens from carrying through fine plans for the public benefit. An opportunity came, and he seized it. The following June it was announced that the Radio Corporation of America and its affiliates would utilize the Rockefeller land for

a "radio metropolis" which would include business offices, broadcasting studios, television studios, a huge variety theater, and other minor theaters.

It was essentially a commercial use for the property which had been forced upon Mr. Rockefeller by the relentless force of circumstances. But the press agents—abetted by the press itself—did not allow it to appear as such. The idea having been firmly implanted in the public mind that these three blocks were to be dedicated to the arts, they did their best—as is the way of press agents—to make it appear that they were still to be dedicated to the arts. Mr. Rockefeller was represented as having been persuaded that an opera was an aristocratic enterprise and that the real democratic benevolence was to arrange for the modern popular forms of entertainment "on the highest plane." The words "culture" and "education" were so lavishly sprinkled through the news accounts of Radio City that one would almost have supposed that the directors of the Radio Corporation were starry-eyed dreamers indifferent to profit. Mr. Owen D. Young was described as having been "preoccupied with the release of radio as an art," and Mr. Merlin Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, as having been interested in "the cultural opportunity" which awaited the broadcasters. How successful were the entrepreneurs of publicity in conveying the idea that the central idea in the mind of the custodians of Radio City was to be the dissemination of sweetness and light among the populace may be gauged by the fact that, despite the inclusion in the plans of a large variety theater and the promised connection with the scheme of Mr. S. L. Rothafel, better known as Roxy, the headline writer for the *New York Times* topped the front-page announcement of the plans with the glowing words, ROCKEFELLER PLANS HUGE CULTURE CENTER.

III

Meanwhile the architects were hard at work. The Metropolitan Opera having withdrawn from the development, Mr. Morris was now out of the picture. There was some surprise when it was announced that the architects in charge of Radio City were to be the young and little-known firm of Reinhard & Hofmeister, assisted—for sage advice and possibly for window-dressing purposes—by a battery of associated architects which included those two able publicists of modern architecture, Harvey Wiley Corbett and Raymond Hood. The draughtsmen duly labored (in some confusion at first, if early rumors were to be believed) and by April, a year ago, produced for the edification of a small army of reporters a rough plaster model of the proposed development. And immediately from the public at large, as well as from the architectural profession and the critics of architecture, there arose a howl of consternation and dismay.

Almost exactly where the sedate Opera House was to have stood, the plaster model now showed a colossal sixty-six-story skyscraper. Northeast and southeast of it were to stand two other huge forty-five-story buildings. Instead of an oasis of ordered dignity and quiet in the midst of New York's crazy jumble of towers, Radio City, it appeared, was to furnish what Mr. Lewis Mumford called a "masterful clot of congestion." On the Fifth Avenue frontage, where it had been proposed to place two small buildings with a vista between them, the model now showed a single building, oval in shape. The reporter for the *Times*, possibly inspired by a handout from the publicity staff, called the oval

building "as delicate and graceful in comparison with the sharp angles and sheer walls of the buildings surrounding it as a jeweled powder box on a dressing table," but most architects were less lyrical: Ralph Adams Cram, for instance, likened it to a "band-box of the early Victorian period." Describing the group of buildings as a whole, the press copy chanted of "soaring walls and shimmering towers." Not so Mr. Cram. Writing in the *American Mercury*, he drew liberally upon a vocabulary of contempt. He described the model as consisting of "sprouting amorphous and cubicular mushrooms," and called Radio City "the apotheosis of megalomania." Was Mr. Cram unrepresentative of his profession, was he merely expressing the distaste for modern design of a confirmed lover of the traditional Gothic? As one read in the very same article his extravagant praise of the Empire State Building, one doubted if this were the case; as one heard the spoken comments of other architects, one doubted it still more; but it was left for Mr. Mumford to complete the work of critical annihilation. In the usually light-hearted columns of the *New Yorker* this able lay critic of architecture and city-planning, a professed admirer of the best modern work, laid down a barrage of invective.

There was something in those three free blocks, said Mr. Mumford, which had stirred the imagination; everybody had hoped that with the aid of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth a design might be produced which would show the way to orderly treatment of urban areas; yet the architects, working "by the canons of Cloudcuckooland," had "piled more buildings on this site than could be accommodated by a dozen streets of the normal width," and then had "eased the congestion by widening two of the streets—fifteen feet!" One of the greatest opportunities ever offered to the profession had been lost. "If Radio City, as now forecast, is the best that could be done, there is not the faintest reason for anyone to attempt to assemble a big site," concluded Mr. Mumford. "Chaos does not have to be planned."

Since those searing words were written many months have passed, and the numerous architectural cooks have much modified the broth. In the present model of Radio City, the band-box has been replaced by two small buildings with a vista between, as in the plans recommended by Mr. Morris. By way of recompense for the shrunken size of the central plaza, which distressed Mr. Mumford, the architects have decided to put spacious gardens on top of the theater building and the lower office buildings (where they will not monopolize rentable space), so that New Yorkers may enjoy the spectacle —if they can get up high enough to enjoy it—of several acres of greenery and flowers and garden pools some eight or ten stories above the street. The skyscrapers are favorably placed to assure one another light and air. And whether one likes or does not like the design of the central sixty-six-story skyscraper, it is surely original, being not a tower but a high and very thin wedge with its cutting edge presented to Fifth Avenue and with the monotony of its side-walls broken by a curious rectangular pattern of very shallow step-backs. I do not care for it, I admit: it looks to me too much like a mighty five-decker sandwich stood on end, the outer layers of toast having been chewed off in enormous rectilinear bites; it is bold and breath-taking, but not—to a layman, at least—beautiful. Yet there is little doubt that the finished Radio City group will be spectacular and magnificent enough in its Babylonian grandeur to draw the wondering gaze of millions of visitors to New York;

and if it gives them a pain in the neck, this will be chiefly physical rather than æsthetic: so many of the most impressive views will be nearly vertical.

The plans, then, have been improved. But the real answer to Mr. Mumford and the other architectural critics who cried aloud with rage last year is that they hoped for too much. It is all very well to speak of an ample area of greenery, of a quiet space surrounded by a palisade of ten-story buildings, and to wish that it might not be necessary to increase the congestion of midtown Manhattan; but such a suggestion reminds one of the request which was said to have been made by the late Doctor Jowett when he was invited to a New York pastorate. He did not need such a large salary as had been offered him, he said; all he needed was enough to have "a house with a bit of green about it." Bits of green and broad spaces and dignified low buildings are wild extravagances in New York. One could hardly base such a plan as Mr. Mumford would prefer upon the inflated land values of the booming nineteen twenties—and least of all when tenants had been skying these values at the expense of the new proprietor. Mr. Rockefeller was held securely in the grip of the economic logic of urban development in those fatuous times (as well, incidentally, as in the grip of the legal logic which permits any holder of property to play dog-in-the-manger even if this prevents the carrying out of a generally beneficial project). One may reply that any scale of land values was crazy which made it necessary for the owner of property in the most desirable areas to put up seven-hundred-foot buildings in order to earn the interest on his money and pay his taxes, even though it was generally agreed that every story added above the thirty-fifth or fortieth was a doubtful investment owing to the amount of elevator space required, and that the lower stories could command only moderate rentals in view of the lack of light and the noise. But the fact that the land values were crazy did not help Mr. Rockefeller. He held the bag. He did not want to lose his fortune. He had paid for his land at 1928 prices. And the logic of those inflated values forced upon him sky-scraping wedges and congestion and the commercial utilization of every available inch of property. An embodiment of American progress in city-planning? That would be very nice, if attainable. But the first essential was to save his investment from disaster.

IV

As the work progressed we heard much of the economic advantages which would attend the construction of Radio City. The depression was now deepening, unemployment was daily becoming more critical, and it was cheering to learn that there was at least one enterprise which was being prosecuted on the grand scale even in 1931. The figures spread before our eyes in the papers were imposing. The engineers estimated that ten million days' work would be offered on the project. (Good! we said.) A million square feet of glass had been ordered; 7,800,000 feet of copper wire were to be used; and the first three buildings to be constructed would require enough material to load a freight train one hundred miles long. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company had taken a mortgage of $65,000,000 on the development: it was said to be the largest mortgage loan of its kind ever to have been arranged. At a time when dividends were being passed and stocks were rapidly retreating toward zero and banks were closing right and left and business seemed to be succumbing

to creeping paralysis, it was reassuring to hear of these evidences of unterrified activity.

Yet there was one set of figures in the statistical parade of Radio City publicity last fall which carried less reassurance. By that time the exalted real-estate values of the nineteen twenties were sliding dismally, and their decline was proving one of the most disturbing factors in the general financial crisis. The skyscrapers of central Manhattan were suffering acutely from the depression. Several of them had gone into bankruptcy; others were not yet bankrupt but had so many empty floors that their financial collapse seemed only a question of time. As long ago as last spring it had been estimated that of a total of some twenty million square feet of space in the large office buildings of the Grand Central District, at least three and a half million feet were not bringing in a return—they either were empty or the tenants were being "carried" by the owners. The Empire State Building, begun before the condition of business had become really alarming, had added two million square feet to the New York supply at one crack. Manifestly it looked as if the construction of large office buildings was due for a respite to permit lagging demand to catch up with ample supply. And now it was announced that Radio City would contain something like five million square feet of space, and that the central wedge-shaped building alone would contain two and a half million—considerably more than even the Empire State Building!

The gentlemen who are renting the space in this new nucleus of skyscrapers may dispose of every last foot of it. At this writing they are doing extremely well: it is said that they have taken care of some forty per cent of the total. But that is not the point. Where will those tenants come from? Not out of the thin air. Not out of the dauntless expansion of business—not to-day, at least. They will mostly come (you have guessed it already) out of other buildings; and the possible effect upon the owners and mortgage-holders of some of these buildings may be readily imagined by those who have seen what other new skyscrapers have done to the properties surrounding them. The net economic result of the enterprise thus becomes somewhat dubious.

I have heard men say with some heat that they wish Mr. Rockefeller had put his money into the reconstruction of slum areas—a job which he has done on a praiseworthy scale in the past—instead of into the overbuilding of the most overbuilt part of New York. Although Mr. Rockefeller is said to be enthusiastic about the present plans for Radio City, possibly there are moments when he now wishes that he had done this. It would at least be like him to wish it, for he is not lacking in public spirit. But just so do many men now wish that they had not bought, let us say, United States Steel at 261. It was not the economic logic of 1932, as I have said before, which forced Mr. Rockefeller's hand, but the logic of 1928 and 1929. And an important difference between him and the man who bought Steel at 261 is that the buyer of Steel could unload the next day or the next year at a moderate loss, whereas the developer of real estate, once he has started, has to go on with his plans to the grim end or lose all. The towers of Radio City are now just beginning to rise. They will be an imposing monument to that spirit of boundless faith in the American future which carried common stocks to their all-time highs in 1929. Let us hope that when they are completed their splendor will not seem too ironical.

V

Economics was never a more dismal science than to-day; let us turn to more engaging topics. Let us consider culture.

It has already been suggested in this article that when the publicity men and the reporters described Radio City as a sort of temple-to-be of democratic culture they were using their imaginations freely, the development being primarily a commercial enterprise. But in so doing they opened a discussion which may profitably be pursued farther. Just what is the cultural contribution of Radio City likely to be?

"The maestro of the big show," we have been assured, will be Roxy, who is responsible for Roxy's Theater, which he has been quoted as calling "the largest similar theater in the world." Now Mr. Rothafel is an extraordinary man. He was born of foreign parents (his father was a German shoemaker, his mother was Polish) in a Minnesota village. He had only a common school education. As a boy he landed, and lost, one job after another. To use his own words, "Yes, I was shiftless and a dreamer, but in all my shiftlessness I was building up, entirely unknown to myself, a symposium of impressions which has followed me through the years and left me a keener, deeper, and more appreciative picture of human frailties and kindnesses." Followed by this symposium of impressions young Rothafel went to New York, started work as a cash boy at two dollars a week, drifted from job to job, served seven years with the Marines and saw the world (". . . nights and days at sea, glimpses of strange lands, adventure—movement, color, strange sounds, exotic perfumes! I drank it all in with an insatiable thirst"). He sold travel books in the mining towns of Pennsylvania, married a saloon-keeper's daughter, and finally turned the dance hall back of the saloon into a little moving picture theater. With this venture his fortunes suddenly turned. He made the theater go. ("I can say now, without affectation, that I began then to create something beautiful for people who have an unsatisfied longing for beauty.") From this modest beginning he went ahead by leaps and bounds. He got a job with B. F. Keith, then managed successfully a movie house in Milwaukee, and then went in turn to the Regent Theater in New York, the Strand, the Rialto, the Capitol (where he made a sudden national reputation by presenting "Roxy and His Gang" on the air), Roxy's Theater, and—a position of high authority in Radio City. A remarkable career, in the best rail-splitter-to-President tradition: the sort of career that shows the incredible possibilities of democracy.

This man who has risen so high is a magnificent showman—make no mistake about that. He has, too, a real love of good music, and his big orchestras play it well, albeit in fragments. ("A little snatch of grand opera," to quote Roxy himself; "a quick little silhouette scene; a few bars of a symphony; done in a normal tempo, but in such a small dose that the audience wishes there were more.") Despite the high sugar-content of his prose style, there is no reason to question his sincerity when he talks about satisfying people's unsatisfied longing for beauty. ("More beauty, for more and more people! That's what I want.") Nor would it be quite fair to charge against Roxy the flatulence of some of the things which have been written about him, such as Mary B. Mullett's tribute in the *American Magazine:* "He has two visions always before him. One is of more and more perfect work to be done. The other

is of human service." Yet it would seem quite fair to judge him and his possible cultural contribution to Radio City by the theater over which he now presides; and a visit to that theater suggests that the beauty of which he talks so fulsomely is perhaps a little overripe.

One enters Roxy's Theater through a vast and sumptuous foyer, the embodiment, one supposes, of the romantic dreams of a boy who once worked for B. F. Keith and longed to have some day a super-gorgeous, super-gilded Keith's Theater of his own. The great oval hall contains not only "the largest Oriental rug in the world," but a huge and glittering chandelier, a colossal bust of Victor Herbert, and a bewildering display of marble columns, palms, plush-carpeted stairways, urns, and fancy bronze statuettes of nymphs. As one quails before the opulence of this scene, one has to scuttle out of the way of a company of two dozen smartly uniformed Roxy ushers marching in to relieve the outgoing shift; in strict military order they quick-step in through the lobby to the doors of the auditorium, wheel, stand at attention, click their heels in precise unison, and separate to their tasks. Still quailing, one glances at one's program to learn more of these superb young cadets, and discovers that "they are young men who have embarked seriously on careers which will, in time, lead many of them to executive positions." Finally, after this impressive preparation, one enters the vast darkened auditorium itself. One's eye is immediately drawn to the distant stage. And there, in the glare of a spotlight from on high, is the beautiful spectacle for which marble foyer and splendid chandelier and marching ushers have been but the appetizers. I do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Rothafel: undoubtedly that spectacle often brings "more beauty for more and more people." But the last time I visited Roxy's the spotlight was focused, as I entered, on a cheap hoofer doing a rather dull drunk act.

Among the cultural items at Radio City under Roxy's beneficent administration, we have been told, are to be a school for musicians and vaudeville entertainers, where the latter will possibly learn to do bigger and better drunk acts; a ballet of forty-eight girls and sixteen boys, who will presumably emulate the contributions made to the art of the dance by the thirty-two Roxyettes of present fame, whose simpering pictures (bare-legged and bare-middled, with tinsel-bright skirtlets and scarlet-and-tinsel brassiere-harnesses and plumed helmets) ornament the entrance to Roxy's Theater; and as the last touch of splendor, a daily guard-mount of ushers after the pattern of that at Buckingham Palace (only probably more impressive, if only because the spectators will realize that the performers are on the march to executive positions).

Mr. Rothafel, of course, will be very far from the whole show at Radio City. Under the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company it will be a broadcasting center. With the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Company there, it will be a motion-picture headquarters as well as a vaudeville center. It will be a center for television, too, when, as, and if made available for general public delectation. Incidentally, at this writing there is still talk of the Metropolitan Opera's coming in, and the site between Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Streets which Mr. Tonnele originally suggested with such momentous consequences is being held open for a possible opera house, or for an auditorium suitable both for the opera and for concerts and other uses; if the Metropolitan remains coy, the Philadelphia Opera Company

may take its place. (The managers of Radio City appear to have been wooing the Metropolitan with a gentle threat.) But if either of the opera companies moves into Radio City it will not have a central position in the enterprise. The central activity will be broadcasting.

Now it goes without saying that there will emanate from Radio City, as from our present broadcasting stations, much that will appeal to the most fastidious taste: fine concerts, for example, and important addresses. We may also expect, of course, much good entertainment on a less ambitious yet quite satisfactory level. We may expect the transmission of music and of speech to improve with the inevitable gain in technical equipment and technical skill. Yet it is equally obvious that the general level of production, like the present general level of broadcasting, must of necessity approximate the level of Roxydom. Once in a while the music lover may be able to hear a symphony concert or a fine performance of a grand opera; but usually as he twirls the dials he will be lucky if, after turning on and off two or three jazz orchestras and a crooning tenor and a dulcet tribute to somebody's tires or somebody's coffee, he is able to hear, as Radio City's contribution to musical culture, the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda," Nevin's "The Rosary," Rubinstein's "Melody in F," or Tosti's "Good-Bye." Likewise the motion-picture addict, if he drops in at his local theater to discover what the influence of Radio City is doing to bring beauty into his life, will be doubly lucky if he is not treated to a picture in which a tawdry sex theme is revamped for the thousandth time to the accompaniment (lest the censors object) of the unctuous preaching of copy-book virtues.

For this enterprise will be conducted for the millions for profit; and earnestly as Roxy and his colleagues may desire to raise the intellectual and artistic level of their performances, we must credit them with sense enough to realize that it will be risky to raise it far. The millions often enjoy fine things, sometimes they enjoy things which the custodians of their entertainment would consider over their heads; but they cannot be counted upon to do so, and much that is fine is inevitably too difficult, or requires too much knowledge or sustained concentration, to appeal to them. Anybody who caters to the great democratic public soon learns that the royal road to profit is through crude display, rubber-stamp sensationalism, the easy sure-fire effect, the manufacture of lush sentiment—in short, by the vulgar, the syrupy, and the trite.

Cultural center? Let us not deceive ourselves. The same logic which forced Mr. Rockefeller to build a commercial development, which dictated to him the erection of skyscrapers instead of the planning of a charming urban retreat, which compelled him to go on with his project even though Manhattan was overbuilt, will compel the managers of Radio City to make the best of Roxyism. They will be operating on a huge scale, in an expensive location, and will want to earn their dividends. They may—and undoubtedly will—call their entertainment what they please, but it will have the limitations of mass-entertainment, and there is no use hoping for anything better.

Indeed the argument may be carried a step farther. It is doubtful whether anybody could deliberately organize a "cultural center" anywhere—whether on a hundred-million-dollar site or a ten-dollar site—which would not ultimately caricature the idea behind the phrase. Culture cannot be put into quantity production. The finer

creative energies of man and the minds which are attuned to them flower where they will; and their growth, though it may be encouraged, cannot be forced. You cannot wave a wand and say, "Let us produce culture," and succeed in doing so; there are in this country plenty of monuments of brick and stone called universities and plenty of ambitious projects for the rapid manufacture of education and artistic appreciation which in their sterility testify to this hard truth. Anybody who tells the public that he is going to build a cultural center is uncommonly naïve—or has a smart press agent.

VI

And so the steel beams and girders of Radio City swing into place, while the air rings with that half-forgotten sound of the riveter. Yet before we turn away there is one last admission to be made. Perhaps, in a sense, this will be a cultural center after all.

The word culture has several meanings. One of them—the meaning undoubtedly intended by those who have sung the praises of Radio City, and generally accepted by the public—connotes wide knowledge, a disciplined intelligence, and a discriminating taste. But there is another meaning. To quote from Webster: "A particular state or stage of advancement in a civilization; the characteristic attainments of a people or social order, as, Greek *culture;* primitive *culture.*" This immense enterprise, daringly conceived, prosecuted with the aid of vast wealth, based upon the optimistic values of boom times, proliferating skyscrapers containing office space which in time of depression it seems as if we should never need, mass-producing quick and easy entertainment for the millions, looking with a hard eye to profit yet talking meanwhile of education and the promotion of the arts—is it not, in more than one way, representative of the characteristic attainments of our social order and of a particular state or stage of advancement in our American civilization?

MUNICH NIGHT, 1932

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE café is full at four o'clock; five hundred people are drinking coffee and listening to a shattering band. The curtains before the plate-glass windows are partly drawn, hundreds more stand outside, peering through the openings and overhearing strains of *Dein ist mein ganzes Herz.* Brüning has just said to the world, "We can't pay, we won't pay." Hitler, in his political palace around the corner, has just demanded that Brüning get out. The Nazis headquarters are manned by heavily armed guards; now and then at dusk buses jammed with helmeted police pass slowly before the building. Here, around the corner, the band swings into *Das kommt nur einmal,* Lilian Harvey's newest waltz hit.

Taxes are impossible. We can't endure them longer. Herr Seidl has sold his car. Furs are a bargain now. Oskar writes that the new Reinhardt production in Berlin is the most costly and magnificent show he has ever seen. We have no military airplanes, no long-range guns; the whole business is hopeless. France can put six million men into the field in twenty-four hours. The Wagnerbräu beers are decidedly better this year than the Löwenbräu. Let us have peace. Let us have war. Marlene Dietrich has a far wider range than Greto Garbo. Encore: *Wien und der Wein.* In Berlin people don't go to business until noon: why should they? There's nothing to do. Leisure: the café jammed to the last chair at four o'clock.

It is carnival time in Munich.

Students in the beer-hall for supper: they eat for eighty pfennigs, twenty cents. Another two thousand eat in the side-streets for forty pfennigs. Some regularly get vegetarian meals for twenty pfennigs. In the country there are one hundred thousand unemployed Ph.D.'s: the "academic proletariat," charming phrase.

We eat for one mark fifty at the table with the students: vast soups, fish, meats, salads, cheese are served up by a pair of waitresses. The place fills; there are endless officials with high collars, who have spent the whole day making out forms on obscure complexities and placing them in neat portfolios in basement storerooms, never to be read again. They have been making order, and now they talk heatedly about how others are making only disorder. They are talking about the inside subtleties of the emergency ordinances; their neighbors become bored. Many sit in heavy silence.

The waitress comes up to us smiling with queenly compulsion, and we order another round of beers. Entirely too expensive: thirty pfennigs for a glass that used to cost ten pfennigs. We ask her how do they pay it? "Impossible," she flares up, "impossible to go on. The beer price must come down; fifty per cent of it is taxes. We can't afford it. Look here, I get twenty-six marks, six dollars, per week. See this card, this is what I have to pay in taxes: twenty-eight marks per week. Unemployment in-

surance, sickness insurance, tax for being unmarried, tax for this, tax for that. How can I pay? All I get is tips; I'm on my feet fourteen hours, I don't make things pay, I get nowhere." The regal smile has vanished; but not for long. An old councilor comes in, she turns to him, beams joyously as she shakes his hand, makes him excessively comfortable at a corner table, and is off bustling again on her piano-legs.

Others sit near us: a master-carpenter and a furniture dealer. Talk springs up the moment they perceive we are Americans. They want to know about our industries, our lumber prices, the way our wheat is going. Of course we are stumped. They know most of the figures; we have forgotten them. Cautiously they veer over to a criticism of America: the tragedy of pure materialism. "Your leaders have lacked *Seele*, soul. You must come to realize that spirit dominates matter." The carpenter receives our suggestion that "spirit" is very fine, but that it must not run people into mental hysterics. He suspects a reference to Hitlerism. He avoids the subject. "Ah, German spirit!" he sighs; "think of before the War. Look what our army did for us. Now there was a great institution." We venture to comment upon its fine old color and romance, and upon its having been a rather fatal toy. He has no ear for that. "How marvellous it was," he says, "that all young men from the backwoods and from the primitive or removed or sloppy provinces should have had the chance to learn order, discipline, duty, and how to behave before any type of person. The army abolished the illiterate, it made the peasant into a versatile fellow who could do everything from mend clothes to build bridges and establish telephone stations. That was a time! That was a race! Now look at them—careless, ill-trained weaklings. Look at the men who run our civil services to-day, compared to those who ran them in the day of military honor and responsibility: corruption everywhere, a ruined nation." "What would you do?" we ask. "The army back again! The spirit! The German people as we raised ourselves up through a century."

We move on, and haul up before a cabaret. It's still a bit early, many tables are vacant; we take possession of one end of the bar. What will it be? Someone said champagne goes well after beer; let's try it. The cork is pulled; it resounds as a signal for the bar-girls. In a short time four have gathered round. Four more glasses, please. The first of the visitors is a woman of dashing appearance, elegantly gowned in white, better fitted for a drawing-room than for a night-time bar. Two others are sisters; they come from Strassburg and reflect that mixture which is neither German nor French, but the singular ease and hybrid worldliness of the Alsatian border. They have been in Copenhagen and, recently, in Budapest; their tour appears to have been arranged for them; Munich they find a bit backward. The fourth girl is a glorified peasant who now and then passes around a little ivory skull with a slit in its top; one drops a silver coin in, and she replies with a self-made unprintable verse. Between them they make up the three classes in one of Germany's topmost institutions.

The attractive figure in the white dress is apologetic indeed: she goes to infinite pains to relate her life-history; the whole thing is very tragic, is redeemed by a beautiful romance, and set on the stage of the last years' depression. Now she plays smaller parts in the movie studios here; she knows prominent people up in Berlin, she barely deigns to talk to the other three in her company. During supper-

time it is arranged that she sit in the dining hall of the leading hotel; later she moves up to this section of town, a favored appearance. Champagne is served; all of them drink without rest, knowing the rake-off they will get. The rhumba is struck up; we dance extravagantly; the place is jammed now —everywhere champagne and balloons and baby-whistles. In the corner sit six silent men in ill-cut black suits, suggesting the reunion of an undertaker's family. A bald man of seventy is hopping around with a girl of the chorus; there are dull-eyed and well-monocled aristocrats, and stiff English women, and a table full of roly-poly people from Vienna. The drums rattle, the spotlight goes on, and a dancer two centimeters removed from nudity does her Egyptian suggestions. A man remarks, "How the times do change; this is a provincial city, the very opposite of bawdy Berlin!" Champagne, white wine, cobblers go down the aisle.

An engineering student here from Porto Rico is raising trouble at the bar and tossing over the stools. The headwaiter registers vast scorn; the proprietor delivers him a calling-down. You may spend money here, but you must discipline yourself. You are in Bavaria. We ask the proprietor, "What is this establishment anyway, a cabaret or an army guard-house?" The barkeep calls for quiet. The proprietor heatedly expounds the necessity for order. Order, he says, or Herr Baron will leave. "Good God!" someone exclaims, "still bootlicking a dead nobility?" "And since when," someone else says, "does a barkeep assume the manners of a Prussian lieutenant?" The proprietor raises a warning finger: "One more such remark about Germany and the uniform, and you may all leave." Loud roar of applause from the Porto-Rican and American elements. The barkeep is forbidden to serve us any more drinks; it may be carnival time, but people must remain calm. The Germans seem to like the rule and stay eminently composed. The Porto-Rican resolves to test the limits of the proprietor's severity, and orders expensive French champagne for all of us. The barkeep looks inquiringly at the little ruler, and the prohibition is growlingly repealed.

More and more gather round; there are several sinuous blond boys, bar-girls doubling, and a man remarks again, "Strange, all this in a provincial city." The barkeep looks upon him seriously and agrees. There is a question about the state of the bar business, and the official carries out the usual formula of shrugging his shoulders; and then says, "Not so bad; the people are spending all their money, everyone is afraid to keep it."

We go on to visit a late night hang-out; it is empty until three o'clock, and then suddenly they flock in out of the foggy night. A fine figure of a man sits next to us at the tables around the bar; he calls the orchestra leader and asks him to play the Nazis marching song. The fiddler is embarrassed, reddens, stumbles with remarks about the other guests, the owner, that he'd like to, but that it might mean trouble. He leaves with a knowing nod. The other man sputters with anger, "Why not, why not? All decent Germans are going to march with the Nazis anyway." We start to talk. He is a higher man in the Hitler organization; he knows precisely that they are going over the top in a few weeks or months. And the Jews—the Jews! "The scurvy infection, the scoundrels, the corrupters—we'll exile every one we can find. We shall have a pure Germany —*our* Germany back again—freedom and glory! The rest of the world is going to be amazed. Mind you," he says, perceiving our American origin, "your people are out of luck; we don't

pay another pfennig to anyone, and no one will pay you. Everybody for himself. The international politeness is over. We are going to face facts, and no more talking. The Germans who have betrayed us by knuckling under for years are going out. Anyone who still believes in communism will simply be stood up against a wall and shot. Germany is waking up."

He reveals himself: he is a Prussian baron, descendant of a famous family. His ancestors had all been soldiers and statesmen; he himself served in a crack cavalry regiment that was founded by Frederick the Great. In the War he was at the Kaiser's headquarters. After the War he sold American electric refrigerators. Now everything is gone: the army, the aristocracy, the refrigerators. He served as officer in the cavalry, as his fathers had done, because he was promised a pension that would keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. Where is that pension now? From eight hundred marks a month they have reduced it to two hundred—outrage to the men who fought for their country. "We are going to have it back, our money and our position. Hitler will do it. Without him everything is lost. What do you say?" We don't know what to say. There's no use arguing. "It can't go on," he says; "it won't go on; we have our rights. What do you say?"

Our old friend, the headwaiter, comes up on the other side to take an order; he whispers cautiously, "I heard what Herr Baron was just telling you. As a good guest of mine, don't be taken in. Please. Don't listen to hysterics. I fought in the War too. Was wounded five times: Iron Cross before Cambrai. My pension was to be seventy marks. What do I get? Nothing. And my comrades? Also nothing. . . .

"Yes, four more cognacs."

The night has ended, there is vague pale light in the streets. It is time to go to the famous emporium for late beer and early music. We find it crowded with hundreds sitting on plain benches around hardwood tables; piano and accordion are doing their best to rival the racket. A pair of bouncers, in white sweaters and blue caps, are having a lot to do. Beer barrels are dumped on the rack every five minutes; the glasses froth and foam. Waitresses rush and tumble. Four men are trying to fight before the swinging door to the lavatory.

A workman sits on our right, weakly smiling into his beer, several days unshaven. He tries to say a coherent sentence to us, but gives up in the middle; the effort seems to be too great. Where does he come from? Has he been up all night, or is he having his first drink after breakfast? How about the other hundreds here, plain ill-dressed people; have they just got up or are they going to bed? And the slumming groups in the corners: when will the men show up again in their offices? Who, from where, and whither bound—all these drinking crowds?

Depression times. Germany's agony.

An enormous fellow begins to address our table at large, "In Russia a workman gets two hundred marks a month."

"Booh!"

"In Germany he is taxed fifty per cent of whatever little he gets. He isn't going to stand it longer."

"Another beer—*Fräulein Anni, zwoa dunkles!*"

"At least," someone responds, "here he lives in a decent and fairly orderly country. In Russia last week seventy people were killed in a railroad accident. They've got the machinery, but they're children who will never learn how to handle it. You watch, they'll go smash pretty soon."

"What? You say you've got order in this country? Riots all around,

police ready to bang your brains in the moment you raise your voice? Hitler troops waiting to clean up the cities as soon as they get hold of things? In Russia each working man has his decent place in the world. He isn't being exploited by politicians and attacked by a lot of crazy Hitler-fanatics."

The word Hitler acts as a magnet; more gather round the table. The waitress, poised with half a dozen beer glasses, stands and listens.

A tall older man, hiding behind a vast beard, comes forth to interrupt, "Those insulting rowdies, the Nazis boys! I went into the field in 1914, and stayed out there in France all four years. What have *they* done? They think they represent the whole of Germany. Have they ever fought for it? Have they ever given up their businesses, their health, or their life for it? They asked me whether I was for Hitler; I told them to go to hell. They called me an old idiot and the drunkest called my wife a whore."

"Shame! Such people in our midst!"

He passed on to the lavatory, the deep beard swaying in the upper air.

The communist table orator uses his new campaign material. The girl at his right tries to restrain him, fearing a fight with the young bloods along the next bench. He nevertheless rises and makes the public statement: "Hitler's party is being backed by Jewish financiers."

A roar of laughter arises, spreads, carries back to the farthest corners. The waitresses shake in merriment and spill foam out of the sweating glasses they carry. The pianist looks up from a portfolio of music and guffaws. The bouncers turn around and wonder whether to eject the man or regard him as legitimate entertainment.

We ask the orator for an explanation: Hitler, the passionate anti-Semite, supported by his mortal enemies? He starts to talk again, but it is fruitless: people are shouting and swearing, the Hitler-boys from the next table arise menacing, others protest, boo, sneer, and cheer, and the rough-house is on. Benches go over, glasses crash to the floor, there is a stampede to the middle of the hall, another stampede to the walls. Not everyone takes it seriously: a young chap shoots the contents of two beer glasses squarely into the warring knot, and the pianist bangs wild music shouting with glee. The bouncers sail in to do their work; a table goes down with a roar that is heard in the street: the raucousness spreads; but before a larger riot is started, a squad of policemen enters and with marvellous speed disengages the lunging mob. There are cat-calls and oaths; and then most of the crowd laughs in relief. It was little more than a good-natured tussle, with no knives drawn or heads cracked by errant beer mugs.

Our communist orator is not to be found.

Instead, a man of sixty is trying to get a waitress to waltz around the floor with him; his enthusiasm is so vast that people begin to cheer him. The waitress dances the turns. He shrieks a halloo, grabs someone's hat and squashes it on the waitress's head. Yodles come from all corners. Couples get up to dance and stamp around between the close tables, carnival whistles shriek and bells tinkle, the pianist sways and smashes, the bouncer pair grin in the doorway, another barrel of beer is gaily tapped, the place is all smoke and foam and a dizzy swirling.

Outside the street cars rattle by; through the winter fog the city is moving to its work.

GIRL DELINQUENT, AGE SIXTEEN

AN UNDECORATED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This genuine autobiography was written by a sixteen-year-old girl in a State penal institution. It reveals, as only a personal record can, the process through which boys and girls in slum areas in our cities are educated in crime from an early age. A further note concerning the article will be found in the Personal and Otherwise pages.—*The Editors.*

I WAS born in Chicago. The first thing I can remember is taking care of the baby. I had two older sisters, but they were always out running with their gangs, I guess. I had a brother but he never helped any. We lived in a two-room apartment in a basement in the back. The yard was used by a junk man. When it was warm enough I used to play in the yard with the pieces of iron. People in the elevated trains could look down into the yard and at the backs of the buildings and I guess they said my God, what kind of people they are to live that way.

My mother could only work part of the time. She did scrubbing in buildings. If somebody nosey would tell her I had been sitting on the curbstone in the street instead of watching the baby she would beat me but she didn't beat me Saturday nights. She would hold me. When I smell gin I sometimes think of mother holding me and crying. When my father worked for the junk man he slept at home. He beat my brother sometimes but not me.

I started to school when I was six years old. The charity woman gave my mother some clothes for me. Once I had an awfully good pair of shoes. They were part patent leather and had straps. They were too long for me but I stuffed rags in the toes and pretended I just had big feet. I loved those shoes.

In the third grade I made my first friend. It was a girl I called Bunny. She was the first one I ever liked. Bunny had long blond hair and brown eyes while I had brown hair and blue eyes. I worked hard and skipped two grades to get in the same room with Bunny. I used to go junking and pretty near break my back dragging a load of stuff to the junk man to get five cents to spend with Bunny. I went over to the railroad track early in the morning to pick up coal and sometimes I'd go on a little farther and get a chance to snitch a milk bottle or a loaf of bread and then I had breakfast. When I saw a gang of boys getting ready to upset a push cart you bet I was right there to grab some apples or whatever it was.

The first time I remember I used my head was one day I went and stood by a railroad station and cried. I kept out of sight of the cop. A man asked me what was the matter. I said I was hungry and he gave me a fifty-cent piece. Was I happy! I went and got a sundae and some gum and then went to a movie show and saw it through twice. When I went home I had fifteen cents left and gave it to mother.

My father was away somewhere and we hadn't had anything at home since the day before except part of a loaf of bread. I told her I had found the money. I realize now I was selfish and should have brought more money home.

I worked the railroad station pretty hard and always got enough for a movie and a soda and a dime to bring home. But the cop caught me and told me if he saw me there again he'd take me up. He made me tell him where I lived and the next day the truant officer came to see my mother and she laid into me. After that when I got the yen to go to a movie I worked other stations. If the cop got wise to me I'd beg off because I was so little, I was only eight years old, and you bet your life I never again gave the correct address of our apartment.

Peaches was a girl I liked almost as well as Bunny. She was tall and dark. When we were in the fourth grade we started going to the stores, not only the five and dime but the big State Street stores. The first few times I went to a store with Peaches and Bunny I didn't take anything. I nearly fell over when I saw Peaches take a bottle of perfume. She said I was a fool and she'd show me how to do it. We would go in another store and while she and Bunny were talking to the clerk I was to take something. Well, they stopped by a notion counter and I took a spool of black thread. I was so scared I nearly dropped it. Next time I tried for something better than a spool of thread. That fall I got a string of amber beads. I was crazy about them. It was the first thing like that I ever had. I adored my beads.

Peaches was awfully good in the stores. She could spot a store detective as far as she could see him. We would walk all around the department and locate the house officer before we did our shopping. That first winter I remember I got a pair of stockings in one department store basement and a pair of gloves at a glove counter. They were grown people's size. I sold them for ten cents to a lady in our neighborhood.

All the kids had to do something. Naturally we never had anything at home so we had to go outside to get it. Up to that time I had never had anything to do with boys. I never thought I would live to regret those days of poverty and struggle for every little thing but I do now. It was exciting going through the stores. I was caught a few times but I begged off. Once I had a purse in my hand and it was a mighty good thing I hadn't got it out of sight on me because I was grabbed with it but I said I was just taking it to the light to look at it. The officer took me to the store door and shoved me into the street and told me to stay out of there. At the time I had a lipstick in my stocking and a sweet little pink brassiere in my coat sleeve but he never frisked me.

We were in the fifth grade when I met Jimmy. I told mother Sunday night I was going to the Settlement House, which was always a good way to get out. I met Bunny and we fixed up our faces and rolled our stockings in an area way. Bunny made me put on lots of paint and she put on lots too so as to make us look older. A little way off a car drove up to the curb and Peaches was in it with three fellows. The one I got was a blond named Jimmy. We drove around awhile and got something to eat and drove out into the country on a gravel road. We just did some petting and I didn't want to be a wet blanket so I did some too. The boys didn't come out there just to look at the scenery.

I nearly died when I found it was fifteen minutes to one when we started back but we didn't have any clock in our apartment so when I came home I

swore it was half-past ten and I was saved that time.

Monday night I said I was going to Bunny's apartment to study my lesson. She had everything ready and said that Jimmy had said last night I was hot stuff. The boys brought something to drink. I refused at first but they kidded me so I tried it. Later they asked me why I didn't join the funnel gang as I just poured it down. Wednesday night I went out again with orders to be back by ten o'clock as mother was watching me. I met Bunny and the boys and away we went. Out in the country Bunny and her fellow got out for a walk. I stayed in the car with Jimmy.

I was twelve years old.

II

I had gone out quite a lot when I began to wonder how Peaches got all her nice clothes and everything she could want. Bunny had to work one night and I kept a date with Peaches and found out it was by being hard boiled. She did the talking and, believe me, she talked straight. We went for a drive with two fellows and when we got back to town at ten o'clock we left them in their car and went to a drug store where two other fellows were waiting. I did not know the fellows but without asking anything about them I got in their car. I came home at two o'clock with a ten and a five spot, the first bills I ever touched in my life. Mother was sitting up for me. She asked me where I had been and what I had been doing. I told her I had been at Bunny's and fell asleep. She did not believe me but I got by with it.

The drinking was the worst part. I would come home so I could hardly walk but I would eat raw onions and stay in the alley until I was sick and then I could fool mother if I did not go near her. She wanted to know about all my new hats and slippers, etc., but I told her they belonged to Bunny.

My first real swell outfit I got for dancing at a stag party. I didn't know what I was expected to do until I got there with Bunny and Peaches but when I saw the dress and all that went with it I said I would dance too, and when I put my clothes on you bet I put on the new outfit and were they swell! I got other clothes outfits the same way. The first time I came home good and lit my mother sure laid into me and maybe you don't think I stayed out after that. It just made me mad and want to do something to get even.

It was a short time after that a bunch of us was in a speak when it was raided. A boy grabbed me and pulled me through a trap door in the barroom. We came out in daylight a block away from the place. I was pushed into a car and away we went. I got a look at who I was with. He was dark with deep blue eyes and dark hair. When I found courage to speak I asked who he was and where we were going. He said his name was Darcy and we could go to his flat and get something to eat and drink. I was shaky and needed something to drink.

He had a swell apartment. I stayed there a week and three days and then Bunny came and said my mother was real angry and if Bunny did not tell where I was there would be trouble. Bunny told her they killed me and threw me in the river and she believed it.

That afternoon I went home, and did I catch hell! My father had come home. He did not touch me. He looked at me and at my clothes and said the law will get you and don't come crying to me when it does. I laughed it off and asked when I had ever come crying to him or anybody.

I was independent so I left home and got three rooms by myself. You could find the gang there any hour of the day or night but it was Okay by me as they were paying part of the rent.

Well, one night Bunny came to the flat with two fellows. We all went to a dance and met Peaches and came back. We were all lit. The next day we were all sitting around the table trying to feel like a million dollars. Darcy had on a bathrobe, the others had on something. Bunny and I were in dressing gowns and Peaches in pajamas when the door shoved open. Bunny's mother had come in without ringing and did she lay us out! O, boy! Shoplifters, sneak thieves and ——s were the words she used.

We let her rave on and when she was through we gave her ten dollars. I said I'd have to move now because they knew where I was. I did move and about a week later I got caught in a raid and it was three days before Darcy could get me out. He was connected with a very strong bunch and could fix things.

In order to have my independence then I sent mother a telegram I was going to live in another city. So I moved over to the North side and took an apartment near Broadway, three rooms and a bath. The flat was swell. It had a big bedroom with two beds, chairs, and dressers, a living room and a low down, that is, a room with just a big rug and pillows and cushions on the floor. Bunny told her mother she was going to see her aunt in Cleveland and she came and joined in the flat, going fifty-fifty. We got in with a man of about forty who owned a speak and we went to work for him.

[*For the next year, her fourteenth, the autobiography of this child is a bald, merciless account of the life of a girl employed by a combination speakeasy and brothel. Joe, the proprietor, is kindly and pays them well. Their vocation is nothing but boredom and weariness, but their appetite for excitement is insatiable and is met by drunkenness, by stirring up fights, and by automobile speeding.*]

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. I had just got out of the bathtub when Bunny came in. We went out to get something to eat and coming back I bumped into a good-looking fellow and we began to talk. It was my night off so I told him to come to the flat about eight and I would go riding with him. When we were out in the sticks he began to argue with me but I told him there were times when a girl didn't feel like messing around and this was one of them. He had begun nice enough but he ended sore and he said if I was going to be that way I could walk back and it was about fifteen miles from Chi.

So I got out of the car and started to walk. I had on a new pair of slippers (ouch) I just kept right on walking. He drove beside me and said get in, he had never made a girl walk yet and wouldn't now. I told him no thanks, the next time I went riding with him I'd take a pair of roller skates. He begged me to get in and asked me if I thought he was a fool to let me get something on him. He said I know about your racket and how you work the fellows but I can't have my name dragged in the paper and if you try to break up me and my wife I'll kill you if I have to go to the chair.

I told him I had heard the wind blow before and to tune off. When I got back to Chi how sore my feet were but a night's sleep fixed me all but the blisters. Joe raved for a week. He said Chicago is a big place but I will find that guy if it takes me all my life. It only took a month. This

guy didn't know I worked in Joe's and he came in there one night with another man and I showed him to Joe. In a minute Joe walked over to him, stuck a gun in his ribs and took him out to the car. Joe gave me the gun—it was a forty-five—and told me if he made a move to fill him with lead. Joe drove about thirty miles out. We were talking all the time about what would be the quietest way to finish him. The guy was a nervous wreck. I thought he had lost his mind. He begged us to think of his wife and little baby. Joe said, you did not think of how she would feel after walking fifteen miles in a new pair of slippers.

Finally we got back in the car and left him to walk while we drove ahead. Every time he would stop Joe would shoot around his feet. About ten miles from Chi he couldn't go any farther. He laid down even if we killed him. I got Joe to help him in the car and we went back to Chi.

The way I happened to quit Joe's was that Bunny and I and Peaches was out for a ride one night and got pickled and coming back we passed a little town about sixty miles from Chi and going by a Dry-Goods Store about 4 A.M. Bunny began to rave. She said the man who owned it had done something mean to her. I bet she had never seen the store or the man but she said Darcy had to go in there and wake him and beat him up. While we were arguing Peaches and another kid pulled out their guns and rattled the windows with lead. A couple of cops blew up and we were so lit we said everything to them we ought not to have said and the end was the boys got sixty days behind the bars and we had to pay a stiff fine.

III

When the boys got out the six of us went to East St. Louis. We went to Blackie's place. He wouldn't let us in until I told him the bunch was all right. I told Darcy I was going to have two weeks straight rest and just keep quiet every minute of the time. The first thing I did was to have a bath and go to bed. But two or three days of quiet was all I could stand and we began to drive around places. I got into a fight with some fellows and one of them gave me a black eye. I met a very nice looking woman and she invited me to come and live in her house. I thought I'd try anything for a while but I found I did not like it so in four days I told her I was quitting St. Louis and going back home. It was in the kitchen. She said she would show me if I was too smart to work and she grabbed a bread knife. I picked up a little paring knife. That's where I got the scars on my arm but I gave her some she will always have. I got out of the place alive and that was about all.

When I got back to Chi I called up Darcy and said there I was, what was left of me. Was I glad to get back to the apartment! Although the gang had been using it so there was not a clean spot in it. When Bunny sobered up enough to see the mess things were in she began to clean up a bit. I told her the joint looked like a bootlegging joint.

Darcy was in trouble and told me likely he wouldn't be able to go to the front for me for a while. It didn't seem as if we were getting anywhere very much so Peaches talked Bunny and me into going back home. Well, I went back and started to school but was not there enough to know where the lessons were at and when I was I would go to sleep because I would be up until two or three in the morning and then go to school at eight. I could go to sleep standing up.

My mother had quit picking on me. It wasn't any use. I had her move

into a better place in the neighborhood so I could stand it to stay there. She had better clothes and food than she ever heard of before. Darcy got sent up for one to two years. He took it as a joke. That is one good thing about our bunch, when anything happened we took it as a joke and let it go at that. Darcy just laughed it off. That is where I learned to take everything with a smile and I still do it. Darcy took it on the chin and he said it was better than on the nose, as he got into the car with a laugh.

Bunny came into the flat one day. I had been lit for three days and was just sobering up. I was in bed with a box of candy and a magazine of actual stories. Bunny said why didn't I get up and go to work, it was evening, but I said I was right there for the night. She helped herself to some candy and took a smoke and I asked her what she had on her mind. She took an inhale and then said she was going to have a baby.

That did not shock me any as she had been that way before. Then she asked me if she should go through with it. I asked her if she was ready to settle down or would she go on working after the baby was born. She said if she did not go on working she would starve. She said Jack wanted to marry her but she did not want to tie up to him. I told her she would better not go on with it then, as you cannot bring up a kid right in speakeasies and fast houses. I told her if she would tell Rocco it was his he would pay for everything but she said she had thought of that, only Rocco was in the pen up to two months ago so that wouldn't do.

At last I told her I had enough money to foot the bill and I would do it for her again but this was the last time. She came back from the country in a month and you could not tell there had been anything wrong with her.

Bunny and I were going to a joint with some kids one Sunday night to dance but mother had found the place was going to be raided and she said I could not go. That cut no ice with me, of course. I took a bath and when I came out to get dressed mother had locked up my clothes. I walked out in a kimono and went four blocks to Bunny's place. She had gone to meet me but I had a key. The place did get raided but I got out of it and we stayed at Bunny's. My mother called up the jail, hospitals, and police stations and everywhere she could think of. Bunny asked me why I ever gave up my flat and went home to live but I said my mother had not been well and I wanted her to be able to find me if anything happened and if I had a flat she would not know where it was.

My brother tried to stop me another time from going to a place he said was going to be raided. He said they would take everybody to the station house and he did not want me to disgrace the family any more. I went anyhow and got away by luck, but my dress was almost torn off me and Bunny's was worse. We went to Peaches' place. Bunny said she didn't care about the clothes so long as we got away. Of course, she said, dresses don't grow on trees but you can buy them in dry-goods stores. There was a bunch of fellows in Peaches' place and we got enough money for our clothes out of them.

We kids got into the schoolhouse one night by the area way and went to the domestic-science room and opened all kinds of cans and dumped them on the floor and broke all the eggs against the wall. Then we went from room to room messing up everything. We took the cards the teachers marked the kids on and tore them up and emptied their drawers on the floor.

April Fool's night us kids all got pickled and it was storming so we called up a garage and said we were in two cars stuck at Westchester and to come pull us out. We had our car hid back in the woods and when they got there all they found was an April Fool sign in the middle of the road. We were watching, and gee did they want to tear that town up!

I went to see Darcy in jail. He had me sell his big car but put the runabout in storage. I sold the big car to Rocco. Darcy wanted me to keep the money but I put most of it in the bank and spent some for things he needed as he was going to the pen the next week. Bunny got in a jam because she took a poke at a woman who had a nice pair of pearl earrings Bunny thought she needed. Poor Rocco had to make another trip from St. Louis to get her out. He was angry as he could be and asked me when I was going to get in trouble and send for him. We all went to Rocco when we were in a mess because he was older than any of us.

It was this trip that Rocco introduced me to Jerry who had come up from St. Louis at the same time. Rocco told us that Jerry was the guy he had been with in St. Louis and that Jerry was the big shot of the gang. That was all he would tell us. Jerry was tall and dark like Rocco. They were both Italians. We all liked Jerry. Rocco thought there was no one on earth like Bunny and Jerry trusted me so they did not hesitate to plan their jobs right in front of us in Jerry's flat.

One night in Jerry's after he had been acting crazy all day a man brought him something to the door. I saw Jerry with something shiny in his hand and his sleeve rolled up. In a few minutes he was all right but I was horrified. I found I was living with a doper. I was hurt and angry because he had told me everything but not that. It was not long after at a week-end party that I caught Jerry paying attention to a blonde, and did I go to pieces and lay them out. Jerry just laughed and said I was a baby. I went to her man and ordered him to take her away and there was a general fight.

Not long after this one night Jerry asked me to take a shot with him. I refused but woke up later feeling a sting in my forearm and he had given me one. I got up, pulled on something and ran to Rocco's flat and he and Bunny mixed me something in hot water so I wouldn't be sick when the shot began to wear off. I never prayed in my life before but I prayed then, I was so scared it would get hold of me. I was in terror of dope. Jerry never asked me again to take a shot.

Jerry gave me a good beating one night when I came in and would not tell him who I had been out with. He seemed to think he could tell me what I could do. I would have left him and gone home but I knew where my clothes were coming from. He knocked me down in the flat and I stood for it and then one night he came up to me where I was standing on the corner with Bunny and some kids. He grabbed me by the arm and said I was going back to the flat. It made me so angry that he would follow me that I called him everything but his right name and he knocked me down on the street. Then he helped me up and took me home.

I made up my mind it would be the last time he would knock me down before a bunch of people and the next day I went home. I had learned a lot from Jerry and I was not sorry I had lived with him. It was always said of Jerry that when he got in trouble he took it on the chin and not on the button. I learned to be hard and if

anything bothered me to cover it up with a smile and I still do. Jerry told me always to think of life as a gamble and if you won you were lucky and if you lost try again. And that is the way I have looked at life, just a gamble. Jerry knew that I would never spill anything as one thing I learned with that bunch was to keep my mouth shut. Bunny came and ask me to go back to Jerry but I said nothing doing that I cared a lot for Jerry but I was not going back to him.

IV

As soon as the school officer heard I was home they came after me to go back to school. I told them that when I got well and felt like going back to school I would do it and not before. I was very sick and could not move from one side of the bed to the other. One Friday they came and said I had to be in school Monday.

I got out of bed and went to school but when I got there they would not let me in class. They took me to the doctor's office. I said I had my own doctor taking care of me but that would not do for them. The doctor and nurse told me to get ready for an examination. They gave me one.

I had IT.

Bunny came to me at home and said Jerry would get me across the State line if I wanted to but by that time I was so sick I did not care what happened. The next Friday morning I was sitting up in my bathrobe in a big chair reading an actual story magazine when there was a ring at the bell and an officer and another man came in, with a warrant for me. I went into the bedroom and put on a skirt and a sweater. Mother was begging the officers not to take me away when I was so sick. I told her not to squeal as it would not do any good. She ask me why I had put on those things and I said I was not going to ruin my good clothes in a jail.

They took me down in a patrol wagon and when I got to the lockup, Cappy, the turnkey, said he was sure sorry to lock me up. He was a guy I'd been out with a lot. I told him not to worry, this was not my first time and I could not expect him not to lock me up. I was there an hour when a plain-clothes dick came in with my mother. She was all crying and begging me to tell the gentleman. He set to work to get it out of me how I got that way but I had nothing to tell him or anyone. I laughed and told him if he would go and get me something to read and a lot of candy and some cigarettes I would tell him. He was fool enough to go get them and when I had them inside my cell I told him to get to hell back on his beat that he knew as much now as he ever would know.

I was there over night and the next day they took me for a hearing. I painted up the best I ever made myself up in my life to see the Judge. They all wanted the same thing to know all about my hangouts and my friends but they got nothing out of me. I could have had bail for five hundred dollars but there was nobody to put it up unless it was Jerry, and I would not say a word to bring him into it, as my mother already had spilled it there was someone named Jerry. He was in trouble already over his jobs. I got word to him and he went out of town but first sent me a lot of magazines and a five-pound box of candy. Well, he could have had some one put up five hundred dollars bail for me and got me across the State line, but I was too sick to care or want anything. All I remembered was to keep my mouth shut.

At last the Judge sentenced me to come here for eleven months and at the end of that time I could come home

to mother and be a good girl. I was too sick to laugh. Anyhow I was brought out here by an officer with another girl and a kid that was going to the boys' school. I was in Isolation and I never spent a more heavenly three weeks in my life. Altogether I was in four months Isolation. All I had to do was sleep, eat, and read. I got my strength back and gained several pounds.

Well, you know all about my record here. I was put on Garden and got in a fight. I was not used to hard work or work of any kind and I did not like it. I did not ask to come here. Why should I break my back and ruin my hands? The girls here are some of them liars and squawkers. I had to have some candy and while I was on Kitchen I took some sugar and made some and they begged for some of it and afterward when the plate was found they squawked on me to save themselves.

I won't have any good time but when I get out of here I will take life as I find it because what else can I do? A fine, pure, noble, reformed girl with life waiting for me with arms open and a warm welcome. O, yes. But I am not a liar or a squawker. No one can call me that. I am doing a lot of thinking because what else can I do in this hole? But if you know what is going to become of me I don't. I used to be crazy to be a movie actress but I know better than that now. Perhaps I will learn shorthand and office work but it's not very interesting, although they say it's a way to meet a lot of nice fellows. I don't know what I'll do but naturally I say it will be something noble because that is what I am expected to say. The lady who lectures me and bawls me out tells me how serious life is. Well, if she knows anything about life somebody told it to her but as for me I've lived it. Last week I was sixteen years old.

THE VICTORS

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

THEY shall come on their day, the humble ones,
The sparrow and the linnet and the lark,
Claiming their own bright moons, their whirling suns,
Their forests sanctuaried in the dark.
They shall burst open their little throats in song,
Nor know a hand, a footfall, nor a shell
To cease their singing high and shrill and strong,
But chiming each to each, like a great bell,
Their songs will shake the forests, shatter the leaves
Turning from summer to the autumn's gold;
There shall not be one feathered heart that grieves,
Dragging a broken wing it cannot fold.
They shall come on their day. Their day will dawn
When down the roads of Time all men are gone.

The squirrel and the rabbit whose soft feet
Fall light as snowflakes in the drifting snow,
The emerald lizard and the wild and fleet
Young field-mouse and the chipmunk—they shall know
No sharp bewilderment to light their eyes
Seeking for quarry when the fireflies burn
Like yellow jasmine where the twilight dies,
Waking the crickets in the darkening fern.
With all the joy of morning they shall find
A new world where the dew is newly laid,
And drowse in scented grasses where the wind
Strikes harmonies on every quivering blade.
The fields shall lift for them their fairest flower,
Crimson flaming on crimson, hour by hour.

They shall come on their day, the fish that swim
The shining waters lightly as a dream,
Knowing no line to snatch them, knowing no dim
Half-hidden hook set in a sunlit stream.

They shall swim onward where the waters flow
Beneath the shadows of the willow trees,
Carving their lyric rhythms, swift and slow,
Leaping and falling with their silver ease.
Blue hyacinths shall open wide and spread
Their petals on the waters like a fan,
Knowing no mortal hand that long has bled
Them of their blossoms. (Beauty-starving man!)
They shall come on their day, the fish that ply
Beneath the hyacinths under a watching sky.

And little men shall sleep, lover to lover,
Victorious and the vanquished, each to each,
Nor hear the feet of humble ones go over
The dust of them, the dust of all their speech,
The dust of all their motors laid aside—
One with the earth again, one with the earth.
They shall come from the forests in all their pride,
Claiming new stars that leap from fiery birth,
Claiming the roads that man could never share,
Claiming the mountains where their songs can flow,
The lanes of laurel harboring no snare.
Over the earth, triumphant, they shall go
Stirring the dust where little men are laid—
The furred and feathered, eager, unafraid.

SMOKE

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

ANSELM HOLLAND came to Jefferson many years ago. Where from, no one knew. But he was young then and a man of parts, or of presence at least, because within three years he had married the only daughter of a man who owned two thousand acres of some of the best land in the county, and he went to live in his father-in-law's house, where two years later his wife bore him twin sons, and where a few years later still the father-in-law died and left Holland in full possession of the property, which was now in his wife's name. But even before that event, we in Jefferson had already listened to him talking a trifle more than loudly of "my land, my crops"; and those of us whose fathers and grandfathers had been bred here looked upon him a little coldly and a little askance for a ruthless man and (from tales told about him by both white and negro tenants and by others with whom he had dealings) for a violent one. But out of consideration for his wife and respect for his father-in-law, we treated him with courtesy if not with regard. So when his wife, too, died while the twin sons were still children, we believed that he was responsible, that her life had been worn out by the crass violence of an underbred outlander. And when his sons reached maturity and first one and then the other left home for good and all, we were not surprised. And when one day six months ago he was found dead, his foot fast in the stirrup of the saddled horse which he rode, and his body pretty badly broken where the horse had apparently dragged him through a rail fence (there still showed at the time on the horse's back and flanks the marks of the blows which he had dealt it in one of his fits of rage), there was none of us who was sorry, because a short time before that he had committed what to men of our town and time and thinking was the unpardonable outrage. On the day he died it was learned that he had been digging up the graves in the family cemetery where his wife's people rested, among them the grave in which his wife had lain for thirty years. So the crazed, hate-ridden old man was buried among the graves which he had attempted to violate, and in the proper time his will was offered for probate. And we learned the substance of the will without surprise. We were not surprised to learn that even from beyond the grave he had struck one final blow at those alone whom he could now injure or outrage: his remaining flesh and blood.

At the time of their father's death the twin sons were forty. The younger one, Anselm, Junior, was said to have been the mother's favorite—perhaps because he was the one who was most like his father. Anyway, from the time of her death, while the boys were still children almost, we would hear of

trouble between Old Anse and Young Anse, with Virginius, the other twin, acting as mediator and being cursed for his pains by both father and brother; he was that sort, Virginius was. And Young Anse was his sort too; in his late teens he ran away from home and was gone ten years. When he returned he and his brother were of age, and Anselm made formal demand upon his father that the land which we now learned was held by Old Anse only in trust, be divided and he—Young Anse—be given his share. Old Anse refused violently. Doubtless the request had been as violently made, because the two of them, Old Anse and Young Anse, were so much alike. And we heard that, strange to say, Virginius had taken his father's side. We heard that, that is. Because the land remained intact, and we heard how, in the midst of a scene of unparalleled violence even for them—a scene of such violence that the negro servants all fled the house and scattered for the night—Young Anse departed, taking with him the team of mules which he did own; and from that day until his father's death, even after Virginius also had been forced to leave home, Anselm never spoke to his father and brother again. He did not leave the county this time, however. He just moved back into the hills ("where he can watch what the old man and Virginius are doing," some of us said and all of us thought); and for the next fifteen years he lived alone in a dirt-floored, two-room cabin, like a hermit, doing his own cooking, coming into town behind his two mules not four times a year. Some time earlier he had been arrested and tried for making whiskey. He made no defense, refusing to plead either way, was fined both on the charge and for contempt of court, and flew into a rage exactly like his father when his brother Virginius offered to pay the fine. He tried to assault Virginius in the courtroom and went to the penitentiary at his own demand and was pardoned eight months later for good behavior and returned to his cabin—a dark, silent, aquiline-faced man whom both neighbors and strangers let severely alone.

The other twin, Virginius, stayed on, farming the land which his father had never done justice to even while he was alive. (They said of Old Anse, "wherever he came from and whatever he was bred to be, it was not a farmer." And so we said among ourselves, taking it to be true, "That's the trouble between him and Young Anse: watching his father mistreat the land which his mother aimed for him and Virginius to have.") But Virginius stayed on. It could not have been much fun for him, and we said later that Virginius should have known that such an arrangement could not last. And then later than that we said, "Maybe he did know." Because that was Virginius. You didn't know what he was thinking at the time, any time. Old Anse and Young Anse were like water. Dark water, maybe; but men could see what they were about. But no man ever knew what Virginius was thinking or doing until afterward. We didn't even know what happened that time when Virginius, who had stuck it out alone for ten years while Young Anse was away, was driven away at last; he didn't tell it, not even to Granby Dodge, probably. But we knew Old Anse and we knew Virginius, and we could imagine it, about like this:

We watched Old Anse smoldering for about a year after Young Anse took his mules and went back into the hills. Then one day he broke out; maybe like this, "You think that, now your brother is gone, you can just hang around and get it all, don't you?"

"I don't want it all," Virginius said. "I just want my share."

"Ah," Old Anse said. "You'd like

to have it parceled out right now too, would you? Claim like him it should have been divided up when you and him came of age."

"I'd rather take a little of it and farm it right than to see it all in the shape it's in now," Virginius said, still just, still mild—no man in the county ever saw Virginius lose his temper or even get ruffled, not even when Anselm tried to fight him in the courtroom about that fine.

"You would, would you?" Old Anse said. "And me that's kept it working at all, paying the taxes on it, while you and your brother have been putting money by every year, tax-free."

"You know Anse never saved a nickel in his life," Virginius said. "Say what you want to about him, but don't accuse him of being forehanded."

"Yes, by heaven! He was man enough to come out and claim what he thought was his and get out when he never got it. But you. You'll just hang around, waiting for me to go, with that damned meal mouth of yours. Pay me the taxes on your half back to the day your mother died, and take it."

"No," Virginius said. "I won't do it."

"No," Old Anse said. "No. Oh, no. Why spend your money for half of it when you can set down and get all of it some day without putting out a cent." Then we imagined Old Anse (we thought of them as sitting down until now, talking like two civilized men) rising, with his shaggy head and his heavy eyebrows. "Get out of my house!" he said. But Virginius didn't move, didn't get up, watching his father. Old Anse came toward him, his hand raised. "Get. Get out of my house. By heaven, I'll . . . "

Virginius went, then. He didn't hurry, didn't run. He packed up his belongings (he would have more than Anse; quite a few little things) and went four or five miles away to live with a cousin, the son of a remote kinsman of his mother. The cousin lived alone, on a good farm too, though now eaten up with mortgages, since the cousin was no farmer either, being half a stock-trader and half a lay preacher —a small, sandy, nondescript man whom you would not remember a minute after you looked at his face and then away—and probably no better at either of these than at farming. Without haste Virginius left, with none of his brother's foolish and violent finality; for which, strange to say, we thought none the less of Young Anse for showing, possessing. In fact, we always looked at Virginius a little askance too; he was a little too much master of himself. For it is human nature to trust quickest those who cannot depend on themselves. We called Virginius a deep one; we were not surprised when we learned how he had used his savings to disencumber the cousin's farm. And neither were we surprised when a year later we learned how Old Anse had refused to pay the taxes on his land and how, two days before the place would have gone delinquent, the sheriff received anonymously in the mail cash to the exact penny of the Holland assessment. "Trust Virginius," we said, since we believed we knew that the money needed no name to it. The sheriff had notified Old Anse.

"Put it up for sale and be damned," Old Anse said. "If they think that all they have to do is set there waiting, the whole brood and biling of them . . ."

The sheriff sent Young Anse word. "It's not my land," Young Anse sent back.

The sheriff notified Virginius. Virginius came to town and looked at the tax books himself. "I got all I can carry myself, now," he said. "Of course, if he lets it go, I hope I can get

it. But I don't know. A good farm like that won't last long or go cheap." And that was all. No anger, no astonishment, no regret. But he was a deep one; we were not surprised when we learned how the sheriff had received that package of money, with the unsigned note: *Tax money for Anselm Holland farm. Send receipt to Anselm Holland, Senior.* "Trust Virginius," we said. We thought about Virginius quite a lot during the next year, out there in a strange house, farming strange land, watching the farm and the house where he was born and that was rightfully his going to ruin. For the old man was letting it go completely now: year by year the good broad fields were going back to jungle and gully, though still each January the sheriff received that anonymous money in the mail and sent the receipt to Old Anse, because the old man had stopped coming to town altogether now, and the very house was falling down about his head, and nobody save Virginius ever stopped there. Five or six times a year he would ride up to the front porch, and the old man would come out and bellow at him in savage and violent vituperation, Virginius taking it quietly, talking to the few remaining negroes once he had seen with his own eyes that his father was all right, then riding away again. But nobody else ever stopped there, though now and then from a distance someone would see the old man going about the mournful and shaggy fields on the old white horse which was to kill him.

Then last summer we learned that he was digging up the graves in the cedar grove where five generations of his wife's people rested. A negro reported it, and the county health officer went out there and found the white horse tied in the grove, and the old man himself came out of the grove with a shotgun. The health officer returned, and two days later a deputy went out there and found the old man lying beside the horse, his foot fast in the stirrup, and on the horse's rump the savage marks of the stick—not a switch: a stick—where it had been struck again and again and again.

So they buried him, among the graves which he had violated. Virginius and the cousin came to the funeral. They were the funeral, in fact. For Anse, Junior, didn't come. Nor did he come near the place later, though Virginius stayed long enough to lock the house and pay the negroes off. But he too went back to the cousin's, and in due time Old Anse's will was offered for probate to Judge Dukinfield. The substance of the will was no secret; we all learned of it. Regular it was, and we were surprised neither at its regularity nor at its substance nor its wording: . . . *with the exception of these two bequests, I give and bequeath . . . my property to my elder son Virginius, provided it be proved to the satisfaction of the . . . Chancellor that it was the said Virginius who has been paying the taxes on my land, the . . . Chancellor to be the sole and unchallenged judge of the proof.*

The two other bequests were:

To my younger son Anselm I give . . . two full sets of mule harness, with the condition that this . . . harness be used by . . . Anselm to make one visit to my grave. Otherwise this . . . harness to become and remain part . . . of my property as described above.

To my cousin-in-law Granby Dodge I give . . . one dollar in cash, to be used by him for the purchase of a hymn book or hymn books, as a token of my gratitude for his having fed and lodged my son Virginius since . . . Virginius quitted my roof.

That was the will. And we watched and listened to hear or see what Young Anse would say or do. And we heard and saw nothing. And we watched to see what Virginius would do. And he

did nothing. Or we didn't know what he was doing, what he was thinking. But that was Virginius. Because it was all finished then, anyway. All he had to do was to wait until Judge Dukinfield validated the will, then Virginius could give Anse his half—if he intended to do this. We were divided there. "He and Anse never had any trouble," some said. "Virginius never had any trouble with anybody," others said. "If you go by that token, he will have to divide that farm with the whole county." "But it was Virginius that tried to pay Anse's fine that time," the first ones said. "And it was Virginius that sided with his father when Young Anse wanted to divide the land, too," the second ones said.

So we waited and we watched. We were watching Judge Dukinfield now; it was suddenly as if the whole thing had sifted into his hands; as though he sat godlike above the vindictive and jeering laughter of that old man who even underground would not die, and above these two irreconcilable brothers who for fifteen years had been the same as dead to each other. But we thought that in his last coup, Old Anse had overreached himself; that in choosing Judge Dukinfield, the old man's own fury had checkmated him; because in Judge Dukinfield we believed that Old Anse had chosen the one man among us with sufficient probity and honor and good sense—that sort of probity and honor which has never had time to become confused and self-doubting with too much learning in the law. The very fact that the validating of what was a simple enough document appeared to be taking him an overlong time, was to us but fresh proof that Judge Dukinfield was the one man among us who believed that justice is fifty per cent legal knowledge and fifty per cent unhaste and confidence in himself and in God.

So as the expiration of the legal period drew near, we watched Judge Dukinfield as he went daily between his home and his office in the courthouse yard. Deliberate and unhurried he moved—a widower of sixty and more, portly, white-headed, with an erect and dignified carriage which the negroes called "rear-backted." He had been appointed Chancellor seventeen years ago; he possessed little knowledge of the law and a great deal of hard common sense; and for thirteen years now no man had opposed him for re-election, and even those who would be most enraged by his air of bland and affable condescension voted for him on occasion with a kind of childlike confidence and trust. So we watched him without impatience, knowing that what he finally did would be right, not because he did it, but because he would not permit himself or anyone else to do anything until it was right. So each morning we would see him cross the square at exactly ten minutes past eight o'clock and go on to the courthouse, where the negro janitor had preceded him by exactly ten minutes, with the clocklike precision with which the block signal presages the arrival of the train, to open the office for the day. The Judge would enter the office, and the negro would take his position in a wire-mended splint chair in the flagged passage which separated the office from the courthouse proper, where he would sit all day long and doze, as he had done for seventeen years. Then at five in the afternoon the negro would wake and enter the office and perhaps wake the Judge too, who had lived long enough to have learned that the onus of any business is usually in the hasty minds of those theoreticians who have no business of their own; and then we would watch them cross the square again in single file and go on up the street toward home, the two of them, eyes front and about fifteen feet apart, walking so erect that

the two frock coats made by the same tailor and to the Judge's measure fell from the two pairs of shoulders in single boardlike planes, without intimation of waist or of hips.

Then one afternoon, a little after five o'clock, men began to run suddenly across the square, toward the courthouse. Other men saw them and ran too, their feet heavy on the paving, among the wagons and the cars, their voices tense, urgent, "What? What is it?" "Judge Dukinfield," the word went; and they ran on and entered the flagged passage between the courthouse and the office, where the old negro in his cast-off frock coat stood beating his hands on the air. They passed him and ran into the office. Behind the table the Judge sat, leaning a little back in his chair, quite comfortable. His eyes were open, and he had been shot neatly once through the bridge of the nose, so that he appeared to have three eyes in a row. It was a bullet, yet no man about the square that day, or the old negro who had sat all day long in the chair in the passage, had heard any sound.

It took Gavin Stevens a long time, that day—he and the little brass box. Because the Grand Jury could not tell at first what he was getting at—if any man in that room that day, the jury, the two brothers, the cousin, the old negro, could tell. So at last the Foreman asked him point blank:

"Is it your contention, Gavin, that there is a connection between Mr. Holland's will and Judge Dukinfield's murder?"

"Yes," the county attorney said. "And I'm going to contend more than that."

They watched him: the jury, the two brothers. The old negro and the cousin alone were not looking at him. In the last week the negro had apparently aged fifty years. He had assumed public office concurrently with the Judge; indeed, because of that fact, since he had served the Judge's family for longer than some of us could remember. He was older than the Judge, though until that afternoon a week ago he had looked forty years younger—a wizened figure, shapeless in the voluminous frock coat, who reached the office ten minutes ahead of the Judge and opened it and swept it and dusted the table without disturbing an object upon it, all with a skillful slovenliness that was fruit of seventeen years of practice, and then repaired to the wire-bound chair in the passage to sleep. He seemed to sleep, that is. (The only other way to reach the office was by means of the narrow private stair which led down from the courtroom, used only by the presiding judge during court term, who even then had to cross the passage and pass within eight feet of the negro's chair unless he followed the passage to where it made an L beneath the single window in the office, and climbed through that window.) For no man or woman had ever passed that chair without seeing the wrinkled eyelids of its occupant open instantaneously upon the brown, irisless eyes of extreme age. Now and then we would stop and talk to him, to hear his voice roll in rich mispronunciation of the orotund and meaningless legal phraseology which he had picked up unawares, as he might have disease germs, and which he reproduced with an ex-cathedra profundity that caused more than one of us to listen to the Judge himself with affectionate amusement. But for all that he was old; he forgot our names at times and confused us with one another; and, confusing our faces and our generations too, he waked sometimes from his light slumber to challenge callers who were not there, who had been dead for many years. But no one had ever been known to pass him unawares.

But the others in the room watched Stevens—the jury about the table, the two brothers sitting at opposite ends of the bench, with their dark, identical, aquiline faces, their arms folded in identical attitudes. "Are you contending that Judge Dukinfield's slayer is in this room?" the Foreman asked.

The county attorney looked at them, at the faces watching him. "I'm going to contend more than that," he said.

"Contend?" Anselm, the younger twin, said. He sat alone at his end of the bench, with the whole span of bench between him and the brother to whom he had not spoken in fifteen years, watching Stevens with a hard, furious, unwinking glare.

"Yes," Stevens said. He stood at the end of the table. He began to speak, looking at no one in particular, speaking in an easy, anecdotal tone, telling what we already knew, referring now and then to the other twin, Virginius, for corroboration. He told about Young Anse and his father. His tone was fair, pleasant. He seemed to be making a case for the living, telling about how Young Anse left home in anger, in natural anger at the manner in which his father was treating that land which had been his mother's and half of which was at the time rightfully his. His tone was quite just, specious, frank; if anything, a little partial to Anselm, Junior. That was it. Because of that seeming partiality, that seeming glozing, there began to emerge a picture of Young Anse that was damning him to something which we did not then know; damned him because of that very desire for justice and affection for his dead mother, warped by the violence which he had inherited from the very man who had wronged him. And the two brothers sitting there, with that space of friction-smooth plank between them, the younger watching Stevens with that leashed, violent glare, the elder as intently, but with a face unfathomable. Stevens now told how Young Anse left in anger, and how a year later Virginius, the quieter one, the calmer one, who had tried more than once to keep peace between them, was driven away in turn. And again he drew a specious, frank picture: of the brothers separated, not by the living father, but by what each had inherited from him; and drawn together, bred together, by that land which was not only rightfully theirs, but in which their mother's bones lay.

"So there they were, watching from a distance that good land going to ruin, the house in which they were born and their mother was born falling to pieces because of a crazed old man who attempted at the last, when he had driven them away and couldn't do anything else to them, to deprive them of it for good and all by letting it be sold for nonpayment of taxes. But somebody foiled him there, someone with foresight enough and self-control enough to keep his own counsel about what wasn't anybody else's business anyway so long as the taxes were paid. So then all they had to do was to wait until the old man died. He was old anyway and, even if he had been young, the waiting would not have been very hard for a self-controlled man, even if he did not know the contents of the old man's will. Though that waiting wouldn't have been so easy for a quick, violent man, especially if the violent man happened to know or suspect the substance of the will and was satisfied and, further, knew himself to have been irrevocably wronged; to have had citizenship and good name robbed through the agency of a man who had already despoiled him and had driven him out of the best years of his life among men, to live like a hermit in a hill cabin. A man like that would have neither the

time nor the inclination to bother much with either waiting for something or not waiting for it."

They stared at him, the two brothers. They might have been carved in stone, save for Anselm's eyes. Stevens talked quietly, not looking at anyone in particular. He had been county attorney for almost as long as Judge Dukinfield had been chancellor. He was a Harvard graduate: a loose-jointed man with a mop of untidy iron-gray hair, who could discuss Einstein with college professors and who spent whole afternoons among the squatting men against the walls of country stores, talking to them in their idiom. He called these his vacations.

"Then in time the father died, as any man who possessed self-control and foresight would have known. And his will was submitted for probate; and even folks way back in the hills heard what was in it, heard how at last that mistreated land would belong to its rightful owner. Or owners, since Anse Holland knows as well as we do that Virge would no more take more than his rightful half, will or no will, now than he would have when his father gave him the chance. Anse knows that because he knows that he would do the same thing—give Virge his half—if he were Virge. Because they were both born to Anselm Holland, but they were born to Cornelia Mardis too. But even if Anse didn't know, believe, that, he would know that the land which had been his mother's and in which her bones now lie would now be treated right. So maybe that night when he heard that his father was dead, maybe for the first time since Anse was a child, since before his mother died maybe and she would come upstairs at night and look into the room where he was asleep and go away; maybe for the first time since then, Anse slept. Because it was all vindicated then, you see: the outrage, the injustice, the lost good name, and the penitentiary stain—all gone now like a dream. To be forgotten now, because it was all right. By that time, you see, he had got used to being a hermit, to being alone; he could not have changed after that long. He was happier where he was, alone back there. And now to know that it was all past like a bad dream, and that the land, his mother's land, her heritage and her mausoleum, was now in the hands of the one man whom he could and would trust, even though they did not speak to each other. Don't you see?"

We watched him as we sat about the table which had not been disturbed since the day Judge Dukinfield died, upon which lay still the objects which had been, next to the pistol muzzle, his last sight on earth, and with which we were all familiar for years—the papers, the foul inkwell, the stubby pen to which the Judge clung, the small brass box which had been his superfluous paper weight. At their opposite ends of the wooden bench, the twin brothers watched Stevens, motionless, intent.

"No, we don't see," the Foreman said. "What are you getting at? What is the connection between all this and Judge Dukinfield's murder?"

"Here it is," Stevens said. "Judge Dukinfield was validating that will when he was killed. It was a queer will; but we all expected that of Mr. Holland. But it was all regular, the beneficiaries are all satisfied; we all know that half of that land is Anse's the minute he wants it. So the will is all right. Its probation should have been just a formality. Yet Judge Dukinfield had had it in abeyance for over two weeks when he died. And so that man who thought that all he had to do was to wait—"

"What man?" the Foreman said.

"Wait," Stevens said. "All that man had to do was to wait. But it wasn't the waiting that worried him,

who had already waited fifteen years. That wasn't it. It was something else, which he learned (or remembered) when it was too late, which he should not have forgotten; because he is a shrewd man, a man of self-control and foresight; self-control enough to wait fifteen years for his chance, and foresight enough to have prepared for all the incalculables except one: his own memory. And when it was too late, he remembered that there was another man who would also know what he had forgotten about. And that other man who would know it was Judge Dukinfield. And that thing which he would also know was that that horse could not have killed Mr. Holland."

When his voice ceased there was no sound in the room. The jury sat quietly about the table, looking at Stevens. Anselm turned his leashed, furious face and looked once at his brother, then he looked at Stevens again, leaning a little forward now. Virginius had not moved; there was no change in his grave, intent expression. Between him and the wall the cousin sat. His hands lay on his lap and his head was bowed a little, as though he were in church. We knew of him only that he was some kind of an itinerant preacher, and that now and then he gathered up strings of scrubby horses and mules and took them somewhere and swapped or sold them. Because he was a man of infrequent speech who in his dealings with men betrayed such an excruciating shyness and lack of confidence that we pitied him, with that kind of pitying disgust you feel for a crippled worm, dreading even to put him to the agony of saying "yes" or "no" to a question. But we heard how on Sundays, in the pulpits of country churches, he became a different man, changed; his voice then timbrous and moving and assured out of all proportion to his nature and his size.

"Now, imagine the waiting," Stevens said, "with that man knowing what was going to happen before it had happened, knowing at last that the reason why nothing was happening, why that will had apparently gone into Judge Dukinfield's office and then dropped out of the world, out of the knowledge of man, was because he had forgotten something which he should not have forgotten. And that was that Judge Dukinfield also knew that Mr. Holland was not the man who beat that horse. He knew that Judge Dukinfield knew that the man who struck that horse with that stick so as to leave marks on its back was the man who killed Mr. Holland first and then hooked his foot in that stirrup and struck that horse with a stick to make it bolt. But the horse didn't bolt. The man knew beforehand that it would not; he had known for years that it would not, but he had forgotten that. Because while it was still a colt it had been beaten so severely once that ever since, even at the sight of a switch in the rider's hand, it would lie down on the ground, as Mr. Holland knew, and as all who were close to Mr. Holland's family knew. So it just lay down on top of Mr. Holland's body. But that was all right too, at first; that was just as well. That's what that man thought for the next week or so, lying in his bed at night and waiting, who had already waited fifteen years. Because even then, when it was too late and he realized that he had made a mistake, he had not even then remembered all that he should never have forgotten. Then he remembered that too, when it was too late, after the body had been found and the marks of the stick on the horse seen and remarked and it was too late to remove them. They were probably gone from the horse by then, anyway. But there was only one tool he could use to remove them from men's minds. Imagine him then, his terror, his outrage, his feeling of having been

tricked by something beyond retaliation: that furious desire to turn time back for just one minute, to undo or to complete when it is too late. Because the last thing which he remembered when it was too late was that Mr. Holland had bought that horse from Judge Dukinfield, the man who was sitting here at this table, passing on the validity of a will giving away two thousand acres of some of the best land in the county. And he waited, since he had but one tool that would remove those stick marks, and nothing happened. And nothing happened, and he knew why. And he waited as long as he dared, until he believed that there was more at stake than a few roods and squares of earth. So what else could he do but what he did?"

His voice had hardly ceased before Anselm was speaking. His voice was harsh, abrupt. "You're wrong," he said.

As one, we looked at him where he sat forward on the bench, in his muddy boots and his worn overalls, glaring at Stevens; even Virginius turned and looked at him for an instant. The cousin and the old negro alone had not moved. They did not seem to be listening. "Where am I wrong?" Stevens said.

But Anselm did not answer. He glared at Stevens. "Will Virginius get the place in spite of . . . of . . . "

"In spite of what?" Stevens said.

"Whether he . . . that . . . "

"You mean your father? Whether he died or was murdered?"

"Yes," Anselm said.

"Yes. You and Virge get the land whether the will stands up or not, provided, of course, that Virge divides with you if it does. But the man that killed your father wasn't certain of that and he didn't dare to ask. Because he didn't want that. He wanted Virge to have it all. That's why he wants that will to stand."

"You're wrong," Anselm said, in that harsh, sudden tone. "I killed him. But it wasn't because of that damned farm. Now bring on your sheriff."

And now it was Stevens who, gazing steadily at Anselm's furious face, said quietly: "And I say that you are wrong, Anse."

For some time after that we who watched and listened dwelt in anticlimax, in a dreamlike state in which we seemed to know beforehand what was going to happen, aware at the same time that it didn't matter because we should soon wake. It was as though we were outside of time, watching events from outside; still outside of and beyond time since that first instant when we looked again at Anselm as though we had never seen him before. There was a sound, a slow, sighing sound, not loud; maybe of relief—something. Perhaps we were all thinking how Anse's nightmare must be really over at last; it was as though we too had rushed suddenly back to where he lay as a child in his bed, and the mother who they said was partial to him, whose heritage had been lost to him, and even the very resting place of her tragic and long quiet dust outraged, coming in to look at him for a moment before going away again. Far back down time that was, straight though it be. And straight though that corridor was, the boy who had lain unawares in that bed had got lost in it, as we all do, must, ever shall; that boy was as dead as any other of his blood in that violated cedar grove, and the man at whom we looked, we looked at across the irrevocable chasm, with pity perhaps, but not with mercy. So it took the sense of Stevens' words about as long to penetrate to us as it did to Anse; he had to repeat himself, "Now I say that you are wrong, Anse."

"What?" Anse said. Then he moved. He did not get up, yet somehow he seemed to lunge suddenly, violently. "You're a liar. You—"

"You're wrong, Anse. You didn't kill your father. The man who killed your father was the man who could plan and conceive to kill that old man who sat here behind this table every day, day after day, until an old negro would come in and wake him and tell him it was time to go home—a man who never did man, woman, or child aught but good as he believed that he and God saw it. It wasn't you that killed your father. You demanded of him what you believed was yours, and when he refused to give it, you left, went away, never spoke to him again. You heard how he was mistreating the place but you held your peace, because the land was just 'that damned farm.' You held your peace until you heard how a crazy man was digging up the graves where your mother's flesh and blood and your own was buried. Then, and then only, you came to him, to remonstrate. But you were never a man to remonstrate, and he was never a man to listen to it. So you found him there, in the grove, with the shotgun. I don't even expect you paid much attention to the shotgun. I reckon you just took it away from him and whipped him with your bare hands and left him there beside the horse; maybe you thought that he was dead. Then somebody happened to pass there after you were gone and found him; maybe that someone had been there all the time, watching. Somebody that wanted him dead too; not in anger and outrage, but by calculation. For profit, by a will, maybe. So he came there and he found what you had left and he finished it: hooked your father's foot in that stirrup and tried to beat that horse into bolting to make it look well, forgetting in his haste what he should not have forgot. But it wasn't you. Because you went back home, and when you heard what had been found, you said nothing. Because you thought something at the time which you did not even say to yourself. And when you heard what was in the will you believed that you knew. And you were glad then. Because you had lived alone until youth and wanting things were gone out of you; you just wanted to be quiet as you wanted your mother's dust to be quiet. And besides, what could land and position among men be to a man without citizenship, with a blemished name?"

We listened quietly while Stevens' voice died in that little room in which no air ever stirred, no draft ever blew because of its position, its natural lee beneath the courthouse wall.

"It wasn't you that killed your father or Judge Dukinfield either, Anse. Because if that man who killed your father had remembered in time that Judge Dukinfield once owned that horse, Judge Dukinfield would be alive to-day."

We breathed quietly, sitting about the table behind which Judge Dukinfield had been sitting when he looked up into the pistol. The table had not been disturbed. Upon it still lay the papers, the pens, the inkwell, the small, curiously chased brass box which his daughter had fetched him from Europe twelve years ago—for what purpose neither she nor the Judge knew, since it would have been suitable only for bath salts or tobacco, neither of which the Judge used—and which he had kept for a paper weight, that, too, superfluous where no draft ever blew. But he kept it there on the table, and all of us knew it, had watched him toy with it while he talked, opening the spring lid and watching it snap viciously shut at the slightest touch.

When I look back on it now, I can see that the rest of it should not have taken as long as it did. It seems to me

now that we must have known all the time; I still seem to feel that kind of disgust without mercy which after all does the office of pity, as when you watch a soft worm impaled on a pin, when you feel that retching revulsion—would even use your naked palm in place of nothing at all, thinking, "Go on. Mash it. Smear it. Get it over with." But that was not Stevens' plan. Because he had a plan, and we realized afterward that, since he could not convict the man, the man himself would have to. And it was unfair, the way he did it; later we told him so. ("Ah," he said. "But isn't justice always unfair? Isn't it always composed of injustice and luck and platitude in unequal parts?")

But anyway we could not see yet what he was getting at as he began to speak again in that tone—easy, anecdotal, his hand resting now on the brass box. But men are moved so much by preconceptions. It is not realities, circumstances, that astonish us; it is the concussion of what we should have known, if we had only not been so busy believing what we discover later we had taken for the truth for no other reason than that we happened to be believing it at the moment. He was talking about smoking again, about how a man never really enjoys tobacco until he begins to believe that it is harmful to him, and how non-smokers miss one of the greatest pleasures in life for a man of sensibility: the knowledge that he is succumbing to a vice which can injure himself alone.

"Do you smoke, Anse?" he said.

"No," Anse said.

"You don't either, do you, Virge?"

"No," Virginius said. "None of us ever did—father or Anse or me. We heired it, I reckon."

"A family trait," Stevens said. "Is it in your mother's family too? Is it in your branch, Granby?"

The cousin looked at Stevens, for less than a moment. Without moving he appeared to writhe slowly within his neat, shoddy suit. "No, sir. I never used it."

"Maybe because you are a preacher," Stevens said. The cousin didn't answer. He looked at Stevens again with his mild, still, hopelessly abashed face. "I've always smoked," Stevens said. "Ever since I finally recovered from being sick at it at the age of fourteen. That's a long time, long enough to have become finicky about tobacco. But most smokers are, despite the psychologists and the standardized tobacco. Or maybe it's just cigarettes that are standardized. Or maybe they are just standardized to laymen, non-smokers. Because I have noticed how non-smokers are apt to go off half cocked about tobacco, the same as the rest of us go off half cocked about what we do not ourselves use, are not familiar with, since man is led by his pre- (or mis-) conceptions. Because you take a man who sells tobacco even though he does not use it himself, who watches customer after customer tear open the pack and light the cigarette just across the counter from him. You ask him if all tobacco smells alike, if he cannot distinguish one kind from another by the smell. Or maybe it's the shape and color of the package it comes in; because even the psychologists have not yet told us just where seeing stops and smelling begins, or hearing stops and seeing begins. Any lawyer can tell you that."

Again the Foreman checked him. We had listened quietly enough, but I think we all felt that to keep the murderer confused was one thing, but that we, the jury, were another. "You should have done all this investigating before you called us together," the Foreman said. "Even if this be evidence, what good will it do without the body of the murderer be apprehended? Conjecture is all well enough—"

"All right," Stevens said. "Let me conjecture a little more, and if I don't seem to progress any, you tell me so, and I'll stop my way and do yours. And I expect that at first you are going to call this taking a right smart of liberty even with conjecture. But we found Judge Dukinfield dead, shot between the eyes, in this chair behind this table. That's not conjecture. And Uncle Job was sitting all day long in that chair in the passage, where anyone who entered this room (unless he came down the private stair from the court-room and climbed through the window) would have to pass within three feet of him. And no man that we know of has passed Uncle Job in that chair in seventeen years. That's not conjecture."

"Then what is your conjecture?"

But Stevens was talking about tobacco again, about smoking. "I stopped in West's drug store last week for some tobacco, and he told me about a man who was particular about his smoking also. While he was getting my tobacco from the case, he reached out a box of cigarettes and handed it to me. It was dusty, faded, like he had had it a long time, and he told me how a drummer had left two of them with him years ago. 'Ever smoke them?' he said. 'No,' I said. 'They must be city cigarettes.' Then he told me how he had sold the other package just that day. He said he was behind the counter, with the newspaper spread on it, sort of half reading the paper and half keeping the store while the clerk was gone to dinner. And he said he never heard or saw the man at all until he looked up and the man was just across the counter, so close that it made him jump. A smallish man in city clothes, West said, wanting a kind of cigarette that West had never heard of. 'I haven't got that kind,' West said. 'I don't carry them.' 'Why don't you carry them?' the man said. 'I have no sale for them,' West said. And he told about the man in his city clothes, with a face like a shaved wax doll, and eyes with a still way of looking and a voice with a still way of talking. Then West said he saw the man's eyes and he looked at his nostrils, and then he knew what was wrong. Because the man was full of dope right then. 'I don't have any calls for them,' West said. 'What am I trying to do now?' the man said. 'Trying to sell you fly-paper?' Then the man bought the other package of cigarettes and went out. And West said that he was mad and he was sweating too, like he wanted to vomit, he said. He said to me, 'If I had some devilment I was scared to do myself, you know what I'd do? I'd give that fellow about ten dollars and I'd tell him where the devilment was and tell him not to never speak to me again. When he went out, I felt just exactly like that. Like I was going to be sick.'"

Stevens looked about at us; he paused for a moment. We watched him. "He came here from somewhere in a car, a big roadster, that city man did. That city man that ran out of his own kind of tobacco." He paused again, and then he turned his head slowly and he looked at Virginius Holland. It seemed like a full minute that we watched them looking steadily at one another. "And a nigger told me that that big car was parked in Virginius Holland's barn the night before Judge Dukinfield was killed." And for another time we watched the two of them looking steadily at each other, with no change of expression on either face. Stevens spoke in a tone quiet, speculative, almost musing. "Someone tried to keep him from coming out here in that car, that big car that anyone who saw it once would remember and recognize. Maybe that someone wanted to forbid him to come in it, threaten him. Only the man that Doctor West sold those cigarettes to

wouldn't have stood for very much threatening."

"Meaning me, by 'someone,'" Virginius said. He did not move or turn away his steady stare from Stevens' face. But Anselm moved. He turned his head and he looked at his brother, once. It was quite quiet, yet when the cousin spoke we could not hear or understand him at once; he had spoken but one time since we entered the room and Stevens locked the door. His voice was faint; again and without moving he appeared to writhe faintly beneath his clothes. He spoke with that abashed faintness, that excruciating desire for effacement with which we were all familiar.

"That fellow you're speaking of, he come to see me," Dodge said. "Stopped to see me. He stopped at the house about dark that night and said he was hunting to buy up little-built horses to use for this—this game—"

"Polo?" Stevens said. The cousin had not looked at anyone while he spoke; it was as though he were speaking to his slowly moving hands upon his lap.

"Yes, sir. Virginius was there. We talked about horses. Then the next morning he took his car and went on. I never had anything that suited him. I don't know where he come from nor where he went."

"Or who else he came to see," Stevens said. "Or what else he came to do. You can't say that."

Dodge didn't answer. It was not necessary, and again he had fled behind the shape of his effacement like a small and weak wild creature into a hole.

"That's my conjecture," Stevens said.

And then we should have known. It was there to be seen, bald as a naked hand. We should have felt it—the someone in that room who felt what Stevens had called that horror, that outrage, that furious desire to turn time back for a second, to unsay, to undo. But maybe the someone had not felt it yet, had not yet felt the blow, the impact, as for a second or two a man may be unaware that he has been shot. Because now it was Virge that spoke, abruptly, harshly, "How are you going to prove that?"

"Prove what, Virge?" Stevens said. Again they looked at each other, quiet, hard, like two boxers. Not swordsmen, but boxers; or at least with pistols. "Who it was who hired that gorilla, that thug, down here from Memphis? I don't have to prove that. He told that. On the way back to Memphis he ran down a child at Battenburg (he was still full of dope; likely he had taken another shot of it when he finished his job here), and they caught him and locked him up and when the dope began to wear off he told where he had been, whom he had been to see, sitting in the cell in the jail there, jerking and snarling, after they had taken the pistol with the silencer on it away from him."

"Ah," Virginius said. "That's nice. So all you've got to do is to prove that he was in this room that day. And how will you do that? Give that old nigger another dollar and let him remember again?"

But Stevens did not appear to be listening. He stood at the end of the table, between the two groups, and while he talked now he held the brass box in his hand, turning it, looking at it, talking in that easy, musing tone. "You all know the peculiar attribute which this room has. How no draft ever blows in it. How when there has been smoking here on a Saturday, say, the smoke will still be here on Monday morning when Uncle Job opens the door, lying against the baseboard there like a dog asleep, kind of. You've all seen that."

We were sitting a little forward now, like Anse, watching Stevens.

"Yes," the Foreman said. "We've seen that."

"Yes," Stevens said, still as though he were not listening, turning the closed box this way and that in his hand. "You asked me for my conjecture. Here it is. But it will take a conjecturing man to do it—a man who could walk up to a merchant standing behind his counter, reading a newspaper with one eye and the other eye on the door for customers, before the merchant knew he was there. A city man, who insisted on city cigarettes. So this man left that store and crossed to the courthouse and entered and went on upstairs, as anyone might have done. Perhaps a dozen men saw him; perhaps twice that many did not look at him at all, since there are two places where a man does not look at faces: in the sanctuary of civil law, and in public lavatories. So he entered the courtroom and came down the private stair and into the passage, and saw Uncle Job asleep in his chair. So maybe he followed the passage and climbed through the window behind Judge Dukinfield's back. Or maybe he walked right past Uncle Job, coming up from behind, you see. And to pass within eight feet of a man asleep in a chair would not be very hard for a man who could walk up to a merchant leaning on the counter of his own store. Perhaps he even lighted the cigarette from the pack that West had sold him before even Judge Dukinfield knew that he was in the room. Or perhaps the Judge was asleep in his chair, as he sometimes was. So perhaps the man stood there and finished the cigarette and watched the smoke pour slowly across the table and bank up against the wall, thinking about the easy money, the easy hicks, before he even drew the pistol. And it made less noise than the striking of the match which lighted the cigarette, since he had guarded so against noise that he forgot about silence. And then he went back as he came, and the dozen men and the two dozen saw him and did not see him, and at five that afternoon Uncle Job came in to wake the Judge and tell him it was time to go home. Isn't that right, Uncle Job?"

The old negro looked up. "I looked after him, like I promised Mistis," he said. "And I worried with him, like I promised Mistis I would. And I come in here and I thought at first he was asleep, like he sometimes—"

"Wait," Stevens said. "You came in and you saw him in the chair, as always, and you noticed the smoke against the wall behind the table as you crossed the floor. Wasn't that what you told me?"

Sitting in his mended chair, the old negro began to cry. He looked like an old monkey, weakly crying black tears, brushing at his face with the back of a gnarled hand that shook with age, with something. "I come in here many's the time in the morning, to clean up. It would be laying there, that smoke, and him that never smoked a lick in his life coming in and sniffing with that high nose of hisn and saying, 'Well, Job, we sholy smoked out that corpus juris coon last night.'"

"No," Stevens said. "Tell about how the smoke was there behind that table that afternoon when you came to wake him to go home, when there hadn't anybody passed you all that day except Mr. Virge Holland yonder. And Mr. Virge don't smoke, and the Judge didn't smoke. But that smoke was there. Tell what you told me."

"It was there. And I thought that he was asleep like always, and I went to wake him up—"

"And this little box was sitting on the edge of the table where he had been handling it while he talked to Mr. Virge, and when you reached your hand to wake him—"

"Yes, sir. It jumped off the table

and I thought that he was asleep—"

"The box jumped off the table. And it made a noise and you wondered why that didn't wake the Judge, and you looked down at where the box was lying on the floor in the smoke, with the lid open, and you thought that it was broken. And so you reached your hand down to see, because the Judge liked it because Miss Emma had brought it back to him from across the water, even if he didn't need it for a paper weight in this office. So you closed the lid and set it on the table again. And then you found that the Judge was more than asleep."

He ceased. We breathed quietly, hearing ourselves breathe. Stevens seemed to watch his hand as it turned the box slowly this way and that. He had turned a little from the table in talking with the old negro, so that now he faced the bench rather than the jury, the table. "Uncle Job calls this a gold box. Which is as good a name as any. Better than most. Because all metal is about the same; it just happens that some folks want one kind more than another. But it all has certain general attributes, likenesses. One of them is, that whatever is shut up in a metal box will stay in it unchanged for a longer time than in a wooden or paper box. You can shut up smoke, for instance, in a metal box with a tight lid like this one, and even a week later it will still be there. And not only that, a chemist or a smoker or tobacco seller like Doctor West can tell what made the smoke, what kind of tobacco, particularly if it happens to be a strange brand, a kind not sold in Jefferson, and of which he just happened to have two packs and remembered who he sold one of them to."

We did not move. We just sat there and heard the man's urgent stumbling feet on the floor, then we saw him strike the box from Stevens' hand. But we were not particularly watching him, even then. Like him, we watched the box bounce into two pieces as the lid snapped off, and emit a fading vapor which dissolved sluggishly away. As one we leaned across the table and looked down upon the sandy and hopeless mediocrity of Granby Dodge's head as he knelt on the floor and flapped at the fading smoke with his hands.

"But I still don't . . ." Virginius said. We were outside now, in the courthouse yard, the five of us, blinking a little at one another as though we had just come out of a cave.

"You've got a will, haven't you?" Stevens said. Then Virginius stopped perfectly still, looking at Stevens.

"Oh," he said at last.

"One of those natural mutual deed-of-trust wills that any two business partners might execute," Stevens said. "You and Granby each the other's beneficiary and executor, for mutual protection of mutual holdings. That's natural. Likely Granby was the one who suggested it first, by telling you how he had made you his heir. So you'd better tear it up, yours, your copy. Make Anse your heir, if you have to have a will."

"He won't need to wait for that," Virginius said. "Half of that land is his."

"You just treat it right, as he knows you will," Stevens said. "Anse don't need any land."

"Yes," Virginius said. He looked away. "But I wish . . ."

"You just treat it right. He knows you'll do that."

"Yes," Virginius said. He looked at Stevens again. "Well, I reckon I . . . we both owe you . . ."

"More than you think," Stevens said. He spoke quite soberly. "Or to that horse. A week after your father died, Granby bought enough rat poison to kill three elephants, West told me. But after he remembered what he had

forgotten about that horse, he was afraid to kill his rats before that will was settled. Because he is a man both shrewd and ignorant at the same time: a dangerous combination. Ignorant enough to believe that the law is something like dynamite: the slave of whoever puts his hand to it first, and even then a dangerous slave; and just shrewd enough to believe that people avail themselves of it, resort to it, only for personal ends. I found that out when he sent a negro to see me one day last summer, to find out if the way in which a man died could affect the probation of his will. And I knew who had sent the negro to me, and I knew that whatever information the negro took back to the man who sent him, that man had already made up his mind to disbelieve it, since I was a servant of the slave, the dynamite. So if that had been a normal horse, or Granby had remembered in time, you would be underground now. Granby might not be any better off than he is, but you would be dead."

"Oh," Virginius said, quietly, soberly. "I reckon I'm obliged."

"Yes," Stevens said. "You've incurred a right smart of obligation. You owe Granby something." Virginius looked at him. "You owe him for those taxes he has been paying every year now for fifteen years."

"Oh," Virginius said. "Yes. I thought that father . . . Every November, about, Granby would borrow money from me, not much, and not ever the same amount. To buy stock with, he said. He paid some of it back. But he still owes me . . . no. I owe him now." He was quite grave, quite sober. "When a man starts doing wrong, it's not what he does; it's what he leaves."

"But it's what he does that people will have to hurt him for, the outsiders. Because the folks that'll be hurt by what he leaves won't hurt him. So it's a good thing for the rest of us that what he does takes him out of their hands. I have taken him out of your hands now, Virge, blood or no blood. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Virginius said. "I wouldn't anyway . . ." Then suddenly he looked at Stevens. "Gavin," he said.

"What?" Stevens said.

Virginius watched him. "You talked a right smart in yonder about chemistry and such, about that smoke. I reckon I believed some of it and I reckon I didn't believe some of it. And I reckon if I told you which I believed and didn't believe, you'd laugh at me." His face was quite sober. Stevens' face was quite grave too. Yet there was something in Stevens' eyes, his glance; something quick and eager; not ridiculing, either. "That was a week ago. If you had opened that box to see if that smoke was still in there, it would have got out. And if there hadn't been any smoke in that box, Granby wouldn't have given himself away. And that was a week ago. How did you know there was going to be any smoke in that box?"

"I didn't," Stevens said. He said it quickly, brightly, cheerfully, almost happily, almost beaming. "I didn't. I waited as long as I could before I put the smoke in there. Just before you all came into the room, I filled that box full of pipe smoke and shut it up. But I didn't know. I was a lot scareder than Granby Dodge. But it was all right. That smoke stayed in that box almost an hour."

CONFESSIONS OF AN M.P.

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

ELECTED representatives of the people, whether Members of Parliament, Congressmen, Senators, Deputies, or even ministers, are in the pillory at the present hour. We have failed at our job. The universe is in a mess, and we are held responsible. We provide obvious targets, and the missiles fly. Bankers, business men, industrialists, writers, philosophers vie with one another in saying that they see no solution, and then turn from congenial denunciation of the politician to demand that he save them from themselves. We are democracy, and as such, doubly damned. "Things" have, somehow, got too big for us: it is time for us to clear out and hand over the fate of the citizens we try to represent to some undefined dictator.

Who more likely to be tempted to share such views of politicians and of politics than the politician who has just been fired and joined the army of the unemployed?

In the great British debacle of October, 1931, I, in company with some two hundred and forty of my Labor colleagues, lost my seat. The date of return of any of us is uncertain; the only certainty about it is that it is remote. So far as the House of Commons is concerned, our party was practically annihilated: the group there, once of two hundred and ninety, has shrunk to one of fifty—a mere island in a Conservative sea. Cabinet ministers and under-secretaries fell like ninepins; there are at least a hundred persons whose claims to any early vacancy take legitimate precedence. Strong, therefore, the temptation to take a low view of the institution from which we have been excluded and to assert, loudly enough almost to convince ourselves that, far from regretting that we are out, we are purified in spirit by our exclusion and able to recognize all there is of truth in the hue and cry against the professional politician. It is always easier to be clever in attack than in defense, and no method is so easy as that of "exposure"; no sphere so easy as in that of politics; and the temptation to appear clever is perhaps the strongest to which the unsuccessful are exposed in public life.

I am quite aware of echoes of this in myself. I was conscious at the time, and am conscious in retrospect, of many and serious drawbacks to the queer existence that has to be lived by the British Member of Parliament. But when I interrogate myself with that searching candor demanded of the maker of "confessions"—if those confessions are to be worth anything—I find a keen and vivid infusion of regret in my thoughts of Westminster. I wish I were still there. I want to get back. I am not, fundamentally, disillusioned about politics. I did not find politicians more disappointing than any other equally miscellaneous group of human beings. I still believe firmly in democracy, as against any other conceivable alternative.

I was a member for less than three

years. Not, I know, a long period on which to base judgment; sufficient, however, in the case of an institution of so definite and peculiar a character as that of the British House of Commons —above all, when it covers, as it did, a time of acute crisis. When one becomes a member one's daily life and habits are revolutionized: in the case of a Labor member, the whole of one's time, and most of one's thoughts are absorbed. Certainly, when I first made my way to Westminster, I did not realize to what an imprisonment I was committed or dream that election spelled an end to a "life of one's own": an end to privacy and freedom. The Labor Party imposes a rigid standard of conduct and discipline on its units. We used, at times, to look with envy at Tories, not only because they could roll home in cars if they stayed late, whereas an "all-nighter" meant for many of us missing the last train or tram to a distant suburb and walking many miles or reconciling oneself to sleep in an institution which provides many benches but no beds; but because the reins of loyalty rested so much more lightly on their necks, and they absented themselves much more often. Many of them, in fact, continue to carry on other professions—business, the law, banking, etc.—whereas the average Labor member struggles to maintain himself and his family on his four hundred pounds a year, and gives all his time to his duties. Those duties, in turn, are rendered the more burdensome because St. Stephen's, for all its Gothic grandeur and misleading appearance of vastness, is far too small. Space has been sacrificed to length and height. There are miles of corridors (no member suffers from lack of physical exercise), acres of vaulted roofing; but the Chamber cannot contain more than two thirds of its membership and seats only about half, while the galleries are even more inadequate to meet the demands of visitors. The member opens his official day by signing his name in a book which serves as a ballot for seats in the galleries; his chance of getting such is estimated to be one in fourteen attempts. The result is that throughout the day he is constantly summoned, by green cards, to interview constituents and others eager to hear a debate, whose wishes he cannot fulfil and who cannot be made to understand that he is helpless. Unable to find a place for himself in the Chamber (if there happens to be an interesting debate), he will find the Libraries equally overcrowded. Place of his own, he has none. Ministers of course have rooms, many of them in the basement. Lucky are those, of whom I was one, who are elevated to the rank of "parliamentary private secretaries" (unpaid), and thereby achieve the possession of a very small table in the darkest and least convenient corner of the minister's cell. They have to pay for the privilege by taking over the duty of interviewing their chief's visitors for him and preventing them from seeing him; but this relief from the sense of being wholly unable to escape from one's fellows is more than worth the price.

I stress this lack of privacy, since it was the feature of life at St. Stephen's which I myself found most difficult. It is a life of intense and constant gregariousness, and I am not naturally gregarious. On the threshold, therefore, condemnation to a perpetual and perpetually talking herd-existence spelled discomfort. And one is not only one of a crowd; one is a mere unit in that crowd. This is made the more irksome by the conditions that have gone before it. An election contest heightens the sense of self-importance of the least vain. One lays out the world, past, present, and to come, according to one's own ideas, limited only by the broad terms of the Party program; one is a hero to great concourses

of people; they rejoice at one's election as though they had each been given an individual present. Just as they do—though one forgets the parallel at the time—when their team wins a football match. On this heady elation Westminster acts as a sharp if salutary chill. Self-importance is rudely punctured: far too many other people are far more important.

In my own case this sense of disagreeable personal insignificance was heightened when I found that the only things about me which excited any notice were my red shoes and scarlet bag. They earned me masses of paragraphs. I got so sick of hearing about them that I gave up subscribing to a press-cutting agency after I had been in less than six months. I was not even consoled when a colleague told me that he made a practice of asking parliamentary questions about the way in which lobsters were cooked in the Refreshment Room, and other matters of a vaguely humanitarian cast, simply because a "mere man," as he put it, must do something to distinguish himself; and he was not prepared to do it by casual and venomous insurgence against his leaders.

As it happened, I had in some ways more and more interesting personal opportunities than fell to the lot of most of my associates. I went to Geneva, as a junior member of the British Delegation, to the Assemblies of 1929 and 1930, and that appointment carried with it an inside knowledge of our foreign policy and of the Foreign Office which was immensely valuable to me. In 1930 I was elected a member of the so-called Consultative Committee of the party, a body of twelve which acted, when Labor was in Government, as a liaison between the Cabinet and the general body of M.P.s, met constantly, and knew all that was going on, below as well as above ground. In 1931, I was further elevated to the Executive Committee, which directed the policy and tactics of the Labor Opposition, meeting daily for that purpose in the room of Mr. Henderson, then acting as Leader of the Opposition. In that capacity, I enjoyed the thrilling—and terrifying—experience of addressing the House from the Front Bench, on which members of the Executive have the right to sit. It was a Budget debate; the wind-up of the Second Reading was assigned to me; and since this was in September, 1931, I found when I rose that the awful blue eyes of Philip Snowden were fixed, Medusalike, upon me. When I mentioned to Mr. Baldwin, who came up to me afterwards, with that easy personal charm that makes him so attractive a parliamentary figure, how dreadful I had found that gaze, which appeared to be directed at me with the express purpose of frightening me out of my wits, he smiled. "You forget that we have endured that for years!"

I mention these experiences merely to make the point that this limited share of "importance" proved to me, not how large I was, but how small. It made me understand all that goes to make a large-scale parliamentary figure, and that I was only on that first stage on the road which is reached when one realizes the immense distances one still has to traverse.

If, therefore, I experienced something of that acute zest for personal achievement which, no matter what he may say to the contrary, is one of the two main motives dominating the life of every member, I did also, and even more keenly, realize the other motive, see that it is one which the ambitious man must know how to enlist, if he is to rise to achievement beyond the transitory, and feel the immense compensations it has to offer to those to whom achievement, in that full personal sense, is impossible. This other motive is, indeed, my main parlia-

mentary discovery, the main treasure-trove I have brought away with me from my three years as an M.P. Never and nowhere before did I so clearly understand what is meant by association. Comradeship—that is what Westminster now stands for in my mind—a comradeship so warm and real that in recollection it offsets the pains and penalties, the disillusionments and disappointments of a political period singularly rich in such, and makes me feel that it was eminently worth while to have been an M.P. and is eminently desirable to be an M.P. again. I was part of a corporate body, animated by a common idea and imbued with a queer but genuine mutual affection. Perhaps for Labor members the very strenuousness of the discipline imposed on a minority party helped to generate this sense; certainly it helped to give us a kind of thrill such as slackers could hardly feel. It may be said, and was said, that we were galley slaves. Perhaps we were. But we were in a gang. If for a moment one repined at that lot, one thought of the others, suffering in the same degree but not repining. Then, one recovered.

However this may be, the great parliamentarian must accept and act upon the fact that it is an orchestra and not a solo instrument that he is called upon to play. The conductor's part is vital, and has its glory; but save through the medium of his orchestra he cannot produce great effects. It must not only be trained and drilled; it must be animated by a common enthusiasm. In it each instrument contributes, through the whole. One string out of tune, and all are spoiled. That side of the matter one realizes early; if it takes longer to appreciate the joy of learning to be a good contributor to a good orchestra, the thrill, when it does come, of feeling the mass effect is a rarer and a richer one. It is worth the fatigues of mind and body that have to be endured, the tedium of incessant defeated practice, the chagrin of the occasions when the conductor chooses the wrong symphony, the wounds to self-esteem incurred when one realizes how the least significant instrument can play havoc with the entire effect of a combination otherwise faultless. Nor is this all. There is a thrill in concerted playing. There is also a thrill in feeling that what you play is the stuff and substance of human destiny, the daily bread, the very lives, of millions of your fellows. Once see this—and I fancy every M.P. gets a glimpse of it, at some time or other—and adventures open out of central and absorbing interest: such interest that here, surely, is the answer to the question injured egotism will still put, "Is it worth while?"

II

One note of warning I ought perhaps to sound at once. The mere word "confession" may suggest to readers on whom such tons of confessions have been dislodged an expectation I am going to disappoint. Of emotional adventures, in the conventional sense, I have none to record. They do not figure in the life of the House of Commons. I doubt if they ever will. I was a member at a time when, as now, the males outnumbered the females in the population as six hundred to fifteen. I know that some of my more romantic friends saw this distribution as opening up bright fields of speculation. They bore no crop. Beyond two very mild flirtations, about which conversation languished for sheer lack of material, there was no sign of any parliamentary "romance." Had it been possible to unearth any scandal, the inveterate gossips of the smoke-rooms would have done so (there is no place in the world in which personalities are more constantly and so exhaustively discussed and canvassed);

but they failed here. Does this imply that something was wrong either with the men or the women at St. Stephen's? Since to pass judgment on six hundred is obviously unfair, it would seem that the women must be to blame. I admit that a combined photograph of the women M.P.s, such as figured in the papers in the early days after the election, might tend to impute some fault in us. Belonging, as we did, to different parties, we did not combine very well, for photographic or other purposes; but, taken individually, we were, all of us, human enough, and the average standard of looks was not too low. I do not believe that the fault lay with us, if fault it be.

No, if there is no romance of the conventional kind in the House of Commons, the explanation is to be found in its atmosphere—an atmosphere dense and impregnated with another, less widely recognized kind of romance. The thick air quivers perpetually with the electricity generated by the contention of ideas and the clash of personal ambitions; and though the ideas and the personalities frequently get hopelessly entangled, the mental aspect of the struggle is far more important than the average outsider—or insider—admits. The degree to which ideas were discussed and argued about, and the extreme heat of feeling which their discussion roused, did surprise me at first, although I went into politics simply because I had certain beliefs and opinions, and to be a parliamentary candidate appeared to be the best way of furthering them. I had, from attendance at debates, judged that such serious agitation of mind found small place at St. Stephen's. Once there, I soon realized that it is not in public debate but in private discussion, in smokerooms, at dinner, on the Terrace, in the lobbies, that opinion is made and canvassed; and there nine-tenths of the talk circles round ideas.

I know that this is not the "correct" view to take of politics or of the House of Commons. "Candidates believe in something; members in nothing but themselves" was the remark made to me by one of the defeated after the election at which I was, at the third essay, successful. Of course, there are members—as there are candidates—of whom that is true. But it seems truer than it is because of the British shamefacedness which, paradoxically, makes it hard for most of us to talk with apparent seriousness of what we believe. So in conversation a veneer of cynicism masks the dead earnest underneath it. It seems truer than it is, further, because if politics be an art, it is an interpretive not a creative art; the interpreter's instrument must, willy-nilly, be his own personality. Through that, and that alone, can he work upon his fellows, and give life and emotional carry-over to their ideas or his own. To that extent the politician must be an actor.

Of that reproach he ought not to be afraid. When an unfriendly journalist said to me, "MacDonald is the greatest British actor since Garrick" he thought he was disposing of him, as did many of his hearers. He stared at me, as though I were talking in my sleep, when I suggested that any and every leading politician could be described as an actor, although some of them played their chosen parts better than others; that, for instance, Mr. Baldwin had cast himself as the "plain man," with his pipe, his false appearance of simplicity, and his insistence on being the British gentleman, and had worked himself thoroughly now into a role from which he could not escape if he would; or that Mr. Churchill's career had been largely determined by his early adoption of the part of *enfant terrible*. All the journalist's stare meant was that he had in mind a very limited conception of acting, and saw as histrion only the pictur-

esque individual capable of filling the recognizedly beau role, whereas, actually, the political, like the theatrical, stage requires a vast and varied range of parts. Anyone can see MacDonald, Lloyd George, or James Maxton using their personalities, their voices, their appearance, to contribute to and help to make, their effects; but in point of fact the harsh-edged "honesty" of Philip Snowden (as one must still call him), his calculated rudeness, his trick of putting out his tongue when speaking with real venom; the legalistic sweetness and professional charm of Sir John Simon; the suave reasonableness of Sir Herbert Samuel; the dry and "incorruptible" logic of Mr. Walter Runciman; the childlike loquacity and shrill noise of Lady Astor—all are used as means for impressing their personality, and through it their ideas, on their hearers. Nor is there any subterfuge or trickery in this; it is part of the technic which must be used, to the extent to which he is master of it, by every public performer.

It is a technic, of course, that fosters and promotes personal rivalry and contention. In the hectic and oppressive atmosphere of the House of Commons this personal struggle, constantly going on, is a main constituent element; and also the major reason why there is no more room there for what used to be called the "sex war" than there is at the bridge table. But there is no embittered and exasperated phase of the attraction and repulsion between man and woman that is not found characteristic of the relations between man and man in the House. To me, as a woman, and one of a body of women large enough to be taken for granted while small enough to make no essential difference in the ordered existence of the place, this was a discovery of absorbing interest. I watched, with fascinated illumination, the weaving of the pattern of hatred and affection that makes up the day-to-day life of Westminster. Hatred, I regret to say, seemed to me to be the stronger and more fibrous strand. The hatred of a section of the Tory party for Baldwin, and of a section of the Labor party for MacDonald was, I realized within the first few weeks of my membership, an absorbing and dominating passion. Countless were the men in either group conscious of slights that smarted; countless, too, those whose nerves seemed to be quivering with readiness to feel injury if while passing through the lobby one of the Greater Ones failed to hail them.

So striking was this demonstration that it was easy and tempting to see it as the substance of the life of the majority of members. But I do not think it was. Talking with my colleagues and getting them when possible to "tell me the story of their lives" was one of the exercises that made the long hours bearable, since the variety of experience and of human type assembled at Westminster is such that its membership affords a real picture of the world we live in. It has been remarked, often enough, that there is no topic of possible discussion which will not bring up some speaker who knows, at first hand and from direct experience, all that there is to know about it, whether it be the dark effort of the miner within the pit, the intricacies of electrical transmission, the religious beliefs of some obscure African tribe, or the legend of the great fire of Alexandria. But in long conversations, leaning over the rail of the Terrace in the summer evenings, or in drowsy lobbies in the endless watches of an all-night sitting, what I found most exciting was the way in which, sooner or later, one got through the circumstances of the lives of one's associates to the beliefs that make them move, and the discovery how close is the tie that knits together persons so

different as were the Labor members of the 1929–31 parliament.

This, of course, is "party loyalty"—the derided force which herds members into the lobbies and keeps them, in the main, from revolting. True, in my short period I can say, like Browning's hero, that "I have known four and twenty leaders of revolt"; but more surprising than the number of such leaders was the fewness of their followers—surprising above all at a period when revolt against a Labor government by one of its alleged supporters was a sure passport to press notoriety, and loyalty condemned the loyal to utter silence, causing their constituents to doubt whether they were doing anything for them. Nor was it that nobody thought of revolting. Everybody did so at one time or other. But what stayed action, again and again, was a re-examination of fundamental belief: of the thing that had brought one into the party and bound one to the like-minded in it. At no time was this re-examination so intense or so intensely painful as in August and September, 1931. Then, in its acutest form, the pull of belief in persons against belief in ideas tore the minds of Labor members. Belief in ideas won, in the case of all but fifteen out of some two hundred and ninety. Very many of those who so decided knew, even before Philip Snowden told them so, in a voice vibrating with bitterness, that as the result of their decision "the place which now knows them will soon know them no more." Whether they were right or wrong is not here the question; the case is, however, relevant to any analysis of the motives that dominate parliamentary life.

III

Association has its pains as well as its pleasures. Members of the House of Commons certainly see too much of one another. Exasperated nerves generate crises and belief in the darker motives operating in the human mind. From early in the morning until the hour, which may be midnight or may be in the "wee small hours," when the messengers, clad in their perpetual dress suits, with the gold chains of office slung round their necks, go, like the policemen, up and down the corridors, out on to the Terrace, down into the Catacombs (where minor ministers are housed) singing out "Who Goes Home?" in their deep musical voices, we are imprisoned in a gilded cage, whose splendors carry little comfort with them. Envy, I confess, filled my soul when I saw in Washington the provisions made for the comfort and efficiency of Congressmen and Senators. The Mother of Parliaments offers nothing of the sort. Save for ministers and their secretaries, members have no place of their own. A hat peg in the circular cloak-room, above the historic Crypt; a small locker in one of the corridors in which to house his papers—that is all he has. In the Libraries first come is first served: no seat is supposed to be retained over an absence of more than half an hour, and then it is a seat at a table accommodating eight, of whom seven will be moving to and fro most of the time, in response either to green cards sent in from the Outer Lobby by constituents or visitors, or the appeal of the so-called "ticker" set in every room to indicate who is, at the moment, addressing the House. Although thus homeless, the member must stay within the precincts. Whips sit at the doors to prevent any unlicensed escape, from two-forty-five when, prayers being over, the Speaker takes the Chair, till eleven P.M. at the earliest. Even ministers are expected to be continuously on the spot; leave of absence, strictly dependent on the production of what is known as a "live pair" (i.e., an M.P.

who would otherwise have stayed within the House) was, in my time, very hard to secure. In fact, in two and a half years I remember going out only three times in the evening—once to dine with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, and twice (although I am a confirmed opera fan) to Covent Garden. One's Whip is, of course, one's real master. To the charge of these party officers—themselves M.P.s, but condemned, by an unwritten law, never to speak in the House—we are assigned in territorial groups. One of the eight was responsible for the Lancashire members, among whom I was: subject, of course, to the general direction of the Chief Whip. He, when his party is in office is, technically, a Secretary to the Treasury; actually in charge of business. The Whips always listened sympathetically to pleas, but countered them by saying, "Suppose everybody else did the same, we should be defeated."

At first I imagined, like Mary Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*, that I "should have my mornings to myself." Not at all. Mornings are sacrificed to endurance in the Bores' Paradise—the Standing Committees to which bills other than first-class Government measures are assigned after their second reading. There, supporters of the Government have to be seen, but not heard. To make a speech gives the Opposition the right to reply; and since their tactics are delaying and time-wasting, that is ruled out. We must be present but must not speak, may not smoke, are not supposed to write. That last rule, of course, is more honored in the breach than in the observance. In Standing Committee D, which occupied some sixty hours in getting through fewer lines of a bill, I did write some pages of a novel, but shockingly few in proportion to the weary hours I sat there. The Committee met regularly at eleven A.M. We never got away until lunch time; lunch over, the bells rang through the corridors, announcing the Speaker in the Chair, and time to troop in for Questions—the most interesting period in the parliamentary day, since then ministers are in the pillory, scenes may arise at any moment, and the place is packed. Questions stop when the clock points to a quarter to four; then the Chamber, nine days out of ten, will empty as quickly as it filled an hour earlier. For a while the Central lobby will be dense with members and pressmen; then it too thins, and the crowds are in the smoke-rooms, talking, talking, talking of whatever issue the day has brought up. Yesterday's sensation is dead; it is of to-day's, and only of to-day's, that anybody thinks or speaks.

Few M.P.s, after their first weeks, spend much time in the Chamber except on days when they themselves intend to speak. On such days the debate assumes a world-shaking importance; one sits on pins and needles, springing up at intervals in the hope of catching the Speaker's eye and being "called." A more exhausting process, or one that makes it more difficult to say anything if one is called, I do not know. As hour after hour trickles by, and the benches of the dozing and deserted Chamber allow the few members still sitting on them to recline at length, one gets to hate one's fellows and to despise oneself. Then, just as hope dawns that the long-awaited hour has struck, one of the great ones—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Snowden—will appear and rise and, as though some electric signal had flashed its signal to M.P.s everywhere, the House will fill, until half those who want to listen have to stand behind the bar or sit upon the steps of the Speaker's chair. Within an instant the entire scene is transformed: languor, boredom, drowsiness vanish,

and keen excitement takes their place, with the zest of eager and animated partisanship in cheers and countercheers.

I do not pretend that I have learned how to speak in the House, but I have at least learned how not to! Mere oratory, in the platform style, does not go down here. There are men who are superb on the platform who never achieve real success in parliamentary debate. The Prime Minister, oddly enough, is one of these. He can make, to admiration, such a broad statement of policy as that in which he covered the results of his visit to the United States, or reported the outcome of the Indian Round Table Conference; but in the give and take across the floor of the House he is uncertain in attack and easily thrown out and put off by interruptions. Very seldom does he succeed in the supremely hard task of at once putting heart and enthusiasm into his own supporters and the "fear of God" into his opponents. There are men who can do this; some, like Sir Stafford Cripps, one of the rising hopes of the Labor Party, seem to have the faculty for it by native right; others, like Herbert Morrison, the late Minister of Transport, have learned how to do it, for Herbert Morrison can learn anything, thanks to brains, courage, geniality, and an immense appetite for constructive work. Philip Snowden, of course, has the ability both to rouse and quell; but his was always a searing tongue and, latterly, he was far more often concerned to quell and even on occasion to terrify than to rouse. There are, of course, speakers who hold and fill the House, delight it, make it rock with mirth, and roar with delight, without advancing the debate so far as argument is concerned by one inch. Mr. Churchill, for example, is a born "star"; but like the genuine star, he shines with a radiance that is irrelevant. A duel between him and Mr. Lloyd George—such as frequently occurs—packs the Chamber and provides talk for a day, but leaves no mental effect behind it. Either of them may be taking to-morrow a point of view the very reverse of that to which he is giving such eloquent and witty expression to-day. By way of contrast, a back-bencher, speaking from sincere conviction, will every now and then affect votes as neither of these two dialectic giants ever does now.

The chance for the back-bencher to do this comes when some issue arises which rouses strong passion but cuts across party lines. During my time the three debates that roused really intense feeling, kept the Chamber packed all day, and set the lobbies and smoke-rooms talking for many days, were on the question of Sunday opening for moving pictures, the Channel Tunnel, and the provision of Government grants for Catholic and other denominational (or as we call them, non-provided) schools. There are people, I know, who say that religion is no longer a force in politics. My experience does not confirm this. No issue so shook the House in the years before I was in it as did the Prayer Book controversy; and echoes of that controversy, the heat and clamor of the same kind of intense feeling, sounded in our debates on Sunday cinemas and the Catholic Schools issue. They both revealed the embittered Protestantism of great bodies of members, notably those who came from Wales, Scotland, and the North of England; a Protestantism that can co-exist with a high degree of indifferentism to the substance of religion but more often, so far as Labor M.P.s are concerned, goes to support the statement that the Bible counts for more in the making of the Labor outlook than does *Das Kapital*.

Anyhow, to conceive of life in the House of Commons as a series of bril-

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liant speeches of one's own, listened to with eager attention by an applauding throng, is to advance towards certain disappointment. Rare even are the days on which one listens to and applauds someone else; weeks will pass without such a one. Drifting in and out of the Chamber, where some bore is droning to less than the necessary forty to make a quorum; wandering upstairs to attend one of the meetings that are perpetually going on there in dozens of different committee rooms, addressed by any and every person of distinction of our own or from abroad who wishes to get his views across; working for a spell in the Library (or, if you are parliamentary private secretary, and your Minister happens to be at a Conference, in his cell), and finding that anything you do there in that distracting atmosphere takes three times as long as it should; summoned at intervals by the bell to walk through the division lobby; talking and arguing with fellow-members, and unable, however tired, irritable, or perplexed, to escape from them—this is the day-to-day texture of life in the House. Party meetings—held by the Labor Party at least once a week, and by the Conservatives not once a year—if they promote nervous irritability, serve also to secure a democratic control over substantive business as well as to afford ample ventilation for any and every kind of grievance. Contact with the constituencies is also part of one's job. When the week's work is over on a Friday afternoon, nine Labor members out of ten board trains and betake themselves to a series of meetings in their own constituency or in that of some colleague whom they have promised to assist, returning on Monday morning to take up the strenuous round anew. Most of them make a practice of being available in their constituency on at least one Saturday in the month, to see people who have troubles of any kind—troubles with their pensions, their insurance, their employment, or their wives and husbands. One is a sort of Father Confessor and general guide, and is expected to advise and assist in every type of difficulty. Money one is not called upon nowadays to give; during this period of severe and sustained unemployment I was, often enough, called out to the Outer Lobby to see persons who, claiming to come from my constituency, appealed to me to "lend" them enough money to travel to some job they could get only if they presented themselves to-morrow, to get tools out of pawn, and so on. I dare say their troubles were real enough—but very few of them really came from my constituency. The legitimate claims for help in pensions, etc., do take a great deal of time; they also help the M.P. to learn his way about Government offices, and understand the actual working of the civil service and the whole administrative machine. The illegitimate claims are annoying, but, in sum, surprisingly small. So small indeed were they in my case that I acquired an enhanced respect for the grim endurance and solid morale of the men and women I represented, since mine was a place where unemployment, severe for five years, now runs into figures round about sixty per cent.

Between constituency and Chamber, small is the chance for the M.P. to live a life of his own. Politics at Westminster is a whole-time job; and it taxes the ingenuity of the member to live upon his parliamentary salary. I have a colleague who tells me he spent half of it on stamps—but then he replied to every postcard sent him; and to reply to the postcards sent us at the time when either the Catholic Schools, the Sunday cinemas, or the cuts in the teachers' salaries were under discussion would easily absorb a small fortune.

IV

To the creation of the curious, special, and overpowering atmosphere of the House of Commons, by which no M.P., however boisterous, "modern," or rebellious, remains unaffected, a potent contributory element is its ritualistic aspect. Day by day members tread the flags of Westminster Hall and pass over the modest brass inset recording the execution of William Wallace and the other marking the place at which Charles I stood on trial for his head. We feel the power of this ancient ritual when the Controller of His Majesty's Household arrives, splendid in uniform, with white plumed hat and long sword by his side, to bring to the Faithful Commons the thanks of the King for the humble address they have presented in return to that speech from the Throne which is the traditional form taken by the Government's announcement of its policy for the session. We feel it, too, when Black Rod approaches from "another place" to invite those same Commons to attend in the House of Lords to see the Royal Assent given to measures passed by both Houses, and the messenger approaches the doors that give entry to the Chamber, and knocks three times—enduring symbol of the rights of Parliament, as won for us by Pym, Hampden, Hazelrigg, Hollis, and Strode, the famous Five Members of the seventeenth-century struggle. We bow to the Speaker as we enter or leave the Chamber because, once, a crucifix hung over his high-canopied head; we cry "Bar! Bar!" if the foot of any member is placed beyond the stripe in the carpeting that runs the length of the central passage, or that transverse stripe that indicates the limits of the Chamber, because members once carried swords and might not, lest they be tempted to use them, pass beyond these limits. To the novice, historic ritual seems, I admit, to be degenerating into the fantastic when members who have trooped into the House of Lords to stand behind the brazen rod which is their bar and watch the proceedings there, see the Lord Chancellor, clad in full robes, seated on his wool sack, with his vast wig upon his head, lift from above that wig a ridiculously small and uncertainly poised cocked hat, as the clerk, bowing ceremonially, indicates the fact that the Royal Assent has been given by saying, "Le roi le veut."

Yet all this, imbuing the mind with the sense of long continuous tradition, and filling the contemporary M.P. with a feeling of being one of an immense, unending line, does exert its influence. If at times the whole organization of procedure appears to be appallingly cumbrous and out-of-date, at others one realizes that, designed as it is to safeguard the rights of the private member, it presents no real obstacles to swift and effective action, provided that action have the common will behind it. For instance, the measure relieving the Bank of England from the statutory obligation to pay gold on demand was put through all its stages—House of Commons introduction, Second Reading, Committee, Report, and Third Reading; House of Lords ditto; Royal Assent—within a single day. For a government with a handsome majority procedure affords no serious obstacle; if we grumbled, in my time, we often forgot that we were, throughout, in a minority. That fact made learning our job the more difficult; the old hands who are invariably so helpful to the new, commiserated with us for having begun our careers with a government to support: such support requiring, notoriously, more skill and more intelligence than attack. Since the easiest way for an Opposition to hamper a government is to waste its time, speeches from us, however well-

designed or helpful, were not desired. Again and again a Whip, seeing one of his lambs taking notes in debate, would come along and mutter, "You are not thinking of speaking, are you? We want to get this through. . . . If you don't mind. . . ." You did mind; but loyalty prevailed with the loyal.

For, in the last resort, loyalty is what the atmosphere inculcates. A heightened sense of that, and of the comradeship that sweetens it, is what remains with me when I try to sum up the experience of membership. Retrospect, perhaps, softens its pains—the sheer fatigue and exasperated boredom of the many hours during which one has to be there but cannot be employed usefully or agreeably; the sick depression of spirit bred of the exhibition in high relief of the human failings of vanity, envy, malice, uncharitableness, and a propensity to think unduly well of oneself and unduly ill of others; the agonizing strain and stress of the closing months of the parliament of 1929–31, when the grim examination of conscience we were going through made us well-nigh unbearable to one another. Those sensations, part and parcel of day-to-day life, fade out, like the dim background of a carpet; what stands up, in high relief, is the pattern that runs through it and gives it significance. That pattern is co-operation. That is what the House of Commons gives one; nowhere else have I been so near it, so intimately aware of it, so conscious of being part of an actual effort to realize it.

People moan freely about the fact that there are no "giants," no "great leaders" in our world to-day. Is it not possible that the world, so huge, so closely integrated, is outgrowing that form, that what it demands is not the single, inspired individual, but the group, intelligently and resolutely animated by a common purpose, capable of acting on a plan? However that may be, in the House of Commons every member has the opportunity of learning how to function as a useful member of a group. In so far as my three years there opened up to my mind some understanding of how to do so, and enriched my feelings through acquaintance with a form of companionship to which the fact of sex is irrelevant, they were eminently worth while for me. I do not pretend that my education is complete. No doubt the Old Adam lives on in the New Eve. But while thoroughly aware of compensations in being "out," I should be glad to be "in" again, to go on with that education.

NEW YORK SPEAKEASY

A STUDY OF A SOCIAL INSTITUTION

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

IN THE voluminous literature of prohibition, writers on both sides of the controversial fence have represented the speakeasy as a foul stain on our social escutcheon. To prove that crime, bestiality, and sordidness are the inseparable companions of Mr. Barleycorn, the drys are wont to illustrate their theses with word-pictures of the worst dives they can find. At the same time, to show that conditions under prohibition are intolerable, the wets make use of the same revolting illustrations. Caught thus, in a crossfire of opprobrium, the speakeasy has not, to employ a vulgarism, been given a very good break.

Far be it from me to asperse the descriptive powers, the veracity, or the motives of other writers, wet or dry. I do not doubt that among the two hundred and twenty thousand or more speakeasies of this fair land many, perhaps most, are places into which a thoughtful débutante might well hesitate to introduce her mother. I am willing to believe the reports I have read of "home speaks" in the West, where women and children make and sell home-brews—ranging from beer to various distillates of fruit and vegetable juices—and to concede that such establishments may be inimical to the welfare of the nation. And I accept without cavil stories of the squalor, depravity, and general indecency that characterize the common run of illicit liquor dispensaries, from the beer flats of Wyoming to the so-called soft-drink parlors of Ohio and Illinois, which purvey a low grade of corn whiskey known as "moon." It is probable that they are as black as they have been painted. My only criticism of the speakeasy picture as usually drawn is that it is incomplete. Its delineators neglect to include certain types of establishments which—save for the fact that they are operated contrary to law—bear no resemblance to the noisome dens aforementioned.

In the interest of social science, I propose to sketch in the missing portion of the picture, by describing the speakeasy de luxe, as found in New York. Whether or not its counterpart exists in many other communities, I do not know. Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and one or two other cities may boast a few; but, like most out-of-town imitations of New York institutions, theirs are but pallid copies of the originals.

The speakeasy at its best is indigenous to Manhattan. Thither, at the risk of increasing the floating population of that tight little island, I shall presently conduct you. But only in fancy. The places I shall describe will be composite creations, drawn from life, yet hypothetical. Please do not write and ask me for their street numbers, for such requests will go unanswered.

II

The speakeasy did not attain an assured position in New York society overnight. Like any other institution, it had to earn its place. In the first years of prohibition, before the illicit liquor traffic had become organized on a large scale and the protection system stabilized, the future of the speakeasy seemed precarious indeed.

To begin with, the public was unaccustomed to the idea of violating laws; and though the dry act specifically prohibited the sale of liquor, most people felt, not illogically perhaps, that its purchase was equally illegal. While it is doubtless true that some persons derived a measure of enjoyment from the mere thought that they were participants in an outlaw enterprise, I think that to the majority the thought was distasteful. In those days a law was a law and a violator a criminal; the ethical concept that breaking a sumptuary law is a venial sin had not yet been generally accepted. Among persons of position there was a feeling that while it was one thing to drink bootleg liquor in the privacy of one's home, it was another to be seen buying and drinking it in public.

Then, too, the duty of enforcement being at that time in the hands of the local police jointly with the Federal operatives, there was always the possibility that the speakeasy one chose might be raided and its patrons, as well as its staff, bundled into patrol wagons and haled into court, to the accompaniment of undesirable newspaper notoriety. To be interrupted in the middle of a meal and forced to stand against a wall while uncouth officials took your name and address was scarcely conducive to that tranquillity so essential to the enjoyment of food and drink. Coarse-grained individuals may have found that sort of thing amusing, but there were others to whom it did not appeal. The frequency of raids created also other deterrents to speakeasy patronage. When you had invited friends to dinner at Joe's, it was upsetting to find, on arriving there, that Joe's had been put out of business. For in that early period the chances were that you did not know—or were not known at—any other establishment of equal merit. In those days when you discovered a place where the food was reasonably good and the liquor fit to drink you didn't, as a rule, experiment farther; there was too great a risk of being poisoned.

Still another deterrent was the nature of the speakeasies, which reflected that of their proprietors. The majority of the latter were underworld gentry, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, who had been drawn into the new field by the prospect of quick profits. They knew little, if anything, and cared less, about commercial principles, ethics, or the building of good will. As for the niceties of service and appointments, those were matters alien to their experience. Such men were opportunists, pure and simple, with both eyes focussed on the present and no thought for the future; which was natural, inasmuch as, so far as they knew, there might not be any future. They sold liquor without inquiring into its chemical constituents, on the theory that if its quality drove some customers away, there would always be others to take their places. That hundreds of them failed is scarcely cause for wonder. That many made money and are still making it, despite their methods, is merely one more proof that you can fool some of the people all the time.

Yet though most of the speakeasies were started by ignorant ruffians, a few were opened by persons previously trained in the hotel, restaurant, or retail-liquor fields. Whether these were

men of vision, who foresaw that enforcement of prohibition in New York must sooner or later become a compromise, or whether they were only optimists, must remain a moot question. At any rate, they had vision enough to recognize that in the most sophisticated city in the country, where dining out was a deep-rooted habit, there would always be a demand for the liquor-serving restaurant. Owing to the chaotic enforcement situation, their beginnings were modest. The knowledge that their places might at any time be closed at the whim of a disgruntled patrolman or roving dry agent discouraged them from making heavy investments in decorations, furnishings, and equipment. But they shrewdly realized that cleanliness, appetizing foods suavely served, the best liquor obtainable, plus personal attention to the customer, would make up for the absence of luxury.

Little by little, word-of-mouth advertising brought increased patronage and regular clienteles to these men who were restaurateurs first and criminals mainly by force of circumstances. Though sometimes they had to move, rather precipitously, they soon bobbed up again at new addresses, usually in better surroundings than before, and did not need to wait long for their old customers to follow. Also, they recruited new ones.

After a time, when it became obvious that wholesale arrests and padlockings were filling the local jails and court calendars to overflowing, without making a noticeable reduction in the number of speakeasies in operation, the State enforcement act was repealed. The police, whose hearts had never really been in it, were relieved from the necessity of taking the initiative in making raids and ordered back to work. The burden of obliterating the speakeasy fell on the Federal forces alone—and proved too much for them. Joe and Henri, Louis and Giovanni, Tom, Bill, Tony, and George heaved sighs of relief and set to work to improve their places, or to re-establish them in new and worthier settings. They rented or bought fine houses, hired expensive decorators, set up elaborate bars, sent out engraved announcements to select lists. And the best people, who had once considered it *infra dig* to be seen in speakeasies, came in droves.

I heard the other day a story which illustrates as well as any the status of the speakeasy in New York to-day. It concerns a Mrs. A, a member of one of the oldest families, born on Murray Hill and a tower of conservatism and dignity. For some time she had been hearing about speakeasies from her married daughters, who patronize them frequently, but she had never been to one herself. She had always thought of them as places to which it would be unseemly for persons of her age and background to go. But one day, quite recently, her curiosity got the better of her scruples. So, inviting three contemporaries to share the adventure, she directed her chauffeur to drive them to an address she had heard mentioned.

The doorman surveyed the quartette with some misgivings, and, not knowing whether to admit them or not, summoned the proprietor. The latter, a former *maître d'hôtel* of long experience, said that certainly he could vouch for the lady's identity, and ushered her party in. He escorted them upstairs toward the dining rooms. Would Madame and her friends care for a cocktail at the bar? Of course, said Madame. So the four stood at the bar and had their cocktails—in the company of many other ladies—and then an excellent lunch, cooked and served in a manner reminiscent of the old Delmonico's. They were astonished and delighted.

"But I had no idea," said Mrs. A,

"that speakeasies were like this. It is a charming place, charming. I shall come here very often."

III

A graph of the speakeasy day would show a business curve having four peaks, representing lunch, the cocktail hour, dinner, and the after-theater period. To give you a first-hand picture of the better-class establishments, I will take you to four of them, one at each different period. To finance this little junket it may be necessary for me to sell two or three bonds, but in the interests of social science one should be willing to make sacrifices.

You see, the speakeasies we are about to visit are run by business men who, though they are liberal with their courtesy, have an understandable prejudice against giving away anything else. Catering to a section of the public which is prone to judge quality by price, they take no chances of alienating it by charging too little for their wares. And while they do, it is true, practice the old-time rite of providing occasional drinks "on the house," they usually reserve it for the customer whose evening's investment clearly entitles him to a dividend.

I mention the sordid matter of money at the outset because, as Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., used to say, plain understandings perpetuate friendships. On a hundred-odd dollars we shall be able to do ourselves fairly well. We may feel free to order whatever viands we wish from the menus submitted, without needing to consult the figures in the right-hand columns. We must be careful, however, not to absorb too many spirituous drinks, for at a dollar apiece, or even seventy-five cents, their cost mounts alarmingly fast. In regard to wines we shall need to exercise restraint also. And it might as well be understood now, for the sake of amity, that champagne, unless you agree to pay for it yourself, is out.

There are in New York two kinds of speakeasies: those operated behind guarded doors and those which are open restaurants openly arrived at. Chez Recamier, whither we are headed for lunch, is among the latter. Here it is, on the ground floor of a great apartment house within a stone's throw of Park Avenue. The liveried doorman under the entrance canopy will not inquire our names, for the question of our eligibility is none of his business. A simple doorman he, and nothing more, paid to open doors, call taxis, and keep the curb clear for arriving Lincolns and Rolls-Royces.

Now we are inside, in a little oblong foyer with mirrored walls and a plain taupe carpet. (It should be explained, at this point, that for the purpose of this article you are a lady—and supposed to behave like one.) So while you leave me to powder your nose, I surrender my hat and coat to the check boy, wash my hands, and repair to the lounge; and there, just as I am finishing my cigarette, you rejoin me. It is an attractive spot, that lounge, with its pine panelling, its log fire, its softly yielding armchairs and couches, its vases of fresh flowers and its tables of current periodicals. But we are hungry and thirsty and we press on into the restaurant proper to be welcomed, at the doorway, by René himself, all bows and smiles. He shows us to a table; we sit down, decide on dry Martinis, hors d'œuvres, broiled sweetbreads, broccoli with hollandaise sauce, and a *macédoine* of fruit; and then, while waiting, we take stock of our surroundings.

We are seated side by side on an upholstered wall bench that extends around three sides of a room roughly forty by sixty feet in area. The oblong tables ranging along the walls are just large enough for two; others, circular

and square, capable of seating upwards of six, stand within the rectangular floor space. On each table is a Lalique crystal vase of Talisman roses; at each place gleaming silverware and glass and handsome service plates of modern design; and the linen, needless to say, is immaculate.

A thick carpet deadens the footsteps of waiters and busboys, who function with a quiet competence that bespeaks rigid training. But the character of the service is, after all, merely such as one has a right to expect of any first-class restaurant. And who could be better equipped to provide it than René, who began as a scullion in Switzerland and studied his profession in the most famous eating-places of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and pre-prohibition New York? Here is no beetle-browed monster, making war on Society, but a high priest of gastronomy who believes that alcohol and food were married in Heaven and that attempting to divorce them is a sin.

In this he is sincere; it is the chief reason why, though he could command his own figure in any of the best hotels, he will have none of them. Of course, he makes a good deal of money where he is, and he is not fool enough to despise it utterly. Were pelf his first consideration, however, he could double his income by lowering his standards. He could promote the guzzling of liquor—a practice he abhors—but he doesn't and he won't. His backers know this and make no attempt to coerce him. They own other, more profitable speakeasies, yet even they, who are anything but sentimentalists, derive satisfaction from knowing that their Chez Recamier is among the smartest places in town.

Here come the Martinis. René's method of serving them is an example of the art which conceals art. Nestling in bowls of crushed ice, they look for all the world like orders of sauerkraut juice, just as those Baccardis with grenadine, on the next table, look like well-seasoned essence of clams. Strangers do stray in, you see, and there is nothing to be lost by giving them the impression that the regular customers are partial to vitamins. You needn't fear, however, that because our Martinis outwardly resemble sauerkraut juice they will taste like that gruesome fluid, or that they will not exert the warming effect that they should.

When I said that Recamier was among the smartest places in town, perhaps I ought to have been a little more explicit. Smartness, nowadays, is a relative term; and Society an elastic one. It is possible to be smart without being in the Social Register and to be in the Social Register without being smart, in the present-day sense. These people lunching all about us are of mixed origins. They include members of old New York families—not yet impoverished—and persons whose parents may have come over in the steerage. But almost without exception they are men and women whose names, for one reason or another, are more or less familiar to the general newspaper-reading public. Directly opposite us, for example, is the head of a famous dressmaking house, with his banker. At the table on their right are two well-known young Park Avenue-Palm Beach-Southampton matrons. On the left are a prominent manufacturer and a lady not his wife; beyond them an eminent polo player with his fiancée. In the corner is the editor of a fashionable magazine, entertaining one of his most celebrated authors, here for a lecture tour. Next to them are two ornaments of the screen, recently arrived from a vacation in Paris. All in all, a typical cross-section of "smart" New York.

At the other speakeasies on our schedule, you will doubtless see several

of the same people again, for they move in a rather narrow orbit. This is the proper place to lunch, Jerry's the place to dine; after the theater they and their kind go to The Side Street.

It isn't very exciting here? No, it's not supposed to be; in fact, it's supposed not to be. One doesn't come for excitement, but for good food and drink served in an atmosphere conducive to its enjoyment. There isn't even any music. René won't have it. He says if the music's good enough to distract your attention from the food you are likely to get indigestion, and if it isn't you're likely to get indigestion from having to listen to it. But what sort of excitement did you expect? A shooting? They do have shootings in some speakeasies, but not in the best ones; at least, not as a general thing. The truth is that at the three other resorts on our list you will probably see not so much as a single mild brawl.

Inasmuch as our fund—now diminished by some fourteen dollars—will not permit us to spend the whole afternoon eating and drinking, let's go to a good movie, to pass the time until the cocktail hour. There is a theater on Broadway which confers a favor on mankind by almost always showing Mickey Mouse pictures, which are by far the most engaging films that have ever come out of Hollywood.

For cocktails we'll go to Tony's. New York must contain upwards of a thousand places called Tony's, but there is only one that's really select. There it is—that large white stone house across the street, with the flower boxes and striped awnings, and the taxis and town cars all trying to crowd in front of the door at once. During the rush hours at Tony's there's usually a policeman stationed outside to keep the traffic under control and prevent parking too close to the entrance. New Yorkers have such a deplorable lack of respect for parking regulations that the police have a hard time enforcing them.

Though people are entering Tony's by the dozen, they are being sharply scrutinized at the door. Those not immediately recognized must produce membership cards in order to gain admittance. Technically the place is a club, with the right inherent in all clubs to exclude non-members from its premises. As you see, there is nothing in the sumptuous foyer that hints at the true nature of the establishment. But upstairs—

If you have never before seen a luxurious modern bar, this one of Tony's will interest you. It is a huge oval, occupying almost the entire front portion of the second floor space. Its polished black top, rimmed with stainless steel, rests on a base of contrasting natural woods. Little swivel stools, covered in beige leather, to match the color of the walls, are set all around it. In the center, the oval back-bar, also done in black and beige, is a sparkling pyramid of vari-colored bottles. Eight bartenders in the white jackets of tradition are already busy, shaking and mixing. We're lucky to get seats. In a few minutes more the customers will be clustered here three deep.

Do you hear that English voice? Don't look round now. That celebrated visiting author we saw at lunch just came in with his editor. When he saw this bar he tottered slightly with surprise and said "Strawdenry." He's still repeating it, but I think in a moment he may have recovered sufficiently to try a sentence.

Do you notice the number of women? And girls? Whole platoons of women and girls, among the latter débutantes of this year, last year, and year after next. Camera fodder for the rotogravure sections, all of them. When I was a boy, girls of their upbringing weren't allowed to move a step without

chaperons or personal maids, and a spoonful of eggnog on New Year's Day was the extent of their drinking. Now they stand up at the bar and order whiskey-sours like seasoned cannoneers.

Before six o'clock women without escorts can get drinks here—and at most speakeasies—at half price. After six they aren't allowed at this bar at all; nor are men without women. There are two other bars upstairs, almost as elaborate as this, one for women and one for men; also two separate dining rooms for their use. This bar and the main dining room behind it are for the exclusive patronage of ladies and gentlemen who arrive together. That sounds like a somewhat complicated order of things, but it was instituted with a view to avoiding the complications that are apt to arise when unattached gentlemen become adventurous and unattached ladies provocative.

"But my dear fellah—I mean to say—I mean how long's all this been going on?"

Most visitors to New York ask that. It's not so much a question as an exclamation of incredulity.

So you'd like another old-fashioned? Well, perhaps they might be stronger, but don't forget we have other pastures to browse in. We're going to Jerry's for dinner, and if people aren't reasonably sober when they arrive at Jerry's the doorman won't let them in. That's a fact. You may have one more old-fashioned now, since you're pining for it, but after that you'd better go to your hotel and take a nap and a cold shower. You see, we can't dine at Jerry's in day clothes without being conspicuous, and even if we could, we'd have to dress to get a table at The Side Street afterwards. Does it seem slightly ridiculous that wearing evening clothes should be mandatory at a speakeasy? When you're once inside Jerry's you'll think differently. I'll call for you at half past seven. . . .

Jerry's house, just off the Avenue, is a chaste gray stone mansion with heavily curtained windows and a massive wrought-iron door. There is a grille in this door through which one is inspected and, if need be, challenged. I haven't been here for some months, but the doorman will probably remember not only my face but my name. They have prodigious memories, those fellows. Don't you think this hall's rather attractive? That's a real Matisse over there. Jerry picked it up in Paris a couple of summers ago. He goes to Paris every year, to lay his pipes, so to speak. We'll probably find him in the bar. It's through that door at the rear.

The bar at Jerry's is invariably jammed, except in off hours, and the tables are so close that everybody sits in everybody else's lap, more or less. But if we stand as close as we can, when someone leaves we can catch a bartender's eye. What'll you have? Everything is genuine here; not like the usual bootleg stuff at all. Jerry's father was in the liquor business and brought him up to know the difference between the real thing and the other kind. And he goes to a great deal of trouble to provide the best. That's he over there, the lean chap talking to the pair at the end table. The girl is Marjorie Cipher—you may have heard of her. She inherited a hundred million from her grandfather. The boy with her is Billy Dash. He's only got fifty million of his own, but he'll have more when his mother dies, so he's managed to persuade Marjorie to say she'll marry him. This is the place to see the people whom the fashion magazines call the best people. There's the manufacturer who was at Recamier, still squiring the lady who is not his wife.

Jerry is probably telling Billy he's already had enough to drink. Cus-

tomers don't get drunk here if he and his partner can prevent it. After a certain point they either water their drinks or refuse to serve them any more. And as I said before, customers who arrive here the worse for wear are refused admittance, no matter who they may be. There aren't many speakeasy proprietors who take that attitude. But there's nothing altruistic or moralistic about it; simply sound business policy. Jerry knows that if the place were allowed to become disorderly the best people would stay away. Lots of rich men introduce their sons here, so that when the boys are down from school or college they won't need to worry about the possibility of their being poisoned or robbed.

Another point in favor of this place is that you can pay by check, without being afraid of its being raised. For that matter, if your credit rating is satisfactory, you can run an account. A friend of mine had two checks raised in other speakeasies last winter. One for nine dollars was raised to ninety, and the other, for forty, was raised to four hundred. The bank detected them, so it was all right. Of course, there are other honest places in town. Guglielmo's, right across the street, is quite good, and so is Louis', next door but one. In fact there are excellent speakeasies dotted about in all these streets, though most of them just miss being first class.

This is a big room, really, but it's been decorated so as to look small. Notice how the walls are crowded with prints and gadgets, and how low the beamed ceiling seems, though it isn't? It was all carefully thought out. You see, people don't warm up in a place that feels too much like a cathedral. It does get a trifle smoky and noisy, but after we've had another cocktail we'll go upstairs for dinner. We can order it now. Let's see . . . some oysters to begin with; a clear soup; English sole Duglère; a partridge en casserole; an endive salad; crêpes Suzette for dessert, and then coffee. A bottle of Chablis with the sole; Burgundy with the partridge; Napoleon brandy with the coffee. How does that sound?

The cooking here is every bit as good as the best you find in Paris. As a matter of fact it's good in most of the better speakeasies. That's why, in New York at any rate, the hotels are losing money on their restaurants. Speakeasies have run away with the cream of the dinner trade; not only because they serve drinks, but because they serve more palatable food. The best of the foreign chefs prefer working in places like this to working in hotels. For one thing, cooking almost everything to order, for immediate consumption, gives them an incentive to do their best. In the second place, they have the choicest materials to work with and the wines their recipes call for. Third, they and their kitchen staffs are paid more than the hotels, struggling against high overhead costs, can possibly afford.

Now that the crowd in the bar is thinning out, we might as well go upstairs too. The dining rooms are never congested, even when filled, because all the tables are ranged along the walls, leaving the floors clear for action. To me the Chinese red leather upholstery of the benches and wainscoting seems too vivid and to clash with the evening gowns, but Jerry says it's good because it looks gay when you come in and that most of it is concealed anyway when the tables are occupied. Above the wainscoting the walls are of painted plaster, creamy buff in hue and unadorned. The window curtains of black velvet and the black ceiling beams make quite a striking effect. Ah, here come the oysters. . . .

I hope you enjoyed the dinner as much as I did. Considering that it

was prepared and served by the outlaw employees of a pair of outlaws, it seems to me to have been a not uncivilized production. The barbaric feature was the fact that prohibition, which is supposed to make it impossible, and protection money, which made it possible, combined to make it three times as expensive as it should have been.

I do not, as a rule, discuss economics when I take a lady out to enjoy herself, but this is a special case. We have been so far to three places, in each of which we have been rather abstemious, yet my hundred-dollar fund has considerably diminished. Lunch, as I think I already mentioned, cost $14. Cocktails at Tony's amounted, with tips, to $11.50. Cocktails downstairs added another $6.50 to the score. The dinner check, including the wine and the brandy, plus tips, came to $44.35. So that by the time I've tipped the hat boy we shall have managed to dispose of $70 since noon. As some people spend money, that is nothing at all; a little dinner for four costing over $100 is by no means unusual, even during the depression. It's enough, however, to give you an idea of the income one needs in order to patronize speakeasies of this kind regularly; and to explain how it is possible for some of them to do a gross business of $2,000 to $3,000 daily.

IV

We have lingered so long over dinner that we're too late for the theaters and, as it's too early for The Side Street, we might as well sit here and talk. You have been charmingly restrained in the matter of asking questions, but I imagine you have one or two in mind which I may be able to divine. You are probably wondering, for instance, why some of these places maintain an air of secrecy, whereas others, such as Chez Recamier, operate openly.

That does seem to require explanation, because it must be obvious that anyone who took the trouble to watch this house, for example, could scarcely mistake it for anything but what it is. Granted that large private families do consume foodstuffs in abundance, few, if any, have need for the quantities of provisions that are delivered here daily. Granted, too, that some families entertain on a large scale, few, if any, have guests by the hundred, four times a day. Nor is it customary at the best houses to subject all arrivals to scrutiny through a grille before opening the door to them. Indeed, by that one sign alone, even the feeblest intellect should be able to distinguish between a speakeasy and a private residence. This being so, is there really anything to be gained by keeping up so shallow a pretense?

Yes, there is. Prohibition agents must have actual evidence of law violation in order to make a case. Suspicion, or even moral certainty, is not evidence. To obtain that, the agent must gain entry to the premises by subterfuge or by warrant. If he displays a warrant to the man on the door, thereby giving the alarm, ten to one the evidence will be destroyed—and his quarry flown—before he and his men can break in. If he does not display a warrant, and cannot identify himself to the satisfaction of the doorman, he can't get in at all. As things are arranged nowadays, I'm told, it is not often that agents try to gain admittance to respectable speakeasies with a view to making trouble unless the proprietors have done something to make themselves unpopular. Agents are largely occupied in harassing the dive keepers and other small-fry, and in tracking down stills, breweries, and rum-runners. But, at times, special agents are sent from Washington, or from other territories, with instructions to stir things up. And, at times, it happens that such envoys are dry and

incorruptible. Proprietors of speakeasies where drinks are sold over the bar and served undisguised at the tables have a natural aversion to letting unknown agents stroll in at random. For, in the jargon of the trade, these persons may be "wrong guys"—a self-explanatory term.

Refusing admittance to strangers also keeps out non-official wrong guys. It does a high-class speakeasy no good to allow its clientele to become mixed. Then too, there are the hijacker, the hold-up man, and other undesirables to be guarded against. If Jerry's customers could not feel safe wearing their pearls and sables in his establishment they would soon cease to patronize it. Hence the doorman, with his hard and wary eye, his indelible memory, and the sixth sense which enables him to differentiate between wrong guys and right.

But what of the resorts into which anyone can walk without preliminary identification? Don't they run the same risks? They do, and yet their very openness serves in a measure to protect them. Jerry's is but one house in a street of similar houses, fully half of which are speakeasies of varying grades. There is nothing about the exterior of Jerry's to indicate that it is different from a cheap *table d'hôte* speakeasy two doors away. But the external appearance of a place such as Chez Recamier, for example, together with its location in an expensive apartment house in an expensive part of town, automatically keeps away the cheaper class of patronage. The impressive doorman under the smart canopy and the French name on a little brass plaque beside the door show at once the quality of the place. The very fact that it is not disguised tends to disarm suspicion, for there is nothing in its appearance to suggest to the uninitiated that it might be an oasis. It would be rash to state that any social gathering place in the United States—except the White House, perhaps—is bandit-proof. In a restaurant so plain to view as the Recamier, however, one can feel at least as safe from predatory visitors as in a hotel dining room or a bank.

Toward the danger from unexpected prohibition wolves in sheep's clothing, René and his colleagues maintain an attitude of cheerful cynicism.

"When an agent comes," explains René, "we have a little *conférence*. We go into what you call a huddle, yes? We tell him we do a nice, clean business here and that our patrons are of the first rank. And we ask him what is to do. *Alors, monsieur*, an agent is human, is it not? He does not want to make trouble, but he does not want to lose the job. He has got to show the boss a prisoner once in a while. So he says, 'Well, boys, this will set you back three grand and a couple of waiters.' But us, we are not too ignorant, you know. So we say we give him two grand and a couple of waiters. *Et voilà!*"

The waiters are charged with "possession" and let off with fines which the syndicate pays. Meanwhile business hums along as before.

It must not be concluded from this that all prohibition agents are venal, or that no New York speakeasies are ever dealt with according to law. That would be untrue. In the district which includes Manhattan—and extends over several counties to the north—3,227 speakeasies were raided in 1931. Enforcement is being carried on. But the fact that many establishments have been in continuous operation for three, five, and even eight years tends to justify the assertion that it is enforcement of a selective brand.

A few days ago a reporter friend of mine witnessed the raiding of one of the most elaborate speakeasies he had ever seen. In addition to dining rooms and bars, it contained two well-equipped

gaming rooms. All told, my friend estimated, the place must have represented an investment of not less than $200,000.

"Why do you suppose it was raided?" I asked him.

"I don't have to suppose," he replied, "I know. When the place was new it didn't do much business, and to begin with it was assessed on that basis. I mean it didn't have to pay much for protection. Well, after a while it began to take in money by the barrel, and its assessment was raised in proportion. But the fellows running it refused to come across with the higher assessment, so they got closed up. That's all there was to that. It was one time when being thrifty wasn't so smart."

V

Externally, The Side Street resembles Tony's, except that it is larger. Internally the arrangement is quite different. From the foyer a double door opens into a huge, lofty dining room, brilliantly decorated in scarlet and black. The main bar, a circular one, is at the far end of this room. At the other end are stairs leading to a balcony, off which is a bar for men only. Triple rows of tables form a hollow square surrounding the dance floor. In one corner is an orchestra. As we enter, one of the musicians, seated at a miniature piano, close to a table of twenty, is singing for the special delectation of the guest of honor—who looks as if he were still muttering "Strawdenry." There are several other long tables; one, not yet occupied, is set for fifty and is a mass of orchids. On all sides are coolers for champagne.

Let's get a table nearby. It may be amusing to watch the people. There's an empty one, next to the polo player and his fiancée, whom we saw at lunch. Let's take that and pretend we're rich. It cost forty thousand to decorate just this one room. But the receipts were over a hundred thousand the first month.

Ah well, cheer up. I still have thirty dollars.

"Waiter, a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry—and two cheese sandwiches."

"THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE"

BY ZELDA F. POPKIN

DONALD appreciates.

The musical aptitude tests which Donald's mother and teacher think highly of seem to indicate that it would be a waste of time and money to try to teach him to perform on piano or violin. After all, as Donald's mother points out, "Most of us are going to be listeners anyway; and if we just teach Donald to appreciate music we shall have helped him to one of the finest things in life."

Donald started to go to a music-appreciation group almost as soon as he was put into trousers, and for years he sat on the floors of studios in a circle of small boys and girls, and moved his head and hands and heels in time to a piano. He has helped to make simple reed and percussion instruments, and he knows a few melodies. At seven he was given his first subscription to the Children's Concerts at Carnegie Hall, and for three years he has been one of the Saturday morning regulars. Last year his mother bought him tickets for the Young People's Series as well, partly because she felt that with his musical background he ought to be ready for a full program of Beethoven or Wagner or Chopin, but principally because Paderewski was scheduled as a soloist at one of those concerts, and she believed that hearing the great pianist would be a tremendous experience for Donald.

The Paderewski concert came on a mid-week afternoon during the Christmas holidays when she had a bridge engagement, so she asked me to take Donald. She looked flustered and cross when I called for the boy. "I'm terribly sorry," she said. "You'll have to wait for Donald. I've had a dreadful time with him this morning. He went ice skating in the park and has just this moment come in. I had told him to be home no later than twelve. He hasn't had his lunch yet or changed his clothes. I told him I felt like punishing him by keeping him home from the concert; but he didn't look unhappy enough. Of course, if you wouldn't mind his corduroys too much, he could go as he is. . . ."

We had no time to spare, so Donald went to hear Paderewski in the garments in which he had skated all morning, corduroy knickers, worn at the knees, corduroy windbreaker, ravelling at the wrists, and a sensational sweater of orange and green. His costume seemed to please him tremendously. Against my more conservative judgment, he decided to remove his windbreaker and expose the orange and green sweater. He wore an air of victory as he seated himself noisily beside a well-brushed lad in blue cheviot.

My fears that he might prove a rebellious listener were unfounded, for as the concert progressed Donald sat relaxed and quiet in his seat, staring with absorption at the ceiling. Just twice he addressed me; once when Paderewski came on the stage, and again after the famous Polonaise was concluded. The first time he said,

"He's old." The second time he asked, "How do they put new bulbs into that ceiling light when the old ones are burned out? There are six out now."

It was dark when we came out of Carnegie Hall, and the light-spangled street seemed to have a festive air that was in harmony with the tingling memory of Paderewski's magnificent playing. "It's getting warmer," Donald said sadly as we walked down Fifty-Seventh Street. "The ice will be soft to-morrow. I had to waste a perfectly good skating day."

There in Donald's sad, succinct phrases was the inevitable rebellion of the younger generation against the ambitions of its elders, against all the so-called "finer things of life" through which each generation has tried to make perfect ladies and gentlemen of the next, fit inheritors of a world that will have only drawing-rooms. More than that, it was the plaintive voice of this particular generation of boys and girls which, like no other that ever lived, has been rocked in the cradle of culture, swaddled in the cotton wool of æsthetics.

Donald is more than a single small boy who would rather go skating than hear Paderewski. He is the symbol of the generation that has been produced by the Age of the Child, now finishing its first decade. The things which have happened to him have happened in various degrees to a hundred thousand like him, during the nineteen twenties when the urge for culture became a mass movement, a fad, like backgammon and contract bridge, and a form of snobbery. It came on the wings of Coolidge Prosperity, when a nation, grown suddenly affluent, having attained a car, a radio, and an account at a stock broker's, began to clamor for the intangible things that we call culture.

Donald's acquaintance with the finer things of life began in his charmingly decorated nursery, with a string of colored woolen balls, designed to influence his infantile artistic perceptions. All through his childhood, even to the set of water-colors he was given this Christmas, in place of the lead soldiers he had begged for, he has played with toys which, it was hoped, would teach him line, form, color, and the joy of creation. His painting of purple boats on an orange sea went up on the wall at school one week, and both the art teacher and the psychologist told his mother that the picture showed remarkable feeling and imagination and striking resemblance to the French Primitives. Later he gave up painting and went on to other media. He made a wavy ash tray out of clay and a meticulously hammered pair of copper book ends. His mother exhibits them as indubitable indication of his creative potentialities, to the mothers of his friends who treasure similar kindergarten masterpieces as equally convincing proof that there's a little genius in the house.

Donald's school took the children to the museums quite regularly (except, of course, on the days when the teacher remembered the new freedom and allowed the children to vote on what they'd rather do, and they chose to play "cops and robbers" in the Park). On Saturdays and Christmas holidays he attended charming children's plays at the McMillin and Hecksher Theaters and the Neighborhood Playhouse, or went to the Carnegie concerts or saw Tony Sarg's or Sue Hastings' marionettes. His bookshelves were filled with the charming books recommended by the experts in juvenile literature, and his mother was careful to select his playmates from among those of her acquaintances who shared her high standards of culture. The vulgar world was completely blotted out for Donald by a thick aura of charm.

I have no doubt that Donald's mother is sincere. She is not very different, except in matters of detail, from the mothers of our own generation who relentlessly drove Violet and Isidor to practice on the piano or violin, who packed Eloise and Richard off to dancing school or insisted that they acquire the dubious boon of elocution. There is a sort of parental inferiority complex at the bottom of it all that seeks compensation for its own shortcomings through its children. The present generation of parents differs only from those which preceded it in that its individual ambitions have received encouragement from high places, and its craving for contact with culture has become a mass movement. Music Appreciation, Art Appreciation and Appreciation of Good Literature are written with capital letters to-day and are as indispensable as cod liver oil in the rearing of a child.

Certainly there must be unanimity of opinion that acquaintance with good books, music, and art and appreciation of them are highly desirable for child as well as adult. But they are worthless when the appreciation of art is taught for culture's sake and not for its own sake, when acquaintance with the so-called higher things of life has become a duty, for then it partakes of nothing more than snobbery. Unless a genuine interest precedes it, it is no more a part of an authentic culture than a little finger elegantly crooked around a teacup is the stamp of a lady or gentleman.

And now again, I must go back to Donald, for Donald is, to my mind, the embodiment of all the strivings and achievements of his age. To paraphrase Mr. Vallee: This is the offspring. Please look him over! He looks very much like all the youngsters of his age whom you may see in the yards of crowded public schools, coming down the steps of museums, or tumbling out of Carnegie Hall. His shoes are scuffed, his golf hose wrinkled, his sweater askew, and hair tousled, and his pockets bulge. He uses them largely as safe deposit vaults for the treasures that his generation collects, plays, and trades with—paper matchbook covers, soft-drink bottle tops, baseball pictures, ticket stubs, cigarette flags, and ice cream cup animals. You may find there a spare part of an old radio set, a few marbles, a "yo-yo" top, and a paper book of *Old Favorite Italian Jokes and Recitations*. He knows the names and standing of all the baseball and football stars, the exploits and attainments of all the leading gunmen, and with his sister shares an extraordinarily detailed knowledge of the plots and personalities of the newer talkies. He has a speaking or wall-writing acquaintance with the frowned-on four-letter words. His mother cannot understand where he gets it all. He plays by choice with trains, trucks, airplanes, and tin soldiers (which, the chances are, his socially minded mother never bought for him). He would like to be an air-mail pilot when he grows up, but if that is not possible, just let him join the Marines.

He reads and discusses the more vulgar of the recent comic magazines without self-consciousness or restraint. Sundays exist for him chiefly as days on which to read the funny papers, and he has developed a discriminating taste in comics. For instance he finds Skippy a bit too subtle, but examines him with interest because of the Jackie Cooper films. His whole heart goes out to Popeye, the sailor, Reg'lar Fellers, Smitty, Little Orphan Annie, Ella Cinders, and the excoriated Katzenjammers. On the day when Wash Tubbs was acquitted, he got all the boys in his group at school together to give "three cheers for Wash!" Not infrequently, he spends his allowance for one of the paper-bound books about his funny-paper heroes. He

chews bubble gum, abhors the radio program conducted by a former department store "pep-up" man who admonishes him about drinking his milk and chewing his nails, and he pleads to stay up a little longer for Amos 'n' Andy, The Rise of the Goldbergs, and Eddie Cantor. He will pass up the opera of Hänsel and Gretel for a Mickey Mouse picture any day, and he thinks the halls of museums are swell places to slide in, and does not see why it isn't permitted.

He is only too sadly aware of the limitations of the public library and knows exactly how and where to get the books he wants to read whether or not his mother buys them for him. It is in the matter of his reading that he has demonstrated most decisively what sort of child he is.

II

Children's books have enjoyed the concentrated benefits of the æsthetic urge of the past decade. A campaign against Mother Goose as something unintelligible to and unworthy of the inheritors of a new culture was the first move of those who made it their task to see that children got the right things to read. It was followed by agitation against the fairy tales and a vociferous deploring of the funny papers which hoped to deplore them out of the better family circles. It included a great stir over illustration and artistic make-up which evoked decorative and charming results that were most gratifying to adults, even though they added mightily to the cost of the books.

Following the admonitions of the psychologists, contemporary children's literature veered away from blood and thunder, from cruelty and pathos, and went in for bland and cheerful realism and charm. Having tabooed the fairy tales as too exciting and improbable, the literary psychologists endeavored to make the child's own environment a leading source of book material. Donald, Barbara, and Buddy were urged to concentrate on a charmingly written and illustrated narrative of Joan's adventures with a glass of milk rather than on Snow White's experience with the dwarfs on the mountain, and to gurgle over the merry adventures of a jolly old steam shovel. There were recommended lists of the right books, followed eagerly by mothers and gift-buying aunts and uncles.

It was surprising that, although this was the age of the new freedom, nobody bothered to ask the children what they wanted to read or, having asked them, took their answers seriously. The little birds who wouldn't sing were to be made to sing, not with threats and compulsions, to be sure, but with soft words and pretty pictures. The book buyer for one of the largest shops in the West expressed rather completely the prevalent adult attitude toward children's reading when in a trade magazine he declared recently that "Lists of books sent in by children help us to get a good line on what the average child wants in the reading line. That does not mean that we will stock up on the book or books if it does not come up to our standards. All our books are bought for information and instruction as well as entertainment, and are such as receive the approval of the public library and school authorities."

It is highly significant, therefore, that during 1931 the Cupples and Leon Company has sold at least one million volumes of serial novels for boys and girls which have never appeared on any recommended list. This publishing house is one of four which specialize in the mass production of those stereotyped thrillers toward which the enlightened parents of this decade harbor the same hostility that the "cultured" mothers and fathers of our own youth felt toward the Algers and the Oliver

Optics, the Frank Merriwells and the Rover Boys. The huge output of this house includes the twelve volumes of the adventures of Bomba, the Jungle Boy; the sixteen books in which the Motor Boys, Chums Through Thick and Thin, seek thrills and fortune; the fourteen books which recite the triumphs of Baseball Joe, Home Run King, the Greatest Pitcher and Batter on Record; the nine books of The Boy Ranchers in Trail and Camp; the twenty-seven volumes that take Ruth Fielding from the Red Mill Farm through boarding school and college to a Red Cross cantonment in France and eventually to fame and wealth in Hollywood; and the thirteen books that recount for very young children the jolly times that Curlytops had on the farm, at the beach, in camp and even in the motion picture studios. The entire list of the juvenile series put out by this house and its three competitors might fill a volume of its own. The list would include the Radio Boys, the Garry Graysons, the Tom Swifts, the Boy Allies (who single-handed won the War), the Boy Aviators, the Bobbsey Twins, and even a third generation of the Rover Boys, and Frank Merriwell who, aged by not one hair, is still playing winning baseball. There are a few old Algers around, even in these days, and despite a superfluity of cheap detective story and Wild West magazines, you may run across more than one Nick Carter under a boy's mattress.

The *Publishers Weekly* estimates that these serials whose names and numbers are as endless as the sands of the sea make up seven per cent of the total sales of the average book store. They get practically no consumer advertising, and certainly no endorsement from educators and librarians, and they must, perforce, depend for circulation on child-to-child recommendation. Their wide popularity, their presence in the hands and on the bookshelves of nearly every child of this generation would put them first as the sort of books boys and girls want to read. One of New York's most exclusive private schools for boys asks its prospective students to answer on their application blanks: "What are your favorite books?" The Radio Boys head the list; the Rover Boys are second; David Binney Putnam, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mark Twain trail way down below.

In common with many modern parents who want their children to read only the best in contemporary juvenile literature, I have never purchased for my children a single Baseball Joe, Jerry Todd, Pee Wee Harris, Great Marvel, Boy Allies, or Rover Boys, but there are at least fifty about our house, and the children are always bringing in new ones. The books have come to us by means of an ingenious system of barter and exchange which the younger generation has devised in order to get its hands on the reading matter that does not represent the contemporary enthusiasm for the finer things.

To become a trader in juvenile series one needs a single book. One can get that as a gift from a relative unacquainted with the higher culture, by inheritance from an older child, or by the simple procedure of forgetting to return a borrowed volume. Each book has a trade value. In barter, a dollar book entitles one to three fifty-cent books in return or two seventy-five centers. Fifty-cent books trade one for one. Gradually, by a little sharp dealing, with which the younger generation is by no means unacquainted, one acquires a surplus, lays the foundation for a collection, and reads all the popular books. It is the mark of a child of the world to have read a large number.

Not uncommonly the boy who is a fiend for Great Marvels or Baseball

Joes can read with equal enjoyment Van Loon, Hillyer, and even H. G. Wells. His enthusiasm for the books that the educators dismiss as so much "trash" indicates rather the extent to which he possesses that thing which culture-bound adults too lightly dismiss—a feeling of participation in the swiftly moving world in which he lives. The books he chooses to read are simple, they tell a good story, they do not talk down to him, and they spur his imagination by helping him to find romance in his everyday world. They take that same child's environment which the literary psychologists rendered flat and savorless, and spice it with high adventure and almost improbable achievement.

It is still to be proven that children are impressed by or even interested in the fine craftsmanship and feeling for beauty that has gone into many modern books. There is only conjecture on both sides. My own belief is that they want story rather than binding or frontispiece. Certainly, the books they go after would indicate this, for these are seldom illustrated at all and usually not very well printed.

Every month the Baker and Taylor Company, one of this country's largest book jobbers, prepares a list of the best selling new books based on its own sales. Bearing in mind that the new books for children are bought largely by adults on adult recommendation, it is not surprising that this firm's lists follow the orthodox category pretty closely, with occasional defections for one of the Oz Books, which are genuinely loved by children but do not quite make the grade on the lists of the "best." Last year something very extraordinary happened to the Baker and Taylor list. In April a small and merry rodent appeared and stepped up blithely ahead of the widely advertised *Painted Pig* which bore the honored Morrow name, the highly commended works of the late Doctor Hillyer, the charming productions of the Petershams, the adventures of David Binney Putnam and Byrd's Boy Scout. Month after month, from April through December, without benefit of endorsement, a small volume of the *Adventures of Mickey Mouse* took first place on the Baker and Taylor list.

This, I think, can be accounted as much a triumph for the children as for the Mouse. Indeed, the popularity of Mickey Mouse is one of the most instructive phenomena that this age of child research has brought forth. While we have been peering up into the clouds for the right sort of amusements for children and have been filling their Saturday mornings with charm and art, Mickey Mouse and his playmates, Minnie Mouse, Oswald Rabbit, and Bimbo—imaginative, human, and funny—have leaped in and taken their affections by storm.

Three quarters of a million children are enrolled in Mickey Mouse Clubs throughout this land. Walt Disney, who invented the Mouse after years of experimentation with animations of well-known fairy tales and children's classics, is not directly responsible for the Clubs, but he uses them as a medium for finding out what children really like. Club members by enrollment get Mickey Mouse buttons, are led by a Chief Mickey Mouse and a Chief Minnie Mouse, have a club yell, an official greeting, a theme song, and a creed. This is their creed: "I will be a square shooter in my home, in school, on the playground, wherever I may be. I will be truthful and honorable and strive always to make myself a better and more useful little citizen. I will respect my elders and help the aged, the helpless, and children smaller than myself. In short, I will be a good American."

The Mickey Mouse Clubs have a thoroughly commercial purpose—that of getting audiences for Mr. Disney's

products. But they at least provide real entertainment by supplementing the Mouse picture with a good Western or other thriller, a clean film, usually minus sex interest. So far as I know, this commercial venture is the only organized, systematic, and nationally successful endeavor to give the boys and girls clean fun, and this despite all the high-minded talk that has gone on all these years in parent-teacher associations, child-study groups and women's clubs about the necessity of supervising and arranging the right sort of juvenile entertainment. It reminds one of Mark Twain's famous *bon mot* about the weather—everybody complains about it, but nobody does anything about it.

I must maintain, too, that children have acquired a truer sense of rhythm from the simple melodies of the carefully synchronized Silly Symphonies and a more genuine feeling for music from Walt Disney's undulating clouds and dancing skyscrapers than from the formal and highly recommended children's concerts. They have got it, not because the music was better, or even comparable, but because the method of imparting it was more interesting.

III

That brings us to the crux of the situation. One of the weaknesses of the long struggle to acquaint the offspring with the finer things is that the finer things have simply not been interesting. I have spent the Saturday mornings of three winters with boys and girls at Children's Symphony Concerts at Carnegie Hall and have become impressed with two things—that children have an astonishing amount of tolerance and very weak bladders. The rush toward the exits between numbers indicates a desire for relief in more ways than one. The lantern slides, thrown on a white screen, to relieve the strain and tedium of a half-dozen orchestral numbers, do not help very much. In a day of perfected motion picture technic, it is asking a great deal to expect children to enjoy badly colored magic lantern slides of historical personages and places, as well as to expect them, without previous musical experience, to enjoy a symphony orchestra, the most complex form of musical presentation. Yet thousands of ambitious mothers in these last few years have been dragging the offspring to these concerts as soon as the babes were out of diapers, hoping by exposure in the draughty, echoing spaces of a far too large concert hall to make authentic music lovers of them. It simply cannot be done that way, and mothers might just as well lay their ambitions up in moth balls.

The radio, experimenting for a decade, has had an efficient method of finding out what children like. It asks for and gets "fan mail." A popular program—as for instance Madge Tucker's Lady Next Door, which has been voted the most popular children's program on the air—gets as many as six hundred letters a day from listeners-in. By the process of eliminating or altering those programs that get no response from hearers, the broadcasters have pretty definitely found out what children like, and they know now that children want amusement first of all, something simple and obvious to laugh about, a good story with adventure in abundance, preferably with mystery. In addition, they crave a feeling of participation—the sort of thing that Maude Adams started when she flung her immortal query across the footlights and pleaded with her audience to clap their hands and save the life of Tinker Bell. Similarly, Madge Tucker and Jolly Bill Steinke ask the boys and girls who are listening in to write and tell the boys and girls who are acting where to find the lost treasures. And they do, by thousands.

Children will respond to any radio program which gives them something —a button, a free sample, or a certificate of club membership; but to hold their interest week after week requires a genuine understanding of what they want and what they do not want. The don't-wants on the air are important: they include discipline (which is mama's business, after all), gratuitous uncles and aunts, talking down to, and the feeling that this is good for you and you ought to listen to it. They like to hear their own names spoken over the ether and want to be treated with a degree of sophistication. The little girl who wrote to Nila Mack, director of children's programs for the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and requested, "Please act Cinderella and sing 'Sweet and Hot' during it," and the nine-year-old boy who informed her that "I'd like very much to act on your program, but I'd like it much better if you could arrange for me to meet Bing Crosby" were expressing the spirit of their generation.

IV

Must it be gathered, then, that ten years of labor for culture have been so much waste? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Certainly to-day's lull, born of the depression, has given us time for dispassionate examination of many of the things we considered vital a few years ago. A great many women are doing their own housework now who had ample leisure in the nineteen twenties and may be gaining a new and real point of view on the interests and tendencies of the children whom they dragged from art gallery to eurythmics class, from concert to little theater. It may be that now the National Education Association's National Commission on the Wise Use of Leisure, so hopefully appointed in June of 1930, may find its labor considerably diminished by reason of the fact that drying the dinner dishes and darning the family's socks have again begun to fill the spare time which the housewife, two years ago, occupied with her futile search for higher things.

Harassed by the problem of making a shrunken income stretch over family essentials of food, clothing, rent, and dentist's bills, we are not so easily agitated these days over whether the boldly painted sector of trees and flowering forsythia that Betty brought home from school today, or the copper book ends that Harold made, are manifestations of extraordinary creative ability. The falling off in the crop of geniuses is already noticeable.

Only two years ago, no home was without one. Possibly the exhibitions of the art work of the Cizek School in Vienna, the emergence of Yehudi Menuhin, Ruggerio Ricci, and a host of child prodigies, the rise and affluence of the Coogan family, of Jackie Cooper and Mitzi Green gave the spur of imitation to countless fond mothers. It is reported that when Yehudi Menuhin, son of a teacher in a San Francisco Hebrew School, was first hailed as a musical genius in his home community, there was an abrupt curtailment of attendance at the school. Nearly half the pupils were absent. Alarmed, the directors made personal investigation of the matter. In each home they visited they found an identical situation. Izzy and Rachel and Mischa and Rhea had acquired violins and were practicing like mad. When Yehudi played in the East his audiences were filled with awed and curious small boys and girls and eager parents. "Y'see, Hymie, what can be if you practice your lessons every day!"

Natural parental ambition and zeal were stimulated by the psychologists and the intelligence tests and the classes for unusual children. Every brush stroke, every utterance was watched with breathless anticipation,

for it might well be the herald of a Da Vinci or an Einstein. Even the pale and flatulent little boy who did nothing at school but play with turtles and white mice was regarded with appreciative awe. After all, who could be sure that his scorn of reading and arithmetic and his preference for the lower animals were not the embryonic earmarks of a very superior natural scientist?

In the literary field, Mother Goose, the Grimm Brothers, Hans Christian Andersen, and the cheap "thrillers" have resisted all agitation and suppression and their prestige is undiminished. The funny paper, despite all the deplorers, has thirty-two comics now, each week, instead of the four against which the agitation first was started. The good books sell because parents buy them and the "trashy" ones sell because children want them.

A reaction has also already begun to set in against the romantic method of teaching art, called by the name of self-expression, which was based upon the notion that the child unspoiled by instruction might burn with the fire of genius. One needed merely to give him materials and watch the fires of creation sizzle. It was a notion that came about because it was demonstrated that the drawings and paintings which "unspoiled" children made had some resemblance to the works of the Modernists and their antecedent Primitives. Seven-year-old Bobby used to walk through the galleries with a sneer on his face and exclaim loudly, "Mother, anybody could do that!"

But now the experts have begun to wonder whether they did not misunderstand the intentions underlying the work of the Modernists and the Primitives and are expressing dismay that, because of their misunderstanding, they encouraged children in a practice which merely produced dilettants and egotists. On the psychologists still lies the burden of proving that the stimulation of the creative spirit by uninhibited work with brilliant primary colors on large sheets of paper has made for an appreciation of art, any more than playing a scratched record of the Barcarolle over and again in a public school room has helped a child to love operatic music. The essential for appreciation as well as self-expression—good taste—cannot, it seems, be taught by either method.

V

Far too little attention has been paid by the educators and the æsthetes who hailed the potter's wheel and weaving loom as saviors of a disintegrating civilization to the vital force exerted by all the active manifestations of modern life—the radio, the movies, the billboards, the newspapers, the department stores, the airplane flights, the steam shovels, and the derricks, and to the educative possibilities thereof. These are the actual components of the world our children live in and, beside them, the fine talk that goes on in cloistered lecture halls is as potent as a peanut stand's whistle beside a riveting machine. Children, by their very nature and that of their world, can have no concern with abstract æsthetic values. The name of Paderewski means no more to them than that of Tom Jones, the grocer, and your praise of him does not convince a child that he is a great musician. A masterpiece of ancient or modern art cannot compete for his comprehension with the simple line drawings that illustrate the newspaper adventures of Little Orphan Annie, and Tommy's or Mary's recommendation of a book means more to him than his mother's enthusiasms.

A distinct service to the cause of the appreciation of art has been rendered to the children of this generation by department stores, which during the past few years, through the employment of stylists, colorists, and deco-

rators (for commercial purposes, not altruistic) have tremendously influenced for the better the æsthetic standards of the average home. Women shoppers have carried away from the big stores to their own apartments a sense of harmony and good taste in home decoration—standardized good taste, to be sure, but good taste, none the less. Even the five-and-ten-cent stores, which are selling well-designed glassware and china, artistic drapery fabrics and decorative accessories, are rendering a definite service to the improvement of public taste. Manufacturers of rugs, wall paper, furniture, and even bath towels and garbage cans, have gone in for the mass production and standardization of beauty. As a result, the child to-day has such physical surroundings in his own home as may subtly, but definitely, influence his tastes and æsthetic inclinations.

It is very easy to dismiss mass interests as vulgar, but they are none the less potent and real. Our children, born with all the honest vulgarities of the human race, and with an instinctive resistance against being made into snobs and prigs, identify themselves readily with these mob interests. Ten-year-old Roy made that clear to me the other day, when he said thoughtfully, but with conviction, "I think that all people are a little bit vulgar. Even the very nice ones. And it's perfectly all right for them to be that way."

It is highly probable that if the modern trend toward "culture" is ever to become a genuine influence in the lives of the growing generation, this result can best be achieved through those very media which have "mob appeal." To those who would write books for children, or recommend them, a reading course in Tom Swift or Baseball Joe might be excellent preparation. In the indisputable fact that children spontaneously choose these books as well as from the fact that they adore Mickey Mouse, have made a national hero of Popeye the Sailor, and carry *Ballyhoo* strapped in among their school books, there must be an instructive moral to be drawn by an honestly inquiring mind. An upturned nose never led anyone to his anticipated destination; and it may well be that those who have sought to direct this generation toward an appreciation of good music, good books, and art have simply had their countenances so tilted that they failed to see that the whole process of instilling culture was so dull, so remote from the children, that it was ineffectual.

If one is determined to teach children to appreciate the "finer" things of life, the teaching must be truly on the child's own level, and in his own media. That this is not beyond the range of achievement is suggested by some of the things that have already been done in the field of children's radio entertainment, by the newer methods of teaching which have made the study of music definitely more pleasurable and intelligible, and by the books and magazines through which contemporary Russia is endeavoring to direct the young Communists' intelligence, and in which there is a particularly valuable example of what can be done toward achieving direct contact with the juvenile mind.

At the risk of usurping the function of the lecturer, I must, too, plead for a grain of honesty. It is axiomatic, or should be, that you cannot make your child into anything you are not yourself. It does not follow necessarily that you can make him into what you are, but cultural direction must have its roots in honest appreciation and understanding if it is to be communicated to the very young. Culture isn't cod liver oil, and should not be. You cannot make the children take it just because it is good for them.

THE CHILDREN

A STORY

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

"THE elephant is tired," said George, who was also tired for the moment of being Malcolm's adopted uncle; so he threw himself on the sofa from which he could see Ellen sitting in the window. Ellen had adopted him first and she was the best of Madge's children, he thought; but now, these days, when they all came Saturday afternoons (because Jo was off then at her bridge club) Ellen would withdraw and be lost in a book and was only good to be looked at.

"Elephants don't get tired," Malcolm said and, seeing that George was distracted, prepared to repeat it.

Ellen would be sixteen—or was it fifteen?—in the spring.

"Uncle George," said Malcolm. "Elephants—"

But Ellen was satisfactory to look at there in the window away from the odd *décor* of his—of Jo's—modernistic apartment.

"I mean—" said Malcolm.

A voice rose threateningly from the corner where the twins were.

"You moved it six. I saw you."

Angry shaking of dice answered.

"You need to be watched," came the menacing voice again, very shrill.

"It was on a red," the other twin said, lower. George could find no difference in the twins except in the pitch and time of their voices, but Madge, he supposed, was aware of other distinctions, being their mother. One voice was high and impatient, the other was low and deliberate. When they talked at once, which was usual, they were like a fugue. George could never be sure of their names and thought of them as the high twin and the low twin and, on the whole, the least inspired of Madge's children. Ellen, in looks at least, was inspired by Madge, and Malcolm derived his serene beauty from Bruce, his father, and the baby was too young to worry about and much too young anyway to go visiting adopted uncles on Saturday afternoons, but the twins . . . well, they were twins, which made for uncertainty; they were complementary and contrapuntal. All the afternoon the fugue had gone on in the corner, audible even above the frenzies of Malcolm shooting tigers from the elephant's back.

Malcolm looked now, vaguely, at the twins and looked back.

"What I mean to say is," he said, "elephants . . ."

"Yes, they do," said George. "Old ones."

Ellen had not moved except that her hand turned mechanically the pages of her book. She sat there through all these sounds as if she were out of range. It was remarkable, George thought, to be able to withdraw so; it would be alarming but for that regular motion of her hand as though she had gone out of her body and left it there. But her

position was good and satisfying; George would have liked to watch her so for an hour until he stopped thinking. Her face was turned a little away from the window, so that the light made a sharp shadow under the curve of her cheek, and the curve of Ellen's cheek was pleasing and nostalgic. It was easy, looking at her, to drop back a good many years and, if she sat still, the magic was not disturbing. In moments when she was talking or laughing, when her face was nervous or animated by impatient thought, it was terrifying to have her turn suddenly into Madge; for you knew she would change instantly back to Ellen, and Ellen was merely Madge's daughter—an independent person and a member of the New World. Now it was more normal, and if the Sorcerer could be persuaded to make Malcolm and the twins disappear, everything else would change; the room would no longer be modernistic but dateless and bright with yellow flowers; out of the window you would see an older and less dramatic street with a row of brown houses instead of the giants, Chanin and Chrysler. Possibly if you went on long enough, you would hear Grieg's nocturne in conflict with a worn upright piano. At any rate, life ahead would be empty and into it you could project warm hopes; the slate would be clear, for the Mistake would not yet be written upon it, bitten into it, indelible.

"Old elephants," said Malcolm dreamily; "very old elephants. They live to be a hundred, Dad says . . ."

Dad, saying this vicariously, snapped the spell. Malcolm's father and mother, the twins' father and mother, Ellen's father and mother—her father too; Bruce and Madge, their children. Saturday afternoon and Jo off at her bridge club, the apartment cool and impersonal, the summer dying outside, night coming on, evenly, and Chanin and Chrysler defying it. It was better to come back quickly and to know how solid the world could be.

"Why do they live to be a hundred, Uncle George? Did you know that, Uncle George? You knew they lived to be a hundred, didn't they? Is that why they get tired?"

Ellen looked up, keeping a finger at her place. Her enormous eyes were vague, feeling the pull of the book still upon them.

"You heard what the elephant said, Malcolm. He knows better than you do when he's tired."

"Oh, all right, Ellen." He rose on his toe, revolved three times, and fell forward on his hands on George's knees. "Then we'll have to do something else."

Madge would never have looked as serious as Ellen looked. She might have felt serious. But Madge had two levels to her mind; she expressed the lower in terms of the upper, so that she laughed sometimes at appalling things. She could laugh, once in a while, at the Mistake even, though George could see the currents moving in deep places below her laughter.

"How many times do I have to tell you," said the low twin, "that it's bad form to count?"

"Oh, hell," said the high twin, "that's all you ever talk about is form."

"You'll never get anywhere in the world without form. It's like tennis. That's why you're such a lousy tennis player!"

"He can beat you," said Malcolm. "I seen him."

"Saw," said Ellen not looking up.

"Yup, I saw him."

"Yeah, overhand," said the low twin. "That's a fine way. I'd be ashamed to beat Tilden overhand."

"Uncle George," said Malcolm, "will you do Dave and Golly?"

"It's too hard work."

"Garden of Eden, then?"

"The snake's no good in that. I've got to work some more on the snake."

"Hell," said Malcolm.

"You're not supposed to say 'hell' before grown people until you're fifteen."

"Twins does. They're twelve."

"All the same it's bad form."

The low twin looked up from the backgammon.

"I suppose that's a crack," he said.

"I suppose so," said George.

He looked back at Malcolm who was desperate. Malcolm was the living spit of his father. He had all of Bruce's good looks and when he grew up he would have his serenity too.

"I'll do Speakeasies for you," said George, and Malcolm ran and climbed on the piano bench.

David and Goliath and the Garden of Eden and Speakeasies were piano stories. The piano often had to be tuned after David had slung his stone. The Garden of Eden had too much *Frühlingsrauschen* in it. Speakeasies was the best because the shots of the federal agents were on the very high notes which were rarely used for other purposes, and the cocktail-shaking and the pouring from bottles were noteworthy.

George went to the piano and began. Malcolm sat quivering beside him and explained.

"That's beer," he said, "and those are the people talking. Ooh, there go the cocktails. Bang, bang on the door! Fed'rals?"

"Sh, no, cops."

"Yah, to tell 'em the fed'rals is coming!"

When the last shot had been fired, George leaned back exhausted. There had been a long afternoon what with the elephant and other things.

Ellen laid down her book, came behind him, and put her cool arms round his neck. She tilted his chin back and kissed him on the forehead.

"Will you do me a favor?" she said.

"What?"

"Play '*La Vallée des Cloches*'?"

"Why?"

"Because. And then I'll take 'em home."

"You've been very boring, Ellen, with your book."

"Well, gosh, I've got to have a vacation sometimes."

"You could have arranged something to keep them quiet and talked to me."

"About old times?"

"What do you mean?"

Ellen laughed. There was no doubt about the laugh. George closed his eyes an instant; Ellen caught him and put her hand over them.

"Stop it, Ellen! How old are you?"

"You know."

"I forget."

"Sixteen in March."

"That's old. Still, you know a lot. What have you been reading?"

"*Strange Interlude.*"

"Is it all right?"

"It's twisted in spots. Gosh, I don't know. I like it when they say what they don't say in small print."

There was silence. The twins had paused in their play and were staring as if they were awed by some mystery. Even Malcolm sat still on the bench and twisted the string of his blouse round and round in his fingers.

"Play '*La Vallée des Cloches*' and we've got to go," said Ellen. "It's late. Mother and I've got a lot of work getting supper."

It would be warm and full of smells in Madge's place—smells from the oven and of wet things in the kitchen. It would be very noisy there when they all came in—yells and slamming of doors and running of water in the bathtub, and Madge would be in the center of it, working. The lines would show hard in her face under the glaring light . . . Madge . . .

Ellen stopped the twins, for the dice

were too noisy; one got up and wandered away out of the room; the other curled in the corner of the window seat with a book of unconscious drawings from Adler.

Malcolm slid from the bench and walked down the room. Even his walk was like Bruce his father; his feet came down evenly in parallel lines, not turned out like most persons'. His head was shaped like Bruce's, and he had Bruce's short, athletic neck. When he grew up he would sweep someone off her feet in that serene way. . . . To-night when Bruce came home, Madge would be at odds with him, and he would not notice it.

George played. As he played he thought: Here it would always be cool and impersonal. Nothing could have been designed so devoid of personality as these modernistic things—they never quite dared call them "modern"—these angular nickel lamps and this cuboid furniture; these shining surfaces and diagonal shadows. You could live a hundred years with them and they would absorb nothing of you.

Outside, though, when the sun had set, the giants would come alive with light and be good to look at against the sky.

George became conscious that Malcolm, lying on the far divan, was playing with the blue-glass animals on the shelf. If he broke one, which was almost certain, there would be a row to-night because Jo prized her blue-glass animals and had a great collection of them. George was going to stop and speak about this but then he caught Ellen's eyes; she was leaning over the piano watching him, so he played to her, and the magic worked again.

When he finished, Ellen said:

"You would do that."

"What?"

"Play Grieg's nocturne."

"Why not?"

"Because I said the '*Vallée des Cloches.*'"

"Did you? I was thinking about the nocturne."

"That was one of them, wasn't it?"

"What? Ellen, I wish you'd stop that boy from playing with those things."

Ellen turned and looked at Malcolm, then she turned back with a queer smile.

"Your Aunt Jo will raise the devil if he breaks one."

"I hope he does," said Ellen.

"Why are you so vindictive? Don't you like your Aunt Jo?"

"She isn't my Aunt Jo. I adopted you as an uncle, and that's as far as it goes."

George looked at her a moment and said:

"You're having a fit of the romantics."

"No, I'm a stark realist."

"Don't get highbrow, Ellen. I taught you that."

"Yes. You've taught me a lot of things, George. Ge-or-ge!"

She drew out his name slowly. Her eyes did not move.

The crash came, then, down the room. It was a small, sharp, splintering sound followed by "Oh" in a high voice and silence.

"There," said the twin emerging from Adler's unconscious. "You might know he'd break something."

"Yes, he would," said Ellen.

George got up.

"It isn't funny," he said. He went down the room and looked at the pieces of Jo's blue giraffe. How completely they break when they do break, George thought, and felt impersonal about it as he looked at the circle of little blue pieces.

"It broke," said Malcolm, serenely.

"You've got to get over breaking things," George said. "Now there'll be trouble sure enough."

"Tell Uncle George you're sorry," said Ellen in a weak voice.

The twin came and took his small brother by the shoulders.

"Cut it," cried Malcolm.

"Tell Uncle George you're sorry you broke Aunt Jo's blue animal."

"It was a giraffe. Ooh, stop, I'm sorry I broke the blue . . . I'm sorry!"

Ellen herded them together then. They found the other twin in George's bedroom, smoking cigarettes. Ellen got them all into the outside hall, where Malcolm supported himself by his thumb against the elevator bell. Then she came back.

"Kiss me good-by," she said.

George looked a moment at her dreamy eyes and said:

"Yes, you are a romantic."

"Only for the moment. I'm pretending I'm in love." She waited an instant and said explosively: "Listen, George, you've got to tell me something because I've got to know. What was the matter?"

"With what?"

"Then. In those days? Whose fault was it?"

"The fault of youth. Why have you got to know?"

"I'm young. I'd know my own mind, you can bet."

"Watch your step, my dear."

"And if I was wrong—if I found I was wrong—I'd smash things till I got it right again."

"Get Malcolm to help you. He's good at it."

"You needn't laugh at me. I'm serious."

"That's why I laughed. Do your smashing early, Ellen. Things grow big and tough quickly, and it's harder. Children, for instance."

"That's sentimental."

"Children? Ones under fifteen, I meant. There's the elevator. Watch the lights on Third Avenue. The traffic is tricky there."

They were gone, and George was relieved. He went through the cool room to the window. He had meant to sweep up the giraffe but he forgot. The twilight was over the city, and Chrysler and Chanin were growing enormous in the haze. The lights came out and it was pleasant watching them.

After a while Jo came in and turned on one of the nickel lamps.

"Why do you sit in the dark?" she said.

She was beautiful. She was cool and smart. George, looking at her, began to understand the room. It was against such a cold and geometrical background that Jo looked best. In seventeen years, he thought, she had never grown less beautiful and she had kept her girl's figure through seventeen years of marriage. She had been careful about it with diets and exercise and . . . Well, Jo had made her decisions and they were, presumably, her affair.

"I was watching Chrysler and Chanin," said George. "You look lovely, darling."

"Do I? I'm not sure. No one has said so to-day. I'm dead, of course, completely dead. Is Selma out? I've got to have a cocktail."

"It's her day out. I'll make one."

The giraffe, George thought suddenly, and went toward the door to get out before she saw it, but Jo stood in the way.

"You can't squeeze oranges and all that," she said.

"Yes I can. Come and watch me."

Jo had grown straight and rigid.

"Those children have been here," she said.

"Yes."

"Have they got to come *every* Saturday?"

"They might as well. It's your day for the bridge club. Did you win?"

She turned away from him. Now

she will see it, he thought. He started down the hall.

"George!"

"I was going to get the cocktails."

"Come back here."

"Yes."

"Why do you want them . . . here?"

"I'm their adopted uncle."

"You're an arrested development, George. Why don't you grow up?"

"Well . . . "

"You're trying to throw it in my face."

"What?"

"It . . . them. Everything. Every week when I come home dead tired you parade them in front of me."

This was not consistent, George thought as he mixed the cocktails. If I were an arrested development, he thought, I should not have intelligence enough to throw anything in anybody's face. It would be a very subtle cruelty to do that to Jo. As a matter of fact, he thought as he poured in the gin, it never occurred to me.

George could not remember whether he had poured in one or two gins. As he stood trying to remember with the measuring glass in his hand, the smell of dinner came through from the kitchen where Hilda, the temperamental cook, was working.

There would be awful disorder at Madge's with all those tired, yelling children. There was also the baby. Why had they come like that, so far apart? What a hell of a time Bruce had had making the money for them to live even the way they lived! If it had been he, would Madge have lived any better?

Selma came in off the service elevator.

"Throw this away, Selma," George said.

"Ya."

"And make new ones."

"Ya."

When he went back, Jo said:

"Is Selma back?"

"Yes, she's doing the cocktails."

"Tell her to come in and sweep this up."

She was looking steadily at the remains of the giraffe, but she was not angry. George felt relieved.

"I'm sorry about that, Jo."

"Which one did it?"

"The smallest one."

"Oh . . . the one that looks like his father. He's the best."

Jo was animated at dinner. George knew that it was the animation of fatigue, but Jo was still startlingly beautiful and there was only a faint suggestion in her eyes that she was keeping up and a note in her voice like the note of a tight string. She talked about the bridge and an exhibition of Matisse and the things that they would do in the evening. She was a different person now as if, dressing for dinner, she had changed herself, with only that hint of fatigue remaining. George warmed to her; it gave him an odd, man-of-the-world feeling to be sitting opposite to her at this softly lighted table.

When Selma came in with the salad she said that someone wanted him on the telephone.

"Are you sure," said Jo, "that it was for *Mister* Bart?"

"Ya."

George looked a moment at the lace tablecloth, wondering who it could be.

"It must be Eisendorf," he said, getting up, "about the piano."

"Again?" said Jo.

George went away to the telephone, which was at the end of the long living room. It was almost dark there now with only one nickel lamp on, but light from the giants coming in the window.

He would tell Eisendorf not to bother. In the summer he had paid Eisendorf extra to come on Sunday for the tuning, when they would be

away. Now he would tell him not to bother.

When he heard the voice over the telephone, he had to wait a moment while he adjusted his mind. Then he said:

"Oh, hello, Madge. What are you laughing at?"

"At you. You answered and then you went away."

"I thought it might be Eisendorf."

"I wanted to thank you about the children. I'm sorry about Malcolm breaking that."

"Yes, the giraffe. That was bad. Is he in bed?"

"They're all in bed except Ellen."

"Are you tired?"

"No. Why? It's cool and quiet here. Ellen's gone to sleep over her lessons."

"Is . . . he there?"

"No. Ellen says she isn't asleep. She would like you to come."

There was a long silence then. It was pleasant, George thought, not to speak; the telephone was a fine thing, he thought vaguely, that people could hold in their hands and so be in communication without speaking. There was a light singing over the wire, a steady, happy sound that held the continuity.

"Ellen's gone to her room," Madge said at last.

"She laughed when . . . it broke."

"Jealousy, George. She thinks she's in love with you."

"Is she . . . does she?"

"It would not be surprising."

"She seems so old. She knows a good deal. Have you told her?"

"No, she imagines it."

"About the nocturne?"

"No. Did you play it?"

"Yes . . . She said—"

"She was guessing."

"She looks like you—it scares me sometimes."

"That was a long time ago, George."

"No. Not very long."

"Seventeen—"

"Oh, yes, years."

"They do something to your face." She listened a moment and said: "Ellen must have gone to bed."

"So you're alone."

"Yes."

"Will he come soon?"

"Not till very late."

George waited a while, thinking hazily. Then he said:

"It's no use, is it?"

She did not answer that.

"Everything is so solid and established."

"Yes. I'm part of an institution, George. For the good of the race. It's solid and safe."

"Yes," said George. "And good, I suppose."

"I don't know. I never get far enough away to look at it. Would you like to come for a while?"

"I don't belong."

"I'd like to see something that didn't."

"It's a close corporation, Madge. You have built four walls round it. Five. I'm outside."

"On account of the Mistake."

"The children are not mistakes. They're facts."

"And you and I? Are we a myth?"

"Yes. An old saga good for winter nights."

"A true one."

"All myths are true."

"Ellen likes glamour, doesn't she?"

"She doesn't think so. She wants to be stark and grim and break things she doesn't like. She's a romantic."

"So am I."

"God help us all, Madge."

"Good night, George."

"Good night, Madge."

With the click, the room drew back into its impersonality. George could never get over his surprise at its aloofness. No matter how you dis-

ordered it, it would go back, almost immediately, into indifference. Now the cushions, disarrayed an instant by the children, had been patted out and stood again at their geometrical angles. Everything was straight and cool and sterile.

George got up quickly and went back to the warm dining room.

"Who was it?" said Jo.

"What?"

"On the telephone. You were gone long enough."

"Oh. I was saying that it was no use."

"What do you mean? Who was it?"

George stared at her a moment and his eyes and his mind settled into focus.

"It was Eisendorf," he said. "About the piano."

FAITH

BY DONALD FAY ROBINSON

STAND up alone, stand up, naked, alone.
Strip off those things that bind you and conceal you.
Peel off the soul's tight garments one by one
Till sun and air and wind and rain can feel you.
One after one unbind the friends you love
Whose souls you hold in bondage to sustain you.
They're not for you to make you crutches of;
So bound about you they can but constrain you.
Strip off the very earth beneath your feet,
Take down the sun out of the hammered sky,
And stand before creation's judgment seat
As naked as a man prepared to die.
Are you afraid? What then is there to fear?
It's but yourself that will be standing there.

SAN FRANCISCO—OUR OTHER METROPOLIS

BY LILLIAN SYMES

THERE are probably half a dozen cities in America the names of which evoke a definite image or set of associations whenever they are spoken. They are what one might call "significant." New York, of course, is the outstanding example—our financial, intellectual, and artistic capital, a glittering Circe to the peoples of the world. Chicago to the European mind is the perfect symbol of America—a brawny, blustering giant, half-sinister, half-magnificent. To think of Detroit without the connotation of automobiles, mass production, and Henry Ford is as difficult as to think of Pittsburgh without steel, belching furnaces, and Carnegie millions. Both cities are synonymous with industrialism, as Los Angeles is synonymous with the movies. All of these associations—power, size, roaring industry, publicized personalities—seem peculiarly American. They are what the stranger expects us to boast about. And yet one of our most glamorous and best-beloved cities possesses none of these attributes. Its significance lies wholly in a certain quality of life with which it has become associated and which even yet, in these days of chain stores, chain newspapers, national advertising, and national broadcasting, somehow distinguishes it from every other American city and makes it so preëminently a metropolis in its own right. It is a quality which is rapidly passing from the American scene and for which we still feel an incurable nostalgia. It is not just a matter of "color." New Orleans has as much color, but it is not a metropolis. San Francisco's significance is not to be summed up in a phrase, but every discerning visitor is aware of it.

Two years ago in London I heard a much-traveled English journalist hold forth, as only an Englishman can, on the crude, hard, monotonous quality, the utter lack of charm, of our American cities, reducing them one by one to the status of spiritual villages.

"But San Francisco," I interjected timidly.

"San Francisco," he repeated in quite another tone. "Ah, there is a *city*."

Two weeks later in Paris, I sat at a sidewalk table reading a home-town newspaper. My waiter leaned over my shoulder and scanned the headlines. "Madame is from San Francisco," he almost gurgled. "For three years before the War I live there. A Frenchman can be happy in San Francisco, madame. She is like Paris."

I do not think San Francisco is in the least like Paris, but I knew what he meant. And back in New York a well-known publisher who had just returned from a Western trip assured me, "San Francisco is the most charming city on the continent. It is what New York might have been."

It is difficult in the face of this sort of thing to be objective. But if San Francisco can be discussed objectively, it must be done, I am sure, not by a

visitor, but by a native or long-term resident who has lived with her long enough to have lost the first flush of illusion, who has seen her, as it were, with her hair down. Even then the praise she has evoked from discriminating strangers must soften for him the sense of her inadequacies. Aware as Menelaus may have been of the shortcomings of his Helen, his ardor could not help but have been fanned by the universal acclaim of that beauty which bowled over the Trojan stranger. To be dispassionate about San Francisco it is necessary to shut one's eyes to her contours.

There was a time when the city was listed in our geography lessons as the ninth largest in the United States. Since then Detroit and Los Angeles have forged ahead by virtue of motor cars and sunshine; and the recent census returns give that hilly peninsula between the Pacific and the world's most beautiful bay eleventh place in our population list. But even at a time when growth is synonymous with progress, this altered status has given your San Franciscan no civic inferiority complex. When a seasoned if somewhat hypercritical traveler once remarked, "There are only two cities in the United States with any metropolitan atmosphere—New York and San Francisco," the San Franciscan was not surprised. In this circumspect Volsteadian era when it is no longer referred to as the Paris of America, he will gracefully admit Manhattan to its shining company. He holds the opinion, subscribed to in HARPER'S by Katherine Fullerton Gerould a number of years ago, that his is the most sophisticated city in America, and the only other place in which he might possibly be happy is New York. He is not impressed by mere size. Unless he is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, he has watched complacently the mushroom growth of the Screen Capital to the south and has thanked God for the summer fogs that drove the midwest invasion southward from his threshold. San Francisco has been saved by its climate. With only a tenth of its present population, the native believes, it would still be a metropolis. He is probably right.

I am aware, of course, that San Francisco's reputation is based largely upon reminiscence. Much of its glamour belongs to a past upon which the native is only too prone to dwell. The old, gay, hedonistic town that captured the imaginations of so many poets, artists, and lovers of life, the city of cheap yet superb living and pleasant, easy-going grace—that *laissez faire* city over which middle-aged Californian exiles in New York speakeasies and penthouses still shed sentimental tears and wax lyrical—has passed or is passing. (But even in New York speakeasies has anyone ever been heard to wax lyrical over Kansas City, Cleveland, or Boston?) I have contributed my share of sorrow at its passing and of indignation at those forces of "progress" which have destroyed it. I have cursed the city's winds and raged at its new generation of go-getters. And yet I have only to return to it after a long absence in other parts of the country to know that San Francisco is still significant for something which I have missed elsewhere; that life here really is, in the language of its boosters, "better"—that is, it is freer, cleaner, healthier, more beautiful and ever so much easier.

The old glamour is not yet entirely gone. The historic cafés which served a generation of true hedonists have succumbed to the vigilance of the Federal prohibition agents. But the wine still flows freely, and not too greenly, in small snug restaurants where for fifty cents the *patron* himself will cook such a meal as fifty cents could never buy in Paris. A room with a view—and

such a view—is still the cheapest of commonplaces. Flower stalls still blaze at the street corners and in the side-alleys of Chinatown, away from the sumptuous bazaars and Oriental sheiks of Grant Avenue, ancient Chinese doze away their lives in cubbyhole shops filled with herbs and jade-green bowls. The cable cars still swing dangerously, like demented beetles, about the hill-tops—those hill-tops that will always prove San Francisco's salvation. The old Montgomery Block houses its third and fourth generation of impoverished young artists and yearners who can't raise the fare to New York; while the Mexican rebel, Diego Rivera, paints the murals for the new Stock Exchange. And San Francisco in modern dress is a thousand times more beautiful than ever.

Standardized it may be; but the new architecture is supremely becoming to the city's style of beauty, for here, as in New York, it is based on the logic of necessity. There is none of that incongruity about it that one senses at the sight of towering set-backs arising out of a boundless prairie. San Francisco cannot straggle off into those miles of suburbs, villages, and waste lands that blur the outlines of so many American cities and give them a semi-rural population. It is as distinctly metropolitan as Manhattan and, hemmed in by hills and water, its only outlet is upward. The result, particularly from the bay, is magnificent. To approach the city from the bay or Gate on one of those amazing blue, windless mornings in winter, or on a summer day when the fog curls in about the base of its cliffs leaving the skyscrapers hanging in mid-air, is to feel all that quality of enchantment that accompanied the illustrations of storied hill-top towers in our childhood fairy tales. The buildings climb the steep hillsides piled back against one another like so many tall pueblos. The New York skyline, while more impressive, is scarcely more thrilling, for here the irregularity of the city's outlines makes it possible, across an adequate expanse of water, to catch the whole clean shaft of the buildings. At night when the lights are lit, or earlier when the slanting sun rays are reflected from the windows on the highest hills, the city becomes a towering cluster of jewels thrust up by a dark hand from the green water.

There was a time when San Francisco's beauty was almost wholly a matter of setting—when it might have been described as a place where nature had done her best and man his worst. In spite of their infatuation for their city, no people in the world, until recent years, have been so utterly disregardful of the responsibility their setting imposed upon them. After the earthquake and fire of 1906, when so much of the town lay in ashes, there was much talk of "the City Beautiful arising Phœnixlike from its ashes." But the greed of real estate owners and the corruption of local politics played havoc with plans for space and beauty, and the city followed the lines of its original growth. San Francisco was born in the late forties and grew up in the Brown Decades when the tastes of our Western civilization in dress and architecture probably reached their lowest ebb. Until little more than a decade ago she was—physically—a Botticelli Venus dressed in bustle, passementerie, and an elaborate fringe, while her face and figure cried aloud for long pure lines and a simple, natural coiffure. Her magnificent hillsides were decorated with what was without doubt the most hideous domestic architecture in the nation—those false-fronted, bay-windowed, and filigreed wooden atrocities of the Western seventies and eighties, beside which the Eastern brownstone front was a work of art. Except for some of the suburbs outside of Paris, where stone decorated with seashells

lends permanence to hideousness, there has probably never been anything worse in the world than San Francisco's older middle- and working-class residential sections. But the false front and the long rows of railroad flats are gradually giving way to the tall apartment house that has, at least, the virtue of simplicity. Out on the cliffs above the Golden Gate the stray relics of the 1893 Midwinter Fair have been supplanted by long, low villas of rose, cream, and pale-green stucco that belong to the sea- and landscape and melt into the hills in the afternoon fogs.

San Francisco's topography defies standardization. Narrow lanes choked with hollyhocks and nasturtiums and lined with crazy little houses with gay-colored curtains wander over the midtown hilltops between the backs of fashionable apartment houses. On the downtown hills, just above the office buildings, occasional cottages, their fronts on stilts and porches smothered with bougainvillea, cling precariously to ledges of rock that could never support skyscrapers. (These are greedily snatched up on long-term leases by a lucky few who gloat over their eyried possessions to the envy of their more conventionally sheltered acquaintances.) Fifteen minutes' walk from your office, if your wind is good and you don't mind a few queer neighbors, and you can sit on a wide veranda atop of Telegraph Hill—in dinner clothes or in a loin cloth for all anyone cares—and watch the ships come in from the Orient while listening to the muffled noises of the city at your feet. To live in the heart of San Francisco, on one of her steep hillsides, within a few blocks of Chinatown and the grape-redolent streets of the Latin Quarter, with the tall buildings dropping away beneath you, and the whole magnificent sweep of city, bay, and mountains spread out before your window, is to live in a fairy tale indeed.

And that, I am inclined to think, is the trouble with San Francisco.

II

That claim of the native enthusiast —"San Francisco was never a village" —is hackneyed but true. The paradox by which one of the youngest of our cities manages to seem more completely urban than many of our oldest is explicable in terms of its history. Its urbanity is wholly a matter of spirit. It has no physical landmarks of a beautiful and unhurried past—no such oases of dignified white-doored Georgian houses as may still be seen in Washington, Boston, and Baltimore, and even in the more remote streets of Manhattan's Greenwich Village. San Francisco was an Indian trading post when the minuet was giving way to the polka in Philadelphia.

But even in its infant fifties, when it was a mere collection of wooden shacks built upon sand, it was one of the cosmopolitan centers of the world. Yankees, Chinamen, Italians, Frenchmen, Spanish dons, English remittance men, Virginia gentlemen, soldiers of fortune, international crooks and demi-mondaines from the capitals of the world jostled one another on its dusty streets. While technically a part of the Union after 1851, it was really an international settlement—glamorous, melodramatic, and yet civilized, to which flocked the adventurers of the world. Everyone here was a foreigner—the New Englander equally with the European or the Oriental. The Yankee was never in "on the ground floor" in San Francisco. He was one of a horde of other nationals who came and took their chances. The local "foreigner" was no oppressed under-dog, fleeing from drought, starvation, or tyranny in the Old World to dig ditches, lay rails, or act as lackey for the dominant

race in the New, and, in order to survive, having to adjust himself to an already established Nordic-Puritan tradition. Young San Francisco had no tradition, and he was free to make his own cultural contribution to the common life, to live in his own way on equal terms with the American stranger, the native "Spaniard." No one tried to Americanize him, because in this rapidly shifting frontier scene there was as yet no entrenched Americanism to which he must conform. Moreover, this pioneer "foreigner" was frequently a person of some means and intelligence. It took a certain amount of money and imagination to make the long trip from his native land to the outer rim of the American continent. And once here, he was not so pliable to exploitation as the impoverished hordes which later decades brought to our Eastern shores. The foreign groups, particularly the Latins, came early and grew up with the region. They were probably the most civilizing elements in the new community and left a deeper imprint on the city's subsequent social and intellectual life than did the Irish and American saloon-keepers who later became bonanza millionaires and founded American dynasties. Not that the Latin immigrants failed to prosper too. Instead of scattering out to the gold mines, many of them became the city's first merchants, restaurateurs, impresarios. Two of San Francisco's great department stores—and they are among the finest in the world—were founded by Frenchmen; and in the roster of the city's business and financial life to-day such names as Sbarboro, Baciagalupi, Ghirardelli, Giannini are encountered as frequently as Fleishacker, Hellman, Crocker, and Spreckels.

Already in the fifties and sixties San Francisco possessed (strange indeed for what was little more than an overgrown trading camp) excellent restaurants run by chefs from Paris, several world-famous bars, and a general tradition of good living. Side by side with the tumultuous, greedy, two-fisted life of the gold camp, with its hard-drinking, tall-talking, gun-toting he-men of all nations, its already corrupt politics, its Vigilantes, gamblers, and light ladies, its pistol duels, and general melodrama, there was coming into being a metropolitan social life fostered largely by the city's Latin elements and contributed to by a strange array of poets, artists, singers, stray dandies, and misfit elegants attracted from the East and from Europe by the glamour of California's reputation. As San Francisco grew up in the following decades, men of this type played a more important role in its social, political, and journalistic life than is usual in the history of our American cities. They helped to stamp upon it the indelible mark of what used to be called bohemianism. The rising caste of merchants, railway magnates, and mining kings did not completely dominate the landscape in a period where elsewhere they were inheriting the earth and all the influence therein. The daily press being almost the only outlet for local talents, attracted men of exceptional ability, and in a later day such figures as the embittered Ambrose Bierce wielded more than a literary influence. San Francisco's famous Bohemian Club, where business and professional men rub shoulders with the more locally acceptable artists and journalists, is a survival from this period. Undoubtedly these contacts between Art and Business have exerted a benign influence on the city's social and commercial life. San Francisco's business world can probably boast more talented amateurs in the arts than that of most American cities. That the Club and its contacts are scorned as

"rotarian" by many of the younger, more modern, and less conforming artists is inevitable.

The very essence of the San Francisco tradition, then, is a careless, easy-going tolerance which grew so naturally out of its early cosmopolitanism. This attitude may seem difficult to reconcile with the section's historic treatment of the Chinese and Japanese. But California's attitude toward the Orientals has been as economically determined as its belief in a high tariff for lemons and olive oil. When immigration laws cut off the supply of competitive coolie labor, San Francisco took its Chinese colony to its bosom. Recently when a Chinese houseboy was on trial for murder of his employer (an occasion in which both class and race prejudices might have been involved), the mere intimation that a detective had struck the prisoner at the time of his arrest was sufficient to arouse the whole city to a high pitch of indignation in his behalf. White prisoners have been slugged in San Francisco's jails without a word of public protest. Even in such matters the city is thoroughly metropolitan.

The *laissez faire* attitude, so charming in so many of its manifestations, is never without its ugly aspects. San Francisco has a background of political corruption that rivals New York's recent scandals. Those days of the wide-open town (or the more euphonious "Paris of America"), of a political machine owned by the public utility interests, operated by shyster lawyers, and voted for by a well-paid working class are past. Municipal politics have long since been dominated by an unexciting non-partisan purity. But it has been a rather festive and not too efficient purity. For eighteen years, up to 1931, San Francisco was presided over by a mayor every bit as dapper, as genial, and as human, as Manhattan's Jimmie Walker—"Sunny Jim" Rolph, now California's play-boy Governor. Rolph was a fitting executive for a community so tolerant of human weaknesses, so indifferent to social issues, so without religious and racial prejudices. It was never a secret that the powers behind his Protestant mayoralty throne were a Jewish financier and a Catholic archbishop. This tri-denominational control is eloquent of San Francisco. No city in the nation is less afflicted with bigotry. Rolph has been succeeded as mayor by another pleasant and debonair, though somewhat more purposeful gentleman, Mr. Angelo Rossi, a leading florist.

So it is with industrial relations, once as violent and as bloody as is possible in a community which is primarily a commercial and financial, rather than an industrial, center. San Francisco is not a factory town and has never had a "slum proletariat." The building of a young city and its rebuilding after 1906 developed a strongly organized, well-paid, independent working class, especially in the building trades. The unions were as influential politically as economically. Eastern capital, looking westward for more industrial fields to conquer, feared San Francisco's high wage standards and, while the northern chambers of commerce gnashed their teeth, it went southward to Los Angeles where labor was more docile. But the strength of San Francisco's union movement was broken in a series of sanguine struggles a decade ago. To-day local labor officials lunch chummily with representatives of the Industrial Association, and capital and labor support the same non-partisan candidates on platforms of "reduced taxes." In this year of depression the city has its sixty or seventy thousand unemployed, but it is probably more fortunate than other communities in this respect. So many of its workers are of the white-

collared class that does not go in for demonstrations. Its community chest drive was over-subscribed. Like all skeptics, the San Franciscan is sensitive to the concrete human misery under his nose and he is a generous spender when his sentiments are aroused.

But this new dispensation in politics and industry—as well as merger and syndication—has robbed the city of its once highly colorful journalism. Only a decade ago its eight daily newspapers (not counting the foreign-language press) flourished in an atmosphere of definite and contentious policies. They served as a training school for a rather remarkable proportion of those men and women whose books, plays, editorials, sports gossip, cartoons, and columns now enliven the New York scene. Fighting under the banner of editorial liberalism, the city had in Fremont Older of the old *Bulletin* one of the last of the country's great crusading editors, a giant in those days of American journalism when a newspaper was the reflection of a man's personality. Older survives in these more tepid times as editor of the hybrid *Call-Bulletin*, now owned by Hearst. But except for an occasional fiery flash on the Mooney-Billings case which he has fought to keep alive for fifteen years, his crusading days are over. A tired and disillusioned man, sought out for advice or an occasional loan by other tired and disillusioned men who in a more dramatic era had tried to kidnap him, to dynamite him, to beat him up. He bears no malice. Of the four newspapers that still survive, the Scripps-Howard evening *News* carries on the liberal tradition, while the morning *Chronicle*, standing pat as Gibraltar, may always be relied upon to hold the line with the utmost venom for the dear old *status quo*. The two Hearst papers can, of course, occupy both positions at the same time. But the lines are rarely drawn with any clarity in these days—except on the Mooney case. Perhaps our next national election will inject some of the old-time animus into their editorial columns.

III

The *laissez faire* attitude has, as I have said, its ugly aspects, and in America, at least, the reverse side of a healthy tolerance is too often an unhealthy indifference. The typical San Franciscan, like the typical New Yorker, enjoys a scrap for its own sake; but he maintains that attitude of mocking skepticism toward all causes, both good and bad, which a younger Mr. Mencken did so much to inculcate in our post-war adolescents. It is an attitude most eloquently expressed in the current colloquialism, "Oh, yeah?"

Outside of Manhattan there is probably no people so little susceptible to buncombe as the San Franciscans, and, on the other hand, so little afflicted with what might be called a social conscience. In southern California one always feels that the booster completely swallows his own ballyhoo. In San Francisco the community advertiser does not dare indulge in too bombastic and exaggerated rhetoric. If he does, his phrases are snickered over in every club and column. The city has its agencies which sing its praises in pamphlets and magazines, but this is done with some degree of restraint and regard for reality, at times, I have felt, with actual modesty. Even then some of their best-beloved slogans are subjected to local ridicule by a populace that frequently underestimates its own advantages. "Come to San Francisco where life is bitter," some local wag will announce on a raw summer morning. The San Franciscan, like the Manhattanite, adores his city, but he disarms criticism of it by voicing it himself. This com-

munity skepticism, while exceedingly refreshing, has its counterpart in a spuriously "sophisticated" attitude toward social outrages. The Wickersham Commission's disclosures of police brutality aroused more indignation at the Commission than at the police. The scandal of the fifteen years' incarceration of Mooney and Billings springs not so much from civic vindictiveness as from political expediency and civic indifference. San Francisco just doesn't want to be bothered about these men.

The San Francisco of to-day is undoubtedly an excellent place in which to raise a family—a much better place than it was twenty years ago. Its school buildings, like those of all California, are palatial, its pedagogy fairly enlightened, its climate invigorating and healthful (except for the sinus sufferer). It is without the smoke of concentrated industry, the litter and odors that come with over-crowding. It is dotted with green squares and is only a half-hour's boat ride from real country and within an hour of real wilderness—forests, canyons, and mountains over which a large proportion of its population, clad in khaki and hiking boots, wanders each week-end the year round. Morally, too, the city is cleaner than it was in the days of its Barbary Coast, its dirty politics, and its water-front dives, though these last have, of course, given way to "blind pigs." It has no tabloids, no vice-crusaders, no evangelists nosing greedily for sensations. Its clergy is, on the whole, intelligent, liberal, and civilized, and, in one or two cases, remarkably fearless. There is probably not half the "night life" in the city that there was two decades ago. In fact, a public night life has almost disappeared. San Francisco is dripping "wet," but the bulk of its drinking is done at home. The San Franciscan always drank with his meals—that excellent wine for which northern California was justly becoming famous when the Volstead Act was passed. Now, when the price of a fair native claret has risen to two or three dollars a gallon, he does the same, but his consumption of hard liquor between meals has increased enormously. It is rather remarkable that with San Francisco's tradition of café life, it has developed none of those superlatively genteel speakeasies that dot New York, where one may dine excellently and drink discreetly in a clublike atmosphere of Louis Quinze, Queen Anne, or modernistic elegance. There are a few good bars in the city and a number of first-class restaurants. The two, as a rule, are not combined. For a leisurely dinner with wine, one must go to the humbler cafés of the Latin Quarter. But on the whole, prohibition has driven the San Franciscan home. Before that, like the Parisian, he was a persistent diner-out. One of the most vivid memories of my childhood was the regular Sunday dinner—*en famille*—at Jacques, Coppa's, or the old St. Germain. At the latter, when my glass of water had been colored ever so slightly with Chianti, or Italian-Swiss Colony Riesling, the ancient headwaiter would relate how, as a boy, he had heard my great-grandmother, a famous prima donna of the fifties, when she had come all the way from London for a San Francisco engagement.

That, of course, belonged to "the Paris of America" period. But even then San Francisco never resembled Paris, which is as noisy as New York, though on a sharper, shriller, more staccato note. Comparisons of cities are as odious as any, but San Francisco has always seemed to me a pocket edition of two very different European cities—London and Marseilles—rolled into one. The climatic similarities are the most striking.

Its summers are a variation on London's fogs and Marseilles' mistrals. Its hilliness, its fishing fleets and colorful water-front life, its cheap and marvelous foodstuffs and the excellence of its restaurants, even the coloring of bay and sky and the salt tang in the air, are of Marseilles. But the mists drifting in from the Pacific on summer afternoons, curling about the hilltops, shrouding the streets in mystery, blurring the city's lights, and particularly the clear-eyed, high-colored vigor this mistiness brings to its inhabitants, are essentially of London. The English love it. They come and settle in and around the city in increasing numbers, especially just across the Golden Gate, in the little hillside town of Sausalito which is as beautiful as Capri, Taormina, or anything the Riviera has to offer. Perhaps San Francisco's perennial coolness, so trying to those of us with a feline love of warmth, is not too high a price to pay for the color and beauty of its women, so remarkably like Englishwomen who have learned how to dress. Only recently I read in the jottings of a New York columnist abroad: "There are more beautiful women to be seen on the streets of San Francisco than in the whole of France." It is quite true. I am inclined to think that California in general is breeding a distinctly superior physical type—tall and long-limbed. The San Francisco women are not more beautiful than those of southern California, but they are more vivid and, because the northern population is less diluted with non-Californians, health-seekers, rural settlers, and visitors, the impression of mass beauty on the city streets is greater. The summer fogs and winter sunshine not only give color and sparkle to its women, but they also permit of smarter clothing out of doors than is possible in a section where heat and humidity make flimsiness a necessity or where one must go swathed in furs. San Francisco's shops are as smart as those of upper Fifth Avenue, and its women are among the best-dressed in the world.

It would be pleasant, but untrue, to say the same thing of its men. The he-man tradition is still powerful in the West and this tradition rules out any preoccupation with externals. The average San Franciscan male would rather be dead than elegant. (Even ex-Mayor Rolph offset his dandyism by wearing high-topped boots beneath his carefully creased trousers.) Only a few resident Englishmen have the temerity to carry canes. Spats are forgiven the foreign members of the Symphony Orchestra. A great deal more is forgiven that portion of the art colony that goes its way indifferent to social prestige. The city's best-known artist strides about its streets in cowboy boots and bright flowing tie. But there are too few like him to color the general scene.

All this recalls a conclusion I hesitate to set down. Many years ago, before I had done any traveling, I heard a masculine visitor from New York remark, "I have met six charming and interesting women in San Francisco to every one charming and interesting man." I had never thought about it then, but now, after years away from the West and after meeting in the East and in Europe, dozens of interesting men *from* the West, I recognize its truth. Therein lies the whole cultural tragedy of Western America, for its talent and intellectual vigor inevitably drain into the narrow canyons of Manhattan. Such men cannot afford to stay home. Neither can such women, perhaps; but it is not so easy for the girls to escape. They are more likely to be bound by ties of family, affection, by timidity, or lack of cash to make the venture. San Francisco has bred more than its

share of men with creative ability, intellectual promise, or unique personal quality; but unless such men inherit sufficient means to give them independence, or possess gifts so striking as to win them immediate lucrative recognition, the city has little to offer them except careers in business, law, or medicine. A few escape into the academic world, and the faculties of the two near-by universities, Stanford and California, boast some distinguished names. But frequently these names are better known in the East than at home. Academic life here is strangely divorced from public affairs and the cultural life of the city. An occasional professor will address an occasional woman's club, but he rarely expresses himself on any public issue or takes sides in any stimulating intellectual or artistic controversy outside the campus. A number of years ago, several men including a famous poet, attached to the State University, were discharged for signing a petition for the release of political prisoners. Their colleagues have evidently profited by this example.

Of its creative workers who do not escape to New York or Europe but who remain, enamored of the city's beauty and its ease of living, the painters alone have any kind of local market. In San Francisco, as elsewhere, Society, as represented by the names in the social columns of the newspapers, is not necessarily synonymous with culture. But San Francisco possesses, especially in a small group of wealthy, highly cultivated Jews—third-generation Californians mostly—a number of men and women of genuine artistic discrimination. While they usually buy the work of the accepted European modernists, they contribute generously to local art projects and occasionally purchase a canvas from a gifted local artist. But the city has never had a general publishing house, even a third-rate magazine, or a first-class critical review. It has a symphony orchestra, a light opera company, and several excellent chamber music groups. But on the whole, the musical artist—unless he is one of those striking child prodigies of which California is so prolific—is in the same position as its writers. The local boy must make good in the big city before the clubs will honor him at home. San Francisco's very "sophistication," which looks always to New York, London, and Paris for anything worthwhile, militates against the development of its local genius. The embryo athletic star, however, never suffers for lack of home-town support.

Many of San Francisco's most gifted children have left it regretfully, knowing that nowhere else will they find life so gracious, so physically satisfying. Those who remain because they cannot tear themselves away, do so to the frequent frustration of their talents, a frustration which they realize only in middle life and then seek to forget in mystical speculations or in the cup that cheers. Some of San Francisco's finest talents have been preserved chiefly in alcohol.

Perhaps some degree of inner and outer conflict, of bitterness, despair, and indignation at a world so alien to the heart's desire, is a prerequisite of the creative process, or at least, of its deepest and most stirring manifestations. Perhaps both art and genuine intellectual activity are our compensations for the general unsatisfactoriness of life. And in San Francisco, less than in any other place I know, is such compensation necessary. (Its high suicide rate is due, I am convinced, merely to the depressive effects of the San Francisco fogs upon depleted, hyper-sensitive persons attracted to California by its supposed warmth and sunniness.) To the nor-

mal person life here can be too exhilarating for introspection. It is too easy to "get by" with very little, too possible to escape the worst phases of social and economic pressure for despair. With so many glimpses of breath-taking beauty, it is not necessary to create beauty for oneself on canvas or paper. It is enough to be alive.

Writing of San Franciscans in the *New Republic* a few years ago, Mr. George P. West called them "the prosperous Dionysians." They are not so prosperous just now, but those who are managing to eat with fair regularity are still Dionysian.

Recently, in front of the most magnificent hotel on Nob Hill, a down-and-outer in torn shoes and weather-beaten suit struck me for a dime.

"I haven't eaten for two days, lady," he said.

Then, as I fished in my purse for the coin, he waved his arm about that semicircle of bay and city that glistened below us in the sunshine.

"Swell, ain't it?" he added.

That, as I have said, is the trouble with San Francisco.

SONNET

BY ESTHER WHITMARSH

TAKE thou the nights and let me have the days
For work and laughter and the uprising sun
That warms and freshens and with gold defrays
My small expenses till his course is run.
Or take the days and leave the nights to me
When earth turns slowly round among the stars,
And shivering thought draws in a breath to see
The blue Capella look on ruddy Mars.
Or one or other shall indeed be yours,
Has been, and is, and neither you nor I
Would care to let the precious mutual hours
Have seed of mutual claims and multiply;
The spring is gone, the treacherous spring weather
When one could give both days and nights together.



IDYLL IN PARIS

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

PERCIVAL and I sat at a small table on the *terrasse* of the Pavillon du Lac, which is by far the best restaurant in the whole of the Parc Montsouris. The Parc Montsouris lies on the south edge of Paris and contains, as do all well-constituted French parks, a great deal of rustic woodwork made of reinforced concrete, a certain amount of heavily railed-off grass, some formal and frightened flowers, an ornamental lake with a *cascade véritable*, and one small restaurant.

We had gone out to the Pavillon du Lac for dinner that summer evening because it is quiet. We were tired of the boulevards and the Champs Elysées; we even wished to hear French spoken round us for a change. And, instead of yelping taxi-horns, we wanted to listen to the soothing murmurs of a few sedate bourgeois families getting their last sou's worth off the menu. We never realized, till it was too late to retreat, that we had selected the very evening on which a wedding-feast of some local importance was being staged in the main room back of the *terrasse*. As it turned out, we weren't sorry: we might have gone elsewhere or even wasted our money on a theater.

True, we had noticed a terrific *va-et-vient* of chefs, *maîtres*, *sommeliers*, *vestiaires*, scullions, and other odds-and-clods in the background on our arrival; but Percival, who is not modest, put it down to the fact that the news had got round that those two old *flâneurs*, Apple and Percival, those *hommes-autour-ville* were giving La Rue and Montagné a miss that night. I, on the other hand, had ascribed it to our sensational entry. For we had come by taxi and, taxis not being allowed in the Parc, the driver had taken us round the outside to where the back premises of the restaurant—which is only just inside the railings—gave onto a street. Thus we had stormed the place from the rear and had arrived at our table via the goods entrance, an apartment which looked like the off-duty waiters' card-room, the scullery, main kitchen, and finally service door. Enough to startle any restaurant.

We had barely started to destroy soup when the first wedding guest arrived—Great Uncle Clément, we guessed. He was a very large man in a very small evening dress; obviously he had been a bit late in opening up negotiations with his friend Monsieur Lévi, *Vêtements d'Occasion et à Louer*," and so had not been able to reserve his usual for the celebration. He at once enticed the *sommelier* into a corner and went into a huddle with him over the wine-list. Wedding or no, he meant to let nothing interfere with the serious things of life. Wine, woman, and song was *his* motto—except that he was probably a misogynist who didn't care for music.

Various elderly spinsters, cousins of the bride, were next, their eyes glued to the big table from the moment they entered the door, with the air of those who have been going without meals ever since they got their invitation cards. They at once started lobbying for position round the end of the table nearest the service door. They appeared to be dressed mostly in black and sequins. It may have been their best; or, being the bride's cousins, it may merely have been an indication of what they thought of the bridegroom.

Then there was a pause, at the end of which a group of young men, who seemed to be all white glove, slid in with a couple of girls—bridesmaids from their dress—embedded in the center of the group. They were very earnest and very gallant. That the Pavillon du Lac would be doing some more wedding-feast business in the near future seemed to us a safe bet.

The next arrival was La Tante Ernestine. She turned up in a taxi—almost as sensationally as we had. This, however, she achieved by arriving at the main or park entrance of the restaurant, the one forbidden to taxis, with a very stout *agent de police* trundling along some lengths behind and puffing out, "*Hé! Là-bas!*" at intervals. Being built for speech rather than speed, he had to stop each time he shouted and so lost distance. La Tante Ernestine descended hastily, made a lightning calculation of the *agent's* velocity and direction, and so timed it that she was in the restaurant and gone to ground in the ladies' cloakroom before the guardian of the law fetched up. She had also, we noticed with admiration, fixed it so that the taxi-driver just had time to get clear himself, but not time enough to complain of the tip.

At last came the bride, a glorious impression of veil, flowing white dress, flowers, scent, and triumph; at her heels followed a large *boutonnière* behind which the bridegroom lay hid.

Then happened what was to Percival and myself, brought up in Anglo-Saxon tradition, a most amazing thing. After conversing a bit with their friends, the bridal pair, dinner apparently being not quite ready, went off in the sunset glow for a *stroll in the Park*. Our mouths dropped; we stared; we forgot even our wine. In Anglo-Saxon countries a bride and groom in their finery rarely appear in public for more than half a minute—that brief blushing run across the pavement from the church door to the car—and hate every second of it. Here in France, without a touch of embarrassment, they went for a walk arm-in-arm round the Park, the Park with its playing children, its loungers sitting on benches, its workmen going home, its casual citizens. We just couldn't believe it. More extraordinary still, not a soul turned his head to stare, not a small boy called out, "Where didja get that hat?" Not a loafer guffawed.

You won't believe me, but better was yet to come. They sat down on a bench. Not on penny chairs even; doubtless the bridegroom knew that married life was an expensive business, and he was going to begin as he meant to go on—with economy. A young man reading a book occupied the other end of the bench, but they didn't mind. Neither did he; he never even looked up, not even when the husband put his arm round his bride and gave her a good smacking kiss. . . .

Had this happened in, say, Central Park, New York, that free country, there would have been a ring of grinning citizens round them in no time; they would have been the butt of a good deal of comment, and probably would have been moved on by the police. Here all that happened was that across the intervening fifty yards the bridegroom's friends in the res-

taurant shouted a few conversational remarks. To them the bride replied with spirit and with, we fear, Gallic wit. The bridegroom ignored them: he had his own ideas. He cuddled her more closely and took another kiss. She slapped him playfully. Her friends laughed and one called out, "Attababy! Hand him another!" or its equivalent in French. And all the while the bridegroom was in his full regalia, the bride in her wedding dress, the park was full of humble citizens, and not a person among them exhibited self-consciousness enough to sink a water-beetle.

It was amazing. It went on for a long time. We began to wonder whether they were waiting for dinner, whether dinner was waiting for them, whether even they *wanted* dinner. At last we questioned our *garçon*. We actually had to point the pair out to him; he hadn't noticed. Despite our shocked remonstrance, he at once went off to inquire. His answer on his return was staggering in its simplicity.

"They all wait," he said, "for the bridegroom."

"Yes, yes, I can see that, but . . ."

"He is not yet here. He was delayed half an hour to go to see a friend. That one over there is the, what you say, the best man. . . ."

Silently we paid our bill and left. France was too much for us.



WHY DON'T THEY FIGHT BACK?

BY T. SWANN HARDING

THE other day a rather strange thing happened to me. I had got two wrong numbers from Central and began to deviate into emotional expletive. In fact, I made several somewhat testy remarks. Then, to my utter surprise and great satisfaction, she came back at me quite as testily, sharply defined the exact nature of my particular and unique form of hebetude, and suggested how I might set about remedying this condition if I were so minded. Usually, they don't fight back these days, that is they don't if they are the minions of some big corporation; and this pleasure of the retort tart is so generally denied me that it came as a real treat. Of course, you can insist on being connected with the chief operator, and talk with her heart to heart; but my experience with her is that she will not get mad and sass you as you would like to be sassed.

When you are angry you want something to feed, not to quench, the flames of your wrath. I have been doubly fortunate recently. For not long ago I sent in an order for two medium-priced seats to a concert by an opera-singing movie actor. My check was returned with the explanation that only higher-priced seats were available. I had long dealt with the ticket agency and was well known in its offices, so I exercised the privileges of an intimate friend by sending more money and a pert note informing them that they knew me well enough to send me the tickets with bill for the additional charge.

Somewhat to my astonishment but greatly to my satisfaction, I received in reply a very austerely indignant note informing me that the writer was a mere office employee of the concert agency, that she was not a mind reader, and hence was unqualified to guess what price tickets I might want, and, besides that, I was not half so well known at the agency as I imagined. Indeed there was some difficulty in remembering me at all, and they had no information whatever as to my financial status. In addition to all this, she would have me remember that

she was a lady, and a lady now convinced that I was no gentleman.

It is difficult for me to express how these encounters heartened and encouraged me. They were indeed refreshing in a world wherein business is carried on with such automatic and stultified courtesy that a man with a passing grouch has nowhere to put it down. For the normal grouch should bounce back upon the groucher with resilience and snappy elasticity. One does not desire it to sink into a marshmallow or a feather pillow and to make no impression at all; yet that is the usual result these days. Certain store clerks will still speak to you abusively if you irritate them sufficiently, but it takes considerable time and no little technic these days to provoke them to really satisfactory wrath. Offhandedly, I can think of nowhere else that you can be reasonably certain of discourtesy in return for discourtesy, at anything like equal reciprocity.

In the old days we could depend upon street-car conductors and train hands. But, with traffic what it is these days, conductors, motormen, and brakemen are very careful how they damn the public. The same goes for theater box-office employees. In the moving picture palace studied courtesy almost drives you mad. The admirals and major generals on duty there have been drilled so successfully to repeat certain stereotyped remarks in a phonographic way that I, at least, after considerable painstaking and conscientious effort, have been unable to drive them into the open, and compel them to broaden the scope of their conversation. The reason is that their stock reply, "You will have to see the manager about that," covers almost every extraordinary contingency it is possible to think of. Even their emotional control is perfect, for I must confess that I have on occasion driven the telephone central to display her emotions in the tone of her voice, and its somewhat lambent modulations, while she managed to repeat the conventual liturgy of her profession quite unaltered by my pale-blue ejaculations.

This refusal to fight back becomes most painfully evident in dealings with stores and corporations. Time and time again I have sought to compose the most provocative letters, lavishing satire and irony to excess and seasoning with downright insults; I have hopefully sent these to department stores, to gas companies, to the telephone company, and to the mail order houses, and I have yet to evoke a single admonitory or sarcastic reply. Always the letters that have returned to me were couched in the careful, objective language that the impersonal scientist is supposed to use (but does not) when discussing research problems which stir him emotionally against certain persons or theories; and I saw that my complaint was handled under "Cases of Class 6, Subclass viii, Order A," just as if I had written it courteously.

There sticks in my mind a particular case in which I became somewhat disturbed emotionally because a certain jeweler flimflammed me into signing a sixty-day note, while leading me to believe that the note ran for ninety days. This incident worked me up into a spectacular lather and I indicted my sentiments to him on a convenient piece of asbestos, with scant regard for etiquette. In reply to my repeated postal thrusts I got three frigid notes charged with such unctuous politeness that I could picture the jeweler rubbing his hands softly together as I read them. Worse still, however, the letters were entirely irrelevant to my contentions and expostulations; instead, they quite urbanely assured me that everything was always made perfectly satisfactory for every customer, and that nothing under heaven—neither holocaust nor catastrophe—could under-

mine the strong foundations of our friendly business relationships.

Advertising men claim to be omniscient. The administrators and executives of big business claim to be so utterly proficient. Those in charge of sales forces claim to know so much about selling their goods. I wonder why none of them realizes that the average customer likes to be fought with, likes to write a dirty letter and to get an angry answer back, likes to have his claims adjusted, but prefers a lively exchange of personal insults in the bargain. Why doesn't some big business organization melt the frozen assets and inflate the depression by insisting that its employees do unto others as they are done by?

A soft answer, I admit, does turn away wrath—using "turn away" in the sense of "to deflect"—but it turns it away upon innocent cats, dogs, inanimate objects, wives, and other household pets. This is quite unfair. The organization that caused the complaint should be the willing recipient of all the wrath appurtenant thereto. Why, in fact, do not consumers absolutely demand the right to have others fight back at them? Nothing, I insist, can possibly be more humiliating, more insulting, more absolutely degrading to a man who has spent long hours formulating a scathing epistle, full of insults and of poisonous invective, than to get in reply a coldly polite letter—out of a book.

For that is what I am coming to. The reason they don't fight back by mail is that there are no fighting letters in the books from which the letter to cover a particular case is copied. I worked in industry and I know whereof I speak. The President of the concern for which I worked had a letter book. It contained a thousand pages and was carefully cross-indexed. Therein was to be found a letter to cover every possible contingency. There were blanks in the letter, and the filling in of those blanks constituted all the individual attention the customer got. The President of the firm did not dictate letters. He took them out of the book wherein he could find letters to stir delinquent creditors to action, letters to stimulate salesmen in overpowering sales resistance, letters to complain about the quality of the goods he bought, and, finally, letters to cover every type of complaint any customer could possibly send in, regardless of how it was couched.

There would be the morning mail. Two or three routine letters would be on top. The President would merely look at them and say, "Turn to page 577, letter A3; fill in the blanks as follows . . ." and that was done. But then would come some masterful letter of indignation and rebuke, sprinkled with deadly insults of the most personal character—the kind of letter that would throw you and me—or at least me—into an insane rage and set us—or at least me—running up and down the rainspouts in sheer infuriated frenzy. How did it affect the President? Well, sometimes he laughed. Occasionally the writer's indignation had so damaged his grammar and his spelling that the letter could be shared with the Vice President and the Secretary-Treasurer. But, sooner or later in any case, and usually sooner, he glanced through the missive in order to trace out the real nature of the complaint.

That ascertained, he began to run through the index of the letter book. Very soon he would discover, nestling coyly on the bottom of page 888, letter B4 and suggest that it, with blanks properly filled in, would cover the case. Now the man who wrote that form letter was not angry when he wrote it. He had no knowledge of this particular complaint, and no emotional reactions to any complaint surged through his being and agitated him at the moment.

Therefore, the angry individual who wrote so incendiary a communication to the President of my firm got for his pains a calm, impersonal, and almost degenerately courteous letter informing him that the case would be adjusted and perfect satisfaction could be guaranteed. You can imagine how that pleased him, all steamed up as he was to go out and scald somebody. He had the steam. He had to scald someone. My guess is that his wife or his dog spent a mighty unpleasant evening.

To break this conspiracy of politeness "my thought is," that we must get passionate letters into that book. There should be letters in there which can tell dissatisfied customers a great many things about their personal inadequacies, the degenerate character of their ancestors, and the superior wisdom and judgment of the organization sending out the letter. Until we get such letters into the book (and I am willing at any time to act as Treasurer of the Society for the Promotion of Fighting Letters from Business Houses) this country will not be what it should be.

Better still, I should like to take part in a general assault on the citadel of the book with the urbane letters in it. Indeed I have been a privateer in the service already and have done as much as a single individual can be expected to do against an agency so ancient, so honorable, and so well entrenched. In certain rare instances, by racking my brains and consulting all my friends —some of whom have sound sense—I have thought up things to say in my letters of complaint which obviously drove my business correspondent momentarily away from his letter-form book, simply because no letter therein could be distorted into offering me a reply. In such cases when I got my correspondents out in the open, I have found them to be singularly dumb and somewhat given to mild irritation. I have hopes yet that I may ultimately drive at least one of them to the exigency of calling me a naughty fellow, or at least a nuisance and a pest. But I would like some assistance, for so far they don't fight back as they should. And why don't they fight back? They have a book!



Editor's Easy Chair



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AFFAIRS in our troubled world just now (February 15th) are in a condition more suitable for constant observation than for final conclusions. As we say in the vernacular, it is a good time to keep one's shirt on. What will work out of the proceedings in Shanghai and generally in China is all highly conjectural, but one may at least say that a good deal ought to happen out there, and that movement, good or bad, whatever apprehensions it may raise, is about due; and the prospect of marked improvement in affairs in that part of the world is not bright unless a good deal does happen.

Some of the observers, Mr. Garvin for one, deprecate Japan's activity on the ground that it tends to unite Northern and Southern China, the opinion being that China is a safer item in our present world if it is divided. At present it seems to have no government that can enforce its will as a nation; perhaps it never had, and possibly for the peace of the world it is just as well that it should not. But it is an enormous market, extremely inviting to the more industrially developed countries, and a government that would make life and property safe there would add very much to its value to trade.

But after all China has plenty of time and is seldom in a hurry and usually requires some exterior force to jostle her destiny. Japan for the moment figures as such a force.

What would we have of Japan? Japan is a modern nation, and no one is more responsible for her being so than the United States. Like England, she is overcrowded and pinched to support her people. Across narrow waters she sees enormous China teeming with vast unused resources and with a huge population waiting apparently to be modernized. To Japan, efficient and intelligent, with a navy, airplanes, very nice modern guns, and all such things, China must look irresistibly inviting. But after all, what Japan seems to want is not so much political control as control of trade. She wants a market. The troubles raging around Shanghai at this writing came out of the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods, instigated by the Japanese activities and interferences in Manchuria. What Japan wants in China seems to be very much what the English wanted in India, primarily a chance to make money. Clive and the East India Company and Warren Hastings and those worthies did not have a serious European opposition except perhaps from the Dutch, and that they beat; but Japan, reaching out at Shanghai with guns, missiles, airplanes, and bombs, runs up against very powerful conflicting interests which compel her to consider whether

she can lick all creation even at a time when so large a part of creation is so effectually gun-shy. Neither Europe nor the United States has any inclination just now to fly to arms to hinder any altercation between Japan and China. Europe and these States will look after their nationals of course, but beyond that . . .

Well, beyond that what? What is coming out of Asia? What kind of mistakes shall we all make about Asia, and what will the result be? Europe has not yet learned to regard Asia with apprehension. It thinks of Asia as an inviting market but not as a tidal wave. But China, once started, might become a tidal wave of terrifying dimensions, sufficiently so to shake a good many of the national and political tucks out of Europe if Europe saw it coming. It is hard for Europe to get together and co-operate to produce better business, but in what looked like the face of impending destruction it might be done.

One hears and reads that Soviet Russia is always busy stirring up strife between Japanese and Chinese, and that among the troops fighting at Shanghai are Cantonese infected with communist purposes. However that may be, Japan's most serious opponent in whatever designs she has on China, and more particularly on Manchuria, looks to be Russia. Russia is very busy just now and not in any mood for open fighting, but if at any time she wants to make trouble for Japan in Manchuria she can get there in force almost as easily as Japan, whereas Western Europe and the United States cannot. They can send warships to coast cities and they can provide discussion, but, even if they had the inclination to go farther than that, the difficulties would be so great that not on any basis would the game be worth the candle.

However, Japan seems to enjoy being a member of the family of nations and will hesitate very much about doing anything that would cost her a seat at table.

At this writing a Disarmament Conference has just begun in Geneva, but who can hear this rattle of drums coming down the Shanghai road and the hoarse notes of the airplanes from the sky and not wonder whether it is really time to disarm yet? We are told from time to time that the War is still going on in Europe. Mr. Lippmann, speaking of Geneva just before he went abroad, said there was an opportunity there "to carry to all peoples an understanding of the terrible risks they are facing because they cherish and perpetuate a series of imbecile quarrels that could be settled in a few weeks of sanity and common sense."

Yes, the nations should agree but cannot. They will hardly reduce armament until they do agree. Armament at its present rate is the result of a state of mind. It will hardly diminish except perhaps by lack of means to maintain it or until the state of mind that made it passes away. That is the big job to accomplish. Japan and China do not agree, but neither do Germany and France. Truly the times are out of joint, but that has happened before.

ONE may go farther than the New Testament for his political economy in these times and fare worse. There are various maxims in that depositary that look timely just now. One is "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"—a large international suggestion. There is another to effect that what we give we get back in "good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over," and in Ecclesiastes there is that adage about casting bread upon the waters and finding it after many days.

There is truth in these sayings. There seem to be curious agencies, invisible to ordinary intelligence, constantly practicing to produce the incalculable. After the War the British, whose great affair is trade, said, Wipe the war debts off the slate! Nobody else was willing, had sense enough to be willing, or could accommodate such a suggestion to their sense of need and their expectations. For us the prevailing view about the foreign debts found expression in the words imputed to Mr. Coolidge, "You hired the money, didn't you?" All along there have been people who saw farther than that; perhaps Mr. Coolidge did, himself, and spoke rather out of what he thought was possible than what he may have thought was best, but Mr. Mellon saw and said years ago that a prosperous Europe for us to trade with was worth all the war debts.

> And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.
>
> But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great.

So said the Master as reported by Luke. There may be some consolation for American bankers to remember that.

Forty or fifty years ago the Sermon on the Mount to many readers read like something probably impossible to follow, but nowadays it grows more and more to read like a treatise on psychology.

And just a little outside of holy writ there is an old story, worthy of consideration in these troublous times, that may or should be found in any nursery. It is the tale from *Mother Goose* of the old woman and her pig that would not jump over the stile. In it all the performers are represented as ready and able to move and do their appointed jobs but waiting for something to get them started.

That is the situation of our world this day. It has got everything necessary; it really knows what to do but it cannot get started.

Perhaps we shall see things move more quickly than we expect because something happens to make the water threaten the fire, the fire to burn the stick, the stick to beat the dog, the dog to bite the pig, and the pig to jump over the stile, and let the old woman get home. You see our world—Look at it! It is that old woman with her pig! Assign the parts as you will—this one the pig, that the dog to bite it, yonder the fire to burn what stick you will. Remarkable! Here we are, with people falling out of thirteen-story windows, fathers killing their families, travel impeded by persons throwing themselves under subway trains, families, parents, children dumped out on the sidewalks with their goods for lack of rent money, all manner of distresses, and more making, and all because the fire does not burn the stick and the stick does not beat the dog and the old woman cannot get her pig over the stile.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, a candidate for President, helps nothing when he says the League of Nations has changed its character and that we should not join it now, nor yet should we cancel the war debts. That helps nothing, though doubtless there is basis for his opinions. Joining the League of Nations is not an issue, but cleaning up the war debts and reparations and arriving at some practicable settlement about them should be an issue in the Presidential election and a factor in selecting a candidate. What is done about it ought to be done in an orderly manner, but, Heavens! it should be done. It is the water that won't threaten the fire that won't burn the stick that won't beat the dog. It is not so hard to know what to do. If

you happen on President Butler's program for the Republican Party you will find in it the necessary suggestions: To repeal the 18th Amendment; to reduce and revise the tariffs for the benefit of trade; to procure that the budget of the Federal government shall be balanced; to recognize the international character of almost every problem of public policy; to examine the war debts and reparations anew, and so on. What we should do is not difficult to determine, and perhaps if we really got busy with our own part, it might stimulate our brethren in Europe to an increased activity about theirs.

LAMENTABLE as are so many of the consequences—unemployment, privation and widespread suffering—of the collapse of the money flood of 1929, the departure of the flood itself is by no means universally lamented. Plenty of people disliked the restlessness and exaggeration of everything that it produced and are glad to get back to more restricted opportunities and a simpler life. One such person says, "I have had a better time this winter than last winter. When I go out to dinner it is to meet four people or six whom I want to see and not a dozen people most of whom I am not at all impatient to commune with." In 1929 and later many people had a lot of things on their minds that are not engaging their attention at present—new cars, journeys, excursions, building, matching pearls, countless cares of that sort of which they are now relieved. Consequently they can give more attention to the real business of living and of raising their children if they have any. Being rich is a job that requires an apprenticeship if it is to be discharged with credit. A lot of people were rich in 1929 who had not had the training for it and who floundered a good deal in their efforts to meet its calls.

After all, it is in our minds that we live even more than in our bodies. Bodies have to be fed, clothed if possible, and receive some other timely attentions which in most cases it takes some money to accomplish, but minds should be and can be made adjustable to almost any income, and often do better on a smaller than a larger one.

THE sale of the Marquis of Lothian's books was interesting and, in spite of hard times, highly successful. His Lordship, well known hereabouts as Philip Kerr, lately agent of the Rhodes Trust and a participator several years in the conferences of Williamstown, inherited the title and estate of Lothian. The property, said to be of a value of about two million dollars, had to pay a transfer tax of about half of that sum; and the sale in New York on January 27th and 28th of selected books from its libraries was for the purpose of providing money to pay that tax and did provide about four hundred thousand dollars.

The Marquis doubtless would prefer to keep the books that he inherited, but being a man concerned with large affairs of the world and doubtless a philosopher, he may find consolation in the shifting of the care of these extremely valuable literary curiosities from his shoulders to that of various collectors, libraries, and museums; for these old books and papers and manuscripts are simply curiosities of literature and their appeal is to collectors. As far as knowledge goes, whatever was in them has been extracted and entrusted to other receptacles this long time.

The Marquis is Under-Secretary for India in the present government. He is a man of profound humanity, was one of Lloyd George's secretaries in the heat of the War, and has been busy, as said, with the rearrangement of the world in the last twelve years.



BARN NEAR CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

By J. J. Lankes

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries

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Harpers Magazine

THE GREAT ECONOMIC PARADOX

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

HOW are we to get out of the economic Slough of Despond in which we are floundering?

There is an abundance of advice available, which can be reduced to perfectly explicit, though rather bewildering, formulæ.

We are to cultivate the virtue of thrift, and spend more.

We are to work harder, and curtail production.

We are to cut down the cost of production, and pay higher wages.

The Federal government is to reduce its budget, and spend five billion dollars on public works.

We are to cherish rugged individualism, and, as a patriotic duty, stop hoarding.

We are to increase our tariffs, and collect the War Debts to the last dollar.

We are to stiffen our immigration restriction so as to prevent overproduction, and liberalize our immigration laws in order to increase the number of consumers.

We are to have less government in business, and Federal aid to the banks, Federal loans to railroads, and a Federal curb on short selling.

In short, having got into difficulty by following what appeared to be the logical rules of reason and the dictates of human nature, we are to get out of difficulty by putting ourselves through the looking-glass, believing as many as six impossible things before breakfast, and adopting all the inconsistent and contradictory expedients that the imaginations of our busy best minds can devise.

All of this is another way of saying that nobody knows how to get out of the mess, because nobody knows precisely how we got in, or what the exact causes of our troubles are.

II

Doubtless there can be no one remedy for our distress, for the reason

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that it has no single cause. The evidence is that some exceedingly drastic changes must be made in our whole social structure before times like these can be safely regarded as a thing of the past. But there is one thing that is absolutely essential to the discovery and application of any effective remedy. Fortunately it is something that every one of us can do, thereby participating in the preparation for a brighter day. This is to cultivate the habit of thinking honestly and straight about the human relationships which enmesh us, regardless of the encroachments upon our own personal interests, pet traditions, and cherished doctrines into which such thinking may lead us. If we pursue this course relentlessly we may be surprised to discover in the end that we emerge into a region, brighter and happier even for ourselves, than we should have believed possible.

Men's actions are governed, ultimately, by their beliefs. Every deliberate and purposeful act rests upon a belief as to the outcome and consequences of the act. These beliefs may be true or false, that is, consonant with or contrary to the governing facts and forces which will actually determine the outcome. The tragic feature of the situation is that the truth or falsity of the belief has nothing whatever to do with the readiness with which men act upon it—that is determined solely by the vividness and finality of the belief itself. A completely false belief, once established in the mind, is just as powerful a spring of action as one based upon eternal verity. Thousands of country boys and girls have left a secure, though dull and uninspiring, home for the glamorous city in the firm belief that they would find there fame, fortune, and happiness, whereas the truth was that what awaited them was disillusionment, shame, and misery. Tens of thousands of European immigrants have sold all that they possessed and embarked for America, believing that it was the modern Promised Land, only to return disappointed, broken, and bitter.

Beliefs held in common by a large number of individuals become social forces in the strictest sense. They govern social action, determine social forms and institutions, and direct the course of social change. It is a strange and awesome fact that whole societies can become imbued with false beliefs, and consequently build up institutions and mores which are diametrically opposed to their own welfare. This is particularly true because certain beliefs may have high utility at one stage in human affairs and yet be a positive hindrance at a later point of development. An excellent illustration of this truth is furnished by the egalitarian doctrines of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries —the dogmas that all men are born free and equal, and endowed with certain natural and inalienable rights and liberties. These doctrines were evolved as a protest against the favoritism, privilege, and partiality that characterized the social gradation, political and religious affiliation, and judicial administration of the day. They were useful, indeed indispensable, to the attainment of democratic progress and, therefore, in the pragmatic sense, they were true. But having achieved their purpose, and helped to usher in an era of greater equality, they have now become a drag and a handicap to farther advance. In court procedure, the various safeguards that were introduced into the criminal law in order to protect the innocent to-day make it almost impossible to convict the guilty.

But, worse than this, it is quite possible for a society to build its whole social structure around a central belief that is not only antiquated and inconsistent, but intrinsically and fac-

tually false. Some primitive societies place an absolute taboo upon some object that would naturally be their chief food supply. Many such societies are dominated by belief in the power of the shaman and in the capacity of the ghosts of departed tribesmen to participate in the practical affairs of their survivors. The Crusades were sustained by the belief in the military efficacy of sacred relics. Chinese social life is burdened with the incubus of ancestor worship, which is responsible for many of the ghastly consequences of overpopulation.

Similarly, contemporary Western societies are permeated with a set of economic doctrines originating at about the same time as the political dogmas already referred to, and spiritually closely akin to them. These are epitomized in the principles of competition and *laissez-faire*. The antiquated and pernicious character of these doctrines is now coming to be pretty generally appreciated, and attacks upon them are being launched from many quarters. But there is one set of ideas, intimately associated with them, though strangely enough as we shall see intrinsically inconsistent with them, that is by no means clearly understood and needs a thorough airing, as one important step in the process of straight thinking to which I have referred.

III

The central notion in this set of ideas is that what is good for the individual is necessarily good for the group, that a line of conduct that will promote personal welfare will also promote social welfare. A wide variety of social policies and ameliorative practices is based upon this notion. The fact is, on the contrary, that there are many social situations where the obviously profitable personal course is diametrically opposed to group welfare; many social problems in which the natural individual remedy is no social remedy at all, but may be a positive social detriment. This paradox may be illustrated in a commonplace way by the mode of behavior in case of a fire in a theater. The natural, and elementally logical, thing for each individual to do is to make for the nearest exit at the greatest possible speed. A few of the better situated may actually save their lives in this way. But it is not a salutary mode of procedure for the entire group. The larger the number who seek to adopt it the smaller will be the probability of escape for any one of them, and the greater the certainty of general disaster and loss of life. The fire hazard in theaters can be met only by the provision of an adequate number of exits and the thorough training of the patrons in an orderly and socialized type of behavior.

There are a number of important economic relations in which this false set of doctrines operates, and in which undesirable aspects develop which can be eliminated only by the introduction of correct beliefs. A few of these can profitably be examined in some detail.

The first to demand attention, and the most immediate in the present juncture, is unemployment. Here is an existing disaster, of unprecedented magnitude, immeasurable direct detriment, and incalculable future consequences. Proposals for its immediate relief are legion, and plans for its future alleviation or prevention are advanced from eminent sources. Yet many of these proposals, including some of the chief favorites, would, if put into general operation, do much more social harm than good.

To understand this clearly it is necessary to have in mind the nature and causes of unemployment. With reference to the basic causation, there are three main types of unemployment which may be called the personal, the

cosmic, and the social. Personal unemployment is that which is traceable to defects or inadequacies in the workman himself which make him an unprofitable candidate for a job. Imbecility, insanity, disease, physical defect, all operate in this manner. In all discussions of unemployment it must never be forgotten that we are considering it in the setting of a profit system, which is the present postulate, but not necessarily the final or permanent milieu, of productive activity. For the present, however, a person is unemployable if he cannot produce enough goods under the prevailing conditions of industry to allow his employer to pay him whatever wages are necessary and leave a margin of profit. This means, of course, that many persons are unemployable who could actually earn their own living under a different system of production.

The old idea, consistent with the basic doctrines of Classical Economics, was that the great bulk of unemployment was of this type. Thus President Hadley, who was an ardent protagonist of capitalism, speaks as follows in his *Economics:* "Among the many causes of 'unemployment,' the two most important are the shiftlessness of individual laborers and the fluctuations of commercial credit." And Dr. Antonio Stella, a physician who has not hesitated to rush in where professional sociologists tread cautiously, has this to say: "There are always many people unemployed, especially in the slums of large cities, but those are the people who are either crippled or disabled, or unwilling to work."

In point of fact, however, personal unemployment makes up a very small proportion of the total, not only in periods of extremity like the present, but even in boom times. There are very few persons of normal working age who are actually unemployable if times are good enough. This was conspicuously demonstrated during the World War. The first year or two of the European conflict were marked by acute business depression in this country. The park benches in our industrial cities at all times of day were crowded with able-bodied men of working age. Many of them looked bedraggled enough, and some would have been readily classed as morons by those who had not learned caution from the salutary bit of doggerel:

> I don't know what a moron is,
> And I don't give a damn.
> I'm thankful that I am not one—
> My God! perhaps I am.

The casual passer-by would easily have disposed of a large proportion of them with the remark, "Of course, bums like those couldn't expect to get a job." But within a few months those very individuals not only had jobs, and well paid ones, but were being sought after, cajoled, and enticed away from one employer after another by the beguilements of the labor pirates that the situation brought into existence. Unemployability, therefore, is definitely relative to business conditions. Of course, when a slump comes the persons to be laid off first are the marginal workers, those whose degree of efficiency yields least profit to the employer. Superficially, therefore, it appears that their deficiencies are the cause of their idleness. But as some one has put it, "Personal qualities do not cause unemployment—they determine who shall be unemployed." If personal unemployment were the only kind, it would not be a serious burden, and effective remedies could easily be worked out.

We are told that in ancient Alexandria society was so well organized that even the blind and gouty were busy.

Cosmic unemployment is that which arises out of certain unalterable fea-

tures of this particular planet. The most important is the seasonal type. This is due to the fact that certain kinds of labor can be performed only in the warm months, and other kinds in the winter. In the first category come canning, some forms of construction work, and agriculture in general; in the second class are included ice harvesting, snow shoveling, and lumbering. There are other occupations which are spread over the year but have busy and slack seasons. In any of these occupations a worker who belongs to a single one is, as such, almost certain to be unemployed part of the year.

Social unemployment is that which is due to certain social institutions or forms or to the organization of society itself. One type of social unemployment is also seasonal, that which is due to the concentration of certain activities about specific calendar dates like Christmas or the Fourth of July. Such are candy making, paper-box manufacturing, and mercantile enterprises of various sorts. These are not to be confused with cosmic unemployment, as they have nothing to do with the seasons as such.

But far and away the most important of all forms of unemployment is that which is traceable to the basic organization and functioning of society itself. This is not only because it is much the most voluminous type, but also because, as will be shown, it conditions all the other types. Without entering into a detailed analysis of this kind of unemployment, it will suffice for present purposes to note that it is what is quite generally referred to to-day as "technological unemployment"; it is one aspect of the periodic business cycle, and its causes are virtually identical with the causes of the cycle. These causes are now coming to be somewhat clearly envisioned. They are social in the strictest sense. They are tied up with the institutions of private property, particularly in capital, the wage system, land ownership, and legal rights to the product. Underlying them all is a great social belief, the belief in the possibility and beneficence of universal and unlimited profits. This belief is thoroughly visionary and false, yet Western societies have followed its dictates with ingenuous and unwavering confidence, undeterred by the fact that it has led them into one period of disaster after another.

Reduced to its simplest terms, technological unemployment—which may equally well be called "chronic" unemployment—is due to the fact that for decades past Western societies have been enlarging their productive plant so fast that it has become increasingly capable of turning out goods—and driven by the insatiable profit motive has constantly tended to turn out goods—far in excess of the amount that could profitably be disposed of in connection with the current "effective demand" (purchasing power plus the desire to buy). Since this improvement of plant has been largely by means of the substitution of mechanical instruments for human agents, there has been a constant and steadily increasing supply of labor in excess of that which could be profitably employed by the owners of businesses. Unemployment is as regular and characteristic a feature of American life as overpopulation is of Chinese life, and it rests upon a much more demonstrably false belief than that dominating the Chinese. The fluctuating and periodic character of social unemployment is primarily traceable to the speculative nature of most modern businesses and the prevailing custom of producing for an anticipated future market.

What is of concern in the present connection, however, is to observe how socially futile are the ordinary remedies for unemployment as long as the basic

cause remains untouched. In fact, as long as chronic unemployment exists, the conventional remedies for the other types are absolutely useless, or worse. The obvious individual remedy for personal unemployment is to improve one's efficiency, and by doing so the individual worker may quite possibly raise himself out of the pit of idleness. But improving the efficiency of a worker does not increase the number of jobs, and since there are already too few jobs to go around, if one ambitious patron of any of the schools or systems of personal efficiency gets a job, it simply means that someone else loses a job. And if any considerable number of workers adopt this expedient, thereby making it possible to turn out the same amount of goods with less use of labor, the total amount of unemployment is increased thereby. This demonstrates the complete futility of reliance upon any systems of industrial education, technical training, or vocational guidance so long as the suffocating incubus still weighs upon society.

In like manner, the favorite remedy for seasonal unemployment of either the cosmic or the social type is that practice familiarly known as "dovetailing." Let the worker learn two trades, one with its busy season in the summer and the other in the winter. Let a man be a wheat harvester part of the year and a lumberjack the rest of it. Let the frail girl whose belief in the career of a prima donna has landed her in a West Side sweat shop combine the artificial flower trade with the fur trade. Let the sturdy Balkan immigrant work in a coal mine or a gas house while it is cold and in a brick yard when it is hot. Within certain human limitations, which the purveyors of social panaceas are all too prone to ignore, expedients of this sort are undoubtedly efficacious —for the individual. But so long as there is a chronic dearth of jobs, it simply means that if versatile Mary Jones, the former flower worker, with her dual economic role is now employed all the year instead of half, Carmela Brioni, the former fur worker, with less of initiative or imagination, is not employed at all. So where is the gain?

These truths have been realized in a practical way by the International Labor Office in Geneva in connection with its work for the relief of unemployment. A recent authoritative volume from that source contains the following pertinent paragraph:

> It is impossible to organize the work of placing in employment unless there is a demand for labor somewhere. As has been seen during the last ten years, it is possible to find little or no employment available anywhere. The general unemployment from which the world has too often suffered in recent times has deep-rooted economic causes which have to be dealt with.

There can be only one kind of efficient remedy for unemployment. This must be based upon the supplanting of false economic beliefs and the unstable structures that rest upon them by sound scientific knowledge of facts and forces, along with a willingness to follow whatever pathway this new knowledge opens up.

IV

Numerous other instances may be cited of this paradoxical conflict between individual and social expediency, some of which have a direct bearing upon present economic conditions, and others of which are useful more by way of illustration. In the latter class falls modern immigration, such immigration as has been directed toward this country from about 1880 on. The dominating motive of this movement has been economic. It has been actuated by the search for a higher standard of living. Each stream has originated in a country with relatively lower levels, and has flowed

toward the United States because the conjuncture of prices and wages offered a more substantial basis of livelihood. As already pointed out, a large part of this emigration rested upon beliefs that were without foundation in fact. But on the whole the assumption was sound. Labor conditions and standards of living were better here than in most foreign countries. Probably the large majority of immigrants have profited economically. But the competition of standards of living that resulted, operating in accordance with a close analogy of "Gresham's Law," was effectively preventing the improvement of the American standard and would eventually have lowered it, thereby destroying the very advantages for which the enterprise was undertaken. At the same time, in accordance with the fundamental principles of larithmics (the science of population in its quantitative aspects), the outflow from the crowded European countries, instead of relieving the pressure and alleviating the ills of overpopulation, was immediately offset by an increase in the European rate of population growth, and conditions over there remained as bad as ever. It would be difficult to prove whether the immigration movement of the Nineteenth Century resulted in a net gain or loss to the world; it is almost beyond question that if a changed American policy had not greatly reduced its proportions the ultimate result would have been irremediable world disaster.

A closely related case is furnished by famine relief in China. It will be recalled that on the occasion of the 1928–29 famine in that land the American Red Cross sent a commission to investigate the justifiability of participation in relief. In an exceptionally penetrating and courageous report the Commission returned the opinion that under present conditions the relief of famine in China is not an appropriate activity for the Red Cross. The Red Cross is organized for the relief of emergencies, and famine in China is not an emergency. It is a part of the regular scheme of things. There has been on the average one serious famine in China every year for the past two thousand years. With the powerful beliefs that have been mentioned in continuous operation, saving the lives of a few million starving Chinese during one famine means that there are just that many more to die when the next famine comes along. As far as positively benefiting mankind is concerned, the ship-loads of wheat we send to China at such times might just as well be dumped in the ocean as soon as they pass the three-mile limit. They may help American farmers, but they do not help the Chinese. In fact, they injure the Chinese, for, like all palliatives, they have the effect of discouraging genuine curative measures. At the very time when America was being asked to send food to China, hundreds of tons of grain were rotting on station platforms in that very land, and large quantities had even been exported. Only measures of definite social scope can ever solve the famine problem in China.

Coming back to more immediate economic relationships, the wage problem furnishes an excellent example. Under a system of private ownership of businesses, and the consequent competitive struggle for profits, wages are looked upon by producers primarily as an important—often the most extensive—factor in the cost of production. Every dollar cut from the labor bill appears to be a dollar added to the possible margin of profit. This looks like plain and simple arithmetic. And for the single producer it is. But not for all producers. For wages are exactly as important an element in the purchasing power of the market as

they are in the cost of production. Every dollar cut from wages takes a dollar away from the total effective demand for products. Probably very few producers catch this vision of the relationship, and those who do are not much impressed by it. For the saving in the cost of production is immediate and specific; the loss in the market is remote and diffused. Every dollar that John Smith can save out of wages in his radio factory slips smoothly and directly into his own pocket. The loss in purchasing power is spread over ten thousand products, and only an infinitesimal fraction of it ever comes back to him. If he is manufacturing something like steel rails or steamship boilers which none of his employees ever actually purchases, he feels none of the loss directly. In any case, the matter-of-fact employer is glad enough to seize the immediate profit, and take his chance with the eventual loss, paying little heed to the rumbling of a distant drum.

But the extension of this practice to any large number of producers means eventual disaster not only to those who do adopt it, or those who do not, but to all producers alike, and the community in general. The readiness with which employers resort to this expedient of lowering wages whenever hard times threaten is precisely one of the reasons why depressions gain headway so rapidly and last so long.

A correlative procedure takes place on the part of the employees. When wages are low, or the temptation to increase the family income is great, the natural thing seems to be for the wife and children to go out to work, and thus to add their earnings to the wages of the "natural breadwinner." This may work very well for the individual family, which naturally becomes an object of envy to the neighbors. They begin to follow suit. But so soon as any considerable number of wage earners begins to increase the family income in this way, the employers of labor perceive that these incomes are now more than sufficient to enable the worker to keep himself alive and raise up an adequate contribution to the next generation of laborers. So they begin to cut wages. And as wages go down, more and more families are forced to send their wives and children to work in order to keep from starvation, and so the evil system becomes firmly entrenched.

The whole economic history of the Nineteenth Century furnishes a striking illustration of this principle and this process. With the introduction of the new machines and factory processes that marked the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, the old skilled workers found themselves no longer in demand. The new kind of work could be done profitably by children of ten, eight, and six years of age. So there arose the amazing spectacle of self-respecting and expert craftsmen staying at home in idleness and keeping house while their little children went out to work and earned the family bread. In time, of course, there arose a generation that had unlearned its technical skill, and abandoned its pride of craftsmanship, and was content to be a docile cog in a machine. By this time labor conditions had sunk so low that only a new type of legislation—that is, definitely socialized action—prevented the development of an industrial system that would have made the present sorry picture look like a Paradise.

Under an individualistic system of capitalized production the theory of wages that comes closest to the facts is the old "Iron Law," interpreted in terms of the family rather than the individual. The family income of the laboring class tends on the average to fall to the minimum necessary to keep the workers alive and in a state of fair

economic efficiency and to keep a continuous crop of new workers flowing into the gaps left vacant by the elimination of the old. If social custom or law allows only one breadwinner in the family, his income cannot fall below this amount. If, on the contrary, there are several earners in the typical family, their total income cannot rise much above this point. It is very doubtful whether the wage-earning class as a whole in Western countries is one whit better off economically than it would have been if all industrial labor of women and children had been rigidly prohibited for the last century and a half—and it is much worse off in other ways. For the institutions of woman and child labor have become so entrenched in our social system that it is quite generally taken for granted in the lower economic levels that the children of the household will begin to take their part in adding to the family income as soon as the law permits them to, and that the wife and mother will stand ready to add her contribution. Thus the children are deprived of the ordinary developmental experiences of play, recreation, prolonged education, and the natural care and attention of the mother, while the latter is subjected to the strain and fatigue of industrial life in addition to the ordinary demands of the home. Only the operation of social laws regulating woman and child labor and education maintains the family situation even on its present low plane. And with a constant surplus of labor available, and competing for employment, employers can get the whole family group for practically the same wage that they would have to pay a single responsible breadwinner.

V

Three or four other illustrations will suffice to demonstrate the generality and pervasiveness of this illusion that what each can do, all can do; that what is good for the individual is necessarily good for the community. First comes installment buying.

One of the most amazing phenomena connected with the hilarious epoch that preceded the great collapse is that scarcely a single authoritative economic voice was raised in protest against the mad orgy of installment buying—or let us say more logically, installment selling—nor in warning of its certain and dire consequences. Even the most juvenile intelligence, if applied honestly to the problem, would have sufficed to show that such a procedure could portend only disaster. Installment selling is a device whereby an individual producer, for motives of profit, seeks to establish a first lien on the income of the future, instead of waiting for the future to come along and taking his chance with other producers for his share of that income. Combined with the modern refined technic of high-pressure salesmanship, breaking down of sales resistance, and stimulation of consumer desire, it is an extraordinarily effective device for promoting the profits of the individual producer. But employed by all producers, it becomes a two-edged sword, a boomerang of overwhelming magnitude. It is particularly pernicious and insidious because it produces a semblance of prosperity which may have a certain degree of temporary reality. But the greater the prosperity of the moment, the more complete the eventual crash. For, when all the income of a year, let us say, has been pledged in advance to pay for products already manufactured and in the possession of the consumers, what is left to pay for the products of that year or to make the initial payments on the products of next year?

And then there is the tariff, that great incredible will-o'-the-wisp, which

has power to deceive the very elect, the devastating quality of which is due to the fact that the larger the group involved, the greater is the temptation of the individual to seek profit by following the path of personal expediency, the greater the difficulty of perceiving the conflict between individual and personal interests, and consequently the better the chance of his "getting away with it" for a considerable time. But by the same token, the greater is the inevitable disaster when it comes.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that this is one instance of modern economic futility that cannot be laid at the door of the academic economists. There is scarcely a first-rank teacher of economics in our colleges and universities who does not consistently teach free trade. But the promising scions of our first families, after being exposed to one, two, or three years of this teaching, go out into the wide world and all promptly become ardent protectionists—and that's the advantage of a college education!

The one central principle of economics, which ought to be hammered so hard into the head of every college student that no matter how fast he ran along the business highway of later life he could not fail to read it, is that "You can't sell without buying." Even the individual can't do that. For when a man sells goods he is buying money. Or, if he does not like to admit that the receipt of money comes under the definition of buying, sooner or later that money must be spent for something, unless its owner is content to let it lie in useless idleness in a "hoard" of some kind or other. One reason for the prevailing delusions on this subject is that we do not think of investing as buying; yet it is buying, and when universally adopted and practiced without restraint it becomes buying of a very pernicious sort from the social point of view.

But the mesmerizing power of "the world market" and "world trade" is stupendous. The capacity of national boundaries to cut the lines of logical analysis is unbounded. Unceasing, almost superhuman, vigilance is required to avoid the assumption that in a world of nations all sorts of things are possible that are not possible in a federation of states even as extensive as our own. Of course, some things are possible. It is just for this reason that the clearest and most objective thinking is required to see in what direction mirages lie.

This is obviously not the place to enter into an elaborate discussion of protection and free trade. All that is required is to call attention to a few of the basic truths involved. First, there is no such thing as a national favorable balance of trade. This is partly because it is not the nation, but certain individuals in the nation, that receive the proceeds of foreign trade, and much more importantly, because (with the exception of countries that actually mine gold or silver, in which cases these metals are essentially commodities) every dollar received from abroad in payment for American products, for example, must eventually go back again in payment for foreign goods or services. For it is a matter of course that American goods sold abroad must be paid for. There are only three things that can be offered in return, money, goods, and services. There is only a limited amount of the money metals in existence at any one time, although it is being increased slowly. Countries which mine these metals can export them in return for goods. But practically all of the world's business is done on the basis of a stock of metals which flows from one country to another in never ending currents and eddies. This stock, however, represents only a minute fraction of the total amount of

business done. The rest of it is represented by an exchange of goods and services. Even if it were possible for American business and politics to arrange matters so that a considerable portion of each year's increment in the money metals accumulated permanently in the United States, the result would be harmful rather than beneficial to the country as a whole. For, according to the most convincing theory of prices, the price level in a country is determined primarily by the volume of currency. An increase in the amount of money tends to raise the price level, thus making goods more expensive for the native consumers, and also making the country a less attractive market for foreigners to buy goods in. The logical outcome of such a process would be to raise prices in the United States to such a level that we could not sell any goods abroad.

Thus, while we are carefully protecting the golden egg, we kill the goose that lays it. The tariff is probably the outstanding example of our habit of exalting the interests of producers over the interests of consumers, which is accountable for so much of our economic confusion.

But individual producers, and organized business groups, and centralized industrial areas naturally see things from their own restricted point of view, and find it logical to keep expensive lobbies in Washington to urge their interests upon Congress. And individual Congressmen, with their ears close to the ground, find it expedient to listen to these smooth insinuations and to labor heroically for measures that represent the interests of their constituents, no matter what a Frankensteinian monstrosity the result of their combined efforts proves to be.

Closely analogous to the tariff is the matter of the settlement of international war obligations. The principle is essentially the same whether these obligations take the form of reparations or debts. Obligations of one country to another can be paid only in money, goods, or services. If paid in money, assuming this to be possible, they have the deleterious effect upon prices and relation to the world market just described. This matter is so clearly and convincingly expounded by Sir Norman Angell in his chapter in *The Great Illusion*, entitled "The Indemnity Futility," that it would seem superfluous to restate it. His statement speaking of the war of 1870–71, "As a net result of the whole thing Germany was, ten years after the war, a good deal worse off, financially, than her vanquished rival, and was at that date trying, as she is trying to-day, to borrow money from her victim" might well be taken as a prediction of what would happen to the great creditor nation of to-day if it were able to enforce the payment of its claims in money. If, on the contrary, the payment is made in goods or services, it stimulates industry and activity in the debtor country in a manner most unpalatable to profit-seeking interests in the recipient nation. An individual may enrich himself by collecting his debts in full in either money or goods. A nation cannot.

But of all possible illustrations of this principle, probably the most spectacular and irrefutable was the stock inflation of 1929. For two or three years the prices of securities had been mounting with the sky as the apparent limit, and the owners believed that not only they themselves, but the nation as a whole, was getting fabulously rich. But since these money values were not supported by a corresponding increase in interest or dividend rates, the only way in which any individual could realize his wealth was to sell his securities. A single individual or a thousand individuals could do so. But

security owners as a whole could not possibly do so; and as soon as any determinative portion of them tried to do so the whole edifice collapsed, showing that it had no internal substance whatever. The only way in which a society as a whole can increase its wealth is by multiplying and improving its equipment for placing useful and enjoyable goods and services actually in the hands of consumers.

VI

One of the strangest features of the whole situation is that this belief which Western societies cherish so tenderly —that what each can do all can do— is directly contradictory to another belief which is held with equal tenacity —that competition is a divinely appointed rule for the guidance of economic relations. This can be perceived at a glance the moment one divests his mind of the beclouding mass of traditional assumptions and things taken for granted. For if all could do what each can do there would be no competition, no possibility of competition, no need of competition, no merit in competition. The very notion of competition assumes monopoly, in the sense that what one gets the rest cannot get. Every case of the sale of any commodity is an instance of limited monopoly. If each one of a score of manufacturers of tooth-paste could sell to the entire American public regularly, competition among them would disappear, the advertisers would lose a lot of business, and we should be spared a wide variety of intimate boudoir scenes on the pages of our magazines. It is really a wonder that Western civilization has got along as well as it has so thoroughly motivated by two contradictory beliefs, both wrong. There must also be some powerful and tenacious principles of truth and consistency at work, as indeed there are. It is the task of modern social engineering to discover these, release them from the entanglements of error, and give them a chance to exert their constructive influence.

The gist of the whole matter is that, whether we like it or not, modern life has become so highly integrated, so inextricably socialized, so definitely organic, that the very concept of the individual is becoming obsolete. Thinkers of many kinds are beginning to assert that the individual no longer exists except in a metaphysical sense. The welfare of each is becoming inseparably identified with the welfare of all. "Enlightened self-interest" is becoming synonymous with intelligently socialized "others-interest." The boundaries between egoism and altruism are rapidly breaking down. Today one can serve himself only by serving the community. The social outlook and socialized behavior are demanded of contemporary man not merely — nor even primarily — on grounds of justice or of mercy, but of the most self-centered and materialistic wisdom.

In such a situation there is a crying need for leadership. Forward movement awaits the advent of personal exponents of the spirit of the age, men and women who can both see to the heart of modern life and look intelligently into the future. Such persons can crystallize needs, emotions, feelings, convictions, and possibilities into concrete policies and programs. Until they appear we must just muddle along as best we can. But in the meantime every one of us can be training himself to think clearly, stripping himself of outworn dogmas and shibboleths, rooting out the false beliefs that underlie them. So shall the leaders, when they come, find a host of followers ready and competent to tread the paths to a new economic realm.

AN ELEGY FOR ALMA'S AUNT AMY

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

WALNUT GROVE was the place where I did my first and only teaching. Ever since then a miniature of the town has stayed fixed in my mind, sober and primitive in line, touched with sunset color—it is always winter, and the frame houses are standing straight and plain, the steeple of the Congregational church is pointing, and the teachers are going down the long straight sidewalk toward a cold red sky that lies behind the upraised branches of the bare black trees.

After my year of teaching, I had gone to Chicago and then to other places. That short time in Walnut Grove seemed very distant. But one summer when I was at home I went with my mother on a visit to Pleasant City. Almost the first person I saw when we entered the bus was Marian Burke, who used to teach in high school with me. We two hailed each other with as much surprise as if we had never expected to meet again.

Marian said, "Oh! Are you going to stop off at Walnut Grove?"

I had forgotten that Walnut Grove was on the way to Pleasant City. I had almost forgotten that it really existed outside my miniature.

Mother let Marian and me sit together, and we told each other the news about ourselves; and then Marian told me what had become of the other teachers, what our old pupils were doing, who had married whom. But she lived at Creston, only a few stations beyond my home, and she had to leave the bus before I had asked her half the questions I wanted to ask. But I did remember and called out the window to her:

"Oh! What about Alma?"

Alma Root and I still conscientiously exchanged Christmas cards, but it was a good while since we had written to each other.

Marian said, "I don't know about Alma. Same as always, I guess. But I wonder if you've heard that Miss Ramsey is dead?"

I hadn't known that. Miss Ramsey didn't exactly belong in my miniature of the town with the cold sky and the bare trees. Alma's house was always something separate. Alma was the one who was supposed to be my friend. But it would not have been the same kind of a loss—although in a way more shocking, since Alma was younger—if I had heard it was she who was dead.

Mother asked me, "Who was this lady?"

"Alma Root's Aunt Amy," I said.

We drove on down the long paved road. Mother had got to talking with another woman, and so I had a seat to myself, in rocking comfort, and I could think about what I pleased.

That house—Alma Root's home—was the place where all of us teachers liked to go best. It was a haven for

us, a second home. The house seemed quite grand in Walnut Grove. It stood back from the street, on a wide lawn, with a clump of evergreens where the slope was lowest; and its frame tower, trimmed with fancy shingles, had been imposing in its day. No new house had been built in Walnut Grove to surpass it. The town's days of hopefulness, if it had ever had any, were gone. Mr. Root had been the lawyer. He had left Mrs. Root and Alma fairly well to do. Inside the house there was a substratum of 1890 furniture, but mixed with new colonial mahogany, and very up-to-date trimmings in the way of draperies, cushions, and little do-dads. Alma kept up with such things. There were the kind of everyday American comforts that some of us girls had missed in our rooms at Mrs. Farmer's and that we reveled in when Alma invited us. Walnut Grove, which didn't have even a railroad except a little station-stop two miles away, and which lay at the side of the highway, was distinctly a rural town. In some of the houses where we were invited for supper they still had their hard-coal burners that kept the sitting-room cozy as a winter picture on a calendar, with the red-glowing deep bed of coals, but that sent their warmth only half way through the chill of the dining room. I fear it may have been because we liked to go to her house so well that we teachers so assiduously kept up our friendship with Alma. When we talked about her among ourselves we were apt to criticize her.

Oh, well, we liked Alma, too. We more or less counted her as one of the crowd—so that when we had a spread or took a walk on Sunday afternoon one of us would say with contrition, "We ought to have asked Alma." She was about thirty or thirty-one the year I was in Walnut Grove, a large, soft-faced, babyish girl with a skin like an infant's and a small, half-pouted mouth. At home she was treated like a girl by her mother and her Aunt Amy, and we teachers treated her that way too. But in Walnut Grove thirty still meant an old maid. All the girls of her own crowd were long ago married or scattered, and Alma was left. She was like a strange mixture of too young and too old. It seemed that she had been a delicate child (the teachers privately scoffed at that, Alma looked so obviously blooming with that soft, baby-skinned face) and so she had always stayed home with mama and papa. One year in boarding-school had put her forever out of the class of the other girls in Walnut. She held little sporadic jobs—taught the primary for a week when Jessie Davis was ill, and took tickets occasionally at this or that. But she still wasn't considered, and didn't think of herself, as strong enough to do anything beyond that. And what could Alma do by this time? She had stayed too long under her parent's warm, sheltering wings; and now she had both her mother and her Aunt Amy to spend all their care upon her. Mrs. Root was anxiously pleased to have the teachers come to the house, because "it made company for Alma."

They liked to have us come no better than we liked to go there! Poor innocent ladies, they didn't know how, going there for supper, arms linked, we smacked our lips and giggled at our shameful, shameless ravenousness. Mrs. Root and Miss Ramsey were full of anxiety to have everything nice for Alma's friends. They spent as much care and planning upon those meals as if we had been more distinguished guests than were ever likely to visit Walnut Grove. They were busy in the kitchen when we arrived, but Mrs. Root always stepped into the living room to say, "I'm so glad you could come, girls," and to ask us if Alma had taken our wraps and shown us the way

to the bathroom. Then she would smilingly excuse herself. Miss Ramsey came in with her, just as kind and welcoming, but quieter, since the house was not hers but her sister's; and when Mrs. Root went back to the kitchen, she would go too. Once in a while one of us would drift out there to ask if there was something we could do to help. But Mrs. Root always sent us straight back to the other room, saying, "No thank you, dear; Aunt Amy and I can manage everything. You girls just rest and have a good time." Miss Ramsey smiled in corroboration; and as we left we would hear her asking "sister" if she was ready to have the potatoes mashed now or wanted her to make the coffee. Once when I tried to insist on helping, because it seemed as if those two ladies had done so much for us, Miss Ramsey, who was setting the table in the dining room, gently squeezed my hand in her little delicate fingers and confided, "Oh, no, my dear, it's lovely of you, but my sister would rather that Alma just enjoyed herself with her friends. She doesn't have anyone else here but you girls."

It was always a great moment for us when Miss Ramsey came into the living room, smiling and not wanting to interrupt us, and then when she had the chance, saying:

"Well, girls, you can come into the dining room, now."

Mrs. Root was standing there waiting for us. She showed us to our places. "Now, Marian, I think you sat right there before, so you can just have your old place. Vivian, you can sit next to Aunt Amy again, to keep her out of mischief." She remembered what kind of jelly we liked best, and always had it on the table, clear amber-rose apple jelly trembling in the shining cut-glass dish. Because we were Alma's friends, we were all her children —and Miss Ramsey was our Aunt Amy. We were petted little girls in that house. Lil Patterson, who taught the eighth grade, was a wild kind of raw-boned big creature, loud-mouthed, with a crude sense of humor. But you ought to have seen the way she tamed herself down when she entered that house. It was really sort of pathetic. The two older ladies didn't talk much except to give us advice about our colds and commiserate with us over our teaching troubles and urge the delicious food upon us. They kept their eyes upon the dishes; and Miss Ramsey would rise softly, with a gentle air of duty, and carry the platter out to the kitchen to be refilled with chicken. Sometimes they came into the parlor with us later, where we turned on the victrola or played cards; but often they sat just beyond the large open doorway, in the living room, doing some sewing (usually for Alma) and seeming to take pleasure in hearing us talk. Miss Ramsey did come in with us sometimes, but I don't think Alma exactly liked that. We were *her* friends, and she wanted her mother and her Aunt Amy to keep out of it—just as a child is impatient if the grown-ups try to join in its games.

But those meals! We teachers boarded at the hotel. We had good hearty fare and gained on it—Lil Patterson gained twenty pounds; but we didn't mind getting a change from the beefsteak and fried potatoes. Mrs. Root was spoken of with awe as one of the best cooks in Walnut Grove, "and I guess Miss Ramsey isn't far behind her." When the ladies of the church held a bake sale, people hurried down town as soon as the hardware store was opened, so that they wouldn't be too late for Mrs. Root's angel food cake and Miss Ramsey's chocolate cookies. Whatever they cooked was glorified. The mashed potatoes were like whipped cream, the little biscuits were one melting bit of hot deliciousness into which the butter soaked golden, the

jelly had a bouquet like some exquisite wine. That dining room, ordinary enough in its furnishings, seemed heavenly to us after the long table at the hotel, with its faded gravy spots and raspberry-juice stains and thick coffee cups that were enough to break your teeth. I loved the very cups, with their slightly worn rims of gold, the little spoons that had been given Alma when she was a child, their tiny gilded bowls in which the fragrant first sip of coffee lay so amber-bright. A pleasant warmth came from the radiator, and during the evening we would hear the comforting sound of Jim Coburne downstairs tending the furnace. When the swinging kitchen door was opened lovely warm smells came out.

"Won't you have some more of the chicken, Marian? I'm afraid you didn't have a very good piece. Lillian . . ." (That wasn't Lil's name. She had actually been named Lily! But she accepted the "Lillian" with gratitude.) "Let me give you a piece, too." Gracefully overlooking the fact that Lil already had a large-sized boneyard on her plate. "Vivian, you must eat all you can, I want your mother to think we've been good to you in Walnut Grove. Amy, won't you see if they all have gravy?"

Once when we were going home after a supper, Lil had been tramping along lost in thought. Then she came out with this, gruffly:

"*Those* two women are my idea of *ladies*, if you want to know it."

I always thought of them in that way, too. They were Middle-western ladies. They were *my* idea of that. They were workers. Idleness—that idea of ladyhood—filled them with disdain. They had known some early hardships. Although Mrs. Root was well-to-do, and Mr. Root, according to a description given me by Mrs. Farmer, interspersed with deep sighs (aimed at Mr. Farmer) had been "an awful good husband," her fingers were a little knotted, and her figure was spread, and she had an ample, motherly bosom. Even Miss Ramsey's tiny, spinster fingers were worn. Mrs. Root was getting elderly, but still there was not much in the town that went on without her. She baked her marvelous angel cakes for the church suppers, and helped make the coffee for the high-school banquet; and people came to her for roses for the graduation exercises and for snowballs on Decoration Day. No kind of domestic crisis daunted her. She could "get up a meal in no time." She would have been ashamed not to be found capable in any purely human emergency.

Both Mrs. Root and Miss Ramsey were of the older generation of self-effacing women, like my own mother. Of course they had their clubs and they prided themselves on their papers. But Mrs. Root had sunk her own desires in those of her children, until I doubt if she knew they even existed; now that only Alma was at home, everything was naturally for Alma; and Miss Ramsey took this attitude for granted. Youth had all the claims. They did not think of talking much on general topics. When anything was said about people in town, however, when Alma got a little petulant, or Lil too freespoken, Mrs. Root would put in a mild, dignified, compassionate word of apology or explanation. Her heart, opened up to love and sacrifice through her children, could bear to hold only tenderness and understanding for the rest of the world. "Well, she doesn't mean it, she doesn't know how it looks to people" was the worst she would say. There was a certainty about her hands as she sewed, and a promise of sustainment in her ample breast. Miss Ramsey wouldn't talk about people either. But that was from a delicate sense of fitness. Walnut Grove was not her

home. She had no real place there. She had no call to speak.

And then they were such pretty ladies. No, you couldn't say pretty. Mrs. Root wasn't pretty. But there was a matronly loveliness about her soft, silvered hair. She had a quiet, and yet slightly troubled dignity. She felt, I know, that perhaps they had not done their best for Alma, and she took her child's futureless future to her heart. That atmosphere of a Middle-western lady, ample and unassuming and comfortable, emanated from the thin figured voile she wore in the spring, and from the worn smoothness of her wedding ring. Her figure was slightly massive; and a younger person looking at her felt an instant sense of protection and ease. If anything happened, if there was an accident, if anyone was taken sick, if a child was naughty or crying—go to Mrs. Root, she would know what to do. The last time I saw them was just before I went home, at the beginning of June. We all stood outside the house, Miss Ramsey in a summer silk, and Mrs. Root in her figured voile, one so dainty and one so matronly, both so quietly and exquisitely aging; and Miss Ramsey had just picked a very choice rose for me, a smooth white, faintly flushed with a golden pink.

"I don't know what my sister will say to this," she said, slightly arch, delicately determined; "but I wanted my little friend to have this as a gift from me."

Mrs. Root had given me a glass, very neatly, nicely wrapped—they did everything so nicely!—of apple jelly to take home with me. The rose was Miss Ramsey's gift.

But although one always thought of them now together, "Mrs. Root and Miss Ramsey," there was that difference between them. One was the queen, and the other was only the princess still. Beside the ample, sure presence of Mrs. Root, the matron, who had fulfilled her household cares and reared her family, who had received and richly returned the love of a good man, Miss Ramsey was a little shadowy. Mrs. Root had her own unassailable place in Walnut Grove. Miss Ramsey was "Mrs. Root's sister." There was a pretty distinction about her that was not wholly appreciated there. Before she came to take up her home with Mrs. Root and Alma, she had spent some time in California, living in an apartment with a wealthy widowed friend. Walnut Grove was an inland town, and people were much more provincial in the old-fashioned way than in the larger type of Middle-western town. Their traveling consisted mostly of drives around to visit relatives: "Ed's folks," and "John's folks," and "Lib's folks." There were only the teachers to whom Miss Ramsey could talk about the things she liked. She was not cultured in any high sense, but she had a feeling for the little art and literature she knew. She had been to visit the Huntington Library, near Pasadena, and seen Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"—she always called him "Boy Blue." That meant nothing to most of these people. There were no ladies of her age who affected the kind of clothes she liked to wear. She showed me once some of the pretty things her wealthy friend had given her in California. She handled them delicately but then shut them back in her wardrobe. "The ladies in my sister's club don't care much for dress. I should feel out of place in these things. I suppose I ought to give them to Alma." Her figure was still slender and dainty, and I always noticed with delight the pretty arch and curve of her foot. Her hair was frosted with gray, and there was a faded bloom of pink upon her cheeks, especially when she came in heated from the kitchen. Although a

lady in late middle age, her girlish attractions were not all gone. She was aware of that. But what chance was there for them to be appreciated? Also, she had, I think, just a very tiny personal income. She was now living at her sister's home, and she did not like to appear to dress more elaborately than her sister. I liked to picture some wealthy widower, some fine, portly, handsome, dignified man, who could appreciate her little lovely faded princess quality, and would want to rescue her and install her as mistress of his spacious, lonely home. But there were no widowers like that in Walnut Grove! I fear there weren't many anywhere. There was only Bert Grady, the rural mail carrier, who was bereaved for the second time and was trying to shine up to all the teachers.

It was a household of ladies. Alma, no matter how spoiled she might be, had that ladylike quality, too. Her hands had a beautiful softness and she wore around her neck a very fragile golden chain, on which hung a locket, an heirloom, a tiny pool of old gold, upon the exquisite white grain of her skin between the swells of the breasts. The three women lived in that house with the frame tower, not like sleeping beauties waiting to be wakened, but in the dim and changeless after-enchantment of stillness when the prince has gone from their lives. Mr. Root was the hero of all three. Alma would never find any man who would be as good to her as her father. A photograph of him, with a kindly, manly, responsible face, hung framed beside the piano.

But of the three Miss Ramsey stood at the side. The other two stood together. They had their little grievances against a third in the house. They talked together about some of Aunt Amy's ways, and Alma complained how Aunt Amy always had to bring in California. "If I've heard once about the way Mrs. Richmond served grapefruit juice, I've heard a thousand times. Well, my goodness, what does she think? We can't get the fruit here they can in California. Aunt Amy never will finish talking about that movie star she met. Well, they ought to be beautiful. They've got everything to make them beautiful. Other people could probably be just as beautiful if they spent all their time on it." Miss Ramsey doubtless had her grievances too. But there was no one to whom she could talk. Her sense of what was right would not let her seek a confidante outside her sister's household.

She did talk to me once, however. Much as I loved and admired Mrs. Root, there was always a little sense of special intimacy with Miss Ramsey. She knew that I was interested in hearing about the "Blue Boy" and the speakers and singers she and Mrs. Richmond had heard.

One Saturday afternoon I went to the house when Alma didn't happen to be there. It was one of those dull, wintry, tedious Saturdays, neither one thing nor the other in regard to the weather. The houses showed their dingy, soot-streaked, winter aspect. I had a longing for the steam-heated warmth of Alma's house. As I turned at the Roots' corner I saw the somber, dull darkness of their clump of evergreens against the colorless winter sky.

I rang the bell. Miss Ramsey came to the door.

"Oh, Vivian, my dear! How nice! No, Alma and my sister aren't here. But come in, anyway. Do. I believe I was just waiting for you!"

She had been doing a little sewing, she said. "I took the notion to recover an old cushion filled with milkweed floss I gathered years ago when I was a girl. We had such nice country around Fairview. Isn't that an old-fashioned Saturday afternoon occupa-

tion? Well, I'm knitting a sweater for Alma, like one she saw in Pleasant City, and I have to wait until I can get more yarn. You know they don't have things here." Alma and her mother had gone down to the church to help get things ready for the Washington bazaar. "I didn't want to go. Don't you sometimes just want to do something that suits yourself and nobody else?" Her frosty-fine hair was mussed, and she wore a little organdie apron with pink roses faded in many washings, worn stiff and sheer.

"You look sweet!"

She laughed. "In this? Oh, my goodness!" She had had this little apron, she said, since she was a girl. She had dug it out of her chest along with the milkweed cushion. It was made out of an old summer dress she used to wear and had always liked.

"But come in, Vivian. Visit *me*."

The large house, with its high ceilings and its passages and pantries, seemed strangely, warmly empty on this winter afternoon. There was a slight pounding in the radiator. Jim Coburne had just been there to look after the heat. Miss Ramsey and I felt like usurpers, as if we had to lower our voices. Oh, no, I wouldn't keep her from her work. There was nothing she had wanted more than a visitor.

"But why don't you come upstairs with me? I don't believe you've ever seen my room. Have you, Vivian?"

I knew Alma's room, the embroidered spread upon which we girls always laid our wraps when we came to dinner, and the big dresser with the satin pincushion doll, where we stood to powder our noses. But I had never seen Miss Ramsey's.

"Oh, it's one of those tower rooms! I always wanted to live in one of those. I used to think I would feel like Juliet or someone. Can you step out on this little balcony?"

Miss Ramsey laughed. She surely could, she answered. But the only Romeo around here was Jim Coburne, who had been fixing the flooring of the balcony. The rounded alcove of the tower was filled with the clear brightness of windows. We heard Jim Coburne working and hammering away somewhere. This room carried out my secret romantic picture of Miss Ramsey as a fading princess.

"It's a nice room, isn't it, Vivian? My sister insisted on my taking it. She's been so lovely to me. Of course I have all my things here."

Her fancy work lay scattered over the chest, and down on the floor the milkweed floss lay in a silvery heap on a paper, spotted with the seeds of dark, dry brown. There was a daintiness and precision about any work Miss Ramsey had to do. Her little pair of scissors had a bright gleam.

"Now, Vivian, I'm going to put you in this old chair. It's one I recovered. No, you can't help me. You can sit and talk to me. We'll have a good afternoon's visit and then we'll go downstairs and see if we can't find some refreshments of some kind. We'll do just exactly as we please."

Here in her own room that slight shadowiness I had always felt about Miss Ramsey was gone. She was a hostess—not warm and comforting and ample like Mrs. Root, but gaily hospitable, with a pretty natural sprightliness like that of a girl. There was a special atmosphere in her room. She took delight in making someone she cared for welcome to its delicately personal revelations.

What it was exactly, it's hard to say. Yet I felt that atmosphere all about me, as I sat in the cretonne-covered chair and watched her sewing. We used to have at home an old music book with dark-green covers. There were pictures opposite the songs; and I remember I used to lie flat on the floor on my stomach, looking and looking at

those pictures and trying to handle the heavy old book, feeling as if the scenes were something I knew and didn't know, that if I could get back into some old dream I could enter them and be part of them. That was just the kind of feeling I had about Miss Ramsey's room. Almost it let me go back to a time of girlhood I could never have known. But I had dreamed of it and knew it. The faded flower of her girlhood was here. It breathed out from the dry scent of the little reed rocker with the fancy back and from a satin sachet upon the dresser with small pink roses painted on blue. I knew it, as I knew the broad-ribboned hat, and the puffed sleeves, and the flowered gown, of the fair-haired girl who forever was wandering, in the picture, to the music of "Oh that we two were Maying," beside her lover across the fair grass beneath those tall, full trees "—down the stream of the soft spring breeze." The girl had flowers in her hands. "Like children, With violets playing." The melody, reminiscent, with a faint fragrance of sentiment, sang somewhere in my mind as I sat talking there with Miss Ramsey, watching the glint of her scissors in the winter light.

After a while I began to look about and to ask her what this and that was.

"Well, I haven't much, Vivian. All I have is here!"

The furniture was what she had saved from her old home. "I had much more modern furniture in my room in California but I didn't bring any of it with me. Something had to be done with the old place. So I thought now was the time to pick out and save the things I really cared for and let the rest go."

I suppose there was nothing of much value. But about everything—the reed rocker, the ornaments here and there, the two old-fashioned glass perfume bottles with the blue ribbons tied around their necks—there was that faded, fragrant atmosphere. Miss Ramsey's sewing basket was of sweet grass, a little dry. She had brought some things from her sojourn in California, abalone shells of a glittery iridescence, some Indian baskets, and a framed colored print of "Boy Blue." She seemed to think, of course, that I would be more interested in the California experience. She brought out a kodak album, in which I could see herself and Mrs. Richmond—a plump lady quite fashionably dressed—standing beside the Spanish whiteness of the wall of the apartment house where they had lived.

"What pretty clothes you're wearing in all these pictures!"

"Oh, yes, you could get nice things there. And then Mrs. Richmond went a good deal, and I went with her. We met a movie actress one day! Oh, I was very gay there, Vivian! You wouldn't have known me."

She turned the pages, with their glimpses of the homes of Ramona, and of roses blooming in winter, and the silvery spread of the Pacific Ocean.

"Mrs. Richmond thought I ought to stay out there with her. Well, I did like it! But there comes a time, Vivian, when you want to get back to what is your own, whatever it may be. You're a long way from that time yet, but some day you may feel it. I loved California, but it wasn't my place. I didn't want to stay there. Here, I could do quite a bit to help my sister and Alma. They've been lonely since Mr. Root passed on. Alma is the closest I can come to one of my own. I can have the things from my own home here. It doesn't seem right, somehow, to have your mother's and father's old cherished belongings just scattered—or even your own. Vivian, you're in my home."

She closed the kodak book.

"Let's see! Would you like to look

at some old pictures? I believe these are all we had taken out there. This old box," she said, bringing it out and unlocking it, "has been set away so long, I scarcely know myself what's in it. But a winter afternoon is a good time to look at old keepsakes. Now you can see what I looked like when I was a girl. I expect I looked pretty funny!"

But she didn't—as she very well knew. Perhaps she wanted me—she wanted someone—to recognize again the never quite answered claims of her pretty girlhood.

"This was our old home in Fairview, Vivian. My brother sold it when I came here to live with my sister, but my friends tell me that people still call it the Ramsey place. You know how that goes. When people have lived a long while somewhere. You wouldn't believe how many years I spent in that old house! I stayed there with father after mother died. Well—I guess it had to be one of us, didn't it?"

I asked her how many there had been in her family, and she said seven children—five of them girls. "All the others married. I'm the only old maid, Vivian. But you know every large family has to have one!"

She let me look over the glossy old pictures as I pleased. There were a few square ones with prinked edges touched with gilt. In some, Miss Ramsey was a child, and in some, a girl. But after she was older, there were only kodak pictures—as if she no longer cared to record the slow fading of her bloom. We teachers had often wondered about the story of Miss Ramsey's life. The girls thought "she was so sweet, they wondered if she didn't have some story." But all the story contained in the old family pictures was open to me now. There was no face that seemed to mean more than another. There was no faded, framed photograph hanging on the wall. I looked at the picture of her high-school graduating class, but no one of the eight boys with their tall stiff collars and their fresh young mouths fitted into the song that was still singing in my mind.

I used to wonder about Miss Ramsey's story, too—if ever her life had come to that moment of bloom that all women feel they must have before they can really start living. She had an air of delicate pride in herself. But in the droop of her faded pink lips and the innocence of her eyes there was still some sense of disappointment held and cherished. I saw now that she was virginal. That was the charm that still hung about her. It had faded, but it had never grown bitter or shriveled or tart. As she had said—there were five girls in the family, and somehow one of them had been left, just as one very pretty flower on a blossoming bush may fail to be gathered. She *was* a princess in a tower of innocence, whose door had never been opened. I felt now, as we looked over the dim pictures, the few mementoes, that Miss Ramsey's story had been—only that there was no story. She had other kinds of wisdom. She had delicate, reticent judgment. Occasionally she counseled Alma's friends. But when we spoke of love or marriage, when we made fun of the attentions of Bert Grady, or wondered if Barney Cummings' wife would ever have the gumption to leave him, Miss Ramsey said nothing. As she put back the pictures and keepsakes in her box, I felt that she was quietly closing up her life. There was a slight, fine humility in her. The most cherished thing of all had passed her while she stood aside.

But I think she liked showing me these things. She summoned up her gaiety again.

"Come, Vivian, we've had enough of old things, haven't we? Now sup-

pose we go downstairs and see if we can't have a tea-party together. Alma will be sorry she didn't stay at home."

She let me go into the kitchen with her this time. "Alma has entertained you girls; now it's going to be *my* entertainment this afternoon." She got out some little cakes from under a cloth. "I baked these earlier in the day. Alma always likes to have these little cakes for Sunday night supper. Now we'll make the tea. Do you like Chinese tea, Vivian? I have some that Mrs. Richmond sent me. She got it in the Chinese section in Los Angeles. I think it's so much fun to hunt out those foreign places." And she said we would use some of her own cups. These purple cups, striped with flower pink, had belonged to her grandmother. "I do own some nice china, Vivian. It's all here in my sister's cupboard, except a few things I have packed away. I want Alma to have them." This tea, eaten in the warm dining room, was as delicious as every meal those two sisters served. I had noticed before that Miss Ramsey never offered us girls, when we dropped in unexpectedly, anything except what she had made herself. She would not over-step certain fine boundaries she had set.

"You know it's very nice," she confided, "to have company of my own once in a while like this. Someone whom I like to entertain, like Vivian. My sister and Alma don't care for the Chinese tea. They think it doesn't have much taste. Of course I *am* at home with my sister. I should have been too lonesome, I'm afraid, in the old place at Fairview. I'm afraid I haven't the courage for solitude. You know, Alma has always been a care to my sister. I've always tried to share that with her. Alma is the only one either of us has left. . . . Well, we can't always have things as we choose them, Vivian."

II

And now Miss Ramsey was dead.

I said to mother, "I believe I will get off at Walnut Grove after all."

"Do," she said. "You can stop and see your friends there, then you can join me to-morrow."

But just what friends did I expect to see? I got off the bus at the edge of town, at the oil station, and walked up Main Street. I had a lost feeling. I wished I hadn't tried to go back. Alma and Mrs. Root might easily be away somewhere. And Miss Ramsey was gone.

But the house looked lived in. It looked almost the same. A bird fluttered out of the evergreens as I went up the walk. They were rich and dark against the summer blue. Both Mrs. Root and Alma were at home. When I heard that Miss Ramsey had died it had seemed as if, in an instant, all the old life of that household had vanished. Yet I did not find it very different from before. Its enchantment of feminine quietness still held; but now there were two, instead of three, ladies moving within it. I resented that the change was so slight.

But as we talked to each other I could feel that Alma was just the same —and yet a change had come subtly over her. The baby pout of her lips had become a middle-aged droop. Her soft fullness had a heavy look. Her eyes were bewildered. Mrs. Root was as kind and welcoming as ever. Yet she was older, too. The spareness of age was beginning to sharpen her motherliness. She and Alma here in this big house were more set apart from the town than they used to be.

They wouldn't hear of my leaving. I must spend the night with Alma. We would have supper here, like old times. Alma accepted me jealously as her friend. She had never liked any other teachers so well as those that

were here that year, she said. They hadn't had any attractive ones since.

"Oh, Alma. You don't know these girls so well, that's all."

"Well, I don't *care* to know them."

We ate supper in that same dining room, drank the delicious coffee from the gold-rimmed cups. Mrs. Root had remembered to have the apple jelly. It trembled in the cut-glass dish. We had creamy mashed potatoes, and the little biscuits, and chops that Mrs. Root had telephoned Jim Coburne to get at the meat market. Mrs. Root looked after me and refilled the dishes herself, clinging to what youth she could keep for Alma in this meeting with a friend.

Yet that subtle dimming of change had come over the household, too. We talked of Aunt Amy. The thing had happened to her that sooner or later happened to so many people. She had gone for an operation and died. Mrs. Root had asked sadly, "You heard of sister's death?" She told me later, when we sat for a little while together, that she couldn't get used to it. She had never thought Amy would go first.

"Yet perhaps it's because I'm needed here with Alma. I often think that mothers do keep themselves alive."

But in spite of this, it was not what it would have been if either Alma or her mother were gone. These two were so close together, they could only miss the third in a shadowy way. I think that was the very thing that hurt me most. Somewhere, by someone, Miss Ramsey should have been deeply missed.

Mrs. Root gave us some of her wild-grape juice, and her cookies—"I can't make cookies as well as Aunt Amy did," she said—and then told us we must go to bed. She was anxious to make sure we had towels and bedding, and she had laid out for me Alma's best silk nightdress. She left us saying:

"Now, don't you two girls talk all night!"

We slept in the bed where the teachers used to put their winter wraps, and in the morning we dressed before that same glass that mirrored new trinkets and a new little silk-gowned doll.

Alma was going to drive me out to the bus stop. Mrs. Root suggested that we start early, and drive about town a bit. "Let Vivian see the changes." Alma pouted her lips at that. She asked Alma if she would remember to stop first at the cemetery with a bouquet. "My gladiolas are just at their best now. In a few days they won't be so pretty."

Going to the cemetery with flowers was a rite in Walnut Grove that I remembered. I had gone there once or twice with Mrs. Farmer "to see how the lot looked." The Root lot was far more imposing. It had a tall stone. The cemetery was sunny and quiet at this hour of the day. The sky was blue above it and above the low hills beyond. Alma and I went along the black cinder path.

Now I asked Alma about Miss Ramsey.

"Oh!" she said. "Aunt Amy isn't buried here." And she explained, "No, this is just the Root lot. The old Ramsey lot is in Fairview, you know. Aunt Amy was taken there. Oh, no, this is just ours."

I had always noticed—all the girls had noticed, and it was one of our reasons for criticism—how Alma had always sounded a little unpleasant when she talked about her Aunt Amy. That tinge of petulance had come into her voice even now. She had always felt that bit of spite toward her mother's younger sister. Her two uncles, also, took pains to look after Miss Ramsey. There was a touch of fond protection toward her sister in Mrs. Root's manner—or would have

been, except that it was checked by the knowledge that Alma couldn't bear it. When Alma was a child, Miss Ramsey must still have been a young woman; and even when she was older and lived there with them her claims to feminine admiration were not all gone. Alma didn't like any suggestion that her Aunt Amy was not thoroughly relegated and old. The girls had been talking once about Miss Ramsey, and Lil Patterson had freely marveled and said, "I don't see how anyone so sweet could have helped getting snapped up by some man." Alma had said, with that touch of spitefulness, "Oh, I don't think Aunt Amy ever had any attention." Mrs. Root had exclaimed at once with indignation, "Why Alma Root, you know nothing about it. Aunt Amy had plenty of attention. I can remember very well when she was the prettiest girl in Fairview." Alma said, "I always thought it was Aunt Vina who was supposed to be so handsome!" Mrs. Root said, "She was more striking, but I always thought Aunt Amy was the prettiest." Alma said, shrugging her shoulders, "Well, why *didn't* she get snapped up then?"

Perhaps it was better to think of Miss Ramsey lying in the family lot in Fairview. Yes, it was. She was beside her own parents. From them, she must have had her due. Still, when there were seven in the family, and four other girls . . . and it didn't always happen that the parents cared most for the one who stayed with them. Often the least. They felt greater instinctive respect for the children who had built homes of their own.

I dropped the flower I had been carrying, one of those from the bouquet of summer flowers Mrs. Root had picked for me. I had wanted, all by myself, to lay it down on Miss Ramsey's grave. Since that afternoon I had spent with her it seemed as if I were closer to her in a way than even Mrs. Root. Someone should have gone specially with an offering of flowers. Now at Decoration Day her grave would get only the flowers left over from the graves of Father and Mother Ramsey.

I stood and waited for Alma, while she carefully arranged her bouquets in the tall glass vases on Mr. Root's well-kept grave. The quietness of the country sunshine spread over the low hills. What was there to say? Miss Ramsey's life was no great tragedy. She had lived well, in the common meaning of that phrase. She had always been well cared for. Many, many minor pleasures, at least, had come her way. She had known less actual sorrow than Mrs. Root. I can see that Alma's history may be more bitter. This world held so many more terrible things. War and hunger, a world where innocent men could be convicted for crimes they never committed, where thousands of people knew the actual grinding bitterness of poverty, where fortunate men could hold and keep the whip hand over the less fortunate in shameless, unshakeable selfishness. What was there to say? There seemed no way to assert a claim for this lady. She had suffered what countless women had suffered. It was only that she had missed what should have been hers. It had just fallen out that way. If she had been born a few years later she might not have submitted. But she had been born into her own day and generation. Now she must be forever at the side, and shadowy, even in people's memory. Her life was an air that sounded muted and interwoven with others, with no one ever to play and to make audible its separate music.

But from someone she may have this much tribute.

SEX IN THE MODERN THEATER

BY ELMER RICE

IN AMERICA and in England the theater has been, for three centuries, almost continuously under fire from the clergy, whose premise has been that the theater is *per se* an immoral institution. Consciously or unconsciously, the church recognizes in the theater a formidable rival. Religious in its origin, the drama presents the same elements of appeal as does organized worship. We find, in both, the same attack upon the senses and the emotions, through the use of lights, of music, of rich vestments, of resonant voices, of decoration, and of a more or less stylized pantomime. The actor and the clergyman are brothers under their skins. Also, in both church and theater we find the same moblike audience, which has paid its money for the privilege of worshipping and believing.

It is not my purpose either to attack or defend the theater. I shall attempt merely to evaluate the part which "sex" plays in modern drama; but in order to do so I find it necessary to discount the fulminations of the clergy, which have deafened and blinded so many presumably reasonable persons. Incidentally, I must warn the reader that I am decidedly—indeed, almost militantly—anti-clerical, and that I believe that the church has done incalculable damage to the theater both as an art and as a social institution.

Obviously, when we talk about sex in modern drama we mean something other than the mere thematic use of an emotional relationship between a man and a woman. For it may safely be said that "love interest" is the backbone of all drama, both ancient and modern. Nor is this surprising, since the sexual emotion plays a dominant part in the life of almost every human being, and since the theater is primarily an arena for the stimulation and vicarious satisfaction of the spectator's emotions, through his self-identification with the actors, who are engaged in counterfeiting emotional experiences.

I take it, therefore, that in this discussion we have in mind those aspects of sex which are subjects of social controversy or the representation of which tends to violate tabus or social conventions. It is impossible to lump these socially questionable representations in one category. The theater is a highly complex institution, and the presentation of a play involves the employment of actors to whose varying personalities the spectator responds immediately and emotionally, the depiction of physical situations, the pictorial representation of localities, the portrayal of human relationships, the use of language, and the choice of themes and ideational concepts.

Passing over the obvious fact that any theatrical representation, through its use of sensory stimuli—light, music, color, rhythmic speech and movement—is a potent sexual stimulant (a qual-

ity which it has in common with all other art forms and with religious ritual) and turning to the distinctly sexual phenomena which we encounter upon the stage itself, the first that suggests itself to us is sexual exhibitionism: that is to say, the display of the human body in such a manner as to violate the current standards of propriety and to serve (actually or by intention) as a sexual stimulant. Since the display and the sight of the body is a source of pleasure to almost everybody, it is not surprising to find in all plastic and literary art forms either representations of complete or partial nudity or pointed allusions to it. The drama is unique in that it utilizes living men and women, and it is possible, therefore, to produce by the simple process of disrobing an actor a sensual effect which in other art forms can be produced only by the skillful manipulation of pigment or stone or the cunning use of language. It does not, however, follow, it seems to me, that this direct effect which it is possible to obtain upon the stage is more potent than the indirect effect which is created by the painter, sculptor, poet, or novelist. On the contrary, I should say that the emphasis and the suggestion with which the painter and the sculptor invest their nudes, and the poet and novelist their lyrical descriptions of the human body, produce in the susceptible spectator or reader a more potent effect than does the mere display of the nude human body upon the stage. Nevertheless, W. S. Gilbert's famous dictum to the effect that "in a novel one may read that 'Eliza stripped off her dressing-gown and stepped into her bath' without any harm; but I think if that were presented on the stage it would be shocking" is a concise statement of majority opinion. It is possible that many people will tolerate in private what they condemn in public. Even so, a theater is hardly less public than an art gallery; yet, save for zealous popes who drape loin-cloths about the Christs of Michelangelo and earnest Boston ladies who adorn statues with fig leaves, there is a pretty general acceptance of complete nudity in painting and in sculpture.

As far as I know, complete nudity is not to be found upon the modern stage. Mr. Earl Carroll and the creators of the Folies Bergères have approximated it by a number of ingenious devices; but I, myself, have never seen a completely and unequivocally nude person of either sex upon the stage. Here a distinction must be made, I think, between those forms of popular entertainment—revues, burlesque shows, vaudeville, and the like—which are designed solely for the purpose of amusement and sensual stimulation, and more ordered dramatic works in which some attempt is made at the portrayal of character or the expression of ideas. These varying forms are frequently included under the generic term "the theater," with resultant confusion. It will be found, I believe, that the general and continued use of sexual exhibitionism is confined almost entirely to the burlesque and musical comedy stage. The degree of nudity or of the suggestion of nudity has altered progressively with the modifications in the general standards with respect to such matters. Certainly the standards of propriety of to-day are not those of a generation ago. It is not surprising to discover that the stage has kept pace with a generation that has discarded corsets, trailing skirts, and petticoats, with a generation that has embraced sun cures, one-piece bathing suits, and backless evening gowns and has enriched the publishers of "art studies," "true stories," tabloid newspapers, and erotic novels. So far as the serious drama is concerned, I know of no such display of the human body as even re-

motely approximates what may be found in the poems of Walt Whitman or the novels of Remy de Gourmont or upon the walls of any art gallery. Nevertheless, the Lord Chamberlain's office has not found it possible to license Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" in which the heroine, in order to save her city, visits the besieging general's tent, nude—under her long cloak!

II

Closely related to mere nudity or a provocative display of the human body is the performance of sexual acts (either actually or by suggestion). I know of no instance in modern drama in which any sexual act is represented as occurring upon the stage in the presence of the spectator. (Schnitzler's "Reigen" is a possible exception; but here the action takes place almost entirely in the dark. Furthermore, the performance of the play is strictly prohibited in most countries.) One of Brander Matthews' pupils who was asked to discuss how Greek morals were reflected in the Greek drama replied, "The Greeks were a very moral people; and in a Greek play, whenever people committed adultery, they did it offstage and sent in a messenger to tell about it." In our own time, the *bon mot*, "the curtain is lowered to indicate a lapse of virtue," expresses pretty well the stage convention with respect to overt sexual behavior.

This convention applies not only to extra-marital relationships, but to nuptial acts. Indeed, it is carried so far that one seldom sees upon the stage a man and a woman actually occupying the same bed. A "liberal" clergyman told me not long ago—as evidence of his broad-mindedness—that he did not regard as offensive a scene in a play of mine called "The Adding Machine" in which a woman was represented as getting into bed beside her husband, although it was the first time he had ever seen anything of the sort upon the stage. In the scene in question there was not the remotest suggestion of any physical relationship. I cite this merely to demonstrate how general is the theater's avoidance of anything resembling a direct representation of sexual behavior. (This applies with perhaps even greater force to those bodily functions which, because of their intimate physiological and psychological relationship to the reproductive processes, must be included for the purposes of this discussion within the meaning of the term "sexual.")

Indeed, not only do we almost never find upon the stage a representation of physical acts, but there is also in the theater, a remarkable avoidance of any allusion to or description of such acts in physiological terms. I say remarkable, because in this respect the drama presents a striking contrast to numerous examples of modern poetry, fiction, and autobiography in which sexual behavior is frankly and graphically described (and, of course, to innumerable scientific and pseudo-scientific works, which are in general circulation). Here, too, the drama of our time contrasts strikingly with that of the Greeks and the Elizabethans in which all sorts of physical behavior were freely alluded to in unequivocal terms. When the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes was recently presented in New York it was necessary to delete or "tone down" many of the allusions. Despite this bowdlerization, the production of the play aroused storms of protest and was frequently cited by the advocates of an official censorship of the theater. (Curiously enough, many of those who protested against the production of "Lysistrata" did so upon the ground that a "classic" was being perverted in order to gratify the popular taste for pornography, whereas there is excellent reason to believe that this was exactly

what Aristophanes set out to do. Of course, he probably did not know that he was writing a "classic.") If an uncut version of "Hamlet" has been produced upon the modern stage it is only because the actors have been inaudible or because the audience finds the Shakespearean rhetoric unintelligible.

The modern drama abounds, of course, in situations in which it is stated or implied that sexual relationships exist and that sexual acts are performed, but the statement or implication is usually highly euphemistic and is made in such general or oblique terms as to avoid the direct evocation of a physical image. Indeed, so strongly is the ordinary audience in the grip of the sexual tabus and inhibitions that a mere reference to the delights of the nuptial couch or the pleasures of concupiscence is enough to arouse self-conscious laughter or sexual excitement. The mere presence upon the stage of a bed never fails to provoke an audience to a state of expectancy, despite the fact that the sight of this article of furniture is a commonplace in everyone's daily life. A bathtub or a reference to bathing has a similar effect; and any reference to a water-closet or to the fact that a character has physical needs to satisfy is certain to bring forth gales of laughter. Such allusions are, of course, quite common in "classical drama," but until recently there has been a careful avoidance of them in the drama of our time. Even now the dramatist confines himself to general and rather vague suggestions which are far removed from the graphic disquisitions which may be found (for example) in the writings of James Joyce, Harry Kemp, and John Dos Passos. (I shall have occasion to speak later of the illustrations and "dramatized" descriptions which accompany the widely circulated advertisements of certain hygienic products and sanitary appliances.)

III

Another way in which we find sexual material employed in the theater is through the use of words which are, for one reason or another, tabu. It is a very remarkable thing that the mere utterance of a syllable or a combination of syllables should have the power to provoke in the listener an intense emotional state. Yet, that this is so no one can doubt. It is not a sufficient explanation to say that it is not the word but its connotation which arouses the emotion; for very often we find that of two words having exactly the same connotation one may be permissible and the other not. For example, "prostitute" and "whore" mean exactly the same thing, yet the use of the latter is still frowned upon on the stage, despite its frequent occurrence in the English Bible and throughout English literature generally. Again, whereas the use of such an expression as "sexual intercourse" would undoubtedly shock many people in the audience, it would certainly be permissible in the theater of to-day, whereas the use of certain other words and expressions which have precisely the same meaning would result in storms of protest from the auditors and in the criminal prosecution of those responsible.

But the explanation of such distinctions I must leave to the psychologist and the ethnologist. Whatever the reason, the fact is that there are certain words and expressions which are generally regarded as unfit for public utterance. Many, but by no means all of these, are sexual in their meaning or connotation. Some relate to the anatomy and the physiology of the reproductive system; others to closely allied bodily parts and functions. Still others have no sexual significance whatever but are religious in their connotation. And there are even others, the exact meaning of which is obscure, but which,

nevertheless, are tabu. (A curious example of the latter is the word "bloody," which may or may not be a contraction of the medieval oath "by our Lady" but which in any case is considered highly improper in Great Britain. When the heroine of Shaw's "Pygmalion" uttered this word upon the London stage it created a tremendous furor; but in America it made no impression whatever. An Englishman once said to me, "You know, there is all the difference in the world between a beefsteak bloody and a bloody beefsteak." He was quite surprised when I assured him that, as far as I and most other Americans were concerned, there was not the least difference in the world.)

Barrett Clark has spoken to me several times of a projected study of the gradual liberation of certain words from the limbo of the tabu. I hope that he pursues it, for it should prove a most valuable commentary upon the evolution of social customs, manners, and conventions. Words are used quite freely upon the stage to-day for the use of which the offender would have been jailed twenty years ago. It is not so long since the mere use of "damn" or "hell" upon the stage was enough to arouse in an audience the laughter which is an outward manifestation of shock or embarrassment. (Their use in the movies has been proscribed by the saintly Will Hays.) I remember when, in 1909 or 1910, Clyde Fitch's posthumous play, "The City," was produced and the expression "God damn" was used by one of the characters, it was something of a nine-days' wonder; and such success as the play had was due, in part, to the fact that people were willing to pay money to hear spoken upon the stage an expression which they could hear gratis a hundred times in the course of a day's casual wandering about the city streets. Indeed, it is not the least curious thing about all of these tabu expressions that almost everybody is thoroughly familiar with them and that they are frequently to be heard in the street, in the school-yard, and around the dinner-table. It is another evidence of the conservatism of the stage that it surrenders its reticences much more slowly than do its sister arts, poetry and fiction or, for that matter, than do the individuals who comprise its audiences. As far as I know, no modern dramatist has attempted to reproduce faithfully the speech of persons in any class of society. It would not be possible to project upon the stage a literal transcription of such snatches of conversation as one may hear any day in a subway train, at a baseball game, in a college dormitory, or in some of our best drawing-rooms. Those who decry the "outspokenness" of the contemporary stage persistently shut their eyes to the fact that the theater does not lead, but follows the popular trend of manners and conventions. Compared to the drama of a generation or two ago, the drama of to-day is remarkably free in its speech, but compared either to the drama of Aristophanes and Shakespeare, the contemporary writings of Lawrence, Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Frank Harris, Edgar Lee Masters, or Robinson Jeffers, or to the casual conversation of the man (and woman) in the street, it is restrained and hesitant.

IV

We must turn now from the outward physical and verbal manifestations of the drama to a consideration of the subjective aspects: the thematic content and the method of treatment of this material. To begin with, we must differentiate between those themes which are *per se* tabu and those which are made suspect only by the manner of their presentation.

There are certain subjects, a mere allusion to which upon the stage

would be regarded as highly improper and which are referred to, if at all, only in the most discredited burlesque shows and music halls. These include such distasteful subjects as bodily odors, constipation, menstruation and "female hygiene," the mere mention of which will, no doubt, arouse in the reader a feeling of disgust. I enumerate them merely because they form the subject of innumerable widely circulated advertisements of disinfectants, deodorants, sanitary appliances, and other commercial products. These advertisements are frequently cast in a fictional or semi-dramatic form, with drawings or photographs illustrating all sorts of unpleasant or embarrassing situations in which the "characters" may find themselves as a result of not using the advertised products. A fellow-playwright and I once made a comparison of the content of such advertising matter in magazines whose circulation runs into the millions, with the innocuous and infantile fiction in the adjoining columns. It would have been utterly impossible for any writer for these magazines to have suggested even remotely that one of his characters was afflicted with any of the ailments or physical disabilities which were so graphically described and commented upon in the paid advertisements. No dramatist has yet attempted to repeat upon the stage the "confidences" which are so publicly exchanged by the heroines of the advertising pages or to reproduce the window displays of any corner drugstore.

There are, in addition, certain other topics, such as masturbation, venereal disease, and commercialized prostitution, and certain relationships such as miscegenation, incest, and homosexuality which are, or have been until very recently, regarded as subjects wholly unfit for discussion or presentation upon the stage, irrespective of the manner of treatment. Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Damaged Goods," and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are outstanding examples of plays which, although now more or less generally performed, were almost universally condemned when they were first presented because they dealt with subjects which were deemed unfit for public discussion however familiar they may have been to the individual theater-goer. In fact, "Damaged Goods," a dull and rather obvious tract, was something of a *succès de scandale* because it discussed frankly and at length the dangers of syphilis. Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring," a far more artistic work, dealing largely with the abnormalities of adolescent sexuality, is practically unknown to Anglo-Saxon theater-goers, because of its subject matter, although the same subject matter is freely discussed in hundreds of modern novels and innumerable works upon psychology and education.

Miscegenation is a theme of peculiar interest to Americans because of its prevalence in the United States. For this reason, it is not surprising to find that the tabus run strictly against its discussion, especially south of the Mason and Dixon line, where its practice is most widespread. There have been, however, in recent years, numerous plays dealing with the subject. Almost without exception, they have been trite, conventional, and pointless. Many of them deal idiotically with the idiotic theme of a man or a woman choosing a mate who is presumably white and then being confronted—after a decent interval—with a black baby. Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings," while far below the level of his best work, is, I believe, the only moderately successful attempt that has been made to deal honestly and intelligently with a vexatious social problem.

Incest, too, is a theme which is generally regarded as unfit for dramatic

presentation, although it forms the substance of some of the finest Greek tragedies. (Unless I am greatly in error, neither the "Œdipus Rex" of Sophocles nor Shelley's "The Cenci" has ever been licensed by the British Lord Chamberlain.) At any rate, I can think of no important modern play which deals with this subject. A decade or more ago there was current a whole series of plays built around the situation of a respectable middle-aged citizen visiting a house of assignation and being conducted into a room which contained the shrinking and semi-clad form of his beautiful young daughter. This, however, was merely a passing fashion in dramatics and can scarcely be regarded as a serious attempt to deal with the problem of incest.

Quite recently the theater has begun to pay attention to the problem of homosexuality, a subject which, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, is still rigorously tabu. When one considers the relatively large number of homosexual individuals who are engaged in one branch or another of the theatrical profession, it is not surprising that in the theater itself, a tendency appeared to throw emphasis upon this subject, as soon as the ever-changing *mores* made its introduction at all possible. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that the last twenty years have seen the production of a great number of novels and poems dealing more or less openly with the subject and the accumulation of a mountain of scientific and pseudo-scientific treatises upon it, almost no one in the theater has made an attempt to treat the subject in other than its sensational or scandalous aspects. Bourdet's "*La Prisonnière*" ("The Captive"), which created such a furor a few years ago (and the presentation of which in New York resulted in the enactment of a law making the dramatic treatment of homosexuality "obscene" *per se*), is nothing more than the conventional French formula play, except that the wife's lover happens to be a woman instead of a man. This lover never appears, and by the simple process of changing a dozen pronouns from the feminine to the masculine gender, the play could be converted from a "daring" treatment of Lesbianism to a rather dull marital triangle. For the most part, the treatment of homosexuality upon the stage is confined to crudely obvious and altogether pointless allusions to the subject itself. At the moment it is fashionable to introduce at least one such allusion into practically every musical show or farce, a mere reference to the subject being enough apparently to arouse in an audience the same sort of self-conscious and embarrassed laughter which is provoked by the utterance of tabu words or by allusions to certain parts or functions of the human body.

V

I come, finally, to that phase of this subject of sex in modern drama which it is most difficult to approach and which demands a far more exhaustive treatment than I can attempt here. I refer to those universal aspects of sex which are the very substance of almost all drama, as they are of life itself, that is to say, the love relationship in all its manifold forms, with the attendant problems of marriage, divorce, chastity, adultery, and the like. We deal here with a whole complex of problems, the acceptability of which depends largely upon the dramatist's treatment of his subject: that is, the animus with which he approaches it, the emphasis which he places upon it, and the moral or conclusion which he draws from it. A really searching study of this most provocative subject would require a detailed survey of the entire range of modern drama. I shall have to con-

tent myself, however, with a few generalizations, which may be taken for what they are worth.

For one thing, it may be said that we can find in the various national dramas a pretty good reflection of certain national traits and tendencies. Thus, we find the French drama dealing in the main with the dialectical, institutional, and ritual aspects of sex; the Teutonic drama (that is, German and Scandinavian) with the psycho-pathological and metaphysical aspects; the English drama with the sentimental and moral aspects; and the American drama with the sensational and journalistic aspects. I do not mean, of course, that these are hard and fast categories and that numerous exceptions cannot be found, but, in the main, they illustrate the focus of attention which one is likely to discover in the respective national dramas. (It is interesting to note, in passing, that in contemporary Russian and Irish drama we find very little emphasis upon sexual problems: in this respect the plays of Synge and of Chekov—probably the two greatest modern dramatists—present a striking contrast to the novels of Joyce and George Moore and of Gorki and Artzibasheff.)

The next generalization that I should like to make is that, on the whole, the treatment in the drama of love and marriage and their related problems has been, with a few notable exceptions, timid, conventional, orthodox, and banal. We may smile pityingly as we recall how our grandparents stopped their ears in consternation against the thunderous slamming of the door of Nora Helmer's doll's house, but actually we are just as jumpy at any suggestion from across the foot-lights that marriage and monogamy are institutions which may be questioned, that innocence is a dubious virtue, and that the wages of sin is frequently happiness—although the world outside the theater bristles with evidence that demands our attention.

In the main, the modern drama rings unwearyingly its wearisome changes upon banal themes: the young lovers, whose trials find a blissful end in the limbo of marriage; the return of the prodigal husband; the foolish, but not too foolish, virgin; the light-headed young wife whose errant footsteps are happily arrested upon the brink of the abyss—in short, the canonization of bodily purity and the triumph of the institution of wedlock.

It is most instructive to note in this connection that Bernard Shaw, whose "heresies" set the world by the ears not so many years ago, is actually one of the most conventional of dramatists. His characters talk brilliantly and at length of a thousand vexatious problems. They decry current morality and hurl paradox and invective at our most respectable institutions. But it is all talk. Their conduct is always scrupulously within the bounds of the established conventions. Indeed, in the whole long gallery of Shavian portraits I can think of only two characters—Mrs. Warren and Feemy Evans—whose conduct is anything but decorous and whose sexual behavior would not win the approval of, let us say, Mr. Channing Pollock or Mr. A. A. Milne. Even Cleopatra is represented by Shaw as a rather mischievous, but essentially naïve and sweet young thing. His Joan of Arc is far removed from the lusty young wench of Voltaire's rather scandalous epic; and his democratic King Magnus finds nothing better to do in the boudoir of his mistress than to roll about on the floor. I admire Shaw profoundly, but I think his plays afford an excellent illustration of how easy it is to scandalize people in the theater by the mere utterance of rather mild iconoclasms.

Certainly we find little evidence in modern drama of the profound and

painstaking researches which have been made into the psychological and institutional aspects of the love relationship. Schnitzler's delicate, if rather sentimental, analyses of the emotion of love are apparently far too subtle for the average theater-goer; Strindberg's dark metaphysics and mordant misogyny cut him off from all but a few. (It is quite remarkable that Eugene O'Neill, an ardent disciple of Strindberg, succeeded in his bitterly anti-feministic play, "Strange Interlude," in taking by storm the most gynocratic country that the world has perhaps ever known.) Werfel and Wedekind baffle or bore their audiences. Granville Barker's "Waste" has almost never been performed. France continues to produce its quota of discussions of the sexual relationship, but more and more they tend to become exercises in geometry, one indistinguishable from another.

Summing it all up, at what conclusions do we arrive? They are, it seems to me, unmistakable. The serious modern drama in its treatment and discussion of sex is timid, squeamish, superficial, and conventional. Not only does it function upon a much lower plane of frankness and enlightenment than is represented by the views and the conversation of moderately intelligent adults and the body of scientific knowledge possessed even by the intelligent layman, but it lags far behind the other arts, particularly the related arts of poetry and the novel, in its attempt to deal sensitively, honestly, and profoundly with the problems of sex.

At the same time, we find that even when it is most patently and crassly pornographic, the theater in its sexual titillation and in its exploitation of the emotions of fear and shame falls far short of the newspapers, the pulp-paper magazines, and the sales propaganda of respectable industrialists.

Nor is this surprising. The theater, like the church, is one of the most conservative of our institutions. It follows and does not lead the crowd. Like the church, it is hostile to new ideas and yields to them slowly and reluctantly. But unlike the church, it does not find it necessary to justify its obscurantism by invocations of the supernatural. The theater, at least, is honest enough to admit that it opens its doors to subversive doctrines only when it finds that it is good business to do so.

SPRING LAMB

BY VIRGINIA BLACK

WE HAD had no early rains and the weather was cold and frosty. The hills were still brown except in sheltered spots where a few shoots showed new green under the dead grass of last year. Our ewes were old, but we had not had money enough to replace them. We had thought that with luck they might bring us another lamb crop in the spring. And our luck had been no rain and, therefore, no feed. The ewes tottered about on the range searching for grass and eagerly eating any belated dry leaves and acorns that still fell from the naked trees.

I could not bear to watch them making their morning trip, single file, around the hill to the salt trough. At that hour the sun, slanting across their backs, emphasized the sunken hollows in front of their lean flanks and made them look even poorer than they were.

Jim rode range every day, looking for the ewes that had fallen down and were too weak to get up. He would carry them in across his saddle and put them in the sheds and feed them the precious hay that we had bought at thirty dollars a ton—on borrowed money. Every morning and every night it was necessary to lift them one by one and hold them on their legs while they obediently answered the calls of nature. He would try to make them walk a few steps, too, but mostly they made no effort and would flop flat as soon as he let go, happy to be allowed to lie still and eat the feed under their noses. This hopeless sight finally infuriated me.

"They're not worth it," I raged, staring at their meek silly faces and their chewing jaws. "I don't believe they'll ever have lambs."

"Maybe not," Jim said wearily, "but I can't just let the old girls die, can I?" He stood upright for a moment to rub his aching back.

"When you go out on the range and find them down you could shoot them. That's the way they do on the Henderson ranch," I argued.

But Jim only shook his head. "I'll save a certain percentage."

By lambing time we had about a hundred and fifty of these hospital cases, and then the worst possible thing happened—a cold, heavy storm. Icy winds tore over the hills and shrieked around the sheds. Rain, too late, too cold, fell in merciless sheets, beating the dry earth to mud, tearing in torrents down the gullies, changing ditches into raging creeks, turning creeks into mad rivers. Weather like that at lambing time—and everybody knows that the ewes always pick the worst night of a storm to have their lambs.

When the rain began Jim stood at the kitchen window and watched the pepperwoods on the hill lashing about in the frenzy of the gale. He said, "Not one lamb could live through this. We'll have to bring in the sheep and lamb in the sheds."

"But we haven't enough feed."

Jim sighed. "I guess I'd better go

down to the First National right now and see if I can borrow another thousand for hay and grain. I thought maybe they could pull through without it, but they can't in this weather."

He put on an extra sweater and his slicker and went out to the garage to fit all four chains on the little roadster. I watched him from the window as he started out and saw the wind tear the battered old top off the car just as he reached the corner of the field. It was sixteen miles to town over narrow mountain roads with ten gates to open and shut. He got back late that night, stiff with wet and cold. But he had the thousand and the feed had been ordered.

"Let's hope we get enough out of the lambs to pay this back," he said and sat down before the fire to unlace his sodden boots. We spread his dripping clothes about the stove on chairs to dry so that he might wear them in the morning. Storm or no storm we must bring in the sheep early to-morrow.

II

The drive proved to be a very slow one. The sheep stood together in the timber and refused to leave this scant shelter to come out into the storm. We could not let the dogs force them because the ewes were so weak and so heavy with lamb. Some of the lambs had already begun to come and these had to be left behind with their mothers to be brought in separately. They gave us a lot of trouble. The ewes knew that they had little or no milk for their lambs and preferred to leave them then and there and be done with it. Many of them would try to come away with the flock, never looking back to where the lamb, sensing desertion, lifted a feeble head and bleated weakly. Jim spurred his horse and splashed madly through the mud in a vain endeavor to turn them back, cursing them and railing at the bewildered dogs until he was hoarse. But in his heart he did not much blame those ineffectual old things for deserting their young. A ewe cannot lift her lamb or help it much to get on its feet. And a lamb born of a weak ewe is weak too and, lying drenched in that driving cold, he will soon be dead no matter what she does.

We finally got a large bunch of them into the corrals and began at once the task of sorting and segregating in the chilling rain and slush. I think I have never seen sheep so soaked and wretched, nor dogs so futile, nor Jim so dispirited. The ewes kept falling down in the mire and would lie there helpless, kicking feebly like overturned beetles. It was too much for the dog, Jerry. She finally ran baffled into a corner and sat there panting, disgusted. Shouts and curses could not move her, and it took much coaxing and petting and loving to get her back to work again.

We had to separate immediately the ewes about to lamb so that Jim might give them special attention. Also many of them, weak from exposure and starvation, had been unable to bring forth their lambs and were carrying them dead. I knew that Jim would be up all night operating on these poor things and that I should have to stand by, faint with disgust, but prompt to supply forceps and douches of warm lysol.

Over the din of the milling sheep in the corrals came a sudden loud panic of bleating, a sharp hysterical yelping of the dogs, and Jim's voice swearing in violent anger. I saw him kneel in a corner of the corral, frantically pulling at a pile of ewes heaped there and sobbing as he swore.

"They're dead, Ann," he gasped. "They're dead. Ann! Ann! Ann!"

"But why are they dead, Jim? Why? . . . *Why?*"

"It's my fault. I let the dogs crowd them too much. And they got piled in

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this corner. Smothered. Thirty or forty of them. Ann! Ann!"

Helplessly I put my hand on the shoulder of his dripping slicker. Those limp bodies were still warm beneath their wet wool, but already their eyes were glassy, and nothing that anyone could do would make them breathe again. We had bought them when sheep were high—fifteen dollars a head—on borrowed money for which we still paid interest. Of course at present they were not worth three dollars in the market. But to us they were still fifteen dollars a head.

The wind blew steadily from the north. The rain came down in a drenching icy downpour. Jim rose to his feet in the sucking mud and slapped the water and filth from his hands. His jaw was set against the misery in his eyes. He turned to the waiting dogs and snapped his fingers. "Get around 'em, Jerry! Slow, Tom, *slow!* Damn you, *slow!*"

All that night, all the next day, all the next night we worked with the ewes, while the rain beat steadily and deafeningly on the iron roof over our heads. The sheds stank of urine, manure, and wet wool. The footing was treacherous with slime and afterbirth. Our backs ached, our eyes burned, and our feet were flat with pain and numb with cold. No stops for sleep or fresh clothes. No real meals. We just drank coffee that we kept boiling in a big pot on the stove in the sheds and ate hasty sandwiches of bread and ham. We had whiskey there, too, but that was not for us. That was for the lambs that we brought in half drowned from the storm-ridden hills. We had them all about the stove in the stifling heat of a special little shed we called the "orphanage." Beside the whiskey on the shelf were cases of canned milk, also for the lambs. Feeding and reviving these exhausted abandoned babies was my especial job.

First I gave each one a hot bath in a washtub of steaming muddy water by the stove. I never changed this water, merely added to it to keep it hot, and the lamb naturally came out of his bath dirtier than he went in. Then I patted him as dry as possible with the torn grimy sheets hanging back of the stove, rolled him in feed sacks, and gave him a little whiskey and hot water. If he was still alive when I next got around to him he got a drink of warm milk from a bottle—a ginger ale bottle, it generally was. My chief remembrance of that mad winter is the suffocating, sickening odor of the lambing sheds, the sight of those sticky green bottles, and the rows of supine indifferent lambs in their sacks about the stove.

Such a task it was, to get that first feeding into a half-dead lamb. I would pry open very slightly his stiff clenched little jaws and let a few drops of milk run on his tongue. This invariably ran out on the other side and made a small pool on the sacking beneath his head. I would try again, anxiously awaiting the little gulp of swallowing. If I saw no gulp I tried to believe that it had merely escaped my notice and that a little milk had got inside after all. Hopelessly I went on to the next lamb. I could not linger over one. There were too many.

I had to revive each lamb before his mother completely forgot him, which she would surely do if she did not get him back in an hour or so. It was a happy moment when I could bring one of the little beasts on his feet and see him shake himself, instead of falling down, and carry him joyfully and fearfully into the pen of unattached mothers to be claimed. Then would follow a discouraging proceeding. The ewes would heartlessly butt him over, each one taking several turns at it; and I watched that tiny strength, which had been put into him at such labor, knocked right out of him. With amazing fortitude he would struggle to his

feet each time and again bleat for his mother. If she finally noticed his presence, smelled him suspiciously to identify him, and then tenderly allowed him to claim his dinner, I decided that there was no lovelier sight than this on a sheep ranch—or in the world, for that matter.

She wouldn't have known him unless she could smell him, and that is why the adoption system works. We should soon have had a lot of orphans on our hands if we could not have got some of them adopted. These orphans are the extra ones of twins or the lambs whose mothers desert them or refuse to take them. It does not pay to raise them on the bottle. The milk costs more than the lamb would bring. So we try to get him adopted.

I find a faithful ewe standing guard over her still-born lamb, anxiously and stupidly expecting some miracle to bring it back to life. I become that miracle. I put the dead lamb on an empty feed sack and drag it at the end of a long rope into the shed, slowly, so that the ewe may follow. I am so far away at my end of the rope that she never connects the lamb's progress with mine and trots after it bleating nervously and smelling it doubtfully. I stop occasionally to give her a real good reassuring sniff of it and on we go again. When she is thus tolled into the shed Jim skins the lamb and pitches the body out of the window onto that soggy steadily-growing heap of carcasses that lies there in the rain. The body is no longer of any use. It is the precious odor on the tail that must be preserved. To the ewe that odor is her lamb.

We then select a likely orphan. Over him we drape the dead lamb's hide, tying it with cord across his little chest and under his little belly. He looks ridiculous. We place him near the ewe and retreat to a distance to see if it will be a "take." She bleats uneasily, smells him worriedly. The scent of blood alarms her, but there is that undeniable odor of her child. Bewildered, she walks away. He trots hopefully after, perfectly willing to be adopted by any ewe that will let him nurse. She noses him again and at last grudgingly allows him to nuzzle under her flank. Hurrah!

Every day the loose hide stretches a bit and finally it gets so long the little brute trips on it. He then has to be caught and trimmed. The legs can go. You cut away as much of the body as you dare, but never the tail. You long to tear off the whole thing. But it must stay on a while longer—the ewe is still uneasy. A week is none too long. By that time the old smell has become so mingled with the new fresh odors of the live tail below that the anxious old mother is completely befooled. That is, almost always. Sometimes, on the contrary, when you have turned the pair out on the range together she will desert him after all, and days later you find his lank corpse flat upon the hillside.

At the end of six weeks lambing was over. A long, hard six weeks. The last straw of alfalfa had been fed. The last carcass had been decently buried. The last doddering old ewe and wobbly lamb had filed out through the corral gates onto the range that now showed a promising if not luxuriant green. Too few, those wobbly lambs. Too many, those buried carcasses. But we had done all we could and had earned our rest.

A rest to Jim means fishing; and he took his weary legs to the creek that ran through the ranch and for ten consecutive days waded miles down its rocky stream bed carrying his salmon hook. I had another way of resting. I simply stacked the dishes in the sink every morning after breakfast, propped my feet on the open door of the kitchen stove, and read every fashion article and love story in the accumulated magazines.

III

Spring came. Jim and I reined in our horses at the crest of a hill. It was just beginning to get light. On the opposite hillside a young doe and her two fawns watched us curiously. But the sheep in the little valley below paid us no heed. The lambs were playing in the wet grass together, running in groups of six or eight as if in a game, stopping suddenly, and then capering and bouncing as if feeling much too good to stand still. Nearby their mothers fed contentedly and ceaselessly. A ewe never stops eating until she dies and then she often dies with her mouth full.

We had come out to drive them into the corrals but we hated to disturb them. However it had to be done. Marking time had come. Marking consists of docking the ewe lambs' tails and castrating and docking the buck lambs, and putting an identifying cut in the ears of all.

Jim motioned toward the sheep. The dogs were off instantly. The dogs love their work and bristle with importance when they surround a flock of sheep and drive them triumphantly in This is play for them in the summer and fall, but it is work in the spring when the lambs are small and many ewes fight the dogs at every step. Also the lambs run in every direction but the right one, the dogs yapping in pursuit, and even the ewes turn uncertainly and lumber after them.

When we finally got two thousand head into the corrals we were all pretty much exhausted—men, horses, dogs, ewes, and lambs. The panting dogs raced to the watering trough and drank their fill and drank again. The clamor was deafening. Each lamb determinedly bleated for his mother, and each ewe incessantly bawled an answer which she often idiotically continued even after her own lamb had been found and was on his knees under her belly, greedily hunching her udder and joyfully wiggling his tail.

Old White-eye Pelayo had already arrived and was at that moment unloading his blankets at the bunk house. It was very old-fashioned of us to employ Pelayo for our marking, but our lambs always did well under his ministrations, and as he had marked for the ranch every year for forty-five years, we felt as if we had bought him and his methods along with the range and the ranch house.

I murmured to Jim as he tied his horse at the corral fence, "Can't you put the new boy at the chute gate—I think he might not take to helping Pelayo at the marking bench."

"Sure," said Jim, but laughing at me. "We won't need him especially. The Henderson boys are here and can catch and hold for Pelayo."

I loosened the dogs and drove the sheep through the chute to the boy who worked the gate, dodging the ewes into the pasture and the lambs into the marking pen. I then sent him to the house on an errand and so got him away from the sheds. I dreaded disillusioning him unnecessarily. I should have remembered that we all had to have lunch together and that when old Pelayo marked he always had to have his plateful of lamb fries.

We ate at a long oil-cloth covered table on the big screened porch. Luke and Ollie Henderson had taken off their dirty jumpers, put on their decent blue shirts, and scrubbed their honest, simple faces, but Pelayo just washed his gnarled black-nailed paws and called it a day. His shirt was black with tar and wool grease. And he didn't know what a napkin was for. The boy sat directly across from him and stared with all his eyes.

Pelayo was going strong. He'd

taken one look at the boy and then started in on his worst stories. He was now telling the one about the time he had been caught in a forest fire and had had to kill his horse and crawl inside until the fire went over.

"Shut up, Pelayo," said Jim brusquely.

The boy got up from his chair, white-faced. "Excuse me," he mumbled, and went out the screen door and down the steps.

That afternoon I walked over to the sheds where they were marking. I had hoped that Jim had put the boy to work in the corrals again, but no, he had him right at the marking table. The boy had already learned the trick of holding the lambs so that they wouldn't kick loose. I caught the boy's haggard gaze and tried to smile at him, but he flushed and looked away. I edged up to Jim and determinedly whispered. But he shook his head. "He wants to do everything we do," he said out of the side of his mouth. "Just as well for him to get over it now, anyway. There's worse things than this on a sheep ranch."

I thought of this remark one day a month later when the boy came galloping in from the range on his sweating horse. "Jim sent me in for some pinetrol," he said.

"What's the matter? Flies?"

"Yes," said the boy, and gulped. He was green about the mouth.

"A ewe?"

"No, a lamb—one of those big, fine, black-faced ones. Oh, it was a dandy lamb."

"Is it pretty bad?"

"It can't walk—we're going to try to carry it in on a sack."

"I'd better go with you and bring one of the dogs. You may need help getting the mother in."

The boy nodded.

But when we reached the lamb we found that Jim had already lassoed the ewe and hog-tied her. She lay motionless on the ground, quiet and fearful.

"She's one of the crazy kind," said Jim; "she started to run off so I had to stop her—I'll have to pack her in too, damn her. She's too fat to put on the saddle with safety."

He knelt beside the lamb. "We'll have to get busy on this little fellow now—though I think it's too late." I tried not to look at the little beast's suffering, frightened eyes nor at the drawn face of the boy.

When the raw flesh was dressed we carried the lamb in on a stretcher of sacks and made it a bed in the sheds. Every three hours the boy and I tried to feed it. It was too old to learn to nurse from a bottle and we had to hold the mother down beside it with her udder at its nose. Even then it didn't help us and we had to milk the teats into its mouth. The ewe resented the entire proceeding and kicked vigorously and indiscriminately at the lamb and at us.

We kept up the feedings during the night, and in the morning the lamb nursed a little by itself and was able to lift its head and bleat when it saw us coming. The boy was delighted. He talked to it softly while he helped me. He named it "Peanuts."

On the fourth morning it was dead. It had struggled to its feet in the night, got as far as the door and had fallen there. Animals mostly die in the night, I've noticed. In an adjoining pen its mother stood, chewing her cud, her yellow eyes content.

The boy did not come in to breakfast that morning, and we saw him later on the hill across the creek under a young maple tree, digging. A little grave, probably.

IV

May came at last. The grass grew thick and lush on the range, and the sunny slopes were gold with poppies

and blue with lupines. Lambs lay on the warm hillsides, their little snub noses turned skyward, their eyes closed in sleep, their fat woolly sides panting gently.

We shattered this peace one early morning in mid May. By daylight we had had our bacon and eggs and coffee and had corralled the sheep and were crowding them through the chute—the ewes to the left into the pasture, the lambs to the right into the loading pens. We were selling the lambs and we had to hurry to get them sorted, for only six hundred had been passed and chalked in blue by the lamb buyer, and these had to leave town on the noon freight. Already the trucks had roared up the long grade from the valley, and were standing backed against the loading platform. Up the loading chute and into the trucks the lambs scrambled, blindly fleeing the shouting, cursing, sweating men and the ceaseless cunning of the dogs. The air was thick with yellow dust, and the din was so great that the dogs could not hear Jim's commands and obeyed his gestures only.

When the end gates had been lashed fast and the motors started, the trucks circled around the corrals and eased their way down the hill toward town. The racks swayed heavily and the lambs peeped fearfully out between the bars, slid against one another, fell, struggled to their feet again, and braced themselves cannily for the next lurch.

Jim and I pulled out last in our little ranch truck that holds only fifty lambs. The leading driver opened all the gates, and it was my job to close them after Jim had driven through. A hill woman learns to jump out and open and shut gates as naturally as the town wife pays her nickel to the conductor.

At each gate the trucks halted while Jim inspected the loads to see if any lambs had fallen and were being smothered. Once he had to get a pile of them to their feet again. It was impossible to do this without unloading some of the lambs, and as there was no place to put them he had to lift them out to one of the men who passed them down to the truck drivers and to me. I squatted in the dusty road and tried to hold in either hand the hind foot of an eighty-pound lamb who was using all the strength of his other feet to get away. One of them escaped my aching arm and went leaping and running over the hill, its woolly legs working together like those of a rocking horse, its head held high, its shoe-button eyes round and shining. Two years later, identified by its earmark, it was returned to us, a meek ewe, a lamb of its own trotting after.

At the freight yards the lambs had first to be weighed on the trucks and then watered before they began their long ride to San Francisco. From the pens they were driven up a sort of gangplank, or loading chute, into the cattle cars. It was hard to get them to start up this strange chute without the help of our dogs left at home, and we tried all sorts of persuasion—shouting, whistling to imaginary dogs, banging tin cans, and flapping our hats. Nothing worked. There is an old ex-cowboy at the yards who is proud of his ability to mimic a ewe. When we had all failed he hobbled up the chute on his very bowed legs and hid himself in a corner of the car, bleating softly. Finally a bold lamb answered him and timidly assayed the climb up the gangplank. Then it was easy. All the lambs tried to follow at once, and we had trouble in keeping them from hurting one another in their rush.

It was one o'clock before the last door grated shut and the chute was shoved away. I stood by one of the cars, looking between the slats at the lambs crowded within. They had stopped crying for their mothers and

were just standing quietly panting and nosing one another and stiffening their little legs as the cars jerked into motion.

Jim came up beside me. "Well, it's over," he said, and wiped the sweat from his neck.

I blinked the tears out of my eyes. It is absurd to cry when the lambs go, but I always do. "How much did they weigh?" I asked.

Jim gave a short laugh. "Enough to pay our last two notes at the bank," he said. "D'you like being a rancher's wife?"

"I'm a fool to like it, but I do," I said. And we went back to our little truck and climbed in.

SPRING CERTAINTY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

WHY in the world is the tiny wren
So sure that a mate will find her when
The world is broad and the world is wide
For two to be playing at seek-and-hide,
With little more of them each to see
Than a fleck of bark from an apple tree?
Why is she sure it will enter a head
As small as her own to be making a bed
Of twigs and tendrils and bits of string,
Or an odd or an end of a clumsy thing
That a claw must carry, a small beak bring,
Weaving them, winding them into a nest
For a clutch of eggs and her own warm breast?
When her days will be hard and her hours will be long,
Why is she sure there'll be nothing wrong
If a share of her burden be bursts of song?
And the dark is a time of snatch and of take.
Why is she certain that she can make
Her terrors her own in the dead of night—
A handful of feathers to cope with fright?
For all that she knows, when the screech-owls cry,
A glare will fall like a lantern's eye,
And there will be nothing left her at all
From answering back to the mating-call
That makes the wren more sure in the spring
Than I can be sure of one single thing.

MORALS SECEDE FROM THE UNION

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

LISTENING to current discussion, one would suppose that the future of religion were being decided on the scientific front; but a far more critical battle is being waged on the ethical front, where morals are denying that they need religion and are seceding from the union.

As far back as history goes, morals and religion have been mingled. Among primitive people right conduct was any kind of behavior which secured the favor of the tribal gods, and sin was action of any sort—whether, as in David's case, it was lust for Bathsheba or taking a census—which roused a god's antipathy. The basic business of life, therefore, was to know the divine likes and dislikes; and the baffling moral muddle then sprang from the fact that the whims of the deities were dubious.

From that day to this, in one way or another, morals and religion have remained entangled, even in utilitarian schools of ethics which might theoretically have dispensed with the alliance. When, therefore, morals issue their declaration of independence, announcing that neither the definitions nor sanctions of right conduct need religion, revolution is afoot.

That the age-long ideas of morality's dependence on religion have collapsed is obvious. For example, morals historically have relied on supernatural rewards and punishments. A modern preacher might fairly envy the ancient pulpiteers. Believing in supernaturalism, and sure that when God was sufficiently angered by man's sin he would reach forth the besom of his wrath and sweep his enemies away, they used the fear of God dreadfully. So Savonarola shook Florence. So when a comet hung over Boston Increase Mather paralyzed his congregation: "The Lord hath fired his beacon in the heavens among the stars of God there. . . . The warning piece of heaven is going off."

Projected into the next world, supernatural sanctions of morality became even more terrific. Half a century ago many American children were reared on three books of Bible stories: *Line upon Line* and *Precept upon Precept*, covering the Old Testament, and *The Peep of Day*, covering the New. Around that last book had gathered in my imagination a halo of happy reminiscence until recently I read some of it, quoted as follows:

> At last Jesus will sit upon a white throne, and everybody will stand round his throne. He will open some books, in which he has written down all the naughty things people have done. God has seen all the naughty things you have done. He can see in the dark as well as in the light, and knows all your naughty thoughts. . . .
>
> This is what God will do to those who do not love him. God will bind them in chains and put them in a lake of fire. There they will gnash their teeth and weep and wail forever. . . . They shall not have one drop of water to cool their burning tongues.

I had often wondered why, with my wholesome family life, I had suffered

when but a child such a devastating horror of hell. Now I know—*The Peep of Day* did it!

Moreover, morals have depended on the supernatural dictation of ethical codes. When one reviews the story, even in recent times, of the entanglement of morals with an inspired Bible, from the endeavors in Calvin's Geneva or in the Massachusetts Bay Colony to base whole commonwealths on Biblical prescription, through scriptural defenses of religious persecution, slavery, and war, to meticulous sabbath observance on the basis of the Hebrew code, one wonders that such a snarl should ever come undone. Undoubtedly, however, the whole idea of supernatural dictation has petered out. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" seems to many of us excellent morals. This generation, however, will walk around the idea, look it over, size it up, watch its consequences, listen to anyone from Bertrand Russell to Bishop Manning, and decide; but one thing this generation will not do is to accept even that command on supernatural authority.

II

The secession of morals from their historic union with religion, however, is much more thoroughgoing than the mere denial of supernal codes and sanctions. Many religious personalities, both ancient and modern, have loved goodness neither because its rules were divinely dictated nor because rewards and punishments were divinely administered. They have sought the good life for its own sake, as an artist loves beauty, for no reasons extraneous to its own excellence. Nevertheless, through their goodness they have moved to their idea of the Divine. Thinking of God they have thought of good, and thinking of good they have thought of God, until, like light and heat in sunshine, the two have seemed to them one thing.

To-day, however, we are told that in this amalgam the basic element is morals and that religious faith is only the shadow which earthly ideas of goodness, developed out of human relationships, have cast upon the sky.

> By all that He requires of me,
> I know what God himself must be,

Whittier sings and inadvertently reveals the true chronology of ethics and religion. First, from practical earthly experience we discover what is good, and then we imagine back of the cosmos a Figure whose goodness is like our own. Neither our initial ideas of goodness, they say, nor our motives for achieving it came from the Figure; he is a shadow, and when the shadow vanishes nothing serious has happened to the good life itself. That was here first. "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Old theological controversies and Biblical fundamentalisms—"the credibility of Genesis and the edibility of Jonah"—no longer bother intelligent religious men, but this secession of morals from religion would better bother them. We hardly have grown accustomed in other fields to the discovery that science, not religion, supplies the method for meeting most of our urgent needs. The old universe, built like a duplex apartment, where man stood on the ground floor and cried upstairs for gifts to be sent down to him, has gone, and many things our fathers sought from God we get by fulfilling law-abiding conditions. Still, at one point the need of religion has seemed impregnable: it has been indispensably entangled with the motives and sanctions of the good life. With God regarded as an afterthought, however, neither creative of the good nor necessary to sustain it, we are advised to cease worrying about theism and to give up

asking whether the universe has moral purpose at the heart of it. There may be no cosmic purpose, but there are many good purposes on earth for which to live. There may be no good God, but all the goodness still is left from which our ideas of the good God were derived.

If religion is no longer necessary either to get the things which we desire or to achieve the moral goals toward which we aspire, of what use is it anyway? Why not let morals secede from the union without a struggle?

III

An initial doubt of successful secession is suggested by the fact that there seems to be a native kinship between atheism and discouragement. However one approaches the matter, that kinship appears.

We commonly are told that faith in God can be psychologically explained; it is a cosmic projection of our wishes, a rationalization of our emotional needs and hopes. But, by the same sign, disbelief in God is also open to psychological accounting; it is the cosmic projection of our sense of life's futility, the rationalization of bafflement, aimlessness, and failure.

After dealing in intimate conference for many years with all varieties of theists and atheists, I venture the generalization that very little atheism springs merely or mainly from skeptical philosophy. For the most part it is emotionally caused. It translates into terms of a godless, purposeless, ruthless world an inner experience of grief, frustration, or fear, or, as in Russia, it is the theoretical echo of practical resentments and revulsions. A typical woman, for example, sought help in her atheism. Before she had talked three minutes the counsellor stopped her with the request that she cease telling about her philosophy and begin on her love affair. To her surprised protest he said, "To be sure, I am guessing. You may have had some other form of emotional devastation. Without intending it, however, you have unmistakably revealed that you got into your atheism not by the philosophical, but by the emotional route. Something is going wrong in your life." Then she collapsed and poured out the story of an emotional catastrophe of which her atheism was only a superficial rationalization.

I happen to know that one of the most popular, persuasive, and ruthless statements of atheism in modern times comes from a man battling with a fatal disease and that this book represents primarily the way he feels about life. So one of George Eliot's characters put it long ago: "I look at it as if the doctrines was like finding names for your feelings."

The idea of the assailants of religion, therefore, that faith in God can be finally disposed of as a rationalization of our wishes, simply will not work. In that regard, theism and atheism are on all fours; we get at both of them by the emotional route, and yet one of them must be true. Some higher court of appeal, some well-argued philosophy, striving cannily to avoid the perverting twists of our subtly rationalizing minds, must decide the issue, so far as intellect can decide it. All that we are driving at here is that atheism is a natural and frequent rationalization of discouragement.

When life is empty, barren, lonely, frustrated, and futile, when the world looks dark and human existence purposeless, atheism already is close at hand. To be sure, at that point one can make a wild escape into the comfort of some compensating idealistic philosophy, but for many the next step is to translate the feeling of a devastated experience into the theory of a godless universe.

If, on the other hand, one approaches this kinship between atheism and discouragement from the theoretical end, the fact still appears. Consider, for example, a typical modern like Theodore Dreiser, saying:

> I find life to be not only a complete illusion or mirage which changes and so escapes or eludes one at every point, but the most amazing fanfare of purely temporary and always changing and ever vanishing and, in the main, clownish and ever ridiculous interests that it has ever been my lot to witness. . . . At best, whatever man does is something that can only prolong the struggles and worries and for the most part futile dreams of those with whom he finds himself companioned here in this atomic or cellular welter, and which in the last analysis may be just nothing at all—a phantasmagoric or cinematic shadow play. . . . As I see him, the unutterably infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course—if course it be. In short, I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed.

One would have to psychoanalyze Mr. Dreiser to discover whether his futilism is the result of his atheism or his atheism the cosmic projection of his futilism, but the congeniality between the two is clear.

When, therefore, the claim is made that irreligion need not affect morals, the first answer is at hand: irreligion seems deeply to affect *morale*, and both etymology and life have stemmed morale and morals from the same root.

This fact is not controverted by any discovery of individual atheists who are exuberant or individual religionists who are depressed. A thousand and one interflowing streams of influence affect temperament, and there are all kinds of religion and irreligion. Moreover, many of our contemporary agnostics and atheists were reared in profoundly religious homes and there were trained in practical and emotional responses to life which they will never altogether lose, no matter what theories they adopt. I do not see, however, how anyone acquainted with modern life and literature can avoid observing the constant, consistent, and logical kinship between thoroughgoing irreligion and lowered enthusiasm about life.

When, for example, George John Romanes, the scientist, temporarily lost his religious faith, he did not forthwith begin to eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow he would die. The result was more oblique. "When at times I think, as think at times I must," he wrote, "of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible." The first effect of "the lonely mystery of existence" is not on a man's morality but on his morale.

The basic fact with which we are dealing here is that, after all, man's life is a unity, and however we may departmentalize him into the economic man, the scientific man, the moral man, the religious man, and declare each realm autonomous, influences do inevitably leak from one compartment to another.

Especially is it true that if a man has any faith about the meaning of the cosmos he cannot keep it from splashing over into his morale. Suppose that a man believes in mind, not matter, as the Creative Power in this universe, thinks God real, believes in a moral purpose running through creation, conceives human personality not as a whimsy of the dust but as a child of the Spirit, and, far from supposing death to be the end, joins in Emerson's confidence,

> . . . What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent.

As a plain matter of history, such a response to the whole meaning of life is so towering and influential a fact that it is folly to neglect it.

By the same sign, if a man disbelieves all this, espouses materialism, thinks the universe as a whole purposeless, supposes man to be a chance by-product of the earth without spiritual origin, individual hope beyond death, or even racial perpetuity on a transient planet, that response to the total meaning of life is also a towering and influential fact. And if one wabbles between the two, is confused and bewildered concerning the whole cosmic business, or throws up his hands altogether in despair of thinking anything worth while about it, that response may be even more impelling.

When, therefore, religious people are challenged to be realistic about this matter and to recognize how seldom we consciously appeal to cosmic theories in deciding daily moral choices, the answer seems ready. Realism is precisely the attitude we are driving at, and the upshot of the search is that we find people whose lives get made up as a whole and not in sections. They develop a total reaction to life. They achieve a spiritual climate. We see men like Anatole France, with creative genius, large achievement, hosts of friends, and ample wealth, saying: "There is not in all the universe a creature more unhappy than I. People think me happy. I have never been happy for one day, not for a single hour." What kind of reaction is that, moral or religious? Is it the man's ethics speaking there or his utter skepticism about any spiritual significance in the universe? Realistically it surely is not one or the other, but both. France, like all the rest of us, found that life gets made up one way or another into a total response to the meaning of existence.

After all, morals are not simply paying one's bills, obeying traffic regulations, returning borrowed umbrellas, or anything else that can be indifferently performed in one kind of world as well as in another. Our morals, at their deepest, are our innermost response to life, our spiritual quality, taste, and motive—and that, separated from our total philosophy, is as unreal as the smile abstracted from the face of the cat in *Alice in Wonderland*.

So far from being satisfied, therefore, with the present slogan, Separate morals from religion! we are sure that the need to-day is another slogan altogether: Seek a total attitude toward life that will at once be good religion and good morals!

IV

The truth of what we have been saying is especially evident in the popular futilism which is at once a moral and a religious problem. Our ethical disorder is superficially exhibited in crime waves, economic injustice, corrupt politics, and sexual promiscuity. Permeating all this, however, is the prevalent sense of life's essential meaninglessness and futility. To be sure, only articulate intellectuals get their cynicism verbally expressed, talking with Thomas Hardy about

> . . . the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
> That turns the handle of this idle Show!

None the less does such futilism run through popular thought and, like a change of weather, affect the moral flora of the whole countryside.

Many to-day have traveled the complete route from faith to cynicism. They have doubted everything they once believed—church and creed, God and immortality; they have doubted any sense or purpose in the universe or any goal ahead; they have doubted whatever old bases of idealistic living they ever had until they have reached that apogee of disillusionment where

man becomes "a small but boisterous bit of the organic scum that for the time being coats part of the surface of one small planet." Then, having through doubt stripped life of serious significance, they begin doubting their doubts. Like the fabled serpent, disbelief turns to eat itself. The complete skeptic at last disbelieves his own disbeliefs; he cannot have faith in his lack of faith. About that time life as a whole becomes a mess.

Such cynicism profoundly affects morals, but to call it a moral as distinguished from a religious problem is to misunderstand it altogether. Whether or not the futilist is right in his view of life concerns not simply duty but doctrine. Man may be an accidental ripple inadvertently blown up on the cosmic surface. He may be, on the other hand, a spiritual adventurer in a spiritual world where all the best in him is response to the Eternal Best. To suppose that our ideas of duty, and especially our spirit in performing it, will be unaffected by our drift toward cynical doctrine or its opposite is sheer romancing. Popular futilism today is everywhere bedeviling morals, but it is a great deal more than a moral matter; it is a total set of the mind not only about what men *ought to do*, but about what men essentially and cosmically *are*.

Much current talk about morals without religion, dodging this real issue, proceeds upon the incredible assumption that there can be serious discussion of what man ought to be without serious discussion of what man is. *Oughtness*, however, is essentially related to *isness*—even the virtues which an airplane should possess could not be intelligently discussed without knowing what an airplane is—and on that simple fact the endeavor of morals to secede from religion will in the end wreck itself. For while morals deal with what men ought to do and be, religion is basically a message about what men are. They are not the scum of the earth, says a high religion, the accidental by-product of a merely physical cosmos; they are personalities, spiritual beings whose powers of intellection, purposefulness, goodwill spring from the nature of the Real World and are necessary to interpret the full truth about it. They are, in a word, sons of God, and it does not yet appear what they shall be. To suppose that morals, dealing with what man ought to be, can blithely wave farewell to this basic problem regarding what men are, that the Ideal for man is unrelated to the Fact about man, is to disregard obvious human experience. As Professor Hocking of Harvard put it on purely psychological grounds, "there is a deep tendency in human nature to *become like* that which we imagine ourselves to be." To persuade all the race, then, to imagine themselves small but boisterous bits of organic scum would make a moral difference in the end; and to persuade men to rally their characters and careers around a high idea of human life as a spiritual adventure in a Spiritual World would make a difference too. The basic reason why morals never will succeed in seceding from religion is the impossibility of unscrambling *ought* from *is*.

Indeed, "ought" essentially means our sense of the possible resident in the actual and crying out to be fulfilled. Anything we think, therefore, about the nature of the actual affects our faith in the possible. Futilism is a total mind-set about the mean and contemptible nature of the actual, which inevitably falls like a blight on the idea of the possible. In this regard, a man's life as a whole does get made up one way or another, and the consequence is both moral and religious.

To say that a man may have thrown over all the creeds and churches, may have disbelieved every description of

God he ever heard, and still may be a first-rate man and a good citizen, is no answer to this contention. That is merely identifying religion with religions, which in this realm is the shortest cut to folly. Let all our present modes of religious thought disappear, the basic fact would still remain: what man ought to be, and may be expected to be, depends on what man is; and what man is is the profoundest moral and religious question in the world.

V

Despite much talk about morals seceding from the union, therefore, I question the success of the independent confederacy. We still shall find ourselves making our total emotional and intellectual response to our situation in this cosmos. Our scientific response will be made in the interest of discovering how we can control our world; our moral response in the interest of discovering how we ought to act in our world; our religious response in the interest of discovering what our world as a whole means. Some, to be sure, will insist that they cannot make up their minds about that last matter—only to discover that they cannot altogether avoid making up their *lives* about it. And those who do make up minds and lives about it in terms of a high confidence that life "means intensely, and means good" will find the whole tone and temper of living affected, its horizons widened, its resources deepened, its hopes quickened, its morale incalculably strengthened.

A religious man's vital conviction concerning the nature of the world he lives in, being as it is an inseparable part of his personal response to life, is germinative, fecund, creative. It raises life's temperature. In a purposeful universe where the Divine experienced in our human values is only the near end of the Divine that fills the cosmos, the weather is different from the prevailing climate, let us say, in George Jean Nathan's world. "To me," he writes, "pleasure and my own personal happiness—only infrequently collaborating with that of others—are all I deem worth a hoot. . . . As a matter of fact, the happiness and welfare of mankind are not my profession; I am perfectly willing to leave them to the care of the professional missionaries of one sort or another; I have all that I can do to look out for my own happiness and welfare. . . . I am against all reforms and all reformers. The world, as I see it, is sufficiently gay, beautiful, and happy as it stands. It is defective only to those who are themselves defective, who lack the sagacity, imagination, humor, and wit to squeeze out its rich and jocose juices and go swimming in them. . . . I am for all religions equally, as all impress me as being equally hollow. . . . The happier the man, the farther he is from God."

To any man who has known the meaning of a high religion, moving from his climate into Nathan's would be like heading in for Hudson Bay. No one doubts that many virtues and satisfactions are possible in any clime, but the things which the religious man cares for most will not grow in Nathan's zone. The difference, far from being simply moral, concerns the total meaning of life, its entire feel and flavor, its cosmic outlook and spiritual climate.

The most convincing testimony on this point comes not from the religious but from the irreligious. Edward Rowland Sill, the poet, having considered the Christian ministry for his vocation and then losing his faith, wrote to a friend: "People think that a thinking man's speculations about religion interfere with his daily life very little—but how certain conclusions do take the shine out of existence."

Rapidly accumulating testimony bears witness that this is one of irreligion's commonest effects. To argue from atheism to badness is false both in fact and theory, but to argue from atheism to depressed enthusiasm about living is plain sailing. Professor Malinowski, one of our leading scientific agnostics, says, "Modern agnosticism is a tragic and shattering frame of mind." Well, a universe which came from nowhere save fortuitous atomic maneuvering and goes nowhither save back to it again, and in which "that nervous speck of star dust we call man" is a momentary inadvertence may be expected to take the shine out of existence. To be sure, if one is fortunate, one may squeeze from present experience rich and jocose juices and go swimming in them; one may even believe in immediate possibilities for human society, as the Russian communists do, be sacrificially interested in adventurous enterprises of social progress, and in general may be a good citizen and a high-minded character; but to suppose that a widespread shift from belief in a spiritually significant to belief in a spiritually meaningless universe would not flood through morale into morals is, I think, in view of the nature of the moral life, obvious rationalization. The trouble with irreligion, as Professor Montague of Columbia remarks, is that, if it is true, what we care for most is at the mercy of what we care for least, and that while this state of affairs need not lead to badness, it does lead to an "incurable sadness and loneliness."

Morals, for example, consist not alone in doing good, but in enduring hardship and wrong. The severest moral test which most of us meet lies not in doing something right but in standing something that at first seems intolerable. The armchair philosophers who theoretically separate the good life from all extrahuman relationships might profitably face, as a working minister faces, the outrageous misfortunes which ordinary men and women are called on to endure, and might well study there the good life in terms of fortitude, constancy, patience, and heroic courage. Morals, more often than the theorist takes account of, *are* morale. Some, meeting their Armageddon in the experience of disaster, grow rebellious and petulant; some grow stoical and talk about their heads being bloody but unbowed; some become resigned and try to bend to the wind without breaking; but some lay hold on their calamity as Jesus laid hold on his Cross, and use it as the most effective instrument for good which life ever fitted to their hand. I never have seen anyone transcend calamity with such positive triumph, however, who did not have more than morals at his disposal. Always behind such conduct there has been a total personal response to life's meaning which could not be described in any terms less than religion.

Again, the moral life, rising to its heights, often means costly self-sacrifice. Goodness is not exhausted in any calculated management of conduct with deftness and decency; at its best it means the hazardous flinging of one's life after one's ideals. To say that this is a matter not of morals only but of morale is to put the case mildly, as anyone can see who will carry this discussion into the prison house where Socrates drank the hemlock, or to Golgotha where Christ died. Now, sacrificial morale can be admirably exhibited without any conscious reference to cosmic meanings, as in many a scientist searching for truth and many a soldier dying for country. Nevertheless, religion and irreligion do radically differ in the climate they create for it to grow in. Socrates, appealing from the public opinion of his generation to the public opinion of the universe—"Men

of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you"—was revealing a total response to life's meaning, both human and cosmic, which produced an unconsenting, independent conscience, gave it horizon and hope, infused it with zest, and empowered it for sacrifice.

Moreover, moral living, far from being an affair of blowing on one's hands and doing good, often involves recovery from disheartening failure. Much current talk about the good life without religion treats the good life as though it were an easy matter of decent conduct, keeping on the sunny side of the law, let us say, or, as Nathan puts it, not doing a dirty trick to a friend. But what intelligent person supposes that a man changing from theism to atheism would straightway rob his neighbor's hen-roost or cheat at cards? There are plenty of motives for ordinary decency to be found without leaving town, much more without leaving the earth. Morals, however, are more than ordinary decency; they frequently involve taking a disintegrated, dilapidated personality, disgraced and dismayed, and making a man of him. Much prevalent cocksureness about goodness minus religion would collapse if men seriously faced such meanings in the moral life as Shakespeare with his profound insight saw: "I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." In such a case morals depend upon morale and the shining successes of religion at its best in producing "twice-born" men who in character failed miserably and yet in the end conquered splendidly, have been due not to supernatural codes and penalties nor to theology superimposed on ethics, but to a total response to life's meaning which put heart and hope into a whipped spirit.

Moreover, the good life is not merely nor mainly a matter of individual decision; it springs from the environment and education of one's earliest years; it is the largely unconscious response of a growing character to the practical circumstances and controlling interpretations of life by which it is surrounded. In individual experience, therefore, it is not true that we start with a good life and then imagine God as its heavenly silhouette. Many of us would testify that we started in religious homes, not with a code of morals only but with a view of life. It was taught us from the first. We were introduced to life as a spiritual adventure in a spiritual world. Through whatever mistaken forms of theology or perverted appeals to fear may have marred the medium, the glory shone of a world where the eternally Best was endeavoring to elicit in us the best of which we were capable. We were born into a world where not mindless matter but a purposeful God was the background, and man was not an accident of the dust but a child of the Spirit.

To an incalculable degree our finest morals have been our response to that view of life. It gave us something to live up to; it touched our honor. Citizens of such a world, we were called on to be worthy of our citizenship—noblesse oblige. The whole tone of our character has been profoundly affected by that challenge and by our endeavors, however fallible, to meet it. And we know beyond peradventure that had we been introduced from the beginning to the view of life of Dreiser and France and Nathan our total response would have been immeasurably different in morale and morals.

It seems incredible, therefore, that were the current irreligious view of life to become general, morals would not respond. The cosmos, then, would be a bleak, purposeless, ruthless, physical process with man, as James Branch Cabell calls him, "a parasite infesting the epidermis of a midge among the plan-

ets." When one orients oneself in a world so conceived, one does not forthwith desire to rifle his neighbor's vault, steal his wife, or defame his reputation. The natural consequence is depressed enthusiasm about living. One tends not toward murder but toward the ennui of Strindberg's Countess Julie: "Everything is wreckage, that drifts over the water until it sinks." If a man has failed morally, he may well wonder whether painful recovery is either possible or worth while; if he faces outrageous adversity, he is likely to find little encouragement to heroism in a world coming from nowhere, going nowhither, and ultimately coming to nothing; if duty involves costly sacrifice, there is reason to question how worthy of such care man is—"an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with the archangels while filthily he digs for groundnuts."

That is to say, in multiplied exhibitions of expressed irreligion all around us we have indubitable evidence that it does make a difference to morale. It takes the bounce out of life, robs it of radiance, resilience, zest. It need not make life wicked; it may not even make life tragic; it makes life trivial.

Let those, therefore, who can do no better overcome this handicap and construct the good life as well as they are able on an irreligious basis. That there will be enriching results of this endeavor, I do not doubt. A complete disbeliever in any spiritual meaning in the cosmos can still make the creation of beauty, or research for truth, or some special social cause his whole effective world, and can so give himself to this concentrated ideal that all believers in God will have something to live up to, if they can. The rest of us, however, are certain that such partition of life's response is an artificial abstraction, and that unless we can build up a total reaction to life's meaning, as a whole, which will be both good religion and good morals, we shall be playing for mankind at large a losing ethical game.

VI

All this, however, is no complete answer to the present challenge which ethics is making to religion. If the good life is so anxious, as in certain important areas it is, to secede from its ancient union, we may be sure that something is seriously the matter with the religion from which it desires to escape. The most impressive condemnation of Christianity to-day is voiced, not in explicit and belligerent philosophical attack, but in the ardent desire of wide areas of thoughtful, high-minded morals to get as far away from it as possible.

The ethical ideas of the churches as a whole are narrow and negative. Among many intelligent and public-spirited people mass action of Christians in the realm of morals would be deplored in advance as a catastrophe. Some conventional respectability pushed into the center of attention; some meddlesome interference by legal enactment in the private business of the people; some lid to be clamped down and triumphantly sat upon; some hasty substitution of soft-heartedness for hard-headedness in the solution of a public problem—such operations of ecclesiastical morals, the good work of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to the contrary notwithstanding, are widely understood to be representative of organized Christianity.

Meanwhile, men and women, sometimes of no church and no creed, are engaged in moral adventures of high import: providing co-operative substitutes for the insanity of war, blazing trails up which a blundering economic order may move toward decency, retrieving our penology from superstition and barbarism to humaneness and efficiency, putting the new science of men-

tal hygiene at humanity's disposal, banishing with the new medicine ancient plagues our fathers prayed against but could not conquer, opening doors of educational opportunity to the nation's youth.

The final answer, therefore, to the attempted secession of morals from religion is not argument but achievement. If our religion can be made intelligently and seriously ethical, so that it becomes in fact the germinative source of our best ideals, the creator of the spiritual climate in which they thrive, their sacrificial servant and, if need be, the mother of their martyrs, then, and only then, will the case for religion's indispensable service to morals be convincingly won.

Meanwhile, some fine agnostics and atheists are willy-nilly making a valuable contribution to the future of religion. Because the roots of the religious life are deep in the soil of morals, whoever enriches that enriches religion even though he himself may deny its truth. Here lies the irony of all endeavors to separate the two: with steadfast course the good life inevitably tends, if not in this generation, then in the next, to become religious. Valuing goodness, men become uneasy in believing that the Creative Power means nothing by it; sacrificing for the furtherance of social ideals, men find themselves thereby implying faith that the world is fitted for social ideals to be fulfilled in; devoting themselves to the service of personality, men find it difficult to believe that personality with its endless possibilities is a cosmic inadvertence; seeking integrated experience within themselves, men resent the inward disruption of a human life morally significant in a cosmos morally meaningless. All passionate goodness is forever unreconciled to an ethically senseless world.

Non-theistic humanists, trying to content themselves with thin slogans, like "Morals minus Religion," would better take the measure of this towering fact. They can have morals minus religion—for a while. They may even lead a whole generation of intellectuals into morals minus religion; but, in the end, they will be hoist with their own petard. The very goodness they have achieved, the more serious it is, will the more certainly press up into religion, and religion with its sustaining resources will press back into it, and the two blend in one response to life's meaning as a whole.

FOOTNOTE TO A LIFE

A STORY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

WHEN after dinner they returned to the library for coffee, Philip Leighton remarked to his hostess, "This is a very beautiful room. Varian would have delighted in it, Miss Fairlie. Think how much he would have enjoyed sitting there, before that great window, talking with you and looking down over the Mediterranean!"

It was the only compliment that he had ever offered her, and he hoped that Isobel Fairlie understood its intended significance. He meant it to be conciliative. He wanted it to inform her that, for his part, he had renounced all hostility. It was pleasant to realize that he could now afford to be magnanimous. The success of his biography of Guy Varian had liquidated all old scores. Isobel Fairlie, he supposed, must have sensed this; else why had she so surprisingly invited him to break his journey to Italy by stopping for a night at her villa? In the full flush of his success he felt that it would be contemptible to harbor resentment. But, remembering the last five years of Varian's life, he was impressed by the positive virtue of his forgivingness. She had very nearly disrupted his happy association with Varian.

While Leighton was speaking, Isobel Fairlie had taken her place at the coffee-table. Her air of deliberation transformed the simple task of pouring into a rite. Leighton glanced at her, still amazed that she should have changed so little in the seven years since he had last seen her. The same slenderness, the same pallor, and the same ash-blond hair. The same suggestion of innocence which, so long ago, had first disarmed and then disquieted him. She must be well past fifty, he calculated, but she had preserved that strange resemblance to a Botticelli Madonna, which, in view of her legend, impressed him as being a gratuitous irony.

"Coffee, Mr. Leighton?" She extended his cup, and continued, "Thank you for saying what you just did. I have sometimes imagined that he might have found happiness in this house."

Leighton sipped the excellent coffee. "Varian was always happy to return to Marlow after any visit," he stated reminiscently. "Even that last time, after his holiday with you at Lido. . . . The resumption of his usual routine accomplished wonders for him. You can't conceive how much he had improved after a week at home."

Isobel Fairlie flushed. "But he was an old man, Mr. Leighton," she protested softly. "The journey up from Venice must have exhausted him in the heat of August. Besides, he had already contracted a cough."

Leighton nodded. "The cough had disappeared by the end of a week,"

he retorted dryly. "Of course, as you say, he wasn't a young man. But he never seemed old to me until he returned from that holiday. I was shocked by the change in his appearance. When he went out to join you, he didn't look a day over sixty. But when he came back . . ."

"He was seventy-five," she said.

"And he looked it, Miss Fairlie! Every day of it!" Leighton paused. Presently he continued, more amiably, "I've sometimes wondered whether he had a premonition of impending death. He was so feverishly anxious to complete *The Crystal Urn*. In all the years that I served as his secretary, I never knew him to compose as rapidly as during the six weeks between his return from Lido and his final illness. Afterward I felt that he must have been racing with death."

"Ah?"

The interrogation, scarcely more than a whisper, touched off an annoyance which Leighton could not suppress. "Yes. After five years. Wasted years, one might say. And even then, he lost the race." He was gratified by seeing her wince, by seeing pain gather in her gray eyes. He continued impulsively, eager to score his point. "I couldn't help thinking during the memorial service of those wasted years. Particularly during Barrie's eulogy. To think that Varian's finest book was never completed! An unfinished masterpiece. And it need not have been, you know!"

"But a masterpiece, nevertheless," Isobel Fairlie asserted, "which the world owes to you, Mr. Leighton. If you had not prepared it for the press . . ."

Leighton replaced his coffee cup. "It was my duty to publish it," he said. "A very painful duty, for I knew what the book might have been."

Isobel Fairlie gave him a melancholy smile. "He left many books, Mr. Leighton, and he had very little happiness. Try to remember that."

The impertinence of her remark struck him forcibly. "Happiness?" he inquired with a touch of sarcasm.

"Yes, happiness, Mr. Leighton. It was my privilege to give him a little . . ." Her voice trailed off into silence, and she began twisting her string of pearls with the fingers of one hand. The trivial gesture reminded Leighton of his earlier meeting with her. At dinner in Varian's London flat there had been a momentary lull in the conversation, and he had noticed her trick of playing with her pearls. He stood irresolutely, waiting for her to continue, thinking of the dinner party. There flashed into his mind her remark to him when Varian had left them, briefly, alone, "I hope that we may become friends, Mr. Leighton. Our common devotion to a great man should unite us." Before he had been able to reply, Varian had returned to the room.

The silence was becoming almost audible. She broke it with a question. "Isn't it strange that, despite the fact that we have met only twice, we have been important factors in each other's lives? I suppose that there was always some hostility between us. You considered me an interloper, didn't you, Mr. Leighton? And I thought of you only as an exacting taskmaster. But I never doubted the genuineness of your devotion to—to Guy. You doubted mine, didn't you?"

Her attack took him by surprise. He tried to phrase a courteous evasion, but succeeded only in saying, "Yes."

She went on as if she had not heard him, "You were devoted to the artist, I to the man. I quite realize the difference. But what still perplexes me is why you have always disliked me so intensely?"

Under her cool scrutiny Leighton felt inept and helpless. While he

hesitated, struggling with his embarrassment, she proceeded urbanely, "Please be honest, Mr. Leighton. You are about to deny that you have disliked me. But you have, from the first moment of my friendship with Guy Varian. I wish you would tell me why."

Leighton was nettled by the effect of her questions, which seemed subtly to put him in the wrong. They implied a legitimate grievance which she politely refrained from expressing. His own sense of injury flared up again in an impulse to tell her the truth. Her rejection of the truce which he had proposed exempted him from any further display of magnanimity. So the frustrated resentment of seven years blazed out in his reply.

"I wonder that you ask me that question, Miss Fairlie! I came here at your request, prepared to let bygones be bygones. But, since you demand the truth, I'll give it to you." He paused, controlled his mounting exasperation, and continued with what he hoped was a convincing show of dispassionateness.

"I loved Guy Varian with a kind of devotion which I can't explain to you. When I first met him, seventeen years ago, I was launched in a modest fashion upon a career of my own. He offered me a post as his secretary, and I felt privileged in accepting. He was the author whom above all others I admired. As compared with the opportunity of becoming associated with him, my previous ambitions seemed utterly negligible. I abandoned them without any regret. I became Varian's secretary and, to a considerable degree, his intimate companion."

Isobel Fairlie said, "It was unselfish in you to give up your own career, Mr. Leighton."

"I was glad to do it," Leighton retorted. "I am glad to think that I was useful to Varian. And I was happy until you entered his life, Miss Fairlie."

Her fingers continued to busy themselves with the strand of pearls. "And in what way did I impair your happiness?" she inquired.

He smiled, savoring the long anticipated moment. "Your influence was positively destructive," he told her. "Whether or not you were aware of it, Miss Fairlie, you prevented Varian from completing *The Crystal Urn.* During the five years of your intimacy with him he was almost continuously incapable of sustained work. If I had not known Varian so intimately I should have supposed him to be in love with you, and for some reason in love without hope . . ." Leighton broke off, a trifle disappointed by the effect of his indictment. Isobel Fairlie's expression of amusement seemed altogether inappropriate, and it occurred to him that he had merely succeeded in gratifying her insatiable vanity.

"But *you* knew that he was not in love with me?" she said, slightly stressing the reference to Leighton.

"Oh, yes!" he hastened to assure her. "Other people may have supposed him to be your lover. I believe that it was the general rumor. But I knew better, naturally. Varian was a misogynist. His emotional indifference to women was obvious, and profound. He liked to look at women if they were beautiful, or sit next them at dinner parties. He found their silliness diverting, he said. But otherwise, well, they simply did not exist for him. I believe that you were the only exception in his long social experience. I think he respected your intelligence, and found your conversation stimulating. That is precisely why your influence was so damaging. You dissipated his creative energy."

"Are you basing this upon what he told you?"

Leighton reflected an instant before replying. "No," he admitted. "In fact, now that I think of it, we spoke of you only twice. After the night when you dined with us at the flat your name was never mentioned in our conversations."

Isobel Fairlie looked up at him and asked with unconcealed eagerness, "What did he say about me on the two occasions when I was discussed?"

"You weren't discussed," Leighton retorted quickly. "Both occasions occurred on the day when Varian met you for the first time. You recall, don't you, that the Petershams invited him to meet you at dinner?"

She nodded.

"Well, Varian wanted to decline the invitation," Leighton proceeded. "He was afraid that you wouldn't justify your celebrity. His allusions to you were extremely skeptical, I remember."

"What were they, Mr. Leighton?" There was a note of impatience in her question.

Leighton was amused. "Well, you see," he began, "I was totally ignorant of your reputation, surprising as that must seem. I had never heard of you or of your legend. Varian gave me an account of it."

"But exactly what did he say?"

Leighton pondered before replying. The conversation with Varian repeated itself in his memory with absolute precision. He could almost see Varian, tall, spare, white-haired, indolently smoking cigarettes as he paced up and down the fire-lit drawing-room. He could almost hear the purring, malicious voice: Varian was relishing the savory morsel of gossip . . . "What, my dear Leighton? You've never heard of Miss Fairlie? But, my dear boy! Art has already given her a kind of immortality!" And Varian had gone on to tell him that Isobel Fairlie was an American of obscure origin whose European career had been made possible by a fortune bequeathed to her by an elderly California millionaire. She had never possessed beauty, yet she had always succeeded in captivating exceptional men. Men of genius had offered her their homage. There were, for example, the portraits by Besnard, Blanche, Modigliani, and Picasso. There were the three songs which Debussy had dedicated to her. There was the sonnet which Meredith had written for her in his old age. There was the fact that Marcel Proust has transparently disguised her as one of the characters in *A la recherche du temps perdu*. There was the rumor that a member of the British cabinet had resigned because royalty had neglected to include Miss Fairlie among its guests at Sandringham. Varian's purring voice had gone on and on, enchanting Leighton with the legend of a woman who, lacking beauty, had cultivated intelligence, subjugating men by her wit and by her sprightly conversation. But Varian himself had been skeptical of the legend. He had grumbled that it was probably unjustified, and that to meet Miss Fairlie would give him only the dubious pleasure of confirming his own prejudices. In the end Leighton had prevailed upon him to accept the Petershams' invitation.

"I pointed out to him," he told Miss Fairlie in conclusion, "that his prejudice implied a certain curiosity about you. That irritated him and he asked me to ring up the Petershams and inform them that he would come. He went off grumbling."

Miss Fairlie favored him with her Madonna smile. "And the second conversation? That was later?"

The discussion, Leighton began to perceive, had drifted away from his control. "Later the same evening," he replied. "Varian returned from the dinner party pleased as Punch.

So pleased that, for once, he was actually communicative. He told me that you justified your reputation. He'd had a long talk with you, the best talk he'd had in years. No mean praise, that, from Varian! I suppose I betrayed my surprise. He assured me that his enthusiasm might not survive a second meeting. He dismissed it as one of the symptoms of approaching senility. He expected to be disappointed by you when he saw you again the following day. It was so unlike Varian to have made the engagement with you that I stupidly commented upon it. That extinguished his communicativeness. He changed the subject at once."

"And never mentioned me again?"

"And never mentioned you again," Leighton repeated. "Except to inform me, some weeks later, that he had invited you to dine with us at the flat." Leighton laughed, and then went on to explain, "He worried the cook about that dinner until she gave notice. Then I had to placate her."

"And then I came. . . . Do you remember, Mr. Leighton, that I expressed a wish that we might become friends?"

Leighton nodded. "I remember one curious thing," he said slowly. "After Varian's account of his talk with you I became very eager to meet you. I wanted to hear you talk and all during dinner I waited for you to begin. But it was Varian who talked. And how very brilliantly! I'd never heard him in better form. Nevertheless, I was disappointed, because you were silent. Then it occurred to me that perhaps you were disconcerted by my presence."

He paused. She bent her head so that he could not see her eyes; he wondered why. But she made no comment, and presently he continued, "Varian and I never referred to that evening. By that time his work had already commenced to fall off. The dictation was lagging painfully. Obviously he was finding it impossible to concentrate his attention on his book. Possibly this embarrassed him. He may have thought that my silence about you implied a reproach, as indeed it did. Or his conscience may have troubled him; the book was announced by the publishers for the autumn. His dissatisfaction got expressed in a constant petulance with me. It was a disagreeable time."

Isobel Fairlie said, contritely, "I'm sorry. I never knew . . ."

"He behaved," Leighton told her, "like a lovesick boy. When you left London, we went down to Marlow. I fancied that your absence and his return to the country might restore Varian's working mood. Instead, he became even more restless and less disposed to work. In the afternoons he shut himself up in his study, telling me that he had urgent personal correspondence to deal with. As he positively loathed using a pen, he had always dictated all his correspondence. So I assumed that he was writing daily letters to you. I watched our post-basket, but I never saw a single letter addressed to you. He must have taken them to the post himself. . . . Then, in August, he announced that he was leaving for a holiday at Lido. It wasn't until after his departure that I learned that you had established yourself there."

"And you didn't think that he was in love with me?" Isobel Fairlie asked quietly.

Leighton shook his head. "No. Not once during the following five years." He reflected a moment, and then said in a very low voice, "It would have been better for him if he had been, Miss Fairlie. He might have recovered from that misfortune as his predecessors obviously did. But you weren't generous enough to

make him fall in love with you. He was an old man, and certainly the most eminent man of your acquaintance. You wanted, I believe, to add him permanently to your collection. You did, Miss Fairlie. The conquest ought to satisfy even your vanity. Your caprice cost the world a masterpiece of literature."

Leighton stared down at her. Tears were welling in her eyes.

"I'm sorry to have been discourteous," he said. "But you asked me for the truth. I've been honest."

Isobel Fairlie dabbed at her eyes with a bit of lace. "I'm grateful to you," she assured him, and rose from her chair. "You must be very weary after your journey and you have an early start to-morrow. I ought not to detain you longer, Mr. Leighton. We'll meet again in the morning, before you leave." Then, as if suddenly recalling an omitted detail of hospitality, she added, "I've had some books put on your table. Will you favor me with your opinion of them in the morning? The request may seem peculiar, but I think you will understand it when you examine them." She stretched out a hand languidly. "Good-night, Mr. Leighton. And thank you."

Upstairs in the guest-chamber, Leighton undressed slowly, still wondering what impulse had caused Isobel Fairlie to summon him to her villa. He had sent her an advance copy of his biography of Varian. Her acknowledgment, after a fortnight, had been a telegram inviting him to join her at Eze. He had replied, likewise by telegram, offering to stop overnight on his way to the Italian Riviera. Her invitation had surprised him as much by what it refrained from saying as by what it said. Thinking it over now, he recalled that the only other communication he had received from her had been equally reticent. In the course of his duties as Varian's executor, he had found a package addressed to her in Varian's hand. Attached to it was a note directing him, in the event of Varian's death, to forward the package as promptly as possible, without examination. The package was small, compact, and boxed; Leighton had despatched it immediately. A few weeks later he had received a formal note of acknowledgment. He recalled now having thought it peculiar that she had given him no indication of what the package contained.

Whatever the purpose of her invitation, it was clear that the biography had deeply impressed Miss Fairlie. Leighton was aware that vanity had dictated his acceptance. The secretary had been little more than a menial, but the biographer had become a personage in his own right. Fortified by a warmly laudatory press, there had been no risk in facing Isobel Fairlie. He perceived now, for the first time, that the actual issue between them had been a contest for the possession of Varian. Strangely enough, this contest had been decided, even before his arrival, by the acclaim with which his book had been received. Varian was now indisputably his, permanently and publicly enshrined within the pages of his book. And by virtue of this fact he, Philip Leighton, had acquired a prestige to which Isobel Fairlie's deference testified eloquently.

For she had been singularly deferent; he realized that now. At dinner she had asked him many questions about various incidents in Varian's career. He recalled now with some astonishment that he had talked at length about Varian's quarrel with Whistler and about his controversy with Shaw at the time of the Boer War. It occurred to Leighton that his loquacity indicated that her interest

had stimulated him more than he had been aware, for he had been fatigued by the long journey down from Paris and indisposed to any effort. It was certainly strange, he reflected, that on the two occasions when he had dined with Miss Fairlie, she had completely failed to display the conversational gifts for which she was so widely celebrated.

Leighton drew on his pajamas, went to the window, threw it open, and stood looking down at the burnished track of moonlight on the sea. Presently he began to feel chilly and turned back into the room. Isobel Fairlie's car was to take him to the railway station at Nice early in the morning. By afternoon he would be across the Italian frontier. In all likelihood this would be his last meeting with Miss Fairlie, and from it he had learned nothing worth knowing. In an access of impatience he started to extinguish the lights. On the bedside table was a rose-quartz reading lamp. As he was about to clamber into bed he noticed beside the lamp a row of five leather-bound notebooks. Suddenly he recollected Isobel Fairlie's peculiar request. He felt a premonitory excitement, picked up one of the notebooks, and turned back the cover. The pages were closely filled with Varian's meticulous, cramped handwriting. He examined the other volumes rapidly. All of them had been painstakingly filled by Varian. Leighton had a swift intuition that in reading them he would make a distasteful discovery. For an instant he contemplated the possibility of refusing to read them. Then he realized that his curiosity made this course impossible. He began to read.

"I left you the other day to take the afternoon express for Paris. My brain was whirling. Never, it seemed to me, had I met a woman so exquisitely alluring, so finely intelligent. All the way across the Channel I could think only of you, and I resented this preoccupation, for never before had the like occurred to me. When I arrived at the Ritz I found a message from Marcel Proust saying that he would come to see me at midnight, as usual. I don't remember how I spent the evening. Proust came. The poor chap is obviously very ill, but remarkably gallant. Knowing his friendship for you, I spoke of you, spoke as I was thinking, in hyperbole. To all my praise he assented until I began to speak of your subtle intelligence and the sparkle of your wit. And then he interrupted me with a strange and incomprehensible remark. 'You, too, *mon ami?*' he said, smiling at me; 'ah, well, one of these days you will discover the quality of Isobel's wisdom, a quality more rare and precious than any which you have mentioned.'"

Leighton dropped the book. There dawned upon him the explanation of all the afternoons when Varian had shut himself into his study to write, of the package which Varian had left for Isobel Fairlie. He glanced quickly over the other notebooks. Letter after letter, written to Isobel Fairlie and never sent. They dated from within a fortnight of Varian's first meeting with her to within a fortnight of his last illness. Why had Varian withheld them from Isobel Fairlie during his lifetime? Leighton began to read again. In these letters Varian had poured out an urgent and despairing passion which Leighton had never suspected. As he read on he felt a rising anger toward the dead man; had not Varian betrayed him, delivered him to Isobel Fairlie for this subtle and humiliating revenge?

"I love you," Leighton read, "I love you as no other man has ever loved you. I believe that you know this, my dearest. Yet this afternoon, when I asked you to become my wife

you refused. I have asked you before; always you have refused. And you have never explained your refusal to marry me although you say that you love me. This is madness, Isobel—or a systematic cruelty of which I cannot suspect you."

Leighton read on, not pausing to think, mechanically noting how again and again as the weeks drew into years Varian recurred to his iterated proposals of marriage, and to Isobel Fairlie's invariable, inexplicable rejection of him. At length, toward dawn, in a letter written only six months before Varian's death, Leighton came upon this:

"I understand now, have indeed understood for a long time past, what Proust meant by his obscure reference to the quality of your wisdom. Like everyone who has admired you, I have always praised your intelligence, your wit, the crystalline sparkle of your talk. I have contributed to your legend, dear Isobel, knowing it to be false. For in five years of intimacy with you, I have never heard you utter a memorable word. I have never felt the rapier thrust of your wit. I have never been taxed by the resources of your intelligence. In five years, my dear, it is I, not you, who have done all the talking. As for you, you have listened. You have listened graciously, sympathetically, persuasively, so that I have been compelled to give you the best of myself. In the beginning of our intimacy, remembering the quality of our talks, I gave you credit for having contributed the elements which made them so exceptional in my experience. In so doing, I was doing only what all other men have done, and thereby committing an injustice.

"For your unique gift, my dear, is more rare and precious than a talent for conversation. It is the gift of listening creatively. Your silence is more illuminating than any words. It is genius to listen as you listen; a wisdom far transcending what is usually termed intelligence. I wish that I might tell you this, my dear. But men far more eminent than I have praised you for those lesser qualities of wit and fluency for which I, likewise, formerly esteemed you, and which you so conspicuously lack. Perhaps you believe in the truth of your legend, in the reality of your reputation. If so, you would be offended by my praise of what, to you, would seem a defect. I love you for your silence. But I fear to seem skeptical of your legend. Therefore, I shall continue to praise you, as everyone has praised you, for talents which you do not possess. To me you will always seem superior in the wisdom and grace of your heart, which have taught you silence. It is the true secret of your power, the source of your fascination for me. I shall never dare tell you this secret, Isobel."

Early in the morning Leighton stood on the terrace, waiting for Isobel Fairlie. When she joined him he asked, without preface or apology, "Why did you refuse to marry him? Why did you persist in that refusal?"

She looked out over the sea, deep blue under a blazing sun. "Because I loved him," she said. "After reading those letters, don't you understand?"

Leighton shook his head.

"Because, Mr. Leighton," she explained wearily, "I knew about myself what he knew about me. But I was ignorant of the fact that he knew it. I believed that he had fallen in love with my supposed intelligence. I realized that his admiration for it was an illusion that matrimony would destroy. What right did I have to destroy his illusion? It was all I had to offer him, and I loved him."

Leighton said, "But if you loved him . . ."

She continued, "For as long as I might make him believe in his illusion, I felt that I could make him happy. For a few hours every day, for a few weeks every year, I knew that I could persuade him to believe what I supposed he wished to believe. But not all day, every day, married to him. That is why I refused to marry him, Mr. Leighton. Do you understand, now? And isn't it ironical that the sacrifice was useless? Of all the men who have fancied themselves in love with me, he was the only one who knew me for what I am. And I refused him."

She paused, stared down at the brilliant sea, and Leighton waited for her to continue. But after a moment she said only, "If only he had had the courage to tell me . . . I wish that he had known that I knew."

THIS GREEN, SMALL HOUR

BY DOROTHY COWLES PINKNEY

NIGHT, treat them gently in their misty sleeping.
Trouble them not with thundering alarms,
These little burdens, given to kindly keeping,
Warm with their slumber, from our heavy arms.
Thankful of heart, all mothers come to meet
This green, small hour out of the burning day,
When sturdy children, breathing slow and sweet,
Fall to reluctant dreams from happy play.
This is the spot where mothers pitch their camp,
This vague oasis where a pale spring drips;
Drinking contentment after the day's long tramp—
A shady draught to cool the thirsty lips.
Night, hold them softly in your dim embraces;
Ruffle dark feathers for their star-trimmed bed.
You and the moon, Night, take our weary places;
Tend them with love—for these are wine and bread.
Hardly a mother has not known some weeping
For old, relinquished dreams these nipped in flower.
Only we ask, before we leave them sleeping,
Time to adore them in this green, small hour.

THE FALLACY OF THE BOYCOTT

BY GEORGE SOULE

EVER since the war-weary statesmen sat about the great table at Versailles the nations have played with the idea of preventing future disturbance of the world's peace by the threat of "sanctions" to be used against any aggressor. No power, it was thought, would dare start a war without resorting to the machinery of adjustment set up in the treaties if it knew that as a result it must contend with the whole world. The Covenant of the League of Nations formulated this threat in definite terms. In the United States particular emphasis has been laid upon economic sanctions which have been proposed as a substitute for military measures. If all nations, argued the advocates of the boycott, would embargo trade, loans, and other intercourse with the offending power she would quickly feel the weight of disapproval and mend her ways.

In recent months, when undeclared war broke out at the other side of the Pacific, advocacy of the economic boycott in this country grew to formidable proportions. It was assumed by nearly all those who signed the petitions that the American people did not want to fight Japan. And there was no special hostility against her except for her behavior in the existing crisis. The leading aim was to protect the international organization of peace. Either, it was felt, sanctions must be applied now or the threat would hardly exercise any restraining influence at all in the future. The prestige of the League of Nations, as well as of the peace treaties to which the United States is a party, was thought to be at stake.

By the time these words come to the eyes of the readers of HARPER'S, the Far-Eastern situation may have changed so that there is no longer a demand for this particular boycott. Even so, the occasion is a favorable one to discuss the policy of economic sanctions in general, using this concrete situation to throw light upon the whole problem. It is always advantageous to illuminate a broad theory with a specific case. And this case is an excellent one to use since the argument for applying an economic boycott against Japan, provided her aggression is not stopped by other measures, is probably as strong a one as could well be made in this world of illogical events. If there are good reasons for not resorting to a boycott in a case like this, there will probably be even better ones next time.

For one thing, there is little question of Japan's guilt. It is always difficult to be sure of an indictment on the heels of the event. Many of us thought in 1914 that the German invasion of Belgium put her finally in the wrong, and yet subsequent historical investigations have thrown much doubt on the theory of sole German responsibility. Nevertheless, without examining the subject in detail, we may assume for the sake of argument that Japan violated, not only the League Covenant, but the Pact of Paris and the Nine-Power Pacific

Treaty. It is not likely that we shall ever have a less tangled case. For no aggression ever arises without provocation and none without some veil of reasoning which is plausible enough to deceive the opinion of the warring people.

A boycott would probably injure Japan more effectively than it could any other first-class nation—with the possible exception of Great Britain. Japan has a population of a size which saturates the islands of the Empire. This population can barely be fed by the most intensive cultivation of the native soil and the surrounding fisheries. For any margin above bare existence it must increasingly depend on selling abroad its raw silk and cotton textiles and on buying with the proceeds the raw cotton to spin and weave, most of the iron and much of the coal for the steel works, and a large array of other goods such as machinery, wool, lumber, beans, wheat, fertilizer, oil, and miscellaneous manufactures. Even in prosperous 1928 the income of the Japanese per person was only two-thirds that of the Italians, about one-third that of the French or Germans, and less than one-quarter that of the British. To cut off the materials which Japan imports and to cease buying her products would reduce many of her people to destitution if she could find no escape from the embargo. Few other countries are so vulnerable.

And the embargo would be less difficult to enforce than in many cases, because Japan consists of a series of islands. She is not, at the center, a nation with long land boundaries across which goods may be smuggled, if they once escape the eyes of the trade authorities in the other countries by being mislabelled and sent on roundabout routes from the original shippers.

We need not discuss a boycott applied by the United States alone, since that has not been seriously proposed by anybody. There is no reason why this nation should be a lone volunteer to safeguard world peace. And there would be too many back gates in a single-nation boycott. Japan, for instance, would at once turn to Egypt and India for more of her cotton and would offer her raw silk at reduced prices to the spinners of France, Germany, and Italy. Shipments across our wide frontiers to neutral consignees in Canada or Mexico, or indeed direct from our ports to merchants in Asia, could be repurchased by the Japanese without our manufacturers or our government being the wiser. It must be a world boycott or nothing. But why not a world boycott?

II

Article 16 of the League of Nations Covenant is the only international agreement which gives specific legal authority for economic sanctions. Under this article any League action of the sort must be taken, and under it must come any American co-operation with the League in establishing a boycott. It is, therefore, well to begin by knowing precisely what it says.

> Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its convenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not.
>
> It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the

armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

The article goes on to pledge mutual support in carrying out these measures and to provide for possible expulsion from the League of the offending member.

Clearly, Article 16 contemplates economic sanctions, not as a substitute for war, but *as an instrument of war*, to be backed up by other agencies of force. First, the League recognizes that the guilty nation has broken its pledge. Automatically this creates a state of war between that nation and the other members. Economic sanctions follow the recognition of the state of war; they do not precede it. Although the Council merely recommends to the several members what military, naval, and air forces shall be employed, it is assumed that use of these forces will be necessary as a consequence of the boycott. The members are also pledged to interrupt trade between the violator and any non-member of the League (such as the United States); and it is obvious that a measure of this kind would require a blockade or some equivalent use of navies.

Even if the article were not phrased in just this way, it would be absurd to suppose that a boycott would not lead to the use of military force, or that it is in any essential respect different from other kinds of war activity. The nations which ratified the article had just finished an attempt to keep the Central Powers from obtaining necessary supplies from the rest of the world. Although these Powers were ringed about with armies, and although there were at the end of the struggle only a few small neutrals, it took the combined efforts of the great navies to keep the enemy from obtaining essential goods. Even then a large amount of bootleg trade was carried on, as was afterwards discovered. We see what has happened to the efforts of the United States government to embargo the entrance of alcoholic liquor into this country—in spite of innumerable searches and seizures. There are nine chances out of ten that if an embargo were established on shipments to Japan, and she did not immediately surrender, big enough leaks in the dam would appear so that, in common fairness to those who were honestly trying to observe non-intercourse, we should have to police trade in the Pacific with warships. And of course the answer to that would be spoken with submarine torpedoes and battle-cruiser salvos.

What reason is there to suppose that an officially declared boycott would bring the Japanese or any other government and people to terms without actual hostilities? There can be only two. One is that they would not regard it as an act of war and would not resent it or defend themselves against it as they would against, say, the bombardment of one of their cities. The other is that, no matter how it was regarded, it would have so overwhelming and disastrous an effect that it would necessitate immediate surrender before warlike resistance and counter-resistance could get a start. Both these expectations seem to me wholly fantastic.

A successful embargo does its work by injuring the civilian population, just as do air raids, or the ravaging of an invaded country. It is not merely an attack on the profits of a few business men. In so far as the victim nation imports food, the boycott directly helps to starve the poor, the women, and children. Anyone who has ever seen a population which has been subjected to famine knows that undernourishment need not kill at once by sheer starvation; it can leave permanent disabilities which are as real as the effects of poison gas or the loss of a leg. Most Germans agree that it was the

blockade rather than defeat in the field which finally brought them to their knees. Japan, it is true, is nearly self-sustaining in the matter of food. But the distribution of the rice and fish within the nation depends on employment for the silk growers and the workers in the cotton mills. They cannot buy if they have no money. How silly we should appear if we came to the people of any nation and said: "We intend deliberately to take away jobs and money from millions of you in order to punish you for your wrongdoing, but please do not regard us as enemies or resist the measures we are taking, because this is not war. It is a substitute for war."

Strange as it may seem to us, most of the Japanese do not think they are doing wrong. The people of a nation which has actually entered upon hostilities with another never does think so. The Japanese believe that the Chinese are in the wrong. To regard one's enemy as wicked is a trait of human nature, which no League of Nations or economic sanction can alter. The consequence is that anyone who tries to help the enemy becomes an enemy also. It is hardly conceivable that a boycott would be regarded in any other way by a warring people than as a supreme challenge to their powers of resistance, resting upon a judgment which was an insult to their patriotism. They would want to defeat it by any weapon they could seize.

It is true, of course, that the Japanese have been led rather blindly into their present state of mind by a military group which is not responsible to the civilian government. This is usually the case when aggression occurs. But, like all military leaders, these have used the existence and passions of war to solidify their following. The soldiers, having taken the wheel and shifted into high gear, find it hard to let go even if prudence counsels retreat. If we wanted to make it utterly impossible for them to stop before meeting disaster head-on, all we should have to do would be definitely to convict them of bad faith and announce our intention to force them to desist. Generals and admirals who are not ready for exile cannot say, "In view of the fact that you intend to punish our people for what we have done, we admit that we are guilty and shall henceforth submit to your views of international morality." Even less can a ruler say this—and the prestige of the Mikado himself is at stake.

And is it reasonable to hope that Japan would be compelled to withdraw her troops from China because she saw no hope of avoiding ruin as a result of a world boycott? Is this pressure any more immediate or overwhelming in its effect than any other kind of force against which nations in arms have in the past opposed desperate resistance? It would be quite possible for any government to install a sort of military communism, to set the unemployed at work in war industries or in the army itself. The ore of Manchuria is of too low a grade to render the Japanese steel industry capable of international competition in peaceful export trade, but it is sufficient for military purposes. If necessary, the Straits Settlements could be seized, as the principal source of the iron which Japan uses. She has probably large enough stores of cotton for military purposes, as well as of other essential materials, to last a long time. Every effort would be made to seize the rich valley of the Yangtze, to conscript all the necessary agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing sources of the Far East.

Meanwhile, reprisals of all sorts could be carried on. British, French, and American interests in China would fall an easy prey unless the Japanese navy were defeated by a concentration of nearly the whole American and British

fleets, operating thousands of miles from their bases. We should have to defend the Philippines, Hawaii, and commercial vessels in broad expanses of ocean. When we imagine the effect of a boycott, we are likely to imagine it in the setting of normal commerce and business, no other important changes being made. But a nation engaged in a life-or-death struggle does not continue business as usual. It adapts itself to the circumstances. There is a bare possibility that Japan, confronted with a boycott, would at once and abjectly surrender, like a broken-down panhandler faced with a policeman's club. But it is more likely that a proud people like the Japanese, opposed by the hostility of the world, would believe that they must now make themselves impregnable by consolidating a great Eastern empire or sink to an ignominious existence as a disgraced and second-rate power. Other nations which are likely to use force in pursuit of their aims are similarly proud.

It would be the United States which would bear the brunt of this war, whether it were economic merely, or economic and military. A boycott is a two-edged weapon. For almost every unemployed Japanese silk farmer or cotton-mill operative, it would throw out of work someone in our cotton fields or in our silk miils. Japan normally buys nearly half her raw cotton from us, and this amounts to two-fifths of our cotton exports. Ninety-seven per cent of her raw silk shipments come to us. Dr. Harold G. Moulton in his book, *Japan, an Economic and Financial Appraisal*, published in 1931, shows that about 36 per cent of Japan's trade is with the United States. China comes second with not quite 13 per cent, and British India is third with about 11 per cent. No European nation has a stake in this commerce which is distantly comparable with ours; the small nations which make up the majority of the Assembly of the League have almost nothing to lose. Our navy would have to bear the chief burden of the ocean policing or fighting which might arise. Japanese resentment would be directed principally against us. The boycott-war would not be a League boycott-war, with the United States co-operating; it would be an American-Japanese war, with other nations co-operating somewhat feebly. Even if they should try to share our losses, the difficulty of collecting the debts arising from the last war does not offer much encouragement that new obligations could be paid. In any boycott some nations would be certain to suffer much more than others.

Advocates of an official boycott as a substitute for military force point to the passive resistance of Gandhi's nationalists in India, to the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods, or to a strike of labor. There is no doubt that Gandhi has injured British trade, and that the Chinese have shut many Japanese cotton mills. But also, there is no doubt that the British are using force just as extensively as they believe it effective in suppressing Gandhi's movement, and that the anti-Japanese boycott in China was what furnished the occasion for the attack on Shanghai. Strikes have to be more closely disciplined and policed than they usually are in this country in order not to give rise to violence. And as strikes become larger and more threatening to the sustenance of a whole people, they are more likely to be opposed by police or military force. Students of the general strike are agreed that unless it is so limited in time as to be little more than a demonstration, it inevitably creates a revolutionary situation, in which either the strike must collapse or the issue must be fought out by arms. Boycotts and strikes are sometimes effective and justifiable weapons; they are peculiarly adapted to the needs of

those who possess fewer rifles and cartridges than their opponents. But it is a delusion to believe that when they are used on a large scale, or are directed against a whole nation, the resulting conflict can stop short of violence.

III

If it is doubtful whether the official international boycott could be used against Japan as a substitute for war, how much more doubtful is the generalized case for it! We could probably, after a long-drawn conflict, force Japan to surrender, because the injury of non-intercourse to us would be less in proportion to our resources than its injury to her. But that is an economic accident; it does not arise from the fact that Japan is the guilty party. It is ridiculous to ask any nation to suppose that its own government could ever be guilty of unjust warfare but let us imagine that the world should decide to punish the United States by a boycott. In that case would not Japan be almost as likely to collapse before we do as she would be if she herself were boycotted? The burden of injury resulting from commercial non-intercourse cannot be adjusted nicely to the single nation's degree of guilt. The plain fact is that some nations are stronger economically than others, regardless of how well they observe their pledges. When you obstruct world trade you injure the weaker nations more effectively and quickly than the others, no matter who is right and who is wrong. If there were a world boycott against Germany and Austria, Czechoslovakia could not avoid collapse, innocent though she might be. Russia, especially after a few more years of development, could keep the world at bay indefinitely. Victory does not perch on the banners of the righteous any more surely when the warfare is economic than when it is military.

Another fact which may well disturb those who argue for the economic boycott as an agency for peace is that an actual use of economic sanctions would furnish a plain object lesson in the desirability of national self-sufficiency. It would reinforce a thousandfold the tendency to economic nationalism which has done much since the last war to disrupt the economy of the world and to prevent disarmament. A world in which economic non-intercourse is likely to be employed as a weapon at any time is a world in which every nation must arrange its affairs so as to depend as little as possible on foreign trade. This is true, no matter whether one expects to be on the side of the outlawed or on that of the outlawers. In either case, the more nearly self-contained is the economy of the nation the less it has to lose. Commercial and financial spokesmen in Japan have in the past maintained that they had everything to gain by the peaceful development of their trade in Asia and everything to lose by military conquest. In a peaceful world, they would be right. But once the boycott had been applied, they could make no reply to the Japanese militarists who have always demanded political control of the natural resources of Manchuria and have looked forward to even more extensive advances. Every nation would see the necessity of indisputable access to natural deposits of raw materials. Every one would be impelled to foster, by tariffs and subsidies, those essential industries which would not otherwise survive within its borders. Every one would be stimulated to prepare to defend its trade routes and possessions. A world organized for economic boycotts is a world organized for war.

IV

The boycott, enforced by one or more nations against another nation,

is not a substitute for war; it is war. It is indistinguishable from any other instrument of war in its effects on both sides, in its inhumanity, in its tendency to degenerate into any form of violence that may injure the opponent, in its propensity to widen and prolong existing conflicts, in its substitution of superior strength for reason and justice, and in its encouragement of future preparation for hostilities. The real question at issue is whether international peace can be organized on the basis of force, whether "sanctions" both economic and military, if collectively applied according to a predetermined formula, can be relied upon to keep the peace. This is the question which advocates of the boycott must answer.

Those who support sanctions usually fall back on the analogy with the policeman in civilian society. How could we keep civil peace, they inquire, unless the enforcement of that peace were made a collective duty, and there were arms of the state ready to suppress the violator of laws and the disturber of tranquillity? This analogy is so inexact as to be useless. It is inexact in two vital respects. Police are employed successfully only against scattered individuals who are opposed by the overwhelming public opinion of the communities in which they live. It is a commonplace that you cannot in any locality enforce an unpopular law, and can only with difficulty enforce a law which is opposed even by a large minority. It is not the club of the policeman or the threat of punishment which really keeps the peace, it is the general consent of the people to observe the laws, and their knowledge that their true interest lies in practicing amity. No vigorous and responsible society was ever permanently pacified by the application of force from above. Given overwhelming popular support of the state and its legislation, policemen may be used to minimize disturbance; but the policemen are ancillary to the positive organization of civil intercourse.

Nor do we rely on police or armies to prevent large territorial units from revolting against governmental authority. If the United States of America had to be held together by a knowledge that if any State rebelled against the legislation of Congress its trade would be cut off and an army would be sent against it, the unity of this nation would be precarious indeed. It is true that secession was once defeated by war. But neither before that nor since has the existence of internal peace been founded on the threat of arms to be employed against great masses, territorially set apart. The nation hangs together only because of the interweaving of pacific intercourse. When conflicts arise, we attempt to settle them, but we do not attempt to settle them in the shadow of a threat of organized violence.

It is not unrealistic to rely for the future peace of the world on the organization of positive international interests. It is unrealistic to rely on anything else. Nations will not keep the peace, threat or no threat, so long as they are dominated by groups who believe that more is to be gained by the use of arms than otherwise. Nations which have once been convinced by experience that war does not bring advantage will keep the peace without any threat. The only hope for peace rests on the basic fact that with the development of technical, machine civilization war no longer can be endured by any people which takes part in it. If this were not so the attempt to organize peace would be wholly chimerical. Wars are natural and inevitable under feudalism or primitive capitalism, but they are contrary to the very existence of a developed machine

civilization, with its far-flung markets, its high degree of specialization, its necessity for delicate adjustment. Even a war against a nation supposed to be incapable of strong resistance is likely to bring unexpectedly injurious consequences.

Japan is now in process of discovering this fact. Any nation which is so knit with the international economy that she could be injured by a boycott is bound to suffer when she makes war, even if no united opposition is aroused. She is boycotting the development of her own economic welfare. She diverts men and materials from production to destruction. In Japan, so long as hostilities continue, the internal debt rises, the government must increase taxes, foreign credit balances disappear, a large part of the gold reserve is lost, the exchange value of the yen steadily falls. Japanese Government bonds have recently been reaching new lows almost every day in foreign markets. Japan cannot borrow abroad, either to finance current trade or to fund maturing obligations. The injury to Japanese business and finance is marked. It would be, in any aggressor nation. And there is no one to blame except her own military leaders. By doing still more injury to her economic structure and going on iron rations, Japan could fight for a long time. She might do so if she thought the world was threatening her very existence. But if left to the natural consequences of the folly of her own militarists she is bound to be increasingly restive under their leadership.

Not until imperialist leadership is finally discredited in every nation can the world be relieved of the threat against peace. We could only give the generals and admirals inestimable aid by confronting a misled people with a choice between ignominious acknowledgment of national guilt and a war of self-preservation.

MY COUSIN MARCEL PROUST

BY VALENTINE THOMSON

MY RECOLLECTIONS of my cousin Marcel Proust form a long succession of pictures, from his early manhood to his death, of a tall, frail, eager, intense, and forlorn figure, like an apparition from beyond the tomb, with incredibly slender, mobile white hands, a wax-white face with liquid black eyes, black hair, black eyebrows, and drooping black mustache. Late at night at parties and gatherings he would appear like a gently urgent ghost. His breathless, sweet voice seemed to be continually discussing some tremendous secret. He would disappear mysteriously as if he had faded out of the room. In memory, beside the recollection of Marcel Proust the writer—a late and surprising role—there is the more vivid image of a childlike and tormented changeling from another and sunless world. He was never well; he was never like anyone else on earth; and he never found anywhere the absolute and affectionate understanding that he strove for so painfully all his life. I doubt if human existence could have supplied it.

The earliest picture of Marcel which has remained clearly in my mind is of a certain winter day when he was just a young man, standing with flowers in his hands in an alley of the Parc Monceau. I don't know why that park seems to me Marcel Proust's real background. Called, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, *les folies Monceau*, it once belonged to the Duke of Orleans, who gave there dissolute orgies which reminded Paris of his ancestor, the Regent. It is now the kingdom of children. There I played daily for years. It has retained the charm of the old gardens where artificial cascades, ruins, grottoes, and lakes can be found. It is constantly alive with the twittering of little birds and the piercing screams of children playing about between the green carpets of the lawns where they are forbidden to go.

That park has always remained for me closely connected with the memory of Marcel Proust. He always lived somewhere nearby, in his parents' home. Doctor and Madame Proust were faithful to that rich, well-built, comfortable part of modern Paris. Their friends also lived in that section of the city. There Marcel started the social life from which he was to step into that Faubourg St. Germain center of nobility which he describes in his novels.

I cannot say exactly what age he was; more than twenty, surely. I was a very little girl. I was taking a walk through the park with my mother when we met Marcel.

He was distinctly handsome, but not at all in a usual way. Already there was something singular about him—tall, thin, always a little stooped. He had the most mysterious black eyes—unforgettable eyes, so extremely long, soft, and shadow-circled—tired but boyish eyes. His complexion, over-pale, made his black hair seem

darker still. He had a rather romantic look, though in those days he gave a very definite effect of elegance. Large pink-silk cravats, very grand frock-coats very tight at the waist, a stick, and a high hat, gave him very much the look of a dandy. At that time he was enamoured of the social life.

Though my mother was very fond of him, she used to tease him for what she called his "snobbishness." On that day in the park he was so full of stories about a party he had attended the night before, so full of gossip and descriptions, that my mother once more started laughing at him. He hardly defended himself.

He held in his hand one of those queer flowers that look like red stars and are called poinsettias. They were not usual then. He just half opened the silky paper in which it was wrapped to show the flower to my mother. He was so interested in that flower, described it with such passion, praised its tormented shape, the intensity of its color, with such enthusiasm that to-day I can still hear the sound of his voice, muted as if a little breathless. The flower was meant for Madeleine Lemaire, a famous French painter of flowers, who later illustrated his first book.

You could remain for months without meeting Marcel, but if chance brought you and him together it was as if he could never leave you. As usual, that day he forgot entirely about the person who was waiting for him, and walked by my mother's side, eagerly speaking to her about people he had met, asking her questions . . . endless questions. . . . I don't think anybody has ever asked, or will ever ask, so many questions as did Marcel Proust. As a little girl I could never understand why he was interested in so many trifling details. I can remember hours and hours with him, in which every sentence of his would start with, "Do tell me . . ." or "Explain to my why . . ." Or he would say, "You like that? Do tell me why you like it." I could discern no system in his questioning. He wanted to know about everything, anything. Sometimes it became painful. I would not know the answers to his questions. Perhaps I would make up an answer, try to explain some feeling, some attitude, that of course I had no explanation for, that I had never thought of explaining. This was fatal, for then he would ask more questions. I would become confused, I would no longer know what to say. I would not answer, and Marcel would feel deeply hurt.

In those days no one thought Marcel would ever accomplish anything worth while. We understood that he was a charming but fantastic idler, and a great source of worry to his family. They always complained that his ways were outlandish, that because of his mysterious ill-health he would not work, was preparing no career. The only one who never complained, who passionately defended Marcel against every criticism, was his mother, Jeanne Proust.

If half of Marcel's character finds its roots in his changeling-like heredity, which brought so frail and sensitive a child into that robust upper bourgeois family, the other half is surely derived from the unbelievable, adoring devotion of Jeanne Proust to her strange firstborn. She was a dear friend of my mother's, and I visited her often. She was one of the kindest and most intelligent of women. She was decidedly plump, with a full, round, colorful face, illuminated by the most friendly and understanding eyes, and distinguished by a mouth of the merriest character, slightly turned up at the corners, like the mouth of Voltaire.

Professor Proust was a distinguished member of the Academy of Medicine,

a learned and corpulent ornament to that solid, conservative, correct, and dull upper middle class in which he moved. He wore a pince-nez forever perched on the tip of his nose, so that he seemed to look at you from a great height of rectitude. He was never able to separate his deep affection for Marcel from a certain fundamental exasperation that his eldest son should maintain a malady to which he, the Director of Public Hygiene, could give no name. Robert Proust, two years younger than Marcel, was much more of the family type. When he was with Marcel, one always thought Robert was the elder, and he had for his odd brother a protective manner and a sort of half-amused, half-irritated indulgence.

To Jeanne Proust, Marcel's undefined but poignant frailty of body and his intense sensitiveness to every feeling, whether of pain or of beauty, were simply the signal for an extraordinary and self-effacing devotion. At every moment, from his first days, she devoted her life to interposing her powerful love between Marcel and every faintest harshness of life. Even when he was nearing forty, he was still to her "*mon petit Marcel*"; she could not speak on any subject for more than a minute without bringing in his name. She believed from the first that Marcel was destined to be a genius, and for all her days Marcel was for her an obsession. She taught him to expect a degree of understanding and assiduous devotion without reward which he could never find elsewhere, and for which he was always seeking. He passed his days in anxious apprehension of the coldness of others, and in melancholy self-reproaches for whatever indefinable transgression of his might have earned him the occasional apparent indifference of people whose recognition he craved.

Marcel had been frail and pampered from his birth. He must have been about nine years old when he came home from the Bois de Boulogne one day with the first of those alarming attacks of choking which were to recur at intervals throughout his life. His whole respiratory tract seems to have been hypersensitive. No satisfactory diagnosis was ever made, but he felt in constant danger of choking, of hay fever, perhaps a sort of asthma, that might seize him anywhere, at any time, at ever-shortening intervals as he grew older. In those moments of crisis every disturbance, every sound even, was like a torture. My brother-in-law, a professor of the *Faculté de Médicine*, with the physician's impatience with "neurasthenic" pains, told me that in those periods Marcel went through the agonies of death many times daily. It is difficult, however, in the family of an erudite doctor like Professor Proust, to validate such unlocalized and unnamed pains and, just as Marcel was thought an "*auteur imaginaire*," so he was firmly believed to be a "*malade imaginaire*." It was difficult to understand a young man locked up in his room till midnight for his health, who then appeared, after midnight, at a ball.

Not so Jeanne Proust. In those terrifying periods, which came alarmingly often, she put herself entirely and unobtrusively at his service. Often she would sit motionless all day near his room, having given strict orders to the servants that not a sound must be made in the house, and watch there that her instructions were obeyed to the letter. When at last he emerged, late in the night, pale, shaken from his ordeal, she had waiting for him the delicacies which tempted him most. Her solicitude was the wonder of the family, and I have oftenest heard her referred to as "*pauvre Jeanne Proust.*"

Since Marcel spent most of the world's waking hours locked up in his darkened room, and was seldom to

be seen except at some gathering late at night, one seldom saw him alone with his mother. One such instance I remember vividly, because it was my first experience of the extraordinary tenderness which bound Marcel and his mother to each other.

It was in Auteuil, a suburb of Paris where Madame Proust used to go in summer to a home which had belonged to her parents. My sister and I were taken there to play one Sunday afternoon by an old friend, "Tante Laure," who was Mme. Proust's cousin and best friend. It was a queer old-fashioned house, with an old-fashioned garden in which the trees had grown far too big for the small space in which they stood.

When we arrived I found Marcel stretched on a chaise-longue with his mother in an armchair by his side, under the trees. I remember it seemed queer to find Marcel out of doors. He somehow seemed out of place in broad daylight. He looked tired, his toilet was careless, a lock of hair fell strangely over his face.

It seemed to amuse him to receive the visit of two little girls, and he offered to show us around the garden of his grandparents, which was evidently a quite special little universe to him. We had to stop at a distance from the flower-beds and admire them from afar, while he talked in his soft, eager way about their beauties and their colors. He talked half to himself, as if he were repeating an intense and private emotion he had often experienced. The charm of that place, which seemed irresistible to him, was strangely mixed with a strong sense of dread. This garden which he admired so much was for him full of invisible dangers. He dared not approach the flowers. He was constantly apprehensive even of the trees, for fear of that asthma or hay fever which a mere nothing might set off at some unexpected moment.

He showed us an old fountain in the middle of the garden. Around this fountain, too, there was a drama. He viewed it with something of the awe one might have for the spot where some dreadful fatality had once occurred. It seems that when he was a boy—it must have been more than ten years before—Marcel had fallen into the fountain. That boyish mishap remained an important event. Marcel spoke of it; his mother spoke of it; Cousin Laure spoke of it. It had become one of the dramas of the family history.

All through that little excursion in the garden I had a sense of Madame Proust's motherly eye keeping a careful watch on her frail son. She sat in a wicker armchair, dressed in an old-fashioned way, with billowing frills about her neck, with her hair piled high on her head in a most elaborate coiffure like a pile of innumerable rolls that went from back to front. She carried a fan which never stopped its rhythmic to and fro.

When Marcel spoke with her, it was to inquire if she felt all right, if she were cool enough, if he could do something for her. Every remark began with a childishly affectionate "*Petite maman*," and she would answer with, "*Mon petit Marcel.*" It was almost like the passionate conversations which little girls have with their dolls. But there was no hint of conscious affectation. Those two quite simply adored each other.

When Marcel rose and in his shambling gait started to lead us toward the house, I noticed Madame Proust's conversation with her cousin Laure stop abruptly. The companion seemed suddenly and completely forgotten as the mother's attention turned to her son who was going out of her sight.

It was easy to see how deep an affection Marcel had for the over-

crowded, gloomy Victorian home of his grandmother. He showed us all that grim, frumpy, solid furniture, smothered with frills of silk, dark and uninviting like a roomful of ancient over-dressed maiden aunts, as if he were introducing us to dear friends.

I never again saw that odd, old house near the Parc des Princes. I looked for it in Marcel's work, many years later, and I rediscovered the feelings he revealed to us that day in those marvelous pages in *Swann's Way* which describe the death of his grandmother, whose home that house had been. But with a curious discretion he gives no inkling in his writings of the profound emotions which he exchanged with his mother.

I heard the story of Jeanne Proust's last day from Tante Laure, who was alone with her in that moment. She was mortally ill, and in the next room Marcel was enduring his periodical agony. Jeanne Proust had been stricken with complete paralysis and could no longer speak. But on her face there was an expression of acute anxiety, and she seemed to be striving to frame with her lips the word "Marcel." Cousin Laure read her meaning, and tip-toed out. She returned to say that Marcel was resting, that all precautions had been taken, that he would not be disturbed. Cousin Laure told me that it was a miracle to see that weary face take on an expression of contentment that was almost bliss. Jeanne Proust's life work was still going on: her Marcel was all right, she could be completely at peace. That was the last living moment of the mother of Marcel.

There is no doubt that Jeanne Proust's love for her son was completely reciprocated. She was the one person in all the world to whom he was completely and unreservedly devoted. When he spoke or wrote of her it was with an eloquent tenderness. He was pleased that, as he said, he always remained four years old to her. At her death he said in the sincerest way that she was the whole aim and meaning of his life, the only love and the only sweetness he could know in a world which he looked on as full of bitterness and grief. It is certain that the direction of his life took a complete change after her death when he was thirty-four, and it is most probable that it was only some time after that that he decided to devote his life to writing.

II

There remained from this close relation a certain childlikeness in all of Marcel's manners, and in certain idiosyncrasies of speech. His friends were always amused at certain of his words. For instance, every pleasant thing or person was "*gentil, gentille,*" the childish word "nice" which little French boys outgrow with their nursery. About him too there was always a certain frail gentleness of manner, a diffident insistence, an incurable timid sweetness, that gave an ingenuous tincture to his invincible ambition to be welcomed, indulged, and liked by all those he admired.

His admirations and enthusiasms were spontaneous, profound, persistent, but always touched with an almost painful air of humility and insecurity. He never dreamed of approaching a new friend without gifts, lavish, and chosen with a most delicate thoughtfulness. He prepared his gifts as a young girl might prepare her toilette for an extraordinary occasion. When my first book, on Rachel the tragedienne, was published, Marcel wished to give something to his young cousin. The choice and execution of the lovely cabinet I finally received was the subject of weeks of conferences with my mother, my sister, friends, until it

assumed the proportions of a momentous affair of state.

Marcel's close friends were chosen very early in his life, with a flair for brilliance which is striking when one considers how every one of them was to become distinguished in some field of the arts. On rare and special occasions, a few times a year, in the days when he lived with his parents on the rue de Courcelles, Marcel gave a dinner to his friends. No one who attended these dinners could ever forget their special quality. In Marcel's heart there was always a secret guest of honor, and it was around this guest that the occasion was created. There would be weeks of preparations, of correspondence, and inquiries to make perfectly sure that every guest should be someone agreeable to his chosen guest, and that these should be agreeable to one another. It was much more than the usual host's care to select a congenial group with ideas and appreciations to share. It was more like the grave problem of an astrologer, calculating the cosmic results of the conjunction of planets. During those weeks of excited preliminaries, Marcel was filled with anxiety lest he might at the last moment find himself too sick to be a host. Moreover, the slightest mistake in his preparations would have appalled him to a point where he would have had to take to his bed.

The result was always a complete success. Many firm friendships of today had their beginnings at the table of the Prousts. Doctor and Madame Proust always presided, facing each other at the center of the long table which was lavishly appointed with lace, silver, and crystal. Madame Proust never invited friends of her own, but Doctor Proust usually had a few solid and dull friends, professors or functionaries from his own milieu. These staid people found themselves in the midst of the gay and brilliant company of Marcel's social and literary friends, who made the occasion enchanting.

Marcel always sat at one end of the long table, where he could watch the whole success of his preparations. I have never seen any host so feverishly eager that his guests should enjoy one another. It is a tribute to his extraordinary talent that he succeeded in spite of his anxiety. Although his guests were mostly friends he had known for years, his tense and sedulous care that they should be pleased made one feel as if each meeting were his first, as if he were entirely intimidated by implacable predilections and dislikes in his guests. He was pathetically eager that all his friends should like one another, fearful that they might not. He would go from guest to guest, and say of another, "Isn't he nice?" "Isn't she charming?" One could not be a friend of Marcel without holding him in a very special affection. His charm made everyone wish to make him happy. But this was something he could never quite believe. Beneath a social anxiety such as he showed, however beautifully he managed the social formalities, one could not fail to sense a profound feeling of social insecurity, as if he could not trust anyone to be unreservedly his friend.

I always had the impression that his feeling for persons was never quite so unreserved as his adoration of cathedrals. From these, at least, he need never experience moments of distraction, special silences which were to him as terrible as frowns, and which threw him into agonies of melancholy in which it was difficult to distinguish whether he reproached himself or the friend the more. In the years when he had definitely abandoned all commerce with daylight, which was too intense for his sensibility, even all contact with outdoor air, he would

order a closed carriage, darkened but for a narrow slit at the window, and have himself driven to one of the cathedrals he had learned to adore from Ruskin, whose *Bible of Amiens* and *Sesame and Lilies* he translated into French. From within the dark cab his ghostly face would peer at the chaste, melodious, aspiring lines of Notre Dame or of Amiens, and he would give himself to an emotion of profound happiness.

His sense of distance from persons, his half-timid renunciation of all close personal relations while he strove ever more to consolidate affectionate contacts, and his endless train of questions, revealed his own profound feeling of being somehow a stranger in the intricate everyday life of human society in which he aspired so ardently to feel himself supremely at home. It is striking in the history of literature that those who write most exhaustively, most luminously, of a way of life or a section of society are always those who came to it somehow as strangers from a geographic or spiritual distance, who in their eagerness to catch up with lost time consciously note every nuance, every minute aspect of a life which those who feel born to it take in their stride, noting only so much as they need to get along from moment to moment. For us who read, this is the incalculable value of the pains of the man who does not feel quite at home, quite secure, who burns with the intensity of his need to pierce the commonplace secret of living, and so illuminates life for us in the light of the flame in which he is consumed. For Marcel home could only be the warm atmosphere of unquestioning devotion in which Jeanne Proust enveloped his childhood. The rest was an intense and doomed seeking. Though he came in time to acquire the most encyclopædic consciousness of every imaginable aspect of that exclusive and aristocratic life to which he naturally turned as the best, the day never arrived when he could think that, having started on the road of knowing, he had learned half enough. Having devoted his life to acquiring the full library of the protocols of what he thought was the highest form of social existence, he never managed to complete the collection. He left for us all the fruits of his amazing diligence, which was still insufficient to bring him the small boon of feeling simply and unaffectedly at home.

Nobody could value in those early days the strange task to which he had dedicated himself in lieu of living a full and human life. He used to write little essays. Articles of his would appear in the *Figaro*. He was considered a charming amateur. The very title of his collection of papers, "*Pastiches et Mélanges*," proclaims the dilettante. Anatole France was one of the few persons I remember as having expected good things of him. Anatole France relished his exotic "difference," though he could not resist a sly remark about his "endless sentences like aimless paths in the woods." For Marcel's family, his unaccountable fatigues, that illness that had no name, those aberrant manners of a young man who stayed in bed till dark, did no work, planned no career, could not be justified by a few light and fugitive essays. What was most to be noticed was that he lived with his windows closed day and night, shutters locked, curtains drawn, in an atmosphere of some strange chemical powders that he burned constantly, like incense, because he felt they did his asthma good.

One day above all remains with me like a fantastic dream. It was the wedding day of his brother Robert. Madame Proust—I don't know through what aberration, what respect for tradition—had decided that Mar-

cel, already in his thirties, should be Robert's "*garçon d'honneur*" and that I should be his partner, march down the aisle on his arm, and take the traditional collection for the poor at his side. His role was one that is usually played by a young man of perhaps eighteen. That was about my age, and I was childishly proud of my beautiful frock and the great bouquet of orchids Madame Proust had sent me to decorate the purse we were to carry.

When Marcel came to offer me his arm I discovered that he was bundled up like an explorer in the Arctic. He had not seen the light of day for months; he feared the cold as much as he did the daylight, which he could no longer stand at all. He had pulled three overcoats over his evening clothes, and his shirt-front bulged over I don't know how many thicknesses of wool. His neck was swathed in woolen scarves.

As for me, I was at the age when one attaches the greatest importance to appearances. The very thought of the grotesque picture we made terrified me. But when the moment came to pass between the pews to receive the offerings of the guests, the situation became tragic. Marcel could barely move, buried as he was beneath so many garments. As for slipping between two pews, it was definitely impossible. I had to make an instant and, to so young a girl as I was, a humiliating decision:

"Wait in the aisle," I whispered desperately. "I'll go in alone."

While the organ played I did the "questing" by myself. Behind me, at each row, stood Marcel, an unbelievable figure, his Lazarus-like face with its melancholy mustache rising like a surprise out of his woolly black cerements. He felt he had to explain himself, and to each row in turn he announced in a loud voice that he was not able to dress otherwise, that he had been ill for months, that he would be more ill that evening, that it was not his fault.

I am sure Marcel's suffering in that episode far exceeded my girlish mortification. Because of his intense sensitiveness, he was always being wounded, always finding that people did not give him the understanding which he expected. If it happened that you did not answer one of his questions, or if you looked absent-minded when he was interested, he would instantly stop talking, afraid he had been indiscreet, certain that he had bored you.

I well remember one such event. My father was then Minister of the Navy, and we were celebrating the signing of the Entente Cordiale with a succession of diplomatic receptions and entertainments in the great drawing-rooms of the Ministry building on the Place de la Concorde. If the affair lasted after midnight, Marcel might make a late and unexpected apparition at one of these functions. This was a great pleasure, for in those days we seldom saw him.

On this evening we were giving a concert, and I had taken a position in the wings of the stage to see that the artists were looked after: refreshments, flowers, compliments, thanks. I was alone, hidden behind the curtain, when suddenly Marcel appeared. Never did he give a greater effect of strangeness. He was an unimaginable apparition in pure jet and chalk—black evening clothes and white shirt-front, black mustache, black eyes, black eyebrows and hair against a matt-white face. Noiseless, gentle of movement, and sweet of expression, he looked as if a whiff could blow away his tall and slender form.

I was delighted to see one I knew and liked so well among all those distinguished and formal strangers. He sat down in an affectionate way on the

steps leading to the stage, and we began to chat gaily behind the curtain. Marcel's tenderness toward all the members of my family made him always absolutely charming to me. Besides, he knew that I was beginning to write. He took my first efforts far more seriously than I, and his enthusiastic interest gave me a delicious sense of importance. I well remember that delightful soft-voiced chat to the accompaniment of the magnificent voice of Lidwine, singing the death of Isolde. That song enchanted Marcel. He began to talk about music with an almost mystical reverence and glow; about the first time he had heard Wagner sung. . . . The song was ended, Lidwine left the stage, and I leaped up to take her the flowers for which she was waiting.

When I returned, Marcel was gone. He had vanished like a ghost. I looked for him everywhere, in vain.

Next morning, the post brought me one of his long letters, sixteen pages, crossed and recrossed with endless, tragic sentences. It was a letter filled with bitterness: He had felt that he was boring me. . . . But I had shown him that he was doing so in such a cruel way. . . . I had deserted him without even taking the trouble to explain. . . . He knew too well that he brought nothing but boredom with him wherever he went. . . . His letter was disconsolate, and I was desperately unhappy at such a misunderstanding.

I sat down at once to write and tell him how happy I had been to see him, what pleasure his company always gave me, excusing myself, explaining that I had had duties as a hostess, telling him how surprised I had been to come back and find him gone, how I had looked for him everywhere.

The next mail brought his answer, as long as the first, as bewilderingly crisscrossed with closely written lines in two directions. He was in an extremity of self-accusation. I had been so kind to him, and he had responded by giving me such unhappiness. . . . He was so cruel, so thoughtless. . . . How could he ever forgive himself for having given me so much pain? . . .

In short, Lidwine's flowers had precipitated a whole drama. His manner, however, was so sweet that these fantastic exchanges could only endear him. No matter how much one cared for him, it was impossible not to wound him; but his perpetual anxiety, that pervading fear of giving pain, and that extraordinary affection for all who cared for him, were expressed in such a gentle and childlike fashion that it nullified all the exasperation one might easily have felt for such insistent martyrdom.

III

One more memorable episode of his life remains with me. It was toward the last of his life. He had gone to Cabourg, a little seaside resort of Normandy, very near Deauville, which had the unique advantage for him that it was utterly bare of trees. For years all growing things had become his enemies. Even the flowers he loved and admired so much might start an attack of a sort of hay fever which racked him miserably.

I spent several weeks with him in that hotel, where he unwittingly played the role of mystery man, almost of phantom guest, to all the other residents. He had engaged the rooms on either side of his, so that he might be in complete silence; he never left his room, where the windows were locked, the blinds were drawn, and his perpetual powders burned like incense, until late in the evening, when it was completely dark. Then he would make his mysterious appearance among the fascinated guests, who never ceased to talk and wonder about him.

By then he had really taken on the

appearance of a sort of weird alchemist, of a phantasmagoric being of the middle ages. He had grown a lusterless black beard which, with his thin aquiline nose, his eyes that at this time were perpetually rimmed in black, gave him a mysterious look of an Oriental sorcerer.

When he came downstairs at night he was instantly surrounded by a bevy of gay young girls, dressed in bright summer colors. He loved their eager attention, to which he responded shyly. Those girls were devotees of the little baccarat table of the hotel. His pockets were then still full of gold louis, twenty-franc pieces which in those days were worth five dollars. Surreptitiously, he showered the young girls with gold, so that they could play. He wanted nothing from them but the gay friendliness and the sense of being at home in an atmosphere of innocent merriment which, had he but known it, would have been his for his sweetness without asking. If one asked him why he gave away so much gold, he would say with a shy, apologetic smile, "*Pauvres petites.* . . . It amuses them. . . . *Elles sont si gentilles.*"

That was the only time I ever saw Marcel in gay and youthful company. Thinking of that period, I am always reminded of the third part of his work, "*A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleur.*"

It was in Cabourg that summer that Gaston Calmette, the publisher of *Figaro*, who was staying nearby, came to visit us. How well I remember standing between those two, one the most powerful publisher in Paris, the other my strange cousin. I was arm in arm with both of them, and we were chatting and laughing about something, when suddenly Calmette turned to me, pointing at Marcel, and said:

"He's a genius, that one. Did you know that? He has written a solid, a magnificent thing."

Calmette was never an enthusiast. I could see that he was perfectly serious. Until then no one had known what Marcel was writing—if anything besides his little occasional essays. He had just given Calmette the manuscript of *Swann's Way*, and Calmette had come to Cabourg just after reading it.

I felt a tremendous excitement. That Calmette meant exactly what he said was obvious. I turned to look at Marcel. I should have expected a modest disavowal. There was revealed to me at that moment a new aspect of Marcel. He stood silent, slightly smiling, with a sort of assurance that in him was striking. He was obviously profoundly stirred by that unqualified recognition, but in this respect, and at that moment, he seemed to feel he could afford to let us see the firmness of his purpose and of his faith in his own work.

It was I this time who eagerly asked questions. He began to talk, in his soft and as if breathless manner, to tell me what he was doing, the whole tremendous scope of his work. He told me about that pile of schoolboy notebooks which had been accumulating for years, in which he had been writing the social history of his time and his milieu.

As he talked he unrolled before me the panorama of the human comedy he was writing with an implacable faithfulness, the firmness of which could be felt in his words. I began to realize that his lifelong labors of observation and analysis, if they had not served to bring him happiness and that peace he strove for, were to supply the materials of a tremendous literary recapture of all that time lost from living, but to be reclaimed in a glorious way in the solitary and exalting labors of creation. It was magnificent to see that frail man, so close to dissolution, with so tremendous a purpose.

I was eager to read his work, and to

write about it in my page in *Excelsior*. When I spoke of that a strange sort of fear crept into his expression.

"No, no," he said. "You must not write about that terrible book. You must understand that I am telling everything. I often wonder if I have the right. It is hard to be sure. . . ."

I understood better what he meant when "*Sodome et Gomorre*" appeared; for there, along with all the charm and beauty and pettiness, he was to display in their simple and natural proportions also the corruption and vices of aristocratic persons with the implacable directness of one who made it his life work to know everything of the life in which he tried to take part.

I was to see Marcel less and less as his weakness grew, and he shut himself off more and more completely from all the world save only, occasionally, a few midnight companions. He remained in his bed for months on end, writing an occasional note. He made no secret of the fact that now he expected momentarily the death he had spoken about all his life.

Then one morning in the fall of 1922 Robert Proust let us know that Marcel had died during the night. I went with my sister to the little apartment in the rue Hamelin which had been his home almost since the day he left the home that had been his parents', just after the War. He had spent all his money and sold the expensive tapestries and furnishings he had inherited from his family.

As I entered that apartment of three tiny rooms, so different from the home in which I had first known him, the first thing that struck me was that, although he had been there three years, he had unpacked almost nothing. Trunks and cases stood around. I remember noticing a small painting of his father, Doctor Proust, wearing his scarlet academic robes, hanging on a wall.

In his room there was a table, a chair, piles of papers. It was like a monastic cell. Celeste, the old servant-housekeeper who lived with him, and who had stood with him through so many dreadful moments, wanted to explain to us about his last night.

"Those papers," she said, "those papers of his—he wanted to work on them even last night."

On a narrow cot lay Marcel. His face, always tormented in life, had an expression of perfect peace. I realized, with a certain emotional sense of fitness, that the man and his work had reached their fulfilment in the same moment. His frail resources had been just sufficient for his tremendous enterprise, and he had at last found both achievement and peace.

CONVERSATION: ALCOHOLIC OR NOT

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

"I MUST arrange something after dinner for the ones who don't play bridge," said the hostess. "They can't sit around and talk."

I was about to answer, out of a lazy mind, that there is no pleasanter way to spend an evening, that conversation is a lost art, that we should do our best to rediscover it. But the lady to whom I was talking was a realist and a hostess of experience, and those specious answers died on my lips. Her difficulty could not be washed out by a platitude. The people whom she had in mind, and on her list, could not sit and talk for continuous hours unless they were stimulated by alcohol, and that contingency would bring about other problems which she was trying to avoid. It was also accompanied by risks.

Drinking would be sure to start the conversation, but what would stop it? It might end in incoherence or mount to insult. It might be far too unrestrained and result in a tangle of apologies and grievances the next day. But what would happen to the talk if she served no alcohol? It would be desultory, cautious, wary of every mood and social connection represented in the company. Probably it would reflect a good deal of current discouragement. There would be a general reluctance to carry any subject very far and a dread of becoming over-serious. The conceivable horror that someone might start parlor games would hang in the air. On the other hand, there was always the chance—only a chance, but there it glittered!—of a conversation, loosed by alcohol, which would stop short of incoherence but transcend formality, a kind of conversation which would fuse the minds and moods of those who shared it and make them remember the occasion as a high point in social intercourse.

This is no uncommon predicament. It cannot be claimed exclusively by any one group. The young meet it less often than the middle-aged, but that is because talk to them is only an accompaniment to action. They do not expect to talk to one another. They have a brisk, monosyllabic lingo and, at the moment, Eddie Cantor's quack, which serves as a verbal accompaniment to their sports and amusements. But those who have passed their first youth come up against conversation every now and then as a definite problem. There are always some who do not play bridge. Electrolas and dance records cannot do all the work. It is natural at times to talk. But people are afraid to be abandoned to conversation without stimulus. It is the diversion which many of them find not only most difficult but most embarrassing. For along with the boldness of modern society has come great shyness in some respects. Minds are often diffident now even when morals are not. Hand in hand with all this increasing freedom of speech has come a singular inarticulateness.

It does seem a great pity to have conversation at all dependent on alco-

hol, and there is something suggestively dissipated in even making the statement that it is sometimes true. The immediate rebuke is that people used to be able to spend delightful and abstemious evenings conversing politely. The assumption follows that all we need do is to pick up the abandoned trail and habits of our parents.

I thought that I had better talk to Mrs. Scott about it. She is an elderly, clear-headed, crisp lady, and often puts me straight.

"It used to be enough," she replied to my questioning, "for people to be out in the evening. The occasion of companionship was what we wanted. We weren't seeking debauches."

"I know few who seek them," I told her; "they come upon us."

"We used to find it a pleasure just to see the people we knew."

"But having seen them, what did you talk about?"

"We exchanged news of our families and talked over the affairs of the day. The men spoke of general matters."

"Could you find enough to say?" I asked. "Didn't you run out of conversation? Didn't you ever bore one another?"

"Conversation," she said reprovingly, "presupposes manners as well as education."

"Then you pretended to be interested even when you weren't? Didn't things die on you without any drinking?"

"The ladies I knew didn't drink," she answered. "They wouldn't dream of such a thing!"

"Good for them," I said applaudingly. I have always highly admired those who can manage without it.

"And no man who was drinking," she added, "would have been tolerated in a conversation in mixed company."

"But some men talk much better when they've had something to drink," I remarked.

Mrs. Scott said that was outrageous. So it may be, but it is certainly true. I was thinking of Jim Porter, dull, stodgy, full of inhibitions when he comes to a party, and of Jim Porter late in an evening, talking of business, government, finance, changed by a little alcohol into an easy liberal, generous of mind, almost brilliant in his thinking. I was thinking of what a drink can do for several others I know.

I could see clearly enough that neither Mrs. Scott nor any person over sixty would relish the talk of most of the people I know, with its occasional glumness, its wisecracking, its overflow into indiscretions of confidence. But no more did I relish the picture she brought up of conversation dealing in inquiries about somebody's rheumatism, whether you cared about his joints or not, with its whispers about childbirth, its obvious comments on the affairs of the day, its talk for talk's sake.

As I searched for the lost art of conversation in the preceding generation I became more and more skeptical. Dignity and good behavior were certainly apparent, but conversation is another matter. I did a little scanty research on my own account. I did not go back to the records of those meaty, hearty conversations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, because they were too remote to bear on the point. I hunted out as best I could in novels and old periodicals, conversations which seemed to reproduce the kind of dialogue current among reasonably educated people of about fifty years ago. I listened to the echoes of such talk in the sentences of elderly people. It was not an inspirational business. I had no sense of being in the presence of Art at any time. I could not imagine implanting such conversations even in the simple living rooms of people I know, with any improvement or any success. They were

kindly and courteous. But how they extended the obvious!

They were full of vocatives and formalities. Their courtesies often simpered. They were long in coming to the point, and the point was amazingly small or the issue much diffused when they were through. The talk lacked vitality, or else we have grown in robustness. To our generation which knows almost to a man—and to a woman—about sex urges, the decorative, complimentary remarks of such talk would seem lifeless. In a period like our own which backs dangerous mental, moral, and political exploring, the small conversational excursions of our parents, which usually returned—and by half-past ten!—to safe harbors of belief, would be very unexciting. The more I considered the lost art of conversation the more dubious I became. Was it this generation which lost it or was it the one before our own that misplaced it? Or the one which preceded our mothers and fathers? On which side of the Atlantic did it disappear? What have we ourselves lost conversationally? Have we really been careless enough to lose an art or did we only discard an artificiality which was incongruous with the kind of life that we were necessarily developing?

I found more questions than answers. But there is one thing which became immediately apparent. If you consider conversation to be an art, you can find no new art form, comparable to the new forms in music, literature, architecture—nothing, that is, which sets itself up as a modern form of an accepted art of conversation. If, more simply, you consider conversation as a diversion, it does not seem to have built upon the experience of the immediate past. This is odd, because while it is natural that diversions be superseded, it is usually because a new form of an old game has come into vogue. When whist was discarded it was because bridge was a better game. Auction bridge was replaced by contract in the same way. Backgammon may be called the game of the ages, but the modern play and intention are not that of our grandfathers. Quadrilles were abandoned, and with them went some picturesque values, but a new intimacy had developed between pleasure and rhythm which supplanted that kind of dancing. One form of diversion gives way to an improvement upon it. But in conversation the thing does not seem to hold true, or at least it is never admitted to be true. Verbal intercourse has gone a strange way. "People don't like to talk any more" is the queer, common, utterly untrue statement.

For of course they do. I know hardly anyone who does not want to talk, who is not half starved for conversation. But the hostess I have mentioned put her finger on the situation. She did not say that her guests did not want to talk. She said that they could not, in the comparative publicity of her dinner party. Yet I knew that there were people on her own list who had a groping desire for conversation and had even gone so far as to seek it.

I can put my memory definitely on incidents in a single recent week which proved that a girl of sixteen, a boy of twenty-five, a young married woman, and a gentleman over fifty all wanted to talk to someone. The reason I am so sure is because each one of them suggested conversation to me. They went about it in a half-abashed way. They had an air of making me an accomplice in a plot when they suggested talking. One arranged luncheon. Another planned a walk, over hill and dale, through the snow, as a conversational setting. One even slipped away from a dance. One came to call, with a book under his arm and a subject for

conversation prepared. I have heard a person say, "I should like to have a good talk" in such a tone of imminent confession that I expected him to go on and tell me where he had concealed the body.

This is unimportant, except to exemplify the fact that the desire for conversation is not dead and that possibly it is being driven more and more into prearranged moments of confidence. But the tête-à-tête is neither the subject nor the problem with which this discussion is concerned. Conversation between two people who are sympathetic, or even imagine themselves to be so, can be trusted to take care of itself as long as patience, interest, or emotion hold out. If one believes, as one man of my acquaintance claims he does, that the perfect social occasion can be shared by two people only, this is all well and good. There are others, in the acquaintance of everyone, who feel that the terse conversation of the bridge table is all that humanity needs in the way of social intercourse. That increases the social equation from two to four and improves bridge, but still is not entirely satisfying to a more gregarious nature. There are times when most of us want or must have a number of less expertly chosen people about us, when neither we nor they can be discriminating enough to rule out the others. So there are times when general talk—or a parlor game—seems inevitable.

The parlor game is usually offered as a substitute for alcoholic stimulus to adults who will not or cannot talk to one another. It is always considered wholesome even when it puts a desire for manslaughter in the hearts of the guests. It is one of the most puerile, pathetic exhibitions of social ineptitude that exist. Against parlor games the cramped conversations of fifty years ago stand out with genuine dignity. We know these capers for what they are, efforts to get along without drinking and yet stay out at night a little later, attempts to conceal the fact that the people present are either dodging conversation or incapable of it.

No one is going to gainsay that it is possible for people to have very pleasant talks and very stimulating ones without the use or aid of alcohol. Great mutual interest in a subject will always turn the trick. There are dozens of sports in which the ready-made theme or the common hobby is all that is necessary. One can dwell endlessly on the fine points of educational theories, of fishing tackle, or what would have happened if he'd led the spade. I have had extremely diverting conversations over glasses of milk. Plenty of men and women are better company when they have had nothing to drink, and I, or anyone else, would go to considerable lengths to keep them from a high-ball. But still, looking over the reminiscent calendar of the past few years, it surprises me to see what an effect alcohol has had on the brilliance and intelligence of the conversation on many occasions, and that relaxed and easy talk in mixed company, and especially among those whose interests are divergent, is often dependent upon it. And I think that the reason for this state of affairs runs far deeper than any taste for debauchery.

"How I needed that!" said a charming young woman, putting down her glass.

There is one of the remarks which must have come straight from the barroom into the drawing-room. I had heard it often enough but not from her and it surprised me.

"What does it do for you?" I asked.

"It helps me to talk to people," she said.

That seemed to be true. Her wit was loosed. She became much more entertaining and amusing, really quicker on the mental trigger. And yet judged by

the most severe standard she is not a dissipated person. She is a good wife, a good mother, a record skater, and I have never seen her in a coarse or uncontrolled moment.

There is that other well-known remark, "Give him another drink and he'll loosen up," which is rarely in my experience a desire to bring out the worst in a man or even the fool in him. It is very often only that he will be a better companion and that his society will be less of a strain on other people and the company less boring to him. He will talk more freely; and when people want a man to talk it is usually because it is known that he has something to say or says it well.

Many of us have tried it both ways by now. We know those stiffened evenings when deliberate abstinence has hung over a room. We red-letter the lucky times when nobody seemed to want a drink and yet everyone was gay and spirited. There have been other times when the loose, mawkish talk of people who have drunk too much has become unbearably disagreeable. But of my own knowledge this is true: the most brilliant general conversations I can recall in recent years, when people talked with an ease and a generousness of mental outlay that was unusual, took place when there was something to drink and of course no one had too much. It was not only that the people present forgot their personal difficulties, though even such temporary relief is not to be undervalued just now. But the fear of talk, the embarrassment caused by conversation, seemed to lift for a few hours.

II

Why are people so afraid to talk? What is there left for them to be afraid of after a war and during a depression? What embarrasses them in a world which poses in the nude? The best way to find out about that is to acknowledge the twinges of our own fears and look at our own self-consciousness. We are, to begin with, afraid of derision. Generalities terrify us. We are fearful of being caught in any admission of faith. The intimacy of social relations which have no real basis of companionship and friendship embarrasses us. We do not like to talk unless we are very intimate with those to whom we are talking or unless we believe, usually with the help of alcohol, that we are more intimate than is the actual fact. We are even more embarrassed by laying ourselves open to accusations of pedantry, cocksureness, bombast.

Until we are done with it—and that will be too late for us—I do not suppose it will be realized what an amazingly derisive period we have lived through. Nothing is safe from mockery. The remarkable acuteness of this generation, its bitter humor, and the two terrific impasses of war and economic maladjustment have driven us all to caricature. Nothing, we decide almost unconsciously, is going to fool us again. Periodicals and books whose sole purpose is derision flourish. At their own risk, to be sure. The burden of proof is upon them. They have to keep on making fun of things and they must continue to find new things to ridicule. Let them falter, and we should be on them like wolves, deriding them in turn.

This general acuteness has its strong points. It recognizes egotism and vanity at a glance. It is sweeping away a great deal of hypocrisy. And, as there is nothing like conversation to expose people to the suspicion of pedantry and egotism and hypocrisy, most people are rather wary of what they say, especially if they may be quoted. But there is an exception to be taken here and spread upon the records. If it is necessary for commercial or public purposes, you may be pedantic or

bombastic without much loss of face. Everyone knows that it is hard to earn a living just now. So if it is your job to write a seductive toothpaste advertisement or to advertise coffee over the radio or make a speech in the Senate about democracy or give an interview about the good times just around the corner—and especially if it is known that you are paid in coin of the realm for such enterprises—go ahead, and no one will deride you. But you must not take yourself or your occupation too seriously in conversation with your friends.

The fear of derision leads quite directly to a complete distrust of all generalities. This accounts in large measure, I believe, for the discarding of a great deal of the polite conversation of the past, which had what might be called an adage base. For if there is one thing that this generation, with the laugh on the wrong side of its mouth, has learned, it is that general statements do not hold water. Nor do they hold truth. Men are not all brave. Mother-love is not reliable in all cases. Homes can be much too humble to be sweet. So on we go, striking down a motto here, a sentimentality there. Only specific facts are trusted, and we do not accept a guarantee of permanence with most of them. We know that the generalization of to-day is almost sure to be the caricature, the wisecrack, or the theme-song of to-morrow.

I am not straying very far from my subject. For these things affect conversation. They make it self-conscious. Suppose, reflecting on such iconoclasms, you sigh in real earnestness and say, "Nothing is sacred any more." To-morrow you may pick up a magazine and see a picture of a fat lady making the same sighing statement before a picture of the Venus de Milo decorated with a derby hat. You possibly feel a little ridiculous, and a certain wariness about making that statement again creeps into your self-consciousness. You in turn prefer to wisecrack, rather than to be laughed at.

It is not only the generalization, but anything obvious or over-popular which excites ridicule. Everyone is ready to chuckle at the unconscious or involuntary cliché. It is that nervous fear of being laughed at ourselves. Irony used to be a mood for the few. Now it is for the many, for the crowd that listen to everything Will Rogers says or Eddie Cantor sings. Young people do not develop irony with experience of life. They seem to cut their teeth on it.

I had an example brought to my attention the other night. It was during the Christmas season, and we had sung and listened to the usual well-known carols, including of course the always lovely "Silent Night." But a few days after Christmas I heard it in a cinema. It was used as incidental music in a Mickey Mouse comedy when a lady mouse was blowing through a blizzard. What did my slight outrage avail when the theater was full of people laughing in delight at the juxtaposition of the cartoon and the hymn?

If there is blame I do not know where to put it. Back of this distrust of the generality and the obvious is real disillusion. Our faiths and our sentiments have taken us in too often. They have left us holding the bag. We believed, in rapid succession, in a war to end war, in equal rights for women, in a chicken in every pot, in a great engineer, in better times every month, and we were—and are—continually let down. Most of us prefer not to commit ourselves any longer unless we absolutely must. That accounts for some of the stoppage of conversation. The objection to war, said Fontenelle, is that it interrupts conversation. He would have noted a terrible interruption in this generation.

For completely sober people are con-

scious, just now, of being faced with problems that are much too big for them. They are depressed, worried, greatly borne down in spirit. Perhaps they think gravely but they are shy about giving out the results of their thinking. They know they may be wrong. Everybody else seems to have been wrong. It is only the magnifying of self that comes with alcohol that gives some people courage to talk at all. Then fear of mockery is temporarily overcome. Then thought, which has fumbled, becomes for the moment sure of itself. A man is not afraid to say what he thinks, even though he deals in general terms, even in hopes. They no longer seem too large for his grasp. It is often only when a man has had a drink—I do not for a moment mean when he is drunk—that he can attack modern life in words. He may become a fool. But there is a chance that he may become a philosopher.

III

Conversation can do only two things. It can generalize or it can particularize. In the first case it stretches toward philosophy; in the second case it deals with the human incident. It is, in a word, gossip, and on that kind of talk as well as on more general discussion alcohol has its definite influence.

Well-handled, gossip alone can make a delightfully sociable and interesting occasion. It is a natural, a proper human interest. Edwin Muir says with no mincing of words that to be "interested in scandal is perhaps the first qualification for writing without clumsiness on morals." He goes on to point out that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France conversation was free and open, and consequently people were less afraid of transgression and showed a nicer balance in seizing the rule and "allowing the legitimate exception."

But it should be underlined that he says conversation was free and open. That comes back to the problem of the hostess who started this discussion. She knew that, in the group she planned to assemble, conversation would be very much restrained unless she wished to free it by letting her guests drink themselves into heightened familiarity and into a state of mind in which gossip would lose its sting to some extent. Among these men and women were rivalries of love and business, jealousies of success and failure, attraction and dislike; and they shared a great pool of common knowledge about other people. They were at dangerously close range to the gossip about themselves, and they would be sure to avoid the most interesting things that might be said, and very possibly the truest things.

But, if they were drinking, even in moderation, that would probably change. Not because of an increase of cruelty, but in part because of a freedom from the responsibility which attaches to the particular statement. One is not so apt to be blamed for exposing the truth after a drink or two; and there is sometimes a blessed peace in dividing the responsibility for what one has said, accurate though it may be, with a cocktail. As a matter of fact, the alcoholic conversation usually completely lacks malice, even when it ends in anger. The most malicious and unkind conversation I heard about a recent divorce was not among the people who knew the persons involved and often discussed them more or less in their cups, but from three or four strange middle-aged women at an afternoon tea. It was almost the only conversation on that subject which came to my ears that bordered on indecency.

One can only sublimate gossip if it appears that the scandals about individuals are also the scandals of all mankind in motive, purpose, and accomplishment. I know a man who

illustrates this perfectly. Before he has had a drink he is the typical, well-informed man-about-town, watching his step, building up the social fences. But when he is drinking he changes. He begins to gossip, and his gossip is like a magnificent bubble. In it you see reflected not only the people of the city but the values of the city, and all cities, its human preposterousness, its pretentiousness. You can see the half-crazy comedy of it all, with people stealing business and wives, and going from brothels to church, and from cigar stores to Congress. It is all absolutely personal and yet as impersonal as if the people concerned had no faces. It is exactly like a bubble. The fascinating colors move and shift, and you do not want to stop looking at it. You want to see how big it will get. It astonishes you. But it breaks, usually with a glass too much. The next morning it is quite gone, and the gentleman who was responsible for the whole conversation will—when he finally gets up—be making apologies.

I cannot help being a little sorry not only for the hostess but for the guests. It is such a pity that people cannot be "as good without it," as the phrase goes. It is too bad that so much truth has to be told only under the influence of alcohol and that wit and philosophy seem so often to wait upon it for direction. Here they are, the lady's guests, thrown upon one another's company. What are they to do?

It seems a very little problem set down like that. What does it matter what they do? When a world is in distress, of what consequence can it be how a few men and women spend idle evenings? It is important only because if it were possible to add together all such groups in this country we should have the sum of a society in a queer predicament. It is a society made up of realists because of their cruel experiences—the most vast experiences that any generation can have. It is a people stripped down to irony. It is the social life of disillusioned, embarrassed persons. They have come —not entirely through their own fault —to need stimulus, and yet it is true that they cannot be fully trusted with it. They are suffering, most of them, for the relief of verbal intercourse and yet afraid of it, until they are in their cups.

At least this is true. The conversation, the polite give-and-take of the last generation will not satisfy us. It was the frontage of their established faiths and duties. We cannot use those old phrases and manners because for us there would be nothing behind them, except hypocrisy. Art must suit its times, and great art—even that of talk—develops only from stirring epochs and from rich passions and great ideals. The Victorians lacked those. They were perfectionists in a small way, and they thought they had nearly finished the job.

Stripped as we are of faith and proverbs, self-conscious as we have become, I think we are in a fairer way to develop or create an art of conversation than the last few generations have been. We begin with raw materials, little instruction, and we are impatient of traditions. There is a great deal of loose talk that will have to be eliminated and a great deal of fuddled talk. But we are doing what we can. Never have I heard men and women talk as earnestly or as well as they have in the past few years, on certain occasions. They are after the truth and they will have nothing less.

I remember one conversation between six people that went on from seven in the evening until four the next morning. At least two of the company drank nothing alcoholic. We talked politics, world relations, scandal. I learned more that night about busi-

ness conditions than I could have learned from a dozen books. I remember another conversation on religion which showed me what a contemporary skeptic with a mystic temperament must go through. I recall other such talks and I am perfectly sure that none of us would have talked as freely and fearlessly as we did unless some drinking had been done to fuse the various moods. It was great luck that there was not too much. But we should not have slid into those conversations without a drink. The fear of ridicule went away for the time being; the curious cold anger at the world which many people now cherish disappeared. There was companionship and conversation, and there really cannot be one without more or less of the other.

This is by no means a defense of intemperance. The abnormal phenomenon of American social drinking has little or nothing to be said for it. But every mellow civilization has always had its wines and spirits under less unreasonable conditions than those in America to-day, and I would go far enough to say that it is not alcoholic conversations which do much harm. They provide release to some extent. It is the terrible silences brought about by fear and rebellion and thwarting and failure that are really harmful. It is the constant ridicule and wisecracking which really hurt the dignity of the world. A little exaggeration, even a slight confusion of mind, is not so serious. I know that it often does not stop at that. It drifts into incoherence and incompetence and has to be put to bed; and that is one of the humiliations of our generation. But a great deal of this is the reaction of excess against repression.

Anyway, it seems to me that we must cling to conversation even if we have to put some alcohol in it. We must talk. It is really very important, not for checking up on neighborhood gossip or the health of the distant relatives, but to give tone and form to thought. We must fumble on, perhaps we must riot on, to something perfectly expressed, to the time when we shall be able to say exactly what we mean, and so put all things straight. We shall not. But we must think we shall, during the conversation. Again I quote from Muir, speaking still of those earlier centuries in France and England, times which produced and trained geniuses. "In talking it over, one can make anything pleasurable. Even our fear of death can be mitigated by words."

If even our fear of death can be mitigated by words, it should help greatly to find and exchange words that will mitigate the present disappointment and the fear of life.

TOWN GIRL

A STORY

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

SHE was prettier than his sister, Janet. She was prettier than any of Janet's friends; than Doris Franklin, for instance, sitting there across the table from him talking brightly first to his father then to his mother, smiling at him, when he caught her eye, with perhaps just a touch of pity because he so obviously was incapable of appreciating her good looks. Good looks! Why, beside Hilda's glowing beauty, Doris, poor child, was plain, colorless, and dull.

His father's voice cut across his thoughts. "Richard," he was saying, "will drive you to the show. We may drop in later."

"He will," said Janet, "if he can manage to sandwich in a movie among his many other engagements."

There was a moment's complete silence in which, without so much as raising his eyes, Richard could see his father frowning at Janet and his mother mouthing a rebuke. Doris, apparently, saw nothing. She said innocently, "I shouldn't think anybody'd have a date on a night when Clark Gable's showing."

"You'd be surprised," said Janet.

Damn Janet!

He thought again of that meeting at the Post Office with Hilda, felt the agony of embarrassment because, being with Janet, he dared not stop and speak to her, could only mutter "Hello" under his breath, as if he were ashamed of knowing her. That was it—ashamed.

Janet had stopped in to buy some stamps. She passed Hilda by without a glance, but Richard, his heart pounding, his face a fiery red, hung back and stared at her. She wore a blue sweater suit, and under it her body, softly, deliciously curved, was half revealed. He could see the outline of her little, rounded breasts, the curve of her hip line, the small flat waist. She had milk-white skin and the ash-blond hair that went with it, hair they called platinum blond now. But hers was the real thing; at the roots, where the new hairs were coming in, they were like fine white floss. She wore it short, and it fluffed out around her small head like a bright halo. Strangely enough, her eyes were dark with tremendous black pupils, and she had a delicious nose, straight and narrow.

She was talking to Tony de Petrus but when she saw Richard she nodded and smiled. Richard did not return the smile. He felt a cold, unreasoning fury at seeing her chatting unconcernedly to a wop like de Petrus, who delivered bulky parcels to your back door; who admitted the boys and the town girls to a back room of his ugly, squalid little house on Railroad Avenue that reeked of stale beer and cheap wine.

Why should Hilda have to stand there talking to swine like Tony, when the boys she entertained, the boys

who fought for her favor after nightfall slipped past her sheepishly or raced in and out of the Post Office without a word?

Janet, climbing back into the station wagon, said, "I see your girl friend has a beau."

He turned to pour out his wrath upon her, then stopped. That was exactly what she wanted: to prod him to anger, to get him to give himself away in a hot rush of words.

She cast an oblique glance at him. "Too bad she can't get somebody better than the town bootlegger."

He bit his lip. He wouldn't. She couldn't make him, no matter what she said.

"Still, I suppose a girl with a reputation like hers is lucky to get anybody to talk to her—in broad daylight."

Something within him snapped. "You're jealous of her. All of you are jealous of her. You know you are."

Janet laughed, a high, brittle laugh. "Jealous! Of Hilda Olsen? Oh, my God! I must remember to tell that to the girls. Jealous! Oh, that's priceless!"

"Tell them!" he spat out. He was surprised to find himself shaking as if with a chill. "Tell everybody! There's not one of you who can hold a candle to her!"

"Well, it's true that none of us uses the, well, the same technic to attract men, any men, all men."

"The difference between her and you," he said in a frenzy of rage (he wished he could kill Janet, sitting there at the wheel, so calm, so confident of herself and of her position), "is that she doesn't have to do anything to—to—attract men, as you call it. All she has to do is to be herself."

"Mother Earth personified," said Janet, softly. "The Great Female of the Species. Woman Incarnate."

"Yes," said Richard. Suddenly he was no longer angry. He felt almost kindly towards Janet for having, inadvertently, put her finger on the truth. "That's it exactly."

Janet looked at him sharply. "Don't be a fool!" she said. "Nobody minds your pawing the town girls if you have to, but for Pete's sake, don't get sentimental about any of them. They don't breathe the same air we breathe. They don't even speak the same language."

Richard did not reply. He was saying over and over to himself, "Mother Earth. Woman Incarnate."

After dinner he slipped out the back door, got his car and drove to town. The excuse he gave himself—and he needed one as he flew by the open living room window and heard Doris's tinkle of laughter—was that he owed Hilda an apology for himself and his family. She must certainly have been hurt by Janet's rudeness, by her presumption that because, by some gracious stroke of Providence, she lived on the Hill near the Club it gave her an inalienable right to ignore Hilda, with whom, by the way, she had been on speaking terms all her life.

But this, he knew in his secret heart of hearts, was not his real reason for going to see her. The real reason was that he wanted, more than anything else on earth, to be near her, to hear her voice, see her smile perhaps, even touch her hand.

Tenaciously, however, his mind clung to the letter of his errand. It was childish of Janet to pretend not to know Hilda, particularly as Hilda clerked in Bennett's Dry Goods Store, where everyone stopped in to buy a yard of this or that. It was like pretending not to know Mr. Schultz, the grocer, or Mr. Saybrook, the butcher, or Mr. Bissell, the druggist.

But all the while his feelings, rather than his thoughts, were tangled up with Hilda herself. What would she be wearing? What would she say

when she saw him? Could he get her away from the inevitable crowd and have her to himself for a few minutes?

Outside her house several cars were parked, and through the screen door came the tinny screech of an old Victor; laughter, the sound of young voices. Richard got out slowly. He did not quite know what he was going to say about Janet. He wished he need say nothing. He wished he need not feel ashamed for himself, and his family; need not feel that a rank injustice was being done Hilda by them all, by society as a whole.

She apparently felt nothing of the sort. She made the boys who came there welcome. She served them drinks, she danced with them, she hob-nobbed with them, she went on long moonlight rides with them. He had never been able to discover a single trace of resentment in anything she said or did.

Several girls and half a dozen boys were crowded into the small, cramped living room and were having a glorious time. You always had a glorious time at Hilda's. The lid was off. You danced if you felt like it. You sang if you felt like it. You held a girl on your knee. You went out to the narrow side porch, with its sagging swing, and told a girl all about yourself; you climbed into your car and sped off with her alone.

And that, come to think of it, was the one big difference between the town girls and Janet's friends. Here the men did the deciding. Girls were merely pleasant passive partners. They did as they were told. The men did the telling—or made a show of telling.

Hilda was glad to see him. She was glad to see everyone. Standing beneath the light's bright rays, her hair was a cloud of burnished gold round her face. She wore a pale pink dress and out of it emerged the incredibly white column of her throat; and her arms, like alabaster, exquisitely molded. She was, he thought, like some lovely statue come to life.

For a moment she was busy with her guests but presently she came over to where he stood.

"Hello," she said, "what'll you have?"

"Nothing." He was sulky. He hated the rest of them, gaping at her, snatching at her as she passed, catching her to them, kissing her bare shoulder.

"Oh, come on, have a little drink. You'll feel better."

She was smiling her beautiful, her irresistible smile; and behind it he sensed her real kindness, her real desire to help if help be needed.

"No, thanks. I've got to get back. Got to take the girls to the movies. I only ran down for a second."

"What's the matter?" She had to raise her voice to drown out a quartet, heads together, bent on harmonizing the Something-or-other Blues.

"Can't we get out of here?" he demanded irritably.

"Sure." She slipped her arm through his.

"Can't we take a spin?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Just a little ways. I can't talk here."

"Oh, all right."

He helped her into the car. He wished suddenly, unreasonably, that she had refused to go; that she had forced him to make his apology for Janet and himself first.

"Isn't it a grand night?" She flung back her head and drank in the warm, earthy sweetness of the air.

"Is it?" He started the engine, the car glided forward.

"Now then, tell mother all about it."

Mother. Mother Earth. Woman Incarnate.

"Hilda, I want to say something to you. I don't know how to begin."

"Then don't begin."

"I've got to."

"What is it?"

"I—" How the devil! "I—well, look here. I'm sore at Janet. Say, she's got no business cutting you that way."

"Janet?" Her voice held surprise. "You mean at the Post Office? Why, I guess she didn't see me."

She couldn't be that dumb; or if she was, he'd crucify himself anyhow. "Sure she saw you, and you know she saw you. It makes me sore. Damn sore."

"Why? I don't belong to her crowd."

"You're as good as they are. You're a whole lot better."

She laughed gaily. "Oh, Dick, you didn't tell her that, did you?"

"Oh, didn't I? I told her that and a whole lot more. I told her where she got off."

She squeezed his arm. "You're an awful peach, Dick, but don't do it again. It won't do any good."

He knew she was right. The very knowledge was like the flick of a whip. "Well, she made me sore, anyhow, just because you happen to be a town girl."

"But I don't mind being a town girl."

"Well I do. I mind it."

They drove along, in silence. Then he remembered something else he had to say to her. "See here, you don't mind my talking to you like a Dutch uncle, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"It's—it's—well, it's none of my business, of course, only, if I were you, I wouldn't—you see, Tony de Petrus is —well—what I mean to say, you know, talking to him there at the Post Office, that way, with everybody coming in and out—"

Her laughter disconcerted him. "You mean I shouldn't talk to Tony?"

"Yes. He's just a wop bootlegger."

"But I like Tony."

"You like—" He stopped the car abruptly. "Say, Hilda, you don't understand. Tony's not in your class —he's not good enough—he—"

"You're a funny kid, Dick."

Kid. Always calling him that. Nice kid. Cute kid. Funny kid.

"Hilda," he blurted out; "The reason I'm saying all this is because I'm —I'm nuts about you. Oh, not like the others. I mean, I like you better than anyone else. I mean I can't think of anything but you. I mean I can't even sleep without dreaming about you, that's why—that's why—" he stopped, choked by his emotion.

Her face, a pale moon, swam closer to his. "I like you too, Dick."

"No. I don't mean like. I mean love. I mean—"

She moved closer still and, at the touch of her, a flame shot through him, his words tumbled out in a torrent.

"I mean I can't stand having people say things about you. I don't care who they are. I don't care if it's my father, or my mother, or my sister. I love you, Hilda. I love you."

He had his arms around her now. He found her mouth and felt the passionate pressure of her lips. He could not think. He could merely stammer little broken sentences. "You're so beautiful. . . . I've always loved you. . . . You're so sweet. . . . You're not like anybody else. . . . I want everybody to know. . . . I want everybody to hear about it."

Suddenly he thrust her away from him. "Do you love me? You haven't said it. You've never said it. Say it."

"Of course I do."

"Say it."

"I love you." She laughed as she spoke.

"Don't say it that way."

She sat up, swept the hair out of her eyes. "Come on, we've got to get back. You'll be late."

"What do I care?"

"They're waiting for you."

"Let them wait."

When they drew up at her house, she jumped out and ran up the steps. "Hey," he called, "what about to-morrow night?"

She turned, nodded. "Sure. To-morrow night. O.K." Then she went indoors.

To-morrow night. . . .

Janet and Doris were on the porch.

"Well," said Janet coldly, "we certainly appreciate your condescending to come back for us."

"You ought to."

They got into the car, crowding onto the front seat, with Doris in the center. Doris smelled faintly of some disturbingly sweet perfume. She said, "It looks as if it's going to be a grand night to-morrow for the party."

Party. To-morrow night. At the Hunt Club. He had forgotten it completely.

"I won't be there," he said shortly, "I've got a date."

Janet cried, "A date! Don't be silly. You've known about the party for ages. You're just saying that to sound important."

"Maybe he wants to be coaxed," said Doris softly. "Do you?"

He smiled to himself. Doris and her perfume and her shoulder pressed insistently against his. Nothing she could say, nothing she could do, could touch him. It was as if she did not exist. As if no one existed but Hilda.

"Maybe," he said.

His father called him into the library after breakfast. He said, "Sit down, Richard," pleasantly enough, but there was an undercurrent of irritation in his voice. When they were seated, both of them feeling awkward and ill at ease, he said, still in the even, conversational tone he had apparently determined to adopt for the interview, "Well, what's all this I hear about your being tied up to-night?"

Richard looked down at his hands. "Yes, sir. That's right."

"But you knew about the dance, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And knowing it, how did you happen to make another engagement?"

"I don't care much about dances. I'd—I'd rather do something else."

"For example?"

Richard looked up, quickly, then returned to a close scrutiny of his hands. "I don't know. Go out with the fellows or do something."

"Do what, for instance?"

"Oh . . . go around."

There was a pause during which Richard knew that his father was deciding whether to press the point or to fence a little longer. Fencing won out.

"It's pretty hard on your sister, your running off this way."

Richard's head came up with a jerk. "Hard on Janet? What's it to do with her?"

"Well, after all, she has Doris visiting her and she rather expected you'd take her around, you know."

"I wouldn't do anything for Janet if I could."

His father said, "That's no way to speak about your sister."

"I mean it. She's been rotten to my friends, so why shouldn't I—"

"Friends?"

"Yes, friends."

"What friends?"

The color flamed into Richard's face. Trapped. No escape. If he lied Janet was sure to tell the truth, with embellishments.

"Well, then, Hilda Olsen."

His father wrinkled his forehead. "Hilda Olsen? I don't seem to—"

"Oh, yes you do. You know her. Her old man ran a paint shop in the village."

"You mean a town girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I can't see what Janet had to do with this—this—"

"She . . . Oh, you wouldn't understand. You wouldn't get it. But it isn't fair just because a girl happens to be born outside your circle to—to—cut her."

"Cut her?"

"Yes. Cut her. That's what I said."

"But it doesn't sound like Janet. Perhaps—"

"I saw it. What do you take me for? I saw Janet walk past her as if—as if she was scum under her feet. And she's as good as she is. And a hell of a lot better."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Easy there."

"You'd agree with me too, if you knew her."

"And is the date you have to-night, by any possible chance, with Miss Olsen?"

Pause. "Yes."

"I see. Well, in that case I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to break it."

"Break it? Why should I break it? You're pretty much of a stickler when it comes to what I should do and what I shouldn't do, but you think it's all right for me to break a date if it's only with—"

"Stop!" said his father, "You can't say I've ever objected to anything you did. I've encouraged it. But if it's come to a point where you can't differentiate between a girl like Doris Franklin and this Hilda Olsen, I can see it's high time I stepped in. By all means have your fun. No one objects to that. But keep the two spheres apart. Do anything you like only don't get your lines crossed and don't fool around with local talent. That's all I ask."

Richard rose, slowly. "Keep them apart, keep the girl in town away from my sister and my sister's friends, is that it?"

"That's it."

"Well, I'm sorry but I don't see the difference in them, except that Hilda's got it all over the girls Janet knows for good looks and good manners and good taste. And I wouldn't break a date with her for all the Hunt Club parties piled on end. I wouldn't do a thing like that because I like her too much, for one thing, and because I respect her and because I'd rather be with her than with anybody else in the whole world."

His father rose, too. "I'll see you at the Club to-night, Richard," he said, pleasantly. "That's all."

"It's not all at all. I won't be there. I won't be within five miles of the Club."

His father held open the library door. "You'll be there because I tell you to and because your own good sense will tell you to. There are two kinds of girls, the girls you grow up with and marry and the girls you grow up with and do not marry. They don't mix. Each has her place in the scheme of things. I merely ask you to use your head and act like a man, instead of a moon-struck I-don't-know-what." He smiled at Richard as he spoke.

"I'm not a boy!" Richard said, wanting to pound something, smash it to bits. "I'll show you and the rest of them I mean what I say when I say Hilda's as good as they are. I mean it, do you hear me? I mean it. You don't think so, because you're a snob like the rest; but I do. I'll show you. I'll . . ."

His father laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Nothing to get excited about, Sonny; merely remember that there's a place for everything and everything has its place."

Hilda was waiting for him on the porch. For a wonder she was alone.

He could see the swing moving slowly back and forth, back and forth; he could hear its rusty creak. He called out, "Hilda, come here."

She got up, came slowly down the steps towards him.

"Get in," he said; "I want you to get in."

"Why?"

"Please."

She got in. "You sound excited."

"I am excited. Terribly excited. Never so excited in my life."

The car jerked forward.

"Hilda," he said abruptly, "will you go up to the Hunt Club dance with me to-night? Now?"

"The Hunt Club dance!"

"Yes."

She was silent, so silent that he turned swiftly, to see her face, for once, stripped of laughter. Then she said, "No."

"Why not?"

"Well—my dress—I haven't got on the right dress."

"We'll go back and you can change."

"No. But what made you ask me, Dick?"

"What made me? Why shouldn't I ask you?"

She said, after a pause, "Maybe I will, sometime. I'd kind of like to. But not to-night."

"Oh, come on. Just this once. Let's go up and have one dance, what do you say? Let's show them—"

"No. Honest. I'd rather not."

"Won't you please? Just for me?"

"No. But—"

"But what?"

"If you just drive up around the Club and don't stop, I'd love that."

"Drive up around it? What for?"

"I'd like to."

"Once I get you up there I'll make you come in. See if I don't."

"No. Just drive around slow, I mean, and maybe park for a second."

Music floated out to them across the black, uneven ground. Richard swung the car up the driveway, parked it, snapped off the lights. From where they sat they could see, through the open windows, the couples revolving, disappearing, heads and shoulders, an endless procession.

Richard hummed the tune they were playing; his heart was beating rapidly. He felt the excitement, the exhilaration of a diver poised on the edge of icy water. "Come on." He caught hold of her hand. "Let's go in." He half pulled her to her feet. And at that instant the music stopped, and they collapsed laughing on the seat. "Well," he said, "That's that."

They could hear the faint patter of applause, an instant's silence, then the shrill chatter of voices, and the couples surged out on the porch, gathered in little vivid knots, the girls' bright dresses, the boys' black dinner coats plainly visible under the string of colored lights. One of the girls spun around with her partner like a dervish, stopped, laughing and giddy. It was Doris. She looked ravishing with her cheeks flushed, her short hair swirled around her eyes. She brushed it back, caught her partner's arm, and ran him down the steps.

They came across the grass towards the car. "Look," she cried; "Isn't that Richard's flivver?" Instead of answering, instead of calling out to her, Richard shrank back. The very gesture, pressing his shoulder tight against the cushions of the car, waiting, rigid, tense, breathless for her to pass, was new and startling to him.

They moved away. He could see her dress, a flutter of white, merge into the surrounding darkness. He thought desperately, I oughtn't to have done that. I ought to have called her over and introduced Hilda. And at the same time he thought, I can't. Suppose she's snooty to her. Suppose she's high hat. Suppose she gets off a

wisecrack. I ought to save Hilda from this. I oughtn't to let her lay herself open to insult. I've got to protect her. I never should have brought her here at all. God! Suppose when I take her inside they ask her to leave. . . .

The very thought brought out a cold sweat on his forehead. A gripping terror seized him, but he knew, in a flash, it was not for her. It was for himself. He was afraid. Of Doris. Of Janet. Of his mother. Of his father. Of his multitude of friends. How would he feel when they stopped, stared, whispered? Theirs was one world, definite and apart. Hilda's was another.

Sitting there beside her in the chill darkness, an overwhelming sense of sadness stabbed at his heart like a knife. He felt as if he too were an alien; as if a wall too high to scale were flung up between himself and the gay, thoughtless crowd, lingering on the steps, shouting across darkness, moving back towards the clubhouse.

The music began with a flourish of trumpets. The boys and girls scampered up the steps.

"Come on."

"Hey, wait a minute, can't you?"

"Where's Betty?"

"Why ask me?"

A trickle of perspiration ran down his cheek. His hands were cold as ice. He moistened his lips. Talk. Talk about something. About anything.

"Hilda."

"Yes?"

"Did you—did you notice the old boathouse site as we drove up?"

"What?"

"The old boathouse site. On K Street. You know, the one that burned down last year. That's—that's where they're going to put up a swell yacht club. Remember the old boathouse? It was a fire trap all right, but I kind of liked it. They had ping-pong tables for us kids and quoits and we'd go down there on rainy afternoons—"

No answer. What was she thinking behind her silence? What was she feeling?

The orchestra leader was singing. His voice, husky, low, came out to them:

"Just a little love nest for two,
Just a place to bill and to coo,
Just a little love nest
For my best
And me."

He was conscious of a movement on Hilda's part. She leaned forward and snapped open the door. She said, in a cool little voice, "I've changed my mind. I'll go in with you. I'd like to," and sprang out.

He caught her arm. "Hilda. Wait. Wait a minute. Hold on. Hilda. Maybe—maybe—we'd better not tonight—" He thought, desperately, why am I doing this? Why am I a coward? Why? Why?

She turned slowly, brushed off his hand, and said in a voice which held a note of amusement, "But that's what you brought me here for, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course, only—"

"Only what?"

"Only I forgot. I mean, I forgot it's a kind of—of private dance. I mean, one of the girls is having a special party given for her. I mean, it's different with just our own crowd here." He stammered, faltered, stopped.

"Oh, you forgot that, did you?"

"Yes."

She got into the car again, quietly. She said, after a minute, "All right, then, let's go."

"You aren't—you aren't sore, are you?"

"No."

"Some other night, when it isn't a special party—"

She broke in quickly, "Let's go *now*."

He turned the car. He felt he could never speak to her again. Never look into her eyes.

On the way home she said, "I want to tell you something, Dick," and when he did not speak, she went on, "I'm going to marry Tony."

"Tony!" This brought him up with a start. "What!"

"This winter. Before Christmas, I guess."

"Tony!" he felt actually ill. Hilda and Tony. "But you don't—you can't love him."

"No, perhaps not. Not the way you mean."

"Then why?"

"Oh, because I want to get married, I guess. I don't know."

He thought suddenly, Janet's right. We don't breathe the same air. We don't speak the same language. He said stiffly, "I didn't know about it or I wouldn't have spoken last night as I did."

"I hadn't quite made up my mind then," she said, "but I have now." She added, after a minute, "He's a nice fellow, when you get to know him, and he's got a good business. He makes his own stuff and after we're married he's going to build a little room onto his house for dancing, you know, and I hope you'll come over often. It ought to be nice I think."

Come over. You must come over and see Hilda and Tony together. Know that after you leave they'll clean up, turn out the lights, go up to bed.

He cried out, suddenly, "Hilda, why are you doing this thing? What's the matter with you?"

She shrugged, laughed, "I don't know."

At her house he helped her out. By the light of the rising moon she looked indescribably lovely. She held out her hand. "See you soon." He caught it and swept her to him in a fierce embrace, and because she yielded passively, because she did not resent his lips crushing her own, his arms wrapped around her like steel bands, he let her go, with a faint feeling of revulsion. Any girl should have resented a kiss like that, or responded to it. But she stood there smiling, her beautiful mouth curved over her white teeth. "Good night. Sleep tight."

Oh, God! Oh, God! Why wasn't she born my equal. . . . What do you mean, equal? Getting high hat, eh? Think you're better than she is because your father happens to be a bank president instead of a house painter?

" 'Night, Hilda."

He drove off. Looking back, he saw her standing there, bathed in the white light of the moon. Like a statue. Her face turned towards him.

CHARITY BY HULLABALOO

THE PATHOLOGY OF THE "NATION-WIDE DRIVE"

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

THERE is something at once grim and childlike about our American faith in campaigns. Campaigns everywhere, to do everything: to rid the town of mosquitoes, to instill an appreciation of art, to get better babies and to prevent babies, to smoke the people out to vote, to curb racketeering and to abolish the death penalty, to persuade folks to be thrifty and to keep them from hoarding, to win wars and to rid the world of all war. For the past fifteen years we have done nothing on our spontaneous impulse. We are geared to a series of "Weeks" in which we are admonished nationally to be courteous, to eat apples, to look both ways when crossing a railroad track. There is no emotion left, elemental or refined, that has not been corrupted by a campaign and a slogan. Unless an idea (no matter how good) or a practice (however sane) has a committee of celebrities and a good deal of clowning back of it, we cannot attach much importance to it.

How far this reliance upon campaign strategy has begun to atrophy our national initiative is now sadly plain from our present ways and means of dealing with unemployment relief. When at last the administration at Washington decided to admit that a crisis which might disturb the national complacency prevailed, the first thing we thought of was to have a rousing campaign which would be bigger and better than any since the War. A campaign no doubt was necessary. Accustomed as we were to build even churches through the graces of an agency of experts and reams of intimidating literature in which the voices of the redeemed mingled with the shouts of professional "come-onners," we naturally went about the job of relieving distress with all the stunts of modern salesmanship. Thoroughly used to unbridled prosperity, we handled unemployment and human woe as if they were only a couple of new commodities. Instead of facing complex issues and obvious facts, we tried to bamboozle ourselves with a complex and far-reaching campaign of professional mercy. Here was our chance for a Roman holiday, a circus while we passed out bread.

The proportions of the campaign we launched would be comic if the crisis itself were not daily more tragic. Mr. Owen D. Young, who had smartly managed affairs of state, was named to head what was lavishly called the Committee on the Mobilization of Relief Resources of the President's Organization for Unemployment Relief. Every available news and publicity service in the land was placed at his beck. Fifteen separate pages of copy, advertising a depression which up until then had been denied existence, were donated by the big New York and Philadelphia agencies. Posters were plastered on 35,000 billboards. The

timid soul of Mr. Coolidge emerged from its retirement and the former president was persuaded, as an opening campaign blast, to write for Mr. Young a letter urging each of us to give what we thought America was worth to us. The spry Will H. Hays stepped gallantly forward and proposed that the movies be offered up on an altar constructed especially for the sacrifice. By fiat he created a National Motion Picture Week, involving 20,000 palaces with a seating capacity of 15,000,000. It is true that the public was asked to attend an extra performance after profit hours, generally given at midnight and occasionally not playing what was announced. But the magic spectacle was there just the same, and Mr. Young said to the press, "This is splendid." It was splendid, too, when you think that the Week opened with Mr. Hays speaking pat words from Hollywood, followed shortly by a deafening broadcast in which Maurice Chevalier, Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Eddie Cantor, Douglas Fairbanks, and Ann Harding—all of them featured in pictures shortly to be released or then running—greeted their friends of radioland and endorsed the campaign just as other stars had endorsed other campaigns before.

To give the drive its proper touch of dignity and state, President Hoover himself took the air for a heroic keynote address. But this was not enough. He had to be flanked on the occasion by John Philip Sousa and the United States Marine Band, Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Will Rogers and Sophie Braslau. It turned out to be a sort of glorified Friday afternoon program with plenty of recitations and songs and marches for the patrons of charity. The people had to have gratis entertainment before they were asked to give a cent.

In New York, where distress and efficiency clamored for honors, the campaign began with a roar. Both Alfred E. Smith and the faithful Mr. Coolidge were commandeered to cry in the emergency. Together they addressed a tract for the times to the 2,100,000 wage-earners who still had jobs and ought, therefore, to consider themselves under the special graces of Providence. (Mr. Coolidge, with his usual gift for the irrelevant, began: "The solidarity invariably manifested by the American people in times of stress is largely inspired by our traditional spirit of old-fashioned neighborliness." Everyone is familiar with the old-fashioned neighborliness of New York.) There had, as everyone knows, to be a banquet in New York before a wheel would turn; it was held at the Astor and devoured by 2,000 willing workers. The city was laid out like a garden plot, and seventy-five leading business men volunteered the first day to act as vice-presidents-in-charge-of aircraft industries, accounting houses, chain stores, fraternal orders, lace and embroidery firms, real estate agents, tobacco stores, watercraft concerns, and so on. Five committees were named to coax Wall Street in behalf of the needy. The Savoy Plaza was chosen as headquarters of the women's division, and Mrs. August Belmont's committee—full of the names of Guggenheims and Harrimans—occupied eight inches of type in the New York *Times*.

Directing the cannily staged drive in New York was a general staff of six hundred officers and aides. By way of barrage, 2,500,000 pieces of explosive literature were shot out; sixty newspaper advertisers threw star shells into the air; and 840 billboards and 107 signs on the sides of buildings contributed the heavy artillery appeal. Two hundred and forty teams, under able commanders and comprising 17,000 picked workers, swept to a shock

attack in hand-to-hand combat. Alfred E. Smith set his squad a noble example by touring Greenwich Village on foot; the Man Who Completed the Pharaohs' Dream brought in $25 from his foraging among delicatessen proprietors and chain-store clerks.

There followed a perfect orgy of sacrifice. Supper dances were held in the Tapestry Room of the Park Lane. Mrs. George F. Baker arranged a loan exhibition of miniature furniture; a newly found Raphael was generously displayed from ten to seven and the proceeds put in the city's mite box. One hundred and fifteen debutantes sold movie benefit tickets in a store-to-store and office-to-office canvass, the first ticket being sold by a fashionable matron to New York's dapper mayor on the steps of City Hall. There were Sunday evening performances in the theaters; twenty-four feminine stage and screen stars celebrated Actors' Equity Day by assisting in the drive for funds. Mrs. Vincent Astor got down to Macy's before nine o'clock one morning and presented the cause of suffering humanity to 6,000 assembled employees. Six universities engaged in a triple-header basket-ball game at Madison Square Garden. The girls of Barnard College taxed themselves a cent a meal. Reserved seats were sold for a water carnival in East River. There was an Unemployment Sunday. A huge wheel designed to record the progress of the campaign was set up in Washington Square, illuminated each night by floodlights. The gift of a lumber dealer in the Bronx, it was unveiled with fitting pomp—Grover M. Whalen, commander of the Lower East and West Side Territory, speaking suavely to the occasion. "We must put our shoulders to the wheel," Mr. Whalen told the bowed citizens, "so that New York shall hold her supremacy in relief as in every other endeavor."

The organized frenzy in New York reached its climax in a mass meeting held at Madison Square Garden—scene of prize fights, circuses, six-day bicycle races, and anti-gangster demonstrations. Seventy-five patrolmen were required to keep order. There were 10,000 in attendance, described by the New York *Times* as a "martial assembly proclaiming war on poverty and need." There were eight bands and twenty-seven glee clubs, forming a chorus of 1,200 voices. In the center of the auditorium sat 750 nurses in uniform. The meeting opened with "The Star Spangled Banner," and its theme song was "Do Your Share," a sprightly appeal written especially for the hour by George M. Cohan and sung to the tune of "Over There." The spell-binders were Alfred E. Smith, who spoke, according to the *Times*, "in eloquent and moving tones" and "in sentences pregnant with pity"; Mrs. August Belmont, who recalled the good old ways of the War and spoke of generosity as opposed to taxation; and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, territorial commander of the Upper West Side in the house-to-house canvass, who warned his hearers of revolution. All were greeted with bravos from the citizens who had assembled to enjoy the relief of the poor.

Nor was all this sort of thing confined to New York. Cadillac, Michigan, led the country with a rabbit run to provide Christmas meat for the unemployed. Rochester, New York, conducted a campaign which netted six millions in ten days. An army of 1,500 workers went about the job with wartime enthusiasm, radio speeches, and a slogan, "Put the idle dollar to work." Philadelphia went over the top, and Mr. Hoover sent Cyrus H. K. Curtis a lavish telegram of congratulation. Everywhere the old-time pep prevailed. The country not only met a crisis in its inimitable way—it had a civic picnic as well.

II

Behind all this noise and excitement loom a few substantial facts. It is fairly certain that our experience in the late War made campaigns a sort of conditioned reflex with us. We taught ourselves a simple trust in Garden Armies, meatless days, and other organized forms of sacrifice. We came to believe in the efficacy of doing anything that needed to be done by means of smashing drives. In the furnace of war emotions we pounded out what we considered the steel frame of a system for "putting it over." "It" might refer either to a brand of chewing gum or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The difference was slight so far as technic was concerned. Drives won the War, and we concluded that what this country needed was more and better drives. Following the Armistice the business of putting things across with a bang became a habit, so that it never seriously occurred to us that any crisis might arise which could not be overpowered by brass bands and hullabaloo.

Habituated as we were to moving under the stimulus of mass persuasion, we began as we faced the present major crisis merely to relive the bright side of the War. To get anywhere at all, of course, there had to be a slogan. Can anyone imagine our raising millions for the relief of those in distress without a slogan? Mrs. August Belmont announced for the women's division in New York, "Those who have shall be given an opportunity to give to those who have not"; and the general committee on Emergency Unemployment Relief adopted, "I Will Share." You can imagine the fruitful agony of advertising experts called in, and the time spent in devising these and other marching mottoes. We had been sold cereal by slogans, typewriters by slogans, religion by slogans, and wars by slogans. We had to see the thing dramatized, put in an epigram, before we could move a pace.

Once the slogan was agreed upon, what was next? It was important to see that it appeared in street cars, on barns in the country, on menus—everywhere. In New York one saw it on the sides of buildings up and down the ratty section of Second Avenue, where thousands who live in stench and other thousands who ride to and from work on a rickety and fantastic transportation system were invited block after block to share. One saw it on the New York Central Building at the jewelled foot of Park Avenue; hanging there was a sign one hundred feet square, seen mostly by taxi drivers and the remnant who still go to Wall Street in their private cars. But these were minor uses of the slogan. It was intended chiefly for small posters to be put on trucks and in offices, just like those posters that showed you had oversubscribed your quota to the Victory Loan. And most of all the slogan was made for buttons. What is charity without a button? Through years of habit we have learned to judge a man by his lapels. It must be "Hello Bill" or "I Have Shared."

It was equally essential that all the details of the campaign be publicized as spectacularly as possible. The campaign was, in a word, endorsed. It was endorsed by persons who were first in the hearts of their countrymen and did not mind securing their position. When the Messrs. Rockefeller handed down a million-dollar dime, the incident made the front page. Benevolence became a fad and a sure route across the city editor's desk. The now faintly remembered Lenz-Culbertson Armageddon, which began over a gambler's wager, ended up as a glorified church supper. When the betting aroused criticism and it was pointed out to Mr. Culbertson that his blatant

wagers might spoil the popularity of bridge among the Puritans and Neo-Puritans, he promptly came forward with the offer to divide his swag with the treasurers of worthy efforts. Mr. Lenz promised his putative winnings to the New York Committee on Emergency Unemployment Relief. So it went. Second-rate boxers got a chance at self-advancement and a lot of public admiration besides. The Army-Navy feud was patched up for the time, and the vast commerce of America's fall sport was cashed in through one hundred and thirty benefit football games—one of which was a colossal flop after the competing teams had been paid. Only fair Harvard refused to furnish its gladiators for the round-robin performances.

The gymnastics of circumventing disaster likewise revived the charity ball on a grand scale. There was the celebrated Peacock Ball, held last year at the opening of the Waldorf Astoria in New York, under the auspices of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and a hundred and one other full-dress, nine-course affairs—all magnificently devoted to the worthy end of relieving human woe. Indeed, we get in the charity ball the best possible picture of our fancy manner of meeting emergencies by disguising them. It is first of all essential that we have a good time, that we have the pleasure of the parade, the band, the fireworks, the shenanigan—and that the Puritan conscience in us be consoled all the while with the thought of how many little tots we are making happy. You cannot imagine the great mass of our citizens going to the dogs unless they did it under the spell of a campaign which promised that the wages of sin would be devoted to a noble cause. We are Baptist at heart, feeling that we must pay for our pleasure with good deeds. So the country in time of crisis becomes one big charity ball with our best people strutting their stuff and letting the poor know that they are, if a little given to fun, really good at heart.

Hence there had to be supper dances in tapestry rooms, triple-header basketball games, water carnivals, benefit performances at midnight—all sorts of things to give us value received for our contribution to human welfare. In New York and other cities there were hooch parties for sweet charity's sake. Each invited guest paid an admission fee of five dollars and bought tickets for his drinks at one dollar a ticket. In various rooms entertainment of sorts would be held—a radio report of a benefit football game, for example. To enjoy this entertainment required an extra ticket, and so on until morning. The proceeds of this cross between a rummage sale and a taxi dance hall were turned over by the ingenious host to unemployment relief. There was, in fact, a continental demand for royal entertainment. We seized the opportunity to press our best clowns into the service. Will Rogers toured the South and brought the Red Cross a bag of gold it could not have got by any other device. And those who missed Will Rogers must have heard the irrepressible Eddie Cantor yoo-hooing the crisis on the talking screen.

III

If a man came down from Jericho and fell among racketeers to-day, the priest might pass by on one side but he would lay the matter before some charity when he got to town; and the Levite might pass by on the other side but he would appoint a committee from the local lodge to look into the case. And when the Good Samaritan, who is now a good Elk, came along, he would hasten into town and spread the tidings, and there would be a kill kare

karnival in the evening, with streamers and confetti and music and plenty to eat for all. If everyone had a swell time and the returns were enough to cover expenses, the Good Samaritan would arrange to see that the broken man by the roadside was sent on his way.

It seems a little obvious to remark how far removed charity is nowadays from the natural impulse of all of us. How many budgets and posters and committees and affairs and speeches and rigmaroles come between our gifts and their objects! This is not merely to wail against the horrid complexity of modern society; it is rather to comment on the devices by which we have separated ourselves from any direct contact with unpleasant reality. We want the music and the noise and the mass meeting and the button-wearing to keep us safe and secure in our conceits, to prevent us from actually coming up against problems we know very well we shall have sooner or later to face. We place all these things diplomatically between us and thoughts of the future; they are buffer states of mind. If the proceeds of bridge-table-sitting are handed over to the technically unemployed, why, then, growling questions of economic fairness and adjustment can be kept at bay for at least a little longer.

The most conspicuous feature of the late onset of hard times was its surprise attack. Emotionally as well as financially the great mass of us was caught entirely off guard, and the blind leaders of the blind have done nothing yet to set us right. To a good many of us it never seemed that the depression would get any worse or demand any more than the purchase of an occasional apple. Vendors were suffered to occupy our best corners and peddle their wares to bright ladies who stepped from warm limousines and bestowed smiles as well as nickels. We had a juicy bit of fruit to nibble while we distributed our alms. There was a glow of gayety about the whole affair, and we entered the game as we had entered every minor crisis before—with a fine lot of school spirit.

But we are out of the Garden of Eden now and beyond the apple gates. The suspicion is steadily gaining ground that these campaigns are a waste of time and imagination, that their technic will sour in the next real thunderstorm. Campaign strategy, it is true, was sufficient to sell us more goods than we ever wanted. It will probably remain sufficient to meet those imaginary crises that arise in the normal course of politics in halcyon days when nothing actually matters. But in the hour of need the campaign toy is beginning to crack and peel and lose its tinseled trimmings. The bright novelty has worn off and there are those who wonder how many more windings it will stand. With its imposing litter of territorial commanders and mass meetings and supper dances and drunken brawls and celebrated committees, New York took ten days more than its allotted time to raise the minimum amount needed for the winter, and the results throughout the country, arrived at by the sleekest modern methods, were barely what the most sanguine prophets said the neediest cases would require. News now comes that the New York Committee has been forced to launch another and quieter campaign for additional funds to tide the city over until summer.

While we have brought into play every trick and dodge known to professional mendicants, the relief campaigns have been essentially but an appeal to pity. And pity is a trait of the individual—difficult if not impossible to mobilize on every occasion. It will not always yield readily to executive ballyhoo. In short, you cannot bottle the milk of human kindness. The nearer you come to doing

it, the greater is the danger that the sources of it will go dry. The average citizen to-day would be a more responsive creature five years hence if by a moratorium on campaigns we could manage to give his better impulses a rest and a little time on their own. We must get away from the notion that there is no need for doing any decent thing unless the need is plastered all over town in two colors and is sponsored by a fat committee.

The real tragedy of the campaign way of doing things, however, is not that it inhibits good will but that it has shown itself to be so utterly futile in the present emergency. We are at the bottom of our bag of tricks. What if next winter is a grim repetition of the last one? There will always be plenty of floods and local disasters to call for social heroism, but human sympathy cannot be depended upon to ease the pain of a highly complex and over-organized society. We have made a serious mistake in trying to mix pity with an economic situation that calls for collective action, which in a democracy means government action. The only possible objection to government action, of course, is that it would prick the vast conceit that envelops our political institutions. We Americans have foolishly and devoutly ascribed prosperity and well-being to our system of government and our fervent obedience to the divine laws of laissez-faire economics. We somehow manage to forget that we had an unexploited continent for a playground. Forgetting this, we are gravely concerned with the integrity of what we regard as our principles, rather than with any intelligent move that might be vigorous enough to bring relief. In other words, we are not merely trying to evade the issue with all this campaign flubdub; we are trying desperately to avoid the line of experimental action that lies inevitably before us. As the days ahead darken, the wiseacres speak with the tongues of men and angels but are as sounding brass; there remain faith, hope, and charity, but the least of these is charity. Benevolence, after all, is a luxury—one of the incidental graces of polite wealth. There seems now to be no escape from a policy of taxation for unemployment relief. In spite of all the heroics we have gone through to circumvent such a measure, it will be forced upon us by the breakdown of all the old devices.

Once it comes, the next step will be simple yet tremendous. Even the wildest advocate of the dole must have considerable misgivings about the permanence of this scheme of government relief. But, having established the propriety of attaching wealth for emergency aid, may this not reasonably lead us on to some system of social planning which will prevent a continuation or a recurrence of the intolerable predicament in which we find ourselves at the moment? Social planning up to now has been little more than a species of landscape gardening, or a scheme for moving the furniture. But courage is making headway, and though men now starve while we hesitate, there is reason to believe that we may one day control those privileges and factors of economic life which were once supposed to be inalienable and inscrutable. Fortunately, we have seen the death of a bright but ineffectual method before it had time to do its greatest harm. It now remains to be seen whether we can conceive a program which will call for something more than wearing buttons and lilting a theme song to the tune of "Over There."

RAMSAY MACDONALD: A PORTRAIT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE British crisis of August, 1931, has had many curious ramifications; none is more dramatic than that which has placed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the head of a government wholly dependent for its existence upon the support of the Conservative Party. British politicians have often crossed the floor of the House of Commons: Mr. Gladstone began his parliamentary life as what Macaulay termed "the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories," and after a pilgrimage of almost twenty years in liberal governments, Mr. Winston Churchill has returned to his original Conservative allegiance. But Mr. MacDonald's change is unique. Never before in British political life has the Prime Minister of one party ejected his colleagues from office to become the leader of a government made almost wholly of men who, but a day before, were his severely critical opponents. His action has been most variously regarded. To his new friends it was a superb display of patriotism; Mr. MacDonald severed the political ties of a lifetime with a single-minded effort to save the nation. To his late colleagues, on the other hand, his decision was a gross betrayal of the essential decencies of public life. Upon few personal themes of public discussion is opinion so bitter or so divergent.

I shall not be concerned here with the question of whether Mr. MacDonald was right or wrong in what he did a few months ago. That is a question the answer to which lies hardly less in the future than in the past. For one's judgment of his decision will depend almost as much upon its more ultimate consequences as upon the events which immediately followed it; and these we do not yet know. I am rather concerned to depict the kind of man Mr. MacDonald is, to paint, so far as I can, a portrait of the personality which, Mr. Lloyd George apart, is perhaps as complex and intangible as any in the long procession of British Prime Ministers. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin, these were men whose character was an open book in which the public could, without undue effort, read the qualities by which their eminence was attained. They have not withheld their secret. Plain, direct, straightforward, they explain themselves. But Mr. MacDonald, like Mr. Lloyd George, is in an altogether different category. The very path by which he rose is out of the normal. He is not known to the multitude in the clear way in which his predecessors have been known. He stands aloof and apart even from those colleagues to whom intimacy might have been ascribed. He arouses affection and loyalty not, like Mr. Lloyd George, essentially with those who have to work closely with him, but rather among the masses to whom he is the orator of an hour. He is different to Americans from what he is to Englishmen; and to Europeans,

the view held of him is different again. To seize the essence of Mr. MacDonald's personality is to win the secret of the most baffling figure in modern English politics.

II

The stages of his career are worth recalling. The son of poor parents, almost wholly self-educated, living, until his marriage brought him security against the wants of the morrow, the hard and casual life of the lecturer-journalist, he fulfils almost all the conditions of the log-cabin-to-White-House tradition beloved of American legend. He was one of the builders of the original Labor Party; and the Liberal avalanche of 1906 swept him into the House of Commons. He became at once an outstanding figure in the Labor group. A striking presence, a voice that, at its best, is pure music, a rich emotionalism of utterance, a subtlety of tactics not easily learned in the wind-swept school of Socialist experience, no one could doubt from the first day that he was a front-bench man. He was not, perhaps, the easiest of colleagues. He did not pool his mind with his fellows. He enjoyed standing in that dark hinterland between parties, where the unspoken understanding, the unwritten agreement, the half-hint count for so much. He had an intellectual approach less direct, and more mystical, than was characteristic of his fellow-Socialists. He had a tendency to act alone, a certain autocratic aloofness. He cultivated friendships and relations in which his colleagues did not share. His tastes were not theirs; he had little of the easy and direct comradeship, the absorption of private in public personality, which is of the essence of the Labor movement. He was respected and admired; he was never looked upon with the affection, or treated with the intimate confidence, extended to Keir Hardie or Arthur Henderson.

On one subject his reputation was outstanding. He was a real specialist in foreign affairs. Widely read and widely traveled, he knew all that a man can know who is not in the inner secrets of foreign offices. From the beginning of his parliamentary career he spoke as one who saw the drift to war inherent in the policy of alliances. He was a pacifist; and he was never subjugated by the narrow nationalist temper which swayed the larger part of the Socialist movement in August, 1914. From its inception, he denounced it with a courage and a consistency it is impossible not to admire. He resigned his chairmanship of the party; he stood aloof from all governments. His speeches in the years of war read like a deliberate sacrifice of self upon the altar of conviction. Ostracized by public opinion, hardly heard even by his party, when he was defeated in the Khaki election of 1918, it almost seemed as though his war record would be fatal to his re-emergence.

He was out of the House of Commons for four years; and that period is seminal to the understanding of his present position. Colleagues seemed to have taken his place; his war record seemed a pledge of future unpopularity. When he tried, in 1921, to return to Parliament for what was regarded as one of the safest Labor seats in England, he suffered ignominious defeat. His friends were few; his reputation seemed tarnished. A new generation was arising in which his place seemed by no means certain. In those years of isolation he must often have reflected upon the price a man pays for steeling himself to resist the easy clamor of the crowd.

He was re-elected to Parliament in 1922; and he entered at once upon a wholly different scene. The Lloyd-George coalition had broken up amid

the contempt of the public; the glamour of war had wholly gone; the forces of liberalism were hopelessly divided. To the new Labor Party, reinforced by recruits to whom the war was proof of capitalist iniquity, Mr. MacDonald seemed the prophet of a new day. By a majority of two votes, he was elected leader of the party; and that signal triumph was intended by his followers to mark their faith in the full vigor of the socialism he embodied. Within a year Mr. Baldwin precipitately dissolved the House of Commons in the unjustified belief that the country was yearning for protection. The verdict went against him; and, as the leader of the larger party of the Opposition, Mr. MacDonald found himself, though in a large minority, the first Labor Prime Minister in the history of Great Britain.

His ministry cannot be termed a distinguished one; though he made a considerable figure in it. As Prime Minister, indeed, he was hardly a success. He seemed to lack the gift of colleagueship. He showed no power of audacity. He had, in the domestic sphere, no instinctive grasp of policy. His measures seemed designed rather to persuade his opponents that Socialism was not the menace they feared, than to convince his friends that it was a living principle of action. As Foreign Secretary, on the other hand, he was an instant success. It was not so much that he was responsible for any positive achievement as that he supplied an atmosphere of pacific emollience to a turbulent European situation. When his government was defeated, after nine months of office, he had convinced the country that, in international relations at least, a Labor Ministry could maintain the traditions of British policy and even enhance their creativeness.

His defeat in 1924 meant five years of opposition. They did not greatly add to Mr. MacDonald's reputation. His period of office seemed to have changed the temper in which he approached affairs. His aloofness from colleagues increased. His great gifts of rhetoric seemed to have developed at the expense of the willingness to be specific and definite. He was impatient of criticism, even of discussion. He displayed a curious desire to pose as the man of the world—the patron of art, the amateur of letters; and he began to cultivate friendships with that British aristocracy which has so often softened the edge of political conviction by its genius for absorption. In the general strike of 1926, he cut a peculiarly pitiful figure. No one knew fully on which side of the fence he stood. No one was quite certain whether his attitude was a defense or an apology. There grew up in these years an increasing doubt of the tightness of his convictions. The men most alienated from him were the men who had made him leader; curiously, the man most doubtful of his fitness for his post is one of his present associates in the National Government. If he retained his position, it was less from confidence in his capacity than from a doubt of his successor, on the one hand, and on the other a curious unwillingness, perhaps natural in a working-class party, to deprive a man of his job.

Five years of Tory rule always provoke the British people to indignation; and Mr. MacDonald became Prime Minister a second time in 1929, on this occasion, though with grave doubts on his part, with Mr. Henderson as Foreign Secretary. It should be said that no great administration was possible in the economic conditions he confronted; but, foreign affairs apart, his record was a pitiful one. Some improvement in the Indian atmosphere must be partly laid to his credit; but, with this exception, his one desire

seemed to be the avoidance of experiment. His aloofness, his autocracy, his timidity antagonized colleagues and followers alike. Socially, he lived almost wholly apart from them. Politically, the principles of his party seemed without relation to the measures he was prepared to endorse. His barren inactivity in the face of grave crisis made critics like Mr. Lloyd George seem well to the left of his outlook. No doubt his spectacular tour in America was a dramatic victory for his personality; though the actual Naval Conference, when it came, was singularly barren of important results. In July, 1931 Mr. MacDonald had decisively quarreled with the Left Wing of his party; the Trade Unions were angry critics of his inertia; and, if the general run of his followers said little in public of their discontent, their private attitude was one of bitter disillusion. In the Cabinet itself, indeed, it may be doubted whether anyone save Mr. J. H. Thomas—who had never been a Socialist—was a wholehearted supporter of the Prime Minister. And the latter showed a curious inability to accept with grace or pleasure the revelation that, so far from justifying his fears, Mr. Henderson had proved himself the most distinguished Foreign Secretary of modern British history.

When the actual crisis came in August, 1931, there was no colleague of Mr. MacDonald's who fully shared his confidence or had real access to his mind. His main social relationships were outside his party. The main influences by which he was impressed were among the Court and the aristocracy rather than among his followers. Some of the Cabinet felt that he was separated from them both by policy and conviction; others had some faint reason for believing that, while he thoroughly enjoyed the eminence of his great office, and not least its social prestige, he was very weary of his administration. But none of them was prepared for the amazing maneuver by which he rid himself of them, and emerged as the leader of their opponents. None, either, could have foreseen the bitter contempt with which he assailed them in the subsequent election. Extraordinary events beget extraordinary actions; but, in the whole spectacle of British history, it would be difficult save, perhaps, in the case of Strafford, to find a change of front so decisive or so complete as that which Mr. MacDonald executed. Nor was it made the less extraordinary by the fact that Mr. MacDonald insisted that he had not abated one jot or tittle of his convictions and that he looked forward to the hour when he could rebuild his relationships with the Labor Party.

III

Nature has endowed Mr. MacDonald with manifold gifts. He is a great platform orator of the rhetorical school. In power of rich and emotional utterance, only Mr. Lloyd George can rival him at the present time. His speeches are rarely distinguished for coherent and systematic argument. They are eloquent perorations which state great platitudes with an almost theological enthusiasm. Indeed, it might well be argued that Mr. MacDonald's hold over the populace is essentially that of a lay-preacher with an immense power of moral fervor. That is shown by his comparative failure, since the War, in the atmosphere of the House of Commons. Platform oratory is at a discount there. What moves men is rather the businesslike handling of facts, the art and thrust of debating argument, or, at its highest, that passionate statement of intimately felt conviction which is the key to great character. The House will lis-

ten to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Maxton, Lord Hugh Cecil with an interest and an appreciation different in quality from that which it gives to Mr. MacDonald. As a force there he could not be counted among its first dozen figures.

In large part, the reasons for this are to be found in Mr. MacDonald himself. He has no incisiveness of mind. He sees no question in sharp outline. It is never easy, from what he says, to be sure what he proposes to do. He will be vehement, angry, insistent; he will bang the despatch-box with the air of one uttering immense truths. But when what he has said is analyzed it is never clear or direct or explicit. And this is an essential part of his temperament. It is part of his inability to admit men to his confidence. After a quarter of a century at the center of affairs, Mr. MacDonald remains a man with curiously few friends. He does not give himself to others. He remains always apart from them. He seems shrouded in reserves. He is not the kind of man with whom one gets at once upon terms of affection or confidence.

That does not mean that he is not an attractive figure. His distinguished presence alone marks him out from ordinary men. He is a cultivated person, whose ordinary conversation shows at once that he knows his way about the world. He is widely read, and his liking for letters is both wide and deep. He cares for art, and though he likes, a little amusingly, to pose as an expert connoisseur, he has undoubtedly a real love of beauty for its own sake. You can get him to talk eagerly about books or pictures or some cherished piece of old furniture, when a question about politics produces from him either an angry evasion or a passionate gesture of weariness which seems to suggest how anxious he is to be done with it all. He is, too, a great lover of the country and of traveling. You see him at his best on an early walk on Hampstead Heath, when his mind is fresh, and he can talk about simple, ordinary things. He seems then a frank and direct human being in whose ideas and emotions it is easy to take an intimate share.

But the political MacDonald is another matter. He must be all or nothing. He cannot bear his rivals about the throne. His jealousy is easily aroused; and he can become almost feminine in his sensitiveness. He feels criticism acutely, and he has a curious power of retaining the memory of attack long after its consequences have completely disappeared. It is not easy to treat him as an equal. In the first place, he has a full sense of his position; and, in the second, he tends to treat the man who argues for the sake of the case he has to make as lacking in reverence for his leadership. There is little, either, that is spontaneous in his relations. There is none of the give-and-take which makes political opponents in the House the best of personal friends. He is always on the lookout for inner meanings, secret enemies, dubious cabals. He can find intrigue in the most innocent malice. The result is that not even a quarter of a century's membership of the House of Commons has made its members feel that he is an essential part of themselves. His progress through the lobbies is never marked by the innumerable signs of real affection which George Lansbury, for instance, will receive on every hand.

He is, moreover, a very difficult colleague. He is accessible only when he so desires. He keeps other ministers at a distance. He never seeks fully to reveal what he is thinking to them. They never have the sense that he wants to share in their difficulties or have that kind of general conversation after dinner, that dis-

cussion over a week-end at Chequers, which makes the difficult business of government so much sweeter a task. Some of his Labor Cabinet never met him at all outside of official relations. Others had the sense that he was completely uninterested in, and superior to, what they were doing. One of the most eminent of his colleagues never dared, to my knowledge, to put to him a point of policy which he regarded as essential to the success of the late administration. In the Cabinet itself he was always curiously autocratic and remote, with an emphatic sense of his prerogative as Prime Minister which could not brook the ardor of equal discussion, let alone challenge. He always irritated by his unwillingness to decide, his anxiety to postpone taking a step which meant definition of an attitude. He always impressed his colleagues as being weary of the interminable process of administration. He never spurred them on by encouragement. He never offered them that ardor which comes when a leader contributes the fighting spirit to his followers. He always seemed to assume that they were multiplying difficulties for him. None of them felt convinced that he knew MacDonald's inner mind.

His life, in a word, seemed remote from their lives. And this he emphasized by living completely outside the party in social relations. He became effectively a member of London society, and its standard of values seemed increasingly his own. He seemed thoroughly happy in the big social function—an embassy dinner, a reception at one of the great houses, the private view of the Academy. The atmosphere of the Palace, a word of praise from the highest quarters, seemed like meat and drink to him. It was in those circles only that he seemed at ease, and ready to unbend. One never heard from him the kind of talk which indicated that he remained a living part of the Socialist movement. One colleague of his of great distinction, one, moreover, who was not a working-class member of the party, told me that in the two years of the Labor Cabinet he had no relations with his leader except for official purposes. Just as on his American visit he saw nothing of the Socialists of New York, so in London his essential contacts were with that aristocracy which has the wealth to make life a thing of grace. He could unbend to the miners in his constituency, to whom, and particularly to their wives, he has remained a legendary figure. But both to the Cabinet and to the Parliamentary Labor Party he ceased to offer proof that he was interested in them as persons. His affections seemed engaged in another world.

No one, in fact, who knows Mr. MacDonald even casually can miss in him the very quintessence of the aristocratic temper. Graciousness in abundance, the habitual courtesy of the aristocrat, the power, where he wishes, to unbend in a kindly way to his inferiors, the power of condescension—these he has in full measure. But he has the aristocrat's keen sense, also, of the distance that ultimately separates him from other persons. He has that special vanity which consists in a consciousness of not being as other men are. He is uncomfortable with the uncouth, the ordinary, the things woven, or the people formed, of the stuff of everyday life. He can be enraptured by an aristocratic romantic like Sir Oswald Mosley; he could never be interested in a proletarian romantic like Mr. James Maxton. He could be profoundly interested in a Tory intellectual; he would usually dislike, and always mistrust, a Socialist intellectual. He could always find time to talk with foreign statesmen of opposing parties; he would never be at ease with foreign

statesmen from the Socialist parties of the Continent.

He has, moreover, a high degree of intellectual arrogance. Partly, I think, that is the outcome of a very real intellectual timidity. Pacifism apart, there are few subjects upon which Mr. MacDonald has really definite views. He is a free trader who has an open mind on tariff reform, a Socialist whose main bent is towards liberalism, who sees the unity of society rather than its differences, a religious man to whom dogmas are of little importance, a practical man with a queer streak of mysticism running through his nature. On most subjects he can tell you what he feels; upon few can he tell you what he thinks. He likes to consider alternatives; he hates to choose between them. And all this leads him, perhaps for self-protection, to dislike having about him naturally argumentative men or people with very positive convictions. They either make him unsure of himself or they drive him to commitments he is always anxious to avoid. He likes nothing so much as the reasons for doing nothing; which is, perhaps, one of the grounds which explain his success in the Foreign Office. And his arrogance, I believe, is really a means of safeguarding himself from the pain which deliberate thought inflicts upon him. Mr. MacDonald and logic have never been on friendly terms; and by treating it with hauteur he hopes to reduce it to a proper sense of its subordination.

It is to that timidity, too, that I ascribe his curious hatred of contradiction and directness. He has never got on with blunt, straightforward men, who speak the truth that is in them. That is why there has never been a warm feeling in him for Mr. Henderson or Mr. Lansbury. That is why, also, he and Mr. Thomas, most labyrinthine of negotiators, have always understood each other in a quite special way. No one, I think, of politicians in the front rank has ever taken quite the pains Mr. MacDonald will take to avoid a discussion where compromise is difficult. One of the reasons he has never got on with the trade unions is his dislike of their unlawyerly avoidance of circumlocution. They do not hint indirectly what they want. They do not urge their views with a proper feeling of reverence. They do not indicate by word or gesture their sense that they are dealing with the Prime Minister of England. Mr. MacDonald is always clumsy in dealing with them because they are so much more interested in substance than in form. He has the sense, in a discussion with their leaders, that his back is against the wall. He hates the attitude which involves decisive speech of that kind. He is wholly alien in temper from that direct march upon the real which is the natural product of the trade-union atmosphere.

One other small trait in Mr. MacDonald is worth noting in this connection. When the Labor government took office in 1924, most observers, including, it is said, the King himself, expected that they would seek freedom from the heavy ceremonial of the Court. Not only did Mr. MacDonald make no such request; it was clear that the protocol and the uniforms gave him peculiar pleasure. He entered into the formalities with a zest that stamped him as more royalist than the King. His feeling for ceremonial was, I think, one of the things which contributed a good deal to his separation from the Labor movement. For the latter is easy in manners, contemptuous of form, has a tendency to suspect those of its members who indulge in the pomp and circumstance of position. In the years from 1924 there grew in Mr. MacDonald an interest in the dignity of his position, a desire that his status as the holder of a great office

should be recognized, which the habits of the Labor movement could not satisfy. He found the recognition in Mayfair; it showed a regrettable tendency to be absent in the ardent discussions of a Parliamentary Labor Party meeting. And since Mr. MacDonald was not always very clever at concealing his disgust at its absence, he did not add to the strength of the bond between him and his followers.

One other point in this context is of great importance. Mr. MacDonald is extraordinarily sensitive to opinion about him, particularly to the opinion of the crowd. Like most politicians, he manages to combine an appearance of indifference to its emotions with a passionate desire for its adulation. In this connection, the impact of the War upon him was, I think, decisive. He knew the horror of being an object of general reprobation. He was cut to the quick by the ostracism and anger he excited. His very reserve only made his wounds more difficult to heal. And the comparison between that experience and the same crowd's unlimited respect for him as Prime Minister bit deeply into his mind. By August, 1931, he had known three intoxicating years in which his every word was an event, his every movement a matter for chronicle. He was at the center of most great national ceremonial. Society was at his feet. Honors and decorations were his to bestow; and the vast horde of those anxious to receive them were his humble suppliants so long as he held high office.

The crisis of 1931 offered him the prospect of either continuing to receive this adulation or, as in 1914, going once again on his travels. To have resigned would have meant to array against him all the forces of business, the press, society, the power of which to destroy he knew so well. To stay in office meant that they would herald him as one who put nation before party, who showed a patriotism unique in British annals. The Palace could whisper that he was indispensable. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel could place their services at his disposal. The man whom the whole nation seemed to despise in 1914 could, in 1931, be widely accepted, by the very forces he had earlier scandalized, as the national hero. And it was for the kind of good opinion those forces could offer that he had, since 1924, become increasingly concerned. To have flouted them again would have been, for him, a new and unendurable Gethsemane. It is not, I think, an unfair picture of Mr. MacDonald's perhaps half-conscious motivation last August to suggest that this keen sensitiveness to powerful opinion was an essential clue to his decision. The Labor movement, certainly, had no crown to offer him that would not have proved a crown of thorns.

Looking back on his decision, it is difficult now to see how it could well have been otherwise. Granted his temperament, Mr. MacDonald, for the present, at any rate, is at ease in Zion. He has the gentlemen of England at his feet; and there is no other class for whose opinion he is so concerned. It is known that he is specially regarded at Buckingham Palace; and that is an influence to which he is peculiarly susceptible. Whatever his future, for the interests of big business he will always remain the hero of the crisis of 1931, the man who threw the Labor Party out and replaced it in office with "safe" men. Even if he is ultimately displaced the Capitalist Press will always have a kind word for him on that account. Never again will he have to endure the bitter attacks of the War period. He announces himself that there is a harmony in the Cabinet he had never known with his late colleagues. Mr. Mac-

Donald seems to have found his spiritual home.

The problem, indeed, is to explain how he ever came to be associated with the Labor Party at all. His leadership is easy to understand. His personal grace, the beauty of his voice, the thunder of his platform rhetoric, these, united to a pacifist record which made him seem, to the Left Wing of 1922, the symbol of their own extremism, gave him an easy victory over solid, respectable, devoted, but uninspiring Mr. Clynes. His then supporters forgot certain significant things. His antagonism to the Liberal Party was largely the outcome of its neglect of working-class candidates, of whom he was one, in the 'nineties. He opposed the provision of free meals for necessitous school children. He attacked with fervor the establishment of trade-boards in sweated industries. His socialism, in a word, was never rooted in intellectual conviction. It was a passionate emotional dissatisfaction with a social order which seemed to deny him the place to which he felt called by his obvious gifts. He, the intellectual aristocrat, was driven by the accident of class and fortune to herd with the common people. No one can read his speeches without seeing that the root of them is a sentimental argument against the pain of inequality. No one, either, can read his books without realizing that their continuous insistence upon the organic character of society, the desire to transcend differences by refusing to recognize their reality, is nothing so much as a protest against an order which excludes him from its foremost ranks. Years ago, M. Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist, wrote that Mr. MacDonald did not understand Socialism. That is, I think, true in the vital sense that it was never, for him, a philosophy so much as a platform of discontent. And when he mounted from that platform to the top of the political pyramid he found that sympathy with Socialism had disappeared in the ascent.

IV

What is Mr. MacDonald's future? He remains insistent that, despite his expulsion from the Labor Party, his future is with that movement; and some of the most intimate of his friends are engaged in a vigorous campaign to ensure his return. I do not think they will succeed. Few people outside the Labor movement realize how profound is the sense of betrayal his action of last August has conveyed to the rank and file. At conference after conference, his former colleagues are bombarded with demands that the breach be regarded as a final one. Nor is that all. I doubt whether any of those colleagues would, after the experience of the last three years, find it easy to sit with Mr. MacDonald in another Cabinet, even if he were not its Prime Minister.

For they would not feel that he meant what they meant, or that his words conveyed the implication that their words conveyed. They would mistrust the implications of his social connections. They would remember, not only the character of his election campaign, but the fact that he had been the head of a Cabinet which in the first few months of his leadership betrayed both the Covenant of the League and the Kellogg Pact, embarked upon widespread repression in India, surrendered to the extreme Tories on fiscal reform, and adopted a harsh and inquisitorial attitude to the unemployed. They would be unable to forget the difference between his profession of faith in the need for disarmament and his acceptance of a policy so conservative that Lord Cecil was unwilling to be associated with the delegation which recommended it to Geneva. It would be impossible for

the Labor Party to regard Mr. MacDonald's socialism as serious in the light of the actions of the Government he led. His return would, inevitably, I think, destroy any prospect of unity in the Labor movement.

It is unlikely, either, that he will remain with the Conservative Party. For the latter, he has been merely the means to a victory from which a Protectionist policy could be secured. Once that is safe, they have little farther use for him. His friends and the Liberals take up room in the Cabinet which might otherwise be occupied by tried Conservatives; and they stand in the way of all kinds of experiments (reform of the House of Lords, for instance) upon which the Tories are anxious to embark. Sooner or later, perhaps within weeks, vital disagreements within the National Government are certain. The Liberals, in all probability, will resume opposition as the consequences of tariff policy become apparent; and even if Mr. MacDonald survives their departure, his position will then rapidly become untenable. For he has himself made it practically impossible that he should stay. He has so emphasized the gulf between himself and Conservatism, the limited nature of the experiment to which he is committed, that it is doubtful if his reputation would survive the avowal that his future lay in membership of the Tory Party. Spiritually, he would not find the experience difficult; tactically, it would destroy his influence among the people.

His friends are threatening his creation of a Center Party if he is not allowed to return to Labor. They hint at his power to attract to himself the more liberal Tories, some of the Liberals, and a fragment of the Labor Party akin to that which followed him in the crisis of last year. It is a pitiful calculation. Tories do not leave the most solid and substantial party in the state—the invariable alternative government—for an experiment the success of which gives no promise of power, the failure of which would end their prospect of a career. Liberals are not likely to follow him in the making of a Center Party where they would not follow Mr. Lloyd George; and they are still less likely to follow him as the tariff system goes into operation under his sponsorship. There is not a tittle of evidence to suggest that his formation of a new party would be followed by Labor secessions. If its unity survived the critical shock of the crisis itself unimpaired, it is not likely in the least to be shattered by an experiment dependent for its future on the dubious prospects of a single personality whose tenacity of principle it is entitled to doubt.

Circumstances, I believe, are likely to force Mr. MacDonald into a very different direction. He may retire from politics altogether, remaining, like the late Lord Rosebery, an elder statesman who makes *ex cathedra* pronouncements from time to time on large general issues. His interests in travel and the arts would occupy him comfortably; and he would be sure of an honored place in that aristocratic society he finds so attractive. Or he may fall back upon one of the great positions of dignity—the ambassadorship to Washington or the viceroyalty of India—which do not involve the usual political commitments. In either, and preferably the former, he would find four or five years of useful occupation with those opportunities for graceful pronouncement he so thoroughly enjoys. He may even—though this is less likely—remain an independent member of the House of Commons for one of those constituencies—the Scottish universities, for example—in which the ties of party allegiance are less tightly drawn than in the normal seat. He would make detached orations upon the great issues

which arose less with a view to affecting their outcome than of making his semi-retirement touched with the spaciousness of one removed from the ordinary heat and dust of party conflict.

V

It is difficult for anyone who shared in the high hopes of Mr. MacDonald's future when he became Prime Minister in 1924 not to be moved by the tragedy of his present position. He could have used the Labor Party to remake the foundations of England; he has become the helpless tool of its essential antagonist. Most of the policy he now espouses is a direct contradiction of the essential ends to which he has devoted the major part of his life. The man who explained with passion the right of India to freedom imprisons by thousands those who took him at his word. The man who denounced the war of 1914 stands unprotesting in the face of an imperialism as menacing as any in modern history. The internationalist accepts without difficulty one more and vast economic barrier in the way of world-unity. The appointed leader of the working-class movement leads their hereditary foe to the battle. Not since Strafford has there been a change of front so decisive or so tragic.

What is the cause of it all? To few men have the gods given gifts so great; to no man have his former followers given a loyalty so devoted or so unswerving. There may have been differences in outlook and emphasis; not since the days of Mr. Gladstone has there been service so ungrudging. To part with such startling rapidity from men and women to whom he was the embodiment of hope and faith must have been, even for Mr. MacDonald, a dark and dubious adventure. It is not explained by simple patriotism, unless we assume that he thought himself indispensable to the government of Great Britain; and that implies an egoism so unique as to unfit him for the post he occupies. It is not due to a sudden change of conviction; for men's convictions do not change overnight, and Mr. MacDonald himself has refused to admit conversion.

I believe the essential cause of the position is the relation of Mr. MacDonald's peculiar temperament to the special environment of British politics. Timid, indecisive, vain of applause, he shrank from the price of unpopularity among a society he had come growingly to esteem. Its own self-confidence nourished his lack of it. Its own faith in its standards gave him standards he could not otherwise attain. Its habit of accepting the facts of life without seeking to alter them saved him from the need to reflect upon principles which sought to change those facts in terms of a different social ideal. He had grown away from the people who made him eminent. He had lost the willingness to make their dreams the measure of his own. He had come, perhaps only half-consciously, to find in the habits of the British governing class the security and the safeguards against that unknown to-morrow to which leadership of the Labor Party impelled him. His immediate value was seen. He was cultivated with a skill by those who had shunned him which lessened the earlier distance he had once deplored. When the moment of crisis came, he found that the bridge he had thought a barrier of separation was, in fact, the highroad to the safety for which he yearned. Henceforth, he could live at ease in Zion; for in its habitations one does not listen anxiously for the birth-cry of a new world. He had avoided denunciation; he has escaped the danger of a second exile for his faith. The ribbon is in his coat; and he will not live to read the verdict of history.

The Lion's Mouth



LAYMEN ON LITERATURE

BY JOHN MACY

THERE are at least four subjects about which everybody has opinions: religion, politics, medicine, literature. All persons old enough and with mind enough to think at all cherish positive beliefs or disbeliefs concerning the gods, the soul, and the nature of the universe. Almost anybody can tell you who is President and how well he is doing his work, and whether Crowley is a better man than Katzmann in the Eighth Ward. Politics includes everything in public life, domestic, parochial, national, and foreign, and since everybody is affected by it, has a kind of stake in it, it is properly everybody's business; you may despise what the common man thinks, whether he be an ignorant voter or merely an ignorant senator, but you must concede that he has a right to exercise whatever power he may have in public affairs. The whole world will give you advice about what doctor to go to, and what he did for a friend of his, and what diet will be good for you, and how much exercise to take, and why osteopathy is better than homeopathy.

But the one subject about which everybody knows something is literature. In our age of almost universal illiteracy we all read printed words, books, magazines, newspapers, advertisements. For the purpose of this discourse literature includes everything printed, and it may be extended to embrace drama, music, all forms of expression intended to reach a multiple audience. Each member of an audience, each reader is a critic. Whenever the man in the closet broadcasts his thoughts through the press or some other instrument, he becomes subject to the will and judgment of the man in the street, that pathetic homeless creature, perpetually itinerant.

It is the layman, the unliterary, unprofessional reader who ultimately supports us, who feeds the mouth that utters words for his pleasure and instruction. We who are in the business of writing and publishing cannot live by taking in one another's words. We may like to breathe our own air, but we must confess that it is not sustaining and is sometimes stale. And we may as well confess, much as it hurts, that the layman is the court of last appeal. We must respect the layman practically, just as the manufacturer of shoes respects people who wear shoes and can afford to buy them. Practically, but in no other way. The layman's opinions in themselves are not worth a fig-seed. We pray, vainly, that he remain a layman, that he buy books, masterpieces or trash, and that he refrain from expressing to us, except by the act of purchase, his opinions about books.

Above all we ask that the layman rest content to read books and not try to make them himself. Thousands of people who read imagine

that they could write—if they had time. Writing has always been the last ditch of ineptitude. Now that unemployment has become a common tragedy among many classes, more and more men and women, old and young, who have nothing to do and perhaps cannot do anything well, think they can write. Ask any publisher. Ask any poor devil of a writer who is trying to make a sentence go straight while his wife says that the grocer says he must have something on account. Ask any ordinary, not too eminent page-blackener, who has no secretary to protect him, whose work is interrupted and whose heart is saddened by people who ask and give advice about writing.

My lack of charity for laymen begins near home. I adore Aunt Clara, but she sometimes slightly annoys me. She would back me in any enterprise and is absurdly proud of me. She has been reading books for sixty years. She knew Browning before I was born and read the later novels of George Eliot as they appeared. Her long life of valiant defeats and stubborn triumphs entitles her to be somewhat emphatic in her judgments on many problems. Her little difficulty—and mine—is that she was born a member of the powerful order of Volunteer Women Advisers.

"You know, John, I represent the ordinary reader."

"You don't represent anything ordinary. You are an extraordinary woman!"

"Stop your nonsense and listen to me. What are you working on now?"

"I don't like to talk about a book until it's done. It's to be called *From Tannin to Lenin: A History of Russian Thought.*"

"Hm! Sounds interesting. Going to get it out this year?"

"Oh, no, it will take two or three."

"You ought to get it out soon. There's a great interest in Russia now."

"Well, the interest may continue."

"You ought to publish it next year. You haven't published a book for three years."

"I know I haven't. But I've done a lot of work, and I can't hurry this book. It's too big a subject."

"Would a book on Russia have much sale?"

"Probably not. Not mine."

"Why don't you write something that will sell?"

"I'd like to."

"I've often told you that I want you to write the story of your grandfather." (Grandfather did have extraordinary experiences in Kansas.)

"There's something in that idea, but I don't think I could get a grip on it and make it come alive."

"You could if you tried. If I were younger I'd do it myself."

"You could do anything, Aunt Clara."

"Well, if I had your talents, I'd make better use of them. I've been thinking for a long time that you could write for the movies."

"Oh Lord!"

"Don't be so scornful. I go every week, and I've seen some splendid ones. Some of you young people don't know how to make use of your opportunities. I wish I'd had your chance."

"I'm no longer young, Auntie. Besides, I simply don't know how to write for the screen."

"It ought to be easy enough if you put your mind on it. Think it over."

Sometimes I wish I didn't know any authors because they talk too much about books. And sometimes I wish I didn't know any lay readers because they talk too much about books. Fortunately they haven't written any books, and so cannot talk about their own. And they do not often tell you how and what to write. They only make the mistake of thinking that

because you are an author you like to talk about books. Often they ask your advice and opinions, and then you're lost. For when they ask you how to learn to be a writer and what magazines are easiest to get into it is no laughing matter. All young people are laymen to every profession, and our craft must be recruited from them. But we are the worst of all masters for apprentices to apply to. After much study of literary biography I do not know how anybody "commences author." Ours is the most disorderly, erratic, accidental occupation in the world. If a boy wishes to become a physician or a lawyer or an engineer, he goes to a school where experienced and supposedly competent practitioners give instruction. Painters who can paint with some skill teach painting. If you are determined to play the violin, there is the conservatory, and some of the ablest fiddlers in the orchestras give lessons. But how does a lay brother or sister get into the literary priesthood? There is no way, for there are too many ways. It is all free and open, and a wild undisciplined scramble. College courses in composition may help a little, but I suspect them. Writing can be learned; it cannot be taught—not if every professor of English were master of the art of writing. Young people approaching our trade seem to be burdened with more delusions than they would dare cherish about any other craft, though veterans in other pursuits may tell us that they have just the same trouble with aspiring novices. I think we are in worse case.

I wonder what one of the staff in the General Electric laboratory would do if a young man came in and announced that he knew how to make an entirely new kind of lamp; the expert would probably be kind, recall himself as a mad young inventor, and explain that the new idea was already covered by more than nine hundred patents. But if the boy went to the sales department and told the manager that he knew exactly what type of lamp best suited the needs of the public, would the manager be more than conventionally courteous? The English department of my college sometimes sends bright promising boys to those of us who are supposed to have succeeded in writing, editing, publishing. We give them letters and introduce them to men higher up, just as was done for us when we were young. Some years ago a most engaging youth came to see me with the usual letter.

"Professor Jones says you have made a good record in your English courses. You don't want to go in for teaching?"

"No. I want to get into real work. I've done a little writing. I sold one story to *Mainslee's*."

"That's good. You're going on with your writing?"

"Yes, but I want to get into the practical end, and write on the side. I'd like to get a place in a publishing house, or the editorial department of a magazine."

"Well, there isn't any opening here just now. But I'll send you over to one or two publishers."

"Thank you." Eagerness and something more broke through the first reserved manner. "You know I think I could make a success as adviser to a publisher. I may not do much at writing myself, but I know what people want to read."

"Yes? The publishers don't always know."

"Of course they don't. Look at what they publish. And I've heard of books they turned down that were best sellers when some other publisher accepted them."

"Yes, one publisher sometimes has better judgment than another."

"Well, there ought to be a way to tell

when a book will go, and I think I have a feeling, an instinct, for what will sell and what won't."

"If you can tell one way or the other you're sure to get ahead."

"I can tell. I believe I can spot a success or a failure."

There was nothing to do with assurance like that. It would sweep to triumph or break its comely head. But I couldn't help replying, "If you can spot a success in manuscript once in five times—once in five among books that are just acceptable—I mean by writers who have not a sure established market—a publisher would be glad to start you at five thousand a year. If you could hit it right three times out of ten you'd be worth twenty thousand."

The young man smiled and showed that he thought I was fooling. Now, no longer young, he has a comfortable position in the National City Bank. And in some such position, in a bank, or a grocery, any gainful occupation, should be nine hundred ninety-nine of every thousand people who aspire to engage in publishing and writing.

My friend Charlie is a stock broker but nevertheless an intelligent man. He has read a good deal, and knows something about what he has read, from Rabelais to Galsworthy. In the vanished days when it was even more profitable to be a broker than a best-selling author, he lent me money. I am devoted to him, and he is to me fraternal and paternal. A recent talk when I was his guest at luncheon went something like this:

"Jack, do you remember Roderick Truman? He was a year or two after us in college. A brilliant fellow. I'd like to have you get together."

"Any time you want to arrange it. Tell me about him."

"Well, after he graduated he went into his father's wholesale cutlery business in St. Louis. They failed last year."

"Too bad."

"Yes, I'm sorry. But it may turn out to be a good thing for him. He's got great stuff in him. Got sidetracked into the family business. Now he has a chance to show what he can do."

"I know what he's going to do. He's going to write a book."

"Yes. You guessed it. He has left his family in St. Louis and gone to a camp they have up in the Ozarks, to devote himself entirely to writing. But he's in New York now on a flying visit to look over the publishing field."

"That's a good way to begin."

"He's a great admirer of yours, reads everything you write. Perhaps you can help him."

"I'd be glad to, but how?"

"Well, you can look at his manuscript."

"Sure. Has he got it with him?"

"It isn't written yet. But later when it's finished."

"Any time it's ready. I'd be glad to see it."

"You might introduce him to your publishers."

"I will when his book is done. But of course anything I could say to them really wouldn't help much."

"Oh, I know you have a good deal of influence."

"Not a bit, not even in my own interests."

"Well, I don't think much of your publishers anyway."

"Neither do I. Neither do their competitors. But they're good publishers just the same."

"They didn't advertise your last book."

"Oh, yes they did. As much as it would stand. I have all the clippings. You'd be surprised at the amount of space they took."

"They could have done better with your book if they'd handled it right. I know it isn't the kind of thing that

would have a great popular appeal."

"That's what they said before they published it, but they took a chance just the same."

"But, Jack, you can write something better than that."

"I hope so."

"I don't mean better. I'm no scholar, but that's a fine book. An average man like me can understand it. I mean something different."

"Such as what?"

"Why not try a detective story?"

"Don't know how. Couldn't do it to save my life."

"Yes, you could. Look at S. S. Van Dine. I read somewhere that he was a scholar and critic and all that, and just made up his mind to write murder stories and got away with it. And they're darn good."

"They are."

"Why don't you try a mystery story?"

"Wish I could."

"Oh, you're too high-brow. You ought to do something different from what you've been doing."

After a pause, I took up the questioning.

"Charlie, how many bonds did you sell this morning?"

"What? Since when have you been interested in bonds?"

"Oh, I've always been interested. People buy them."

"They used to buy them, but not any more. Say, Jack, why don't you write a humorous book about Wall Street?"

"It's tragic, and stupid."

"I mean something light, like Eddie Cantor's. Now I've got an idea for a story. You let me give you a little outline of the plot."

"Couldn't use it. Don't know enough. Other people's material is no good, unless you find it for yourself. . . . But you haven't answered my question. Seriously, how many bonds did you sell this morning?"

"Well, as a matter of fact I did sell five hundred Union Pacific Fours, for a client."

"Did he want to sell them?"

"He had to."

"You made a great mistake to let him. They're going up within a week."

"They are not. They'll hold where they are or go lower. Say, what the hell do you know about it?"

"Oh, I've read a lot about stocks and bonds in the papers and Professor Fisher's book."

"Well, reading about it is a different thing from being in the business."

"Oh, is it?"



A DIRGE FOR DIGNITY

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

AT THE last party I attended, an unbidden guest sat beside me all evening. The gathering ignored him, but he paid me much unsolicited attention. I found scant pleasure in his companionship then. I have derived less from the subsequent knowledge that he intends to be my ever more constant associate.

It was a nice party, by current scales of measurement; quiet, according to the standards of this era, and stimulated by only the most mildly alcoholic of punches; but I did not enjoy it much.

When the late arrival picked up my hostess and whirled her around thrice with hearty whoops as apology for his tardiness, I heard my invisible companion cluck disapproval. Thereafter he irked me by a series of derogatory sounds, aimed at the women who, though there were plenty of chairs, elected to sit on the floor; at the brave lads and gay lasses who, taking charge of the festivities, rolled back a rug,

turned the radio on full blast, and fell to dancing; at the hoyden who elected to sprawl prone before the open fire; at our hostess when she barged in upon and broke up a really promising argument on the situation in eastern Asia so that all might play the game of passing a safety-match box cover from nose to nose; and at the plump person in red who hailed me by the nickname she had heard my host employ.

I have found my critical companion with me often since then. I should like to call him Maturity. Anyone less than forty-one will term him Age.

I don't like him at all. Most of his doctrine I still have stamina enough to resist mightily. I scorn his morality, entire. I do not believe that the world was better thirty years ago. Yet it is hard to be sure Maturity—or Age—has not prompted this dirge for dignity.

It is doubtful whether any virtue ever possessed a more completely inept eulogist. By architecture, instinct, habit, few could be less qualified to chant such a requiem than I. Dignity's disappearance is not my personal bereavement, for I never had any; yet men sometimes esteem most highly what they have not. So I mourn.

Dignity has gone, and no one seems to care. The last presidential campaign said so. The tabloid newspapers say so. Mrs. van Hoovenschooven and the Queen of Balkania, appearing in the advertisements as endorsers of a beauty preparation, say so; and a cloud of witnesses, young and old and including practically my entire list of acquaintances, reiterate their emancipation from its restriction. Dignity has vanished so completely that even those of us who yearn most raucously for the good old days neglect to weep over its absence.

Dignity was, among other things, a self-consciousness, an inhibition, a something that kept a woman, obviously not designed for that posture, from lying on her stomach before a fireplace; that restrained the component parts of a severed matrimonial union from writing pseudo-novels about their grievances; that frowned upon the male—or female—who became noisily liquored in a drawing-room; that reserved narrations of sexual experience for the confessional or Mother's ear rather than for the magazine counter.

You may still encounter traces of it in the very old. There are men and women of great age on whom its calm rests; who survey life with tranquil eyes and follow its routine with the grace of long practice. Infants display it too, as they in a still earlier stage temporarily wore gills. It used also to be the constant resort of men and women of forty. It kept them from being more ridiculous than forty must be. You did not wrestle with your hostess when you were late to a party, and no matron hailed you by your first name before she learned your last. Dignity was the city of refuge to which a large, gray person might flee in case of dancing or parlor games. But now no trace even of its foundation remains.

Like most mourning, mine is on personal grounds. The years have given me all the equipment for the clown's role in any gathering, save alone the clown's heart. The man of forty-one who has my dimensions and clumsiness should, by former standards, sit in dignity with the elders at a party. But there is no longer any place to sit and, in this era of stubborn youthfulness, there aren't any elders, either. People to-day are young and funny or not quite so young and funnier.

Outraged morality does not prompt this dirge. Dignity and ethics have little to do with each other. Life in Versailles during the monarchy was scarcely a succession of Sabbath School picnics, yet a great dignity guided it.

The early years of the last century were sullied by wine and iniquity, but sinners preserved a decorum. This probably was no mitigation of their offenses, but at least it made it a little easier for the observer.

Were dignity to be re-elevated to the rank of a virtue, many surprising yet salutary things might happen.

International conferences might resemble no longer a children's party with France or some other guest kicking and screaming on the floor. There would be no danger that some other, future President would be photographed in a Sioux war bonnet or cowboy costume. Most murders and all divorces would be lumped in a single newspaper column deep buried among the advertisements; seven-tenths of the senators and nineteen-twentieths of the representatives in Congress would lose their seats; the *Congressional Record* would shrink to an eighth of its present bulk; Rotary Clubs would crawl away and die; dances and music would change; drinking would diminish; the persistent souse would find a number of now open doors closed to him; and large, self-conscious persons over forty could go to parties with less apprehension.

The age of dignity which, by some sinister circumstance, ended at about the time of my birth, may have been as fusty and stodgy as moderns insist; but when they jettisoned its conventions they did not consider that these were not the product of any single era. They were the accumulated experience of generations of men who had evolved these standards as the best formula for graceful and gracious living. The conventions may have needed dusting and repainting, but they scarcely deserved to be dumped overboard entire.

Yet we did it and in their place we have substituted the procedure of the public school yard. Thereby we may have gained in candor, but we have lost something almost as precious.

My friends call me by my first name. It pleases me. The custom should be a sign of affection. Most men and women I meet casually hail me on the basis of an hour's acquaintance in the same fashion. I don't object to it particularly, except for the fact that their informality has nullified an erstwhile symbol of intimacy.

Perhaps, as I have been told, the habit is a symptom of the forthright good fellowship abroad in a youthful world. But I am no longer youthful and I have never desired to be on terms of forthright good fellowship with practically everyone I meet. By uprooting convention so completely, modernity has abolished something warmly vital from which it sprang. It might have been better merely to prune.

In my most elderly moods so far I have felt no desire for complete return to the stodgy stateliness, the involved and rigid etiquette of an earlier period. I do not want to feel when I have been entertained at dinner that I must appear within the stipulated time thereafter at my host's home and pay a formal dinner call. I should dislike it intensely if collegians were to employ "sir" in addressing me. Yet I care little more for a system that considers a dinner invitation permission to drop in at any time during the meal's course and I get small cheer from my juniors' practice of hailing me, unbidden, as "Fritz" or "Van."

Dignity may have been a pose. I wonder whether current manners are not also a pose and a rather less graceful one. No one esteems sex candor more highly than I. I grant the wholesomeness of the modern attitude of boys and girls toward one another. It may not have dignity but it has honesty. I wish it might combine the best features of each.

Youngsters of the present are yawping and rowdy with no more dis-

cernible sentiment than so many romping puppies. No lad stands aside to-day, hopelessly, desolately worshipping. He kisses the object of his affection plenty and makes her like it. If she doesn't, she can always feint with the left and then bring up her right. In the rough-and-tumble, give-and-take adolescence before him, my thirteen-year-old son will get less grievously hurt than I did in mine, for with dignity went sentiment, and both are as dead as the lacy valentine and the serenade. He will never sweat, adoring and stammering, in some divine presence. Boys don't adore and yearn over girls any more—which is a very good thing for the girls. They treat 'em rough and are treated rough in return.

The price that has won this freedom may not be too high. Yet my son will not drink the heady bitter-sweet wine on which adolescents used to exist. He will not glimpse far shining towers or hear unearthly music or try to prison in awkward verse an exaltation unutterable. He will be a much more comfortable person to have around the house than was I from fifteen to eighteen.

When it is the advertised ambition of every girl to "Keep kissable" no kiss can ever be a blindingly bright, delirious revelation. Perhaps it is better that it should not be, yet adolescents of my time heard strange harmonies and caught brief flashes of a glory that forever will be hidden to my son and his mates. These momentary, transcendental revelations were illusion, of course; yet I wonder, senilely, whether the loveliest things in life are not its illusions, after all.

Our juniors and our converted seniors may carry honesty to its final limit—which, logically, will entail a universal nudism and food uncooked and unadorned by sauce or garnishing. If there could be any more daunting spectacle than food in its candid reality, it would be a world of unclad human beings. That statement is in the interests of beauty, not morality.

Those who wish things to appear as they are overlook the fact that man, as a natural animal, is not very much of a success. Dignity and convention are the clothing on the lamentable nude; the recipe that makes food palatable. There can be too many clothes and too much cookery, but these are preferable to not enough. Pomp is better than no dignity; ceremoniousness is a safer anchor than unconventionality. No one can estimate the influence that the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the trooping of the colors, the pageantry of Parliament's opening, the wigs and robes of barristers and judges and other excessive manifestations of dignity have exerted toward preserving the British Empire. And the largest, most enduring of Churches is the apotheosis of dignity and ceremony.

Dignity is not necessarily artificial. In his more dour moments a Scottish terrier with whom I am intimate can be one of the most dignified of created things. And babies, as I have said, have a great and baffling dignity by nature.

There is the dignity of infancy; there is also the consummating dignity of death; but between these poles, none remains. There is scant joy in the prospect that I shall not be permitted to display that quality again until a time when I shall derive so little real satisfaction therefrom.



Editor's Easy Chair



THE UNEMPLOYED; THE KIDNAPPERS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

GOING into active service to feed and clothe the unemployed is a good deal like enlisting for war service. People who do it are those who are able, who have to do with charities in some way, who are active enough to be visitors or distributors, who, for one reason or another, know something about the job. Such people do the work; the rest of us do what we can, try to keep ourselves and our dependents out of bread lines, give what we can, pay taxes in so far as we are able.

So it goes; and as one reads the papers he gets an impression that there are a lot of good people in this world even as it is: kind people, able, unselfish and, so far as their preferences go, unadvertised. There are many, many "good" people in these States, a much larger proportion of the population than of such persons as we might call wise. It is much more feasible to be reasonably good—which is a matter of intentions and emotions of the heart—than it is to be wise, which concerns the great matter of How To Do It. Decent people may raise hob because they not only want to do impossible or inexpedient things, but think it part of virtue to dragoon other persons into doing these things and living in a way which they consider good. We know about that; one does not need to cite examples.

We need all the good people, wise or otherwise, because there seems to be such a lot of bad ones, that is to say extra bad, real "bad eggs"—kidnappers, racketeers, hold-up men, killers of various kinds, swindlers, perjurers, and so on, both men and women. Why do people read novels of crime and mystery when every newspaper spreads before them details of the day? Stories of crime are what the public mind mostly feeds on nowadays, but the appetite for them was large long before there were printed books. And in addition to all the other people who do evil, there are the crazy people, the obsessed, those under dominion of occupants who make suggestions to them. Not everybody believes that this goes on, but it seems to, and the people who don't believe it may lack information. There are people who think there is a big job doing on the mind of the world, and that all these crimes, distresses, and outbreaks which enlist the labors of the police, the courts and the benevolent are part of this job of changing the mind of the world so that it will be possible to do what ought to be done.

AS TO that, there is a bearing in something which Albert J. Nock says in the March *Atlantic*. The readers of this magazine do not have to be told that Mr. Nock is an experienced

writer who puts a large proportion of thought into what he writes. In the article mentioned he offers the surprising suggestion "that a great lot of formulas which our fathers foisted on us and which we duly resented as merely disgusting cant, are true." For example, he quotes one of the Thirty-Nine Articles in which under the head of Works before Justification is recorded the conclusion of the compilers about such works that "for that they are not done as God willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not that they have the nature of sin." Apparently, he says, "there is something in the order of nature that is against a fruition of good works done outside the purview of the rather special discipline." He does not know how to account for this and says perhaps no one does, but he thinks it seems to be a fact that not only do they fail to get results but somehow work out into actual harmfulness. He goes on to say:—

> How aptly, for example, may one apply the language of purely theological formula to the whole subject of disarmament and international peace. The truth about these is, simply, that all nations would be glad to abolish war, but are not willing to let go of advantages which they know they cannot keep without war. Hence the indispensable condition precedent to abolishing war is that the nations should experience a change of heart and exercise repentance and seek justification by faith. It is the disinterested acceptance of a new mode of thought, and the entrance into a new spirit. Nothing else will answer; the fact is plain to anyone with any measure of common sense, and the theological language of Cranmer's day fits the fact like a plaster. Meanwhile good works like the disarmament conferences and the Kellogg pact are not done as God willed and commanded them to be done; that is to say, they represent no actual self-transformation on the part of the nations, nor a real desire for any. Hence they not only fail of their good intentions, but become the instruments of a peculiarly cruel deceit; they have the nature of sin.

"All nations would be glad to abolish war but are not willing to let go of the advantages which they know they cannot keep without war." That seems to be the pith of the whole subject. We want the advantages that come from being good but are averse to becoming good. On the contrary, we prefer to be rich and powerful; and while we are still in that unregenerate mood it is possible that our matters will be slow in straightening out. The whole spiritual purpose of our present distresses may be to bring us all by coercion of circumstances to such a disposition towards one another and to such a revaluation of material things that we can get along without fighting.

Walter Lippmann, who does their political thinking just now for a good many people, takes issue with Secretary Stimson in his effort to hold the Japanese to the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. He says all that is just an effort to maintain the *status quo* and perpetuate a lot of frozen boundaries in Europe. He objects to that and feels that our terrestrial matters must remain in a more fluid condition. And really that seems to be sense. Consider Asia and the enormous forces that are working there. Somehow they must work through. They cannot be stifled by paper agreements made in Europe. Allowance must be made and time given for processes. China is enormously corrupt but it has been deeply stirred by what Japan has done to it. Japan has a case—certainly a case in Manchuria—and cause enough for action, right or wrong, in Shanghai; for a boycott in China on Japan comes pretty close to being war. But while Japan's actions are condemned, these vast doings are anxiously watched and studied as factors and processes that complicate and imperil world peace.

JUST at this writing what engages attention here at home is the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. That appeals immensely to the affections and emotions of millions of people; but there is more to it than that. Arthur Brisbane quotes the *London Daily News* as calling it "the most open challenge to civilized government that has ever been ventured." So perhaps the terrific publicity that has attended it has more than a sentimental and sensational warrant. We have been used to think that women and children were comparatively safe in our civilization, but that is no longer true. Women are not safe in Hawaii, for instance; children are not safe in New Jersey, and if not in New Jersey, not anywhere in the Union. Kidnapping is a dreadful thing. Are nurse maids to strap on revolvers when they go out with charges? When one thinks of the Lindbergh baby he thinks first of getting it back and then of catching the kidnappers. But he must think farther than that; he must think of the general condition of the human mind at present in this country where a bad law against which a good half of the population revolts has financed crime of all kinds beyond anything before known in this country. To that add the increased powers of individuals for mischief by their command of motor cars and other conveniences for escape, and you have a situation which calls for thinkers.

There are people nowadays who think we are in communication with the invisible world and the spirits of the departed. One such person the other day sat at the table doing automatic writing; another person sat beside her. To that person came a name and the words, "I was your grandfather long ago."

"From Bristol?"

"Yes! Very long; bad wind in ship; nearly lost; fine, lovely fields and woods —beautiful big river. Indians, cruel, but we were very evil—we thieves stole their land, killed them. Held me back and others, long time. Thought ourselves so good followers of Christ. Don't be so blind! See clear! Cleanse your lives and be true. Don't say one thing and do another. We were blind; blinded by our own assurance that we knew. There is Hell all right, Hell for lots who thought they were surely saved. Yes.

"What I want to say is love God; really love him; love him the way a drowning man wants life; nothing else matters. Love! love! it is all the whole story; pure love; love all his works and creatures—do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Leave all the rest aside and only do this."

The name was that of a pioneer who made his record in New England nearly three centuries ago and was believed to be the son or grandson of a regicide who was tried and executed in England in the times of the Restoration. But whether his identity is accepted or not, he expressed himself so as at least to be understood. His appeal was all spiritual—not for armament, organization, better habits, not for anything material, but all for quickened apprehension of the meaning of human life and the purposes of its Creator.

In a way Albert Nock and Walter Lippmann, the framers of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the regicide's (reputed) descendant are all telling the same story, a story the more timely because of the spreading recognition that the increased control of material facilities by man has outrun the spiritual control which is requisite to their use if we would avoid destruction.

There is going on now a continual reaching out after powers which are not material, and the reason for it is doubtless that they are needed to carry

on contemporary life. A lot of religion is flooding into the world, but a large part of it is outside of the organized churches—religion sought and used by people who need something more to help them live than they can find in the regular churches.

IF ANYONE feels aggrieved at quoting from such out-of-ordinary sources as the Thirty-Nine Articles and a message coming through an automatic writer, it may be said that there is sound excuse in these times for striking towards a light wherever it appears, since our orthodox leaders in government, finance, and economics have not made an impressive success of their ministrations to a suffering world. It is a hard time for experts, a very hard time for governments. England is full of people who have thought the present nationalized government was conducting the British people to the demnition bow-wows. There is a strong party in Japan that opposes the militarists. So in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in Spain there are divided councils. In our immediate concerns —not to speak of the great rending issue of Prohibition—the maneuvers of the Farm Board, of the Labor Bureau, of the bankers, and of pretty much everybody else who has undertaken to know something, are condemned by many and very widely distrusted. Nobody seems to think that any secular magician has thought out the cure of the world. The British activities for the demonetization of silver are challenged as disastrous, as is also the action taken in 1924 to bring the Pound Sterling back to par. The new British tariff is a violently disputed measure, though British matters at last accounts were going much better. The attitude of various nations, including ours, towards Russia is vehemently criticized and, on the whole, the conclusion of observers is that civilization is running a course not marked on existing charts, and that where it will bring up is something no fellow can tell.

A strange period it is that we are living in but if it is indeed a world crisis and the beginning of a new era in human life it is not the first time that such a thing has happened. Wasn't it Keynes who said, speaking of depressions, that "the longest followed the collapse of the Roman Empire and lasted eight hundred years." We do not look for such continuance as that for the present tribulation. We say to ourselves it is a long lane that knows no turning and we look for the turn to begin to appear now almost any time. Indeed the opinion that it has already begun has respectable backing. We expect a lot of disorders, a lot of garish and displeasing things to pass away as suddenly as they came. We expect human life to come to order again, and meantime we sit tight, possess our souls with what patience we may, and live by the day, suspecting, however, that the new order which we are running into will differ materially from the old order that we have left behind.

The story of the Lindbergh baby seems to have produced astonishment in Europe where kidnapping for purposes of ransom seems to be quite out of date. It prevails now in China and the United States. The countries of Continental Europe have passed through everything; there is nothing in the way of crime, violence, oppression, and persecution that has not been tried out there. Symonds' stories of what went on in Italy in the Renaissance make our deviations from public order seem moderate; but to us at least they do not seem tolerable, and the prospect of their going on from bad to worse may doubtless be trusted to raise up resistances strong enough to clean them up.

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